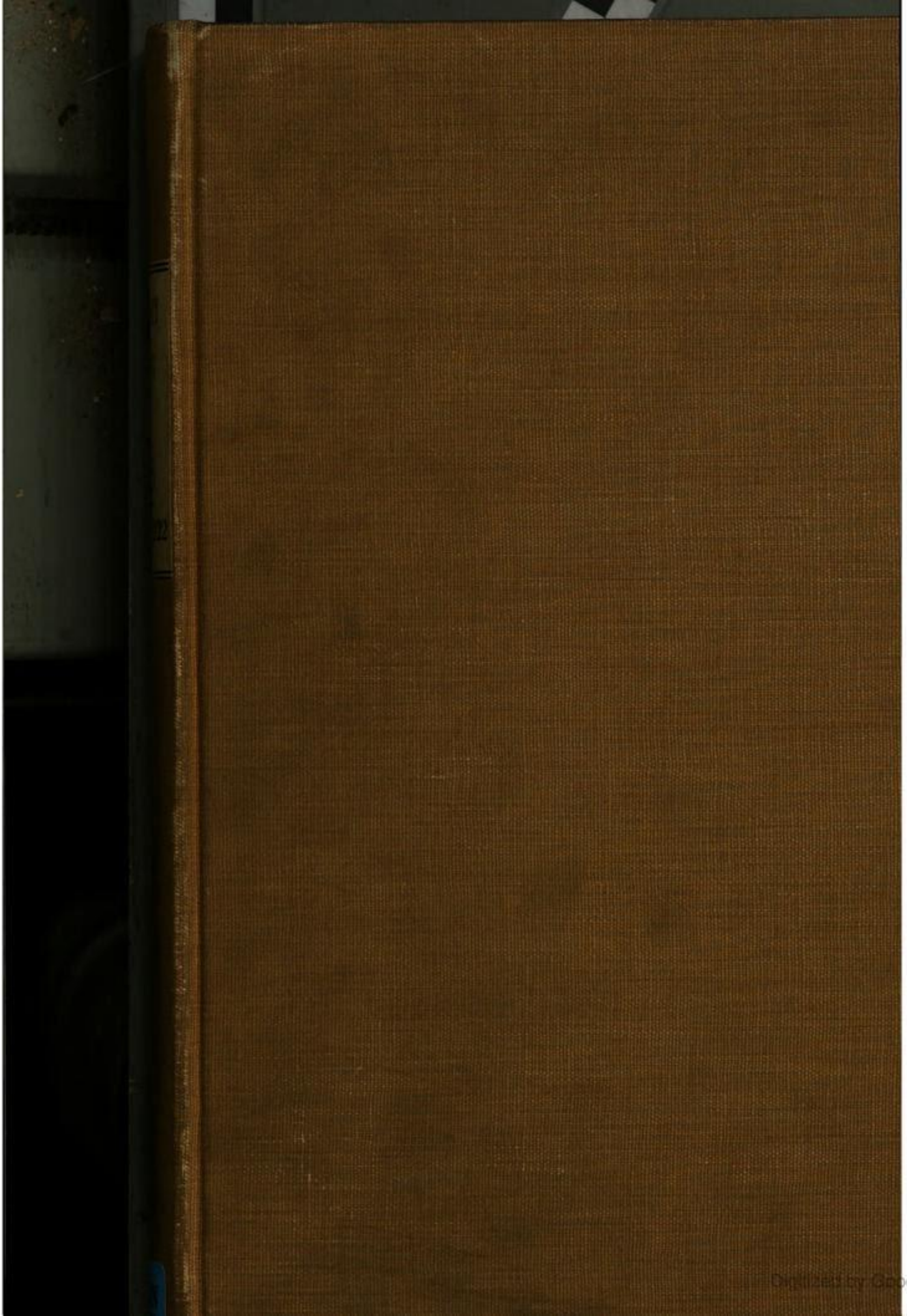


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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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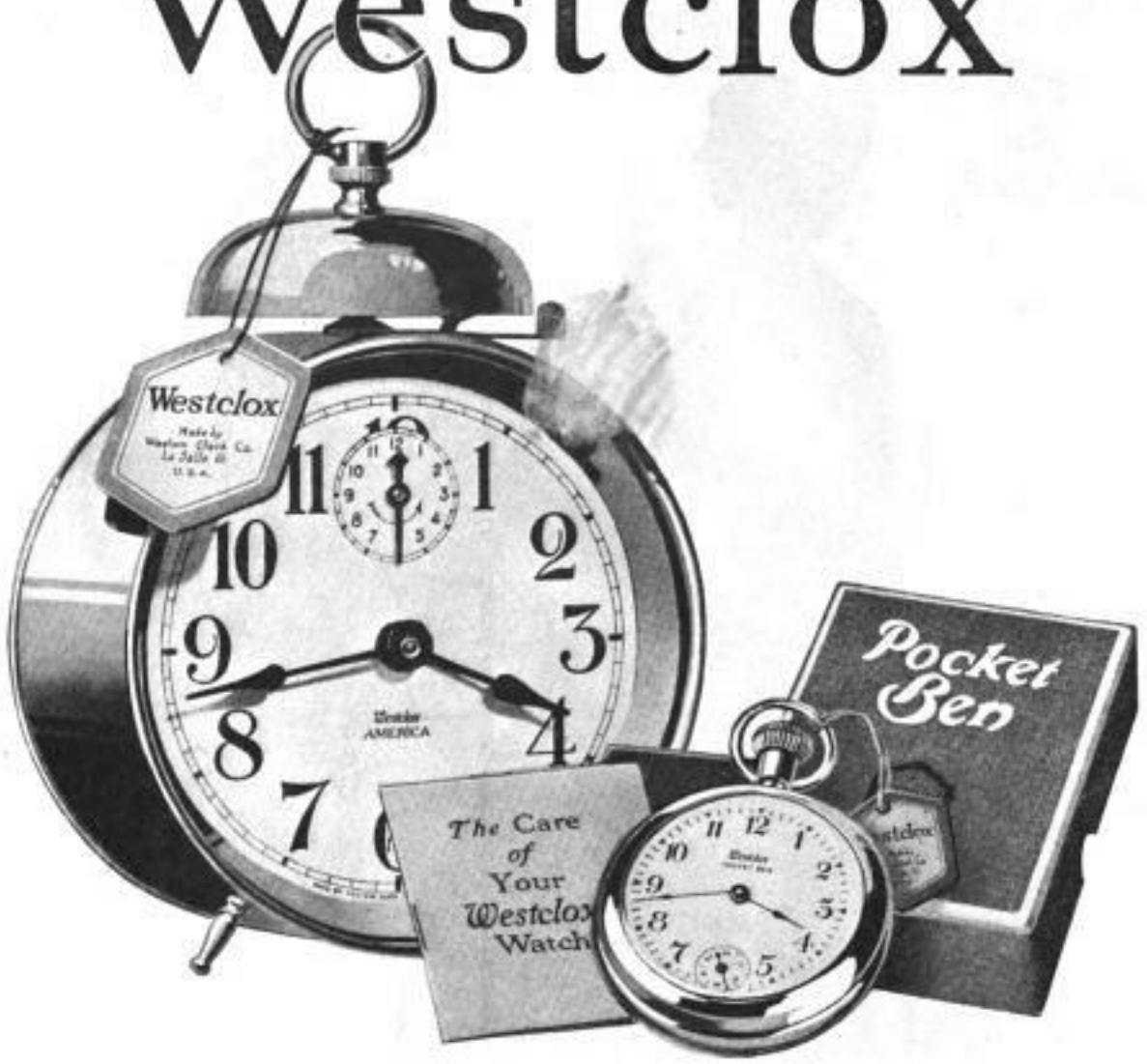
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BROADWAY BROKE

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

YOU may have met them drifting along Broadway—men whose names were once in the lights, women who were the toast of the town. Something, they tell you, is gone from their theater; something they find it hard to define. But they who have followed it from Union Square to Madison, thence north to Herald and finally to Long Acre, feel that in each of the neighborhoods it deserted it left a little of its glamour, a little of its romance. They shake their heads and travel on, seeking one more engagement, one more opportunity to wrest a living from their profession before the final curtain falls. Unless you wish to encounter heartbreak, do not inquire too closely into their fate. It is an alien land through which they wander now, a "show me" country where the cry is ever for youth.

On a humid August afternoon Nellie Wayne was walking up Broadway—our Nellie of the magic voice. Your father will remember her if you do not. At the old Fourteenth Street Theater early in the 80's she first flashed on the town, and thereafter for twenty years her name was synonymous with beauty. Lady Teazle, Viola, Rosalind, Camille—it mattered not in which guise the young men saw her first, from that moment her portrait adorned their bureaus and her lovely face often haunted their dreams.

It was at that forgotten playhouse, the Standard, that she appeared in the comedies and melodramas written by the brilliant Charlie Farren. She was Charlie's wife then, and when the critics urged her back to the classics she only laughed, for to her Charlie's poorest line was better than Shakspere at his best. Late in the 90's Charlie died, and in the hour of her sorrow she first began to realize that something almost as precious had left her, too—her stock in trade, her youth. One black morning a manager offered her a mother rôle, and though she at first indignantly refused, she took it in the end and so started down the long slope beyond the hilltop.

She was well down that slope this August afternoon, a woman of—well, no one could say precisely how many years; but sixty-eight is a good guess. A beauty still, her age considered; tall, with the carriage of a great lady and a face but faintly lined. Though her hair was snow white, a youthful sparkle lingered in her eyes. Yes, a fine figure of a woman, but lacking something—hope, high spirits, a real destination along this famous thoroughfare. Once, when she walked on Broadway, twenty blocks down, people nudged one another and turned to stare; but now in the cold, fishy eyes about her gleamed no faintest spark of recognition. Well down the slope, indeed.



"Look at What it's Done to Me! Gave it My Best, I Did; Made a Name, a Big Name. And What Has it All Come To?"

A stocky, prosperous-looking man was standing on the corner of Forty-fourth Street, gazing out across the alien tide that drifted by him; a big gray-haired man who seemed lonesome on that crowded corner. Suddenly he chanced to see Nellie Wayne. His face lighted and he strode boldly through the horde of lesser creatures between and seized both her hands.

"Nellie!" he cried. She looked up, startled. Old memories of her golden past flooded her heart and her eyes filled with the quick tears of the artist.

"Tom! Tom Kerrigen!"

"Nellie, is it you? Fine and blooming as ever!"

To have someone step out of the mob and tell her that! Life was worth living, after all.

"Tom—where from? Where to?"

"From Denver. I've been living out there since I closed here—ten years ago."

"In business, Tom?"

He shook his head.

"Retired." They walked along together through the Wednesday matinée throng. "I decided it wasn't any game for an honest man any more."

She glanced up at him, a little breathless, thrilled. It was wonderful just to see him again. Charlie's best friend, Square Tom Kerrigen, a dazzling figure on the old Broadway, a patron of the drama, front row on the aisle every opening night; Square Tom, whose establishment just off Fifth Avenue was the favorite resort of the men about town whose gaming instincts were active and who preferred to play where the game was fair.

"Nothing but crooks in my business today," Tom was saying. "The dirty outcasts of Europe—the scum of the earth. I saw it coming—no Americans left. Besides, I wouldn't pay tribute to any man living, in uniform or out. So I quit when it stopped being a gentleman's game. I dropped it. Denver was my old town—my daughter's out there. But I had to come back for one more look at the big street. And I'm sorry I did. I've spoiled it all." He turned to her wistfully. "Where's our Broadway, Nellie?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know, Tom. Gone! Gone with the theater we knew—the theater that had traditions. Show business. That's what the drama is now—the drama of Booth and Cushman and the rest. Show business—a trade, like cloaks and suits." They walked on for a moment in silence. "I'm mighty glad to see you," she told him. "But I'm sorry you came back."

"I know—I suspected—but I got to thinking. So many old friends I had to see once more."

"And have you found them?"

"I've found you, and there's none I'd rather meet. But the others—Lord, I don't know where to look for them! Once it would have been simple—a stroll up Broadway at the cocktail hour, from Martin's to the Metropole, and you met every last soul you knew. But now ——"

"Not now," she smiled sadly.

"I shouldn't have come," he admitted. "But my memories brought me. Lord, Nellie, what good times we used to have! Nights after the show, in your old house on

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Twenty-second Street, with Charlie at the head of the supper table—good old Charlie. Then afterwards, when you'd sing for us, and the good talk lasting till morning, and Charlie following us to the door, holding us back, pleading with us not to go. 'The night's young,' he always said."

"Dear Charlie," she sighed. "Never wanted to go to bed. Never wanted to get up once he got there."

"I wonder what he'd think of our Broadway now." They walked along. "You—you're not working, Nellie?"

She looked away from him.

"Not for two years," she said softly.

"Oh!" He glanced at her quickly, then away. "Where you stopping?"

"I'm living with Gracie." Gracie was her daughter, her only child. "We've got a lovely—a little apartment on Forty-eighth, near Sixth Avenue. Gracie and young Nellie and I. Young Nellie's just turned seventeen."

"No, by Gad! Well, if she looks like her grandmother at the same age—but there never could be another Nellie Wayne. What's become of Gracie's husband?"

"Joe? Oh, he's on the road most of the time."

"An actor, eh?"

"Well, he's in vaudeville."

"Oh, I see! I don't recall his act."

"No?" She was silent a moment, as though debating something. "H'm—Karger and Chum. That's the name of it."

"Chum? Who's Chum?"

"He's—it's—it's a dog act."

Tom Kerrigen was too tactful to reply. He knew what the admission must have cost her. Nellie Wayne, Charlie Farren—all the glory, all the lights, all the applause—and the line ending in a dog act. The old gambler's heart was touched.

"You and Charlie made a lot of money once," he began, rather clumsily. "I—I understand you hung on to some of it. Enough—enough so that—you're all right, I hope, Nellie?"

"You know me," she answered, looking toward the street. Her head went up. "I'm all right, Tom, and thank you for asking."

"I'm glad to hear it. That was the impression I got from Lew Gorman. Lew made a lot managing you, and he's held on to it, believe me. By the way, he's in town. I met him on the train coming from Chicago. See much of him now?"

"Not for years," she said.

"Lew spends his winters in Hollywood, putting out a picture now and then just to pass the time. Tells me he makes good money out of them. A foxy boy, Lew."

"You don't need to tell me that. I'm going down here, Tom." They were at the corner of Forty-ninth. "I thought I'd drop in and see Madge Foster's new piece."

"I'll walk along to the door," said Kerrigen. "Listen here, Nellie, why don't you take a fling at the movies? Something to keep you amused."

She turned on him, her eyes flashing.

"The movies! Are you serious? I'd die first."

He was surprised at the fervor of her tone.

"Well, I don't care much for the pictures myself," he began.

"I should hope not, after what they've done to our theater, our Broadway. Silly pap for fools. I hate the movies! There used to be a road to play to. Where is it now? There used to be gallery boys." Her voice softened. "Do you remember when I came back from England late in the 80's—my first night at the Standard, when they let down that banner from the ceiling—'The Gallery Boys Welcome Their Nellie'? The flowers and the tears and the cheering? Where are the gallery boys today? Oh, Tom, Tom, the movies have killed it all; the dignity and the glamour; everything that was human and lovable about the theater."

"I didn't know you felt that way," he said apologetically.

"I told you I'd die before I'd touch them," Nellie answered. "I meant it."

At the door of the playhouse Kerrigen invited her to dine with him that night, and she accepted. She would meet him, she said, in the foyer of his hotel, but he insisted on calling for her. Rather reluctantly she gave him the address.

"The fifth floor," she said. "A walk-up apartment, Tom."

He laughed.

"Don't worry, I can make it, Nellie," he assured her with a laugh.

She went into the lobby of the theater. She was somewhat late, the place was deserted, the audience all inside. Through the front of the house as she entered spread the sudden coolness that instinctively greets the seeker for free seats. No, the man at the box office didn't know where Mr. McCarthy was—very busy somewhere, no doubt. Oh, sure, she could stand round and wait if she wanted to. Not much use, though. Mr. McCarthy probably wouldn't return.

With all the dignity she had she moved over to a corner. A beardless young press agent followed.

"Anything I can do?" he inquired. She explored her bag and offered him her card.



During Dinner He Came Again and Again to Their Table With Bits of Old Gossip, Shreds of Loving Reminiscence

"I'd like a seat, please."

He read the card and glanced at her coldly.

"In the profession?" he inquired.

In the profession! Nellie Wayne! The insult set her heart thumping with indignation.

"My name is rather well known," she said haughtily, "to any one who matters."

Johnny McCarthy, fat, bald, genial, bounced out of the auditorium past the ennuied ticket taker.

"Nellie!" he cried. "You stranger!"

"Come here, Johnny," she said. "Come here and tell this young man whether I'm in the profession or not."

McCarthy's smile faded as he looked at the press agent.

"You lost your bib somewhere," he said. "Go back to the nursery and find it. Nellie Wayne in the profession? You poor bonehead!" The young man beat a hasty retreat. "They make me sick, these kids," continued Mr. McCarthy. "They think they invented Broadway. How many you want, Nellie? Are you all alone?"

"Just one, John."

He went to the box office and returned with the coupon for a good seat.

"How's all the folks?" he inquired.

"Oh, Gracie's well. We all are."

"I caught Joe's act over in Philly. The dog's good, but Joe sort of crabs it."

"You never liked Joe, did you, John?"

"I couldn't understand why Gracie preferred him to me. I always told you he was lazy, and now—living off a dog!"

"Joe's been a good son, John. Mighty kind and gen—and gentlemanly. By the way, I'm not working. If you hear of anything ——"

"Oh, sure! I'll keep you in mind, Nellie. But it's not going to be a big year. Last season was so bad everybody's lying low." He looked at her pityingly. He had heard how, two seasons before when she was rehearsing a part, her memory had deserted her and she had been unable to learn the lines. All Broadway had heard; it was common talk for a time; and there was no engagement for Nellie Wayne; would probably never be one again. "The theater's been through some pretty tough times," he went on. "Worse than '93, and they're not over yet. You can be glad you laid away your pile, Nellie."

"What? Oh, yes."

"Better go on in. Foster's entrance is about due. You'll enjoy her in this"—he lowered his voice—"she's rotten! But she still gets the crowd. Over a thousand in the box this afternoon."

"That's good," said Nellie, and went to her seat, where she spent an envious afternoon.

When she returned to the street after the matinée her spirits were drooping. She had meant to go behind and congratulate Madge Foster, but the task was beyond her. Broadway was sizzling. Men had draped handkerchiefs about their collars; some carried their coats. The street is at its worst in August, though hope is in the air; high hope for the new season; a hit perhaps, recognition at last! Managers, authors, actors, pinning their faith to a new play, all the old failures forgotten—this—this is the one! Millions in it! Millions!

Rehearsals were still on, and round the stage doors of theaters not yet open for the season little groups of perspiring players awaited their cues. Nellie Wayne hurried by. The sight was almost more than she could bear. To be called again for rehearsal—the dim stage, the dusty piles of scenery, the empty auditorium, the droning voices, the kitchen chairs set to represent exits, and in the distance the first night looming, inspiring hope and terror too! Just once more—once more! She'd get the lines; she'd have them. That last trouble—that was the author's fault. His silly speeches didn't mean anything. Why should they hold that against her still?

With heavy heart she climbed the five flights to the little flat. Gracie was playing solitaire in the parlor—pale, colorless Gracie, who had come into the world without one spark of either parent's genius; Gracie, her inexplicable child, who now looked up from her game with a frown.

"Hello, you back?"

"Any word from Joe?"

"Not a line. I can't understand. You'd think the Orpheum in Frisco would answer my wire."

"You'd think Joe would answer." Nellie took off her hat and sat down in a rocker by the window. "No money order for three weeks—what does he figure you're going to live on? But then he's no good. I always said so."

"Now, mother, I won't have that." Gracie pushed the cards aside. "Talking against Joe—and you living on his money for two years past."

"His money! That's good, that is! A fine time I'd have had of it on any money Joe could earn. The dog's money, you mean. And do you think I'm proud of it? Do you think I want to be reminded of it? Me—Nellie Wayne—supported by a trick dog in vaudeville!" She took out her handkerchief. "If Charlie Farren were alive to see me now ——"

"Oh, mother, in heaven's name, don't cry! Things are bad enough as it is."

"I'll cry if I like. I met Tom Kerrigen on the street—you remember him. Your father's old friend."

"He's got money, hasn't he?" Gracie inquired.

"Yes, and he'll keep it for all of me. I'd die if he found out—I'd die. If he knew what I've come to ——"

The door opened and young Nellie came in, a slender, sweet girl in a blue tailored suit. She had a newspaper in her hand, her eyes were big with excitement.

"Mother," she cried, "I got a Frisco paper! Dad isn't on the bill. The act was canceled."

"Why?"

"I don't know. It doesn't say."

"I can't make it out." Gracie's face was blanker than usual. "What's happened to him? Why doesn't he send us a wire?"

"You can starve for all he cares," Nellie Wayne said.

"That's no way to speak of Joe Karger," Gracie objected. "Every week regular he's come across—you know

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that. And never a word of complaint when you quit working ——"

"Go on! Reproach me with it! Throw my misfortune in my face!"

"Well, if you'd saved a little of your money ——"

"You know where the last of it went. Joe put it into those oil stocks. A fine business man he is! If he's paid my keep it's no more than he owes me!"

"Please," said young Nellie. "What are we going to do? That's what I want to know."

"The agent for the landlord was here," Gracie said. "He's given us two more days. I got that out of him. Heaven knows I'm not fitted for that sort of thing, but I managed it. There's no ice, and the milk has soured, and what more we can pawn I don't know."

"I told you not to buy that gray foulard," her mother reminded her.

"But it was marked down—a bargain. And I needed it; I really did. I'm not accustomed to going about in rags."

"If I could only get an engagement!" sighed young Nellie.

Nellie Wayne stared at her.

"What do you mean—an engagement?"

"She's been round to the agents," Gracie explained. "She thought—we both thought ——"

"I won't have it! Baby on the stage!"

"Please stop calling me baby," protested the girl. "I'm grown up. I've got to go to work sometime. Why not now?"

"But not in the theater!" Nellie cried. "Look at me! Look at what it's done to me!" She stood up as though called upon for a speech. "Gave it my best, I did; made a name, a big name—none bigger. And what has it all come to? What's been the end? Forgotten, slighted, insulted, living on the earnings of a trick dog! That's the theater for you! I'd rather see you in your grave!"

"Well, it's all true, of course," Gracie admitted. She picked up the cards and shuffled them. "I've heard interior decorating is a splendid profession for women. If you could take that up, baby—or even stenography ——"

"Nonsense!" said the girl. "I'm going on the stage."

"Listen to her!" cried Nellie Wayne. "Gracie, have you no authority ——"

"Oh, mother, do stop!" Gracie was dealing the cards. "What ails you anyhow?"

"I'm upset." She sat down again and wiped her eyes. "Upset, and I can't help it. Seeing Tom Kerrigen and remembering the old happy days—and a young fool of a press agent asked me if I was in the profession! Me! That's Broadway for you—no gratitude, no memory. A star today and a has-been tomorrow. It's just as Charlie used to say ——"

A knock on the door interrupted her. The three women sat for a moment, startled into silence.

"It might be the agent for the landlord," Gracie whispered. "He said he was going to put it up to the boss; maybe we're evicted. I could never hold up my head again." The knock came again, more insistent. "We'll pretend we're out ——"

"We can't do that," young Nellie said. She walked boldly to the door and opened it. "Dad!" she cried.

"Hello, baby!" Joe Karger came into the room, an overdressed, wise-looking citizen of forty, sleek and debonair, but with a weak mouth. "Hello, Gracie! How goes it? Ma, how are you?" He kissed them both.

Through the open door behind him trotted a small Irish terrier with a huge rhinestone collar about his neck—Chum, the vaudeville artist; three hundred a week, real money. Young Nellie dropped to her knees and put her arms about him.

"Joe, what happened?" Gracie cried. "We haven't had a word from you in three weeks. What you doing here? We thought you were booked solid through the winter."

"It's a long story," replied Mr. Karger, throwing his straw hat onto the table. "A long, sad story." He sat, but added nothing. Like all small souls, he enjoyed keeping others in suspense. It tickled his vanity.

"But, Joe, things are pretty bad here. The agent for the landlord ——"

"Things are worse than you think," Joe assured her, and still he held back his news.

"Father!" pleaded young Nellie.

Joe Karger pointed to Chum, who stood trembling slightly and looking exceedingly guilty.

"It's the dog," said Joe. "He's laid down on us. He's quit us cold."

"What? What do you mean?" Gracie's voice was terror-stricken.

"Old age, I guess," Joe said. "I never got his age straight, and it seems I was off a few years. Anyhow, out in Los Angeles one night, what does he do but forget his routine." He glanced meaningly at Nellie Wayne. "I'd heard of it happening to actors, but never to an animal act. However, he forgets it—balls up the whole turn—we're a frost. They canceled me. I took Chum to a vet and he tells me the dog's too old; nearly blind for one thing—can't get my signals. This vet says there's nothing left but chloroform."

"Oh, no!" young Nellie cried.

"Well, I guess Chum wouldn't want to be a burden, baby," said Joe. "I guess he'd understand."

They sat there in a circle, staring at the dog, these four grown people who had been living on his wages. And Chum looked back at them; looked anxiously from one to the other, a humble plea for forgiveness in his tired old eyes. He had sinned; he knew it; committed the deadly fault, lost the routine and crabbed the act. Yet there was his honorable past, his long years of service to the arts. Only in young Nellie's eyes could he find an answering spark of friendliness.

"Poor Chum!" she said softly.

"He was a good wagon, but he done broke down," said Joe.

Gracie's face, capable only of the simpler emotions, registered dismay. As for Nellie Wayne, she regarded Chum with renewed hostility. She had never been friends with the dog. To her he had been the symbol of her shame. She had hated him while she took her share of the money he earned. And now, to quote Joe, he had quit her cold. An icy fear gripped her heart. He had led her along a little way and then deserted her, and the great horror of these last years had descended on her at last. She was old and done for—broke, with not a ray of hope in sight.

"Joe, what can we do?" Gracie wanted to know. "We've spent pretty freely, with you booked solid over the Orpheum time. The rent's due, and the meat man wants his, and—and I don't see where we're going to end."

"Oh, we'll get along," said Joe the optimist.

"You—you got any money, Joe?"

"Me? Say, what do you think I am? Three weeks out of the bill, and my fare to pay from Frisco. This is a hell of a reception, anyhow!" Talk about money always annoyed him. "Ain't any of you glad to see me? I haven't heard you say it. You ain't, I guess. No, you'd rather have me out slaving, playing four shows a day, writing money orders. That's all you want out of me—money orders."

"Now, Joe, we're worried, that's all," Gracie said.

"Well, what the devil's the use of that? What does worry get you? Something will turn up. I can pawn that collar of Chum's for a few dollars. Then I'll look round. I'm going into business. Where I should have been long ago, with my talents. If I'd only gone into that broker's office when I had the chance! Oh, I'll find something. It's up to me, of course. Nobody else will lend a hand."

"I'm going on the stage," young Nellie announced.

"Sure, you're old enough," Joe approved. "And you got what they want—you got youth."

"Mother doesn't think she ought to," Gracie began.

"Oh, is that so?" Joe turned and glared at Nellie Wayne. "And what has mother got to say about it? What right has she to butt into our affairs? I haven't seen any of her money paying the grocery bills."

"Oil stock—that's where my money is," Nellie reminded him. "Going to be rich soon. That's what I was told when I handed it over to the person who got me into it."

"That's right, bring that up again!" growled Joe. "I was only trying to do you a favor."

A knock on the door interrupted him; and, opening it, Nellie admitted Tom Kerrigen. Mr. Kerrigen was in a gay mood, and if he found his old friend in surroundings that surprised him he gave no sign. Presently they all retired and left him in the parlor, while Nellie Wayne made ready for dinner. As she passed through the dining room on her way Joe resumed their argument.

"Don't you try to interfere!" he warned. "If baby wants to break into the profession it's no business of yours. Somebody's got to work round here. Somebody's got to support you, now that the dog's quit."

"Hush, Joe! Hush!" Nellie cried.

"Afraid your friend'll know, eh?" sneered Joe. "Well, I don't care who knows. You been sponging off that dog for two years ——"

"Father!" young Nellie cried. She alone could silence him; he subsided. The girl kissed her grandmother. "Have a good time," she said.

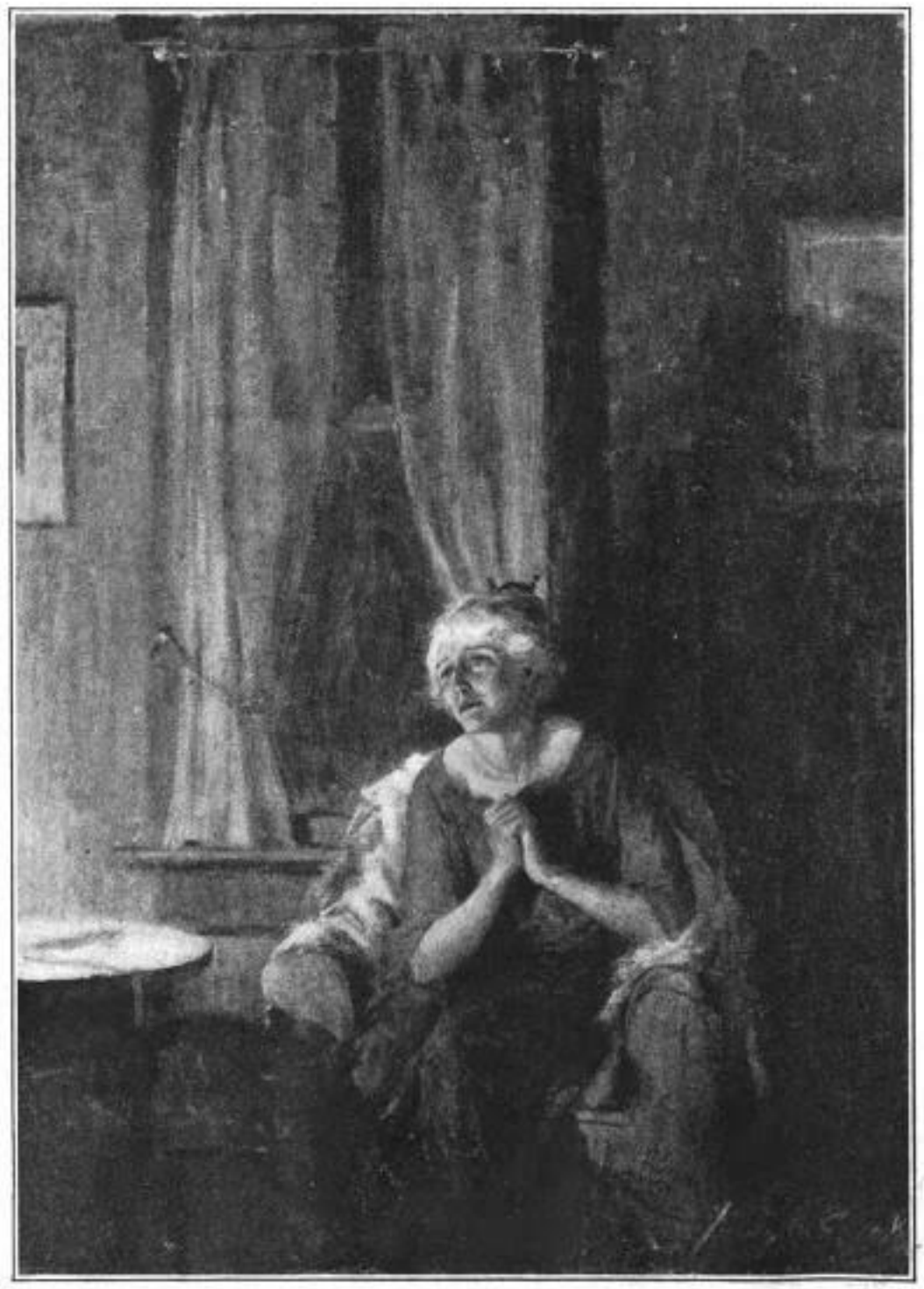
A good time! Nellie Wayne paused for a moment outside the parlor door, gathering her wits. Then she opened it and swept in as though it had been the entrance at rear center and the shabby parlor lay in the footlights' glare; swept in with her famous smile, her air of a great and vivacious lady. Tom Kerrigen went back thirty years at sight of her.

He took her to a quiet old restaurant, where the head waiter, a bent veteran of seventy, greeted them in a voice quavering with excitement:

"Nellie Wayne! Mr. Kerrigen! You remember me?"

They recognized in him a relict of their dead past. He had been a slender, blond young waiter at Delmonico's when that restaurant stood three blocks south of Union Square; a lad who haunted the theaters about Fourteenth Street, who worshiped at the shrine of Nellie Wayne. Only that afternoon she had wondered as to the whereabouts of her gallery boys, and here was one of them—wrinkled, feeble, one foot in the grave, but her admirer still.

(Continued on Page 152)



"Chloroform for You!" She Said Bitterly. "But for Me—What?"

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NORTHCLIFFE

By Frederic William Wile

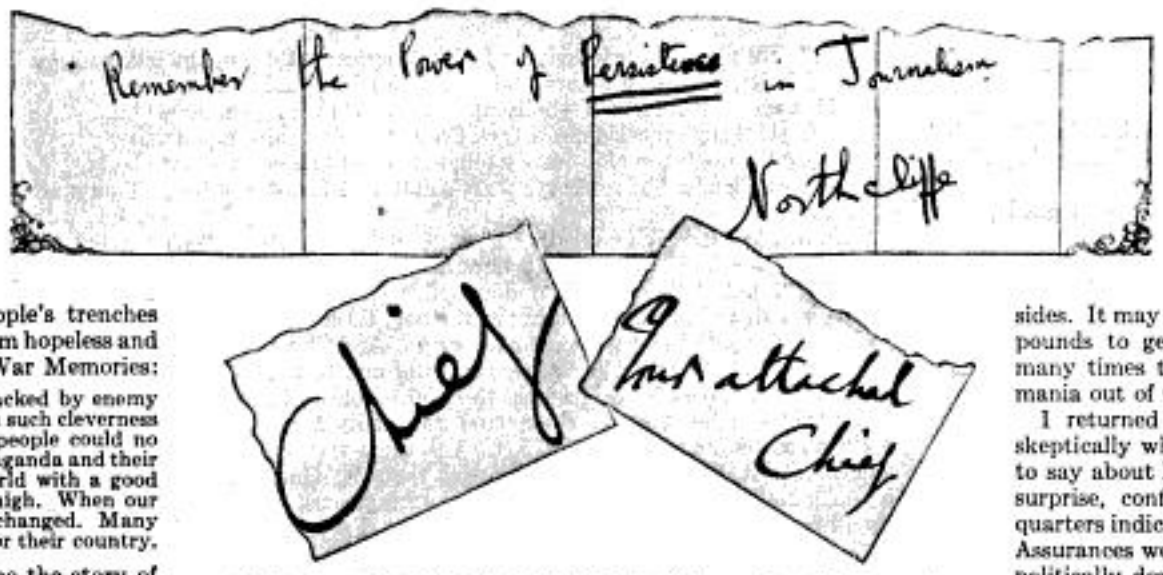
From 1906 to 1914 Chief Representative of The Northcliffe Press in Germany

How He Planned to Avert War With Germany by Starting a Newspaper in Berlin

WHEN the Napoleon of Fleet Street was gathered to the shadows and the dust the Prussian Junkers lamented that it was Northcliffe, not Foch, who finally brought Germany to her knees. Their sullen tribute concerned the breakdown of German popular morale—the home front—which the Northcliffe enemy propaganda organization battered and smashed. The Junkers had in mind the mass-suggestion barrage that was poured into the people's trenches behind the fighting lines, leaving them hopeless and heartless. Said Ludendorff in his War Memories:

> We found ourselves, bit by bit, attacked by enemy propaganda in speech and writing, with such cleverness and on such a large scale that many people could no longer distinguish between enemy propaganda and their own thoughts. We could fight the world with a good conscience so long as our morale was high. When our morale failed, the whole position was changed. Many Germans were no longer ready to die for their country.

Here is set down for the first time the story of Northcliffe's audacious project to crush the German war spirit, not while it was furiously alight amid the intoxication of battle, but long before it ever burst into devastating flame.



At the Top—Northcliffe's Cardinal Rule: "Remember the Power of Persistence in Journalism." At the Left—Northcliffe's Proudest Title: "Chief." At the Right—His Favorite Signature in Addressing His Men: "Your Attached Chief"

It is a part of European history how Northcliffe, for more than a decade before the war, thundered of the German menace at a Britain that would not listen. Having failed to arouse his countrymen to the danger stalking before their eyes, Northcliffe decided to tackle the peril at its source—in Germany, openly, boldly, unconventionally. The time was 1913; the medium, the one he was most skilled in using—a newspaper. His purpose, as it was five years later in the din of carnage, was to appeal to the German people over the heads of the war lords who were leading them to the shambles. His aim was to make them see the foolhardiness of an Anglo-German conflict—its futility for Britain and Germany alike. The adventurous scheme was doomed to remain one of Northcliffe's unrealized dreams, this bearding of the war lion in its Prussian den, yet it was a flash of genius perhaps more typical of the man and his methods than any other with which his contemporaries ever became familiar.

Northcliffe's plan, as he himself epitomized it, was to stop a war by starting a newspaper—a Daily Mail, to be published every morning in the English language at Berlin. Thus he hoped he might avert the crisis destined to overtake Europe in the red summer of 1914. It was to be a supreme attempt to demonstrate the theory that the pen is mightier than the sword. No one ever believed in that copy-book maxim more devoutly than Alfred Harmsworth, first Viscount Northcliffe.

The Chief's Amazing Suggestion

EARLY in 1913, still smarting under the intolerable humiliation of her ill-starred Moroccan adventure of 1911, Germany began her final and palpable preparations for The Day. To all concerned, by act of Reichstag publicly enacted, she signaled her determination to strike, in Bernhardi's ominous idiom, for "world power or downfall" at the earliest feasible moment.

The *Wehrvorlage*, designed to expand the already colossal defensive establishment by land, sea and air at a cost of $250,000,000, and by direct tax of the people, was adopted in sight of a complacent universe. The Bismarckian war chest at Spandau was tripled—from $30,000,000 to $90,000,000. To the peace footing of the army 150,000 men were added, bringing the grand total to the unprecedented strength of roundly 1,000,000. Von Tirpitz ordained day and night work on the dreadnoughts, battle cruisers, destroyers and submarines under way at government and private shipyards. The Zeppelin works speeded up the construction of battle airships. The Reichsbank, steadily augmenting the gold reserve, blithely proclaimed a policy of finance mobilization. In every direction the cogs of the German war machine were tightened up. Yet, with few exceptions, the Kaiser girded for the fray unnoticed.

Northcliffe was not blind to the meaning of those sinister activities. Since 1900 he had been prodding the British public and successive British cabinets into adequate appraisal of developments in Central Europe. Day in and day out his newspapers called attention to the aggressive naval program launched by William II and fomented by the eternal Tirpitz. Northcliffe reminded wave-ruling Britannia of the Kaiser's vaunted future upon the water and the Hohenzollern's self-anointment as Grand Admiral of the Atlantic. He placed the entire Northcliffe press behind Lord Roberts' campaign to popularize military preparedness in Great Britain. In inevitable consequence Northcliffe became the best-hated man in Germany. At home he continued to be as a voice crying in the wilderness.

Soon after Germany's unabashed war program was announced in 1913 I was summoned to London for conference with the Chief. During the preceding seven years of my service as Berlin correspondent of The Daily Mail and its associated newspapers they had specialized in reporting Germany's conspicuous preparations afield, afloat and aloft. Such developments, indeed, were the most important news Berlin produced from day to day, along with Germany's vast strides as a competitor of Great Britain in the markets of the world. I knew Northcliffe would be deeply interested in the newest manifestation of Germany's purpose to overawe or overpower Europe, but the real object of my summons was far different.

"Wile," said Northcliffe soon after my arrival in London, "I am going to start a Berlin edition of The Daily Mail."

If he had tendered me the editorship of The Times I could hardly have been more stunned.

"That will be a pretty risky business, Chief," I rejoined after recovering consciousness. Then I asked: "What is your object?"

"To stop a war," Northcliffe replied, with that staccato incisiveness which marked his discussion and decision of even the biggest question.

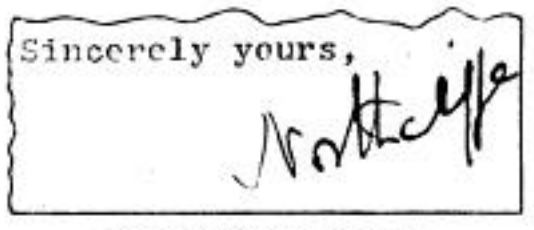
It set me gasping, accustomed as I was to amazing suggestions from this amazing man. He went on, in his impetuous way, to say how he now saw the long-impending Anglo-German clash, with its incalculable world ramifications, hastening on. He was persuaded it could be avoided and purposed using printer's ink to that end. Northcliffe believed, he explained, that straight English talk to the German people, day after day, might radically alter the distorted conception of Britain and British policy which they were getting from a Wilhelmstrasse-controlled press. "A Berlin Daily Mail," argued Northcliffe, "will open German eyes; show them the madness of their theory that John Bull is trying to encircle them; teach them that there is room enough in the world for both the Hamburg-American Line and the Cunard; let them know the British Empire isn't a house of cards ready to tumble down at the Kaiser's frown—and a lot of other things the Germans don't know."

I spoke of the uphill fight a Berlin Daily Mail would have to face from a financial standpoint in an atmosphere filled with the bitterest hostility.

"Well, we'll try it out," said Northcliffe. "You shall be editor and general manager. I'll give you a proprietary interest besides. It may cost us a couple of hundred thousand pounds to get established, but it will be worth many times that much if we can knock the war mania out of German heads."

I returned to my post at Berlin, wondering skeptically what responsible Germans would have to say about Northcliffe's daring scheme. To my surprise, confidential soundings in authoritative quarters indicated that it would not be unwelcome. Assurances were given that it would not only be a politically desirable thing but in time a commercially successful one as well. No War Party leaders were consulted. As to circulation possibilities, I was reminded that all educated Germans read and speak English, or profess to, and a daily lesson in that language at a cost of five *pfennige* would be an undoubted attraction. Besides, a Berlin edition of The Daily Mail could reach all parts of Germany on the day of publication, and even penetrate Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and Russia within twenty-four hours. An adequate Berlin printing plant was available and news facilities presented no obstacles. Advertising experts foreshadowed an ample clientele.

The plan was to turn out a Berlin Daily Mail of the same make-up as the typical German newspaper, which is, roughly, the size and shape, except in number of pages, of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



Northcliffe's Formal Signature

The Wet Blanket of Conservatism

A FEW weeks after our original conversation I reported to Lord Northcliffe in London again, taking with me a dummy copy of the proposed Berlin edition. It was filled with news snipped at random from German papers and with a selection of advertisements such as the new paper might easily obtain. Northcliffe devoured new ideas, so I hit upon one he was sure to swallow whole—an offer of 5000 marks' free insurance to any German or English traveler who lost his life while en route between the two countries, provided said traveler carried on his unfortunate person a recent copy of the Berlin Daily Mail. Northcliffe chuckled over the insurance proposal, stuck conspicuously in the first column of page 1. "Splendid!" he gurgled. "But make it 10,000 marks. We'll probably never have to pay it."

Northcliffe liked the dummy and called a special meeting of his codirectors of the Associated Newspapers, Ltd., to discuss it. The directors were not much enamored of the Berlin enterprise. There already was a Continental edition of The Daily Mail, published in Paris, and it had only recently turned the corner from a deficit producer into a money-maker. Particularly vehement objections to the Berlin project were burred by a Scotsman who was one of the cheeseparers of the Northcliffe press—a man who thought no more of sixpence than of his right arm. He was the canny spirit who, hearing of the torpedoing of a British battleship in the Dardanelles, ejaculated sympathetically that a Daily Mail correspondent was aboard with two hundred pounds of freshly cabled expense money.

No decisions were taken at the directors' meeting. Northcliffe and I remained behind. "Never mind," he said. "These fellows haven't much imagination. They're thinking of dividends. I'm thinking about a war."

"It'll be hard to put the idea through with —— in opposition," I suggested.

"My dear Wile," replied the Chief in his most caressing manner, "if I allowed my associates to influence me every time I tried something new or unusual I'd still be concentrating on Answers. We'll have our Berlin Daily Mail some day."

That was at Christmastime, 1913, seven months before Germany unleashed her thunderbolts. What occurred in the meantime to dissuade the Chief from starting a newspaper to stop a war I never learned. Beyond an occasional

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and whimsical assurance that the idea remained dear to his heart, the idea never materialized. Perhaps the Scot prevailed. When the Berlin office of The Daily Mail was seized and sacked by the Prussian police in August, 1914, they found half a dozen copies of the original dummy edition, which hitherto had never been disclosed to any German eyes. I have often wondered what nefarious Northcliffe plot they scented when first they glimpsed that physical evidence of the British publisher's plan to talk the Germans out of war.

Northcliffe's unorthodox methods were responsible for my entering his service in Germany. It was the custom among American and British newspaper correspondents in Berlin to do one another's work during the holiday season. In the summer of 1906 I was substituting for the regular representative of The Daily Mail, an Englishman named Pooley, my own status in Berlin being that of correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. During my temporary representation of The Daily Mail, Mr. R. B. Haldane, who had recently become Secretary of State for War in the Asquith cabinet, came to Berlin to study the German General Staff system. He arrived from Marienbad, where King Edward VII was spending his annual holiday, this time in pursuit of health rather than recreation. To an American-trained reporter it was the obvious thing for even the temporary representative of a London newspaper to interview Mr. Haldane. So when I learned that he was due at the Hotel Bristol at five P.M., I decided to be there at 5:15.

En route to the hotel through Unter den Linden I encountered, supposedly on the same mission bent, the well-known Berlin correspondent of the London Morning Post. I suggested we should see Mr. Haldane together. My British colleague was horror-stricken. British ministers of the Crown, it appeared, were never molested by journalists, especially when visiting a foreign capital on official business. "That sort of thing isn't done," he said, in accents that seemed to mingle pity and contempt, and manifestly were intended to end the incident.

I decided, nevertheless, to violate British traditions, and, frankly to my surprise, Mr. Haldane received me, talked freely and sent me on my way rejoicing with a first-class interview. He told me what had brought him to Germany, just what he hoped to accomplish, the plans made for his entertainment, and other things pertinent to his visit. I telegraphed the interview *in extenso* to The Daily Mail. It was featured in the next morning's paper as the main news of the day.

The editorial staff, as I later learned, was flabbergasted, because the paper had been flaying Mr. Haldane mercilessly. Before the day was over I received a telegram from London asking if I could call on Lord Northcliffe at Sutton Place, his beautiful estate in Surrey.

Without the slightest notion why he wanted to see me I arrived in England at the end of that week.

A First Meeting With Northcliffe

NORTHCLIFFE never wasted much time in getting down to business, and soon after he had welcomed me at Sutton with the courtliness of the English country gentleman, he said: "When I saw that Haldane interview this week I asked who got it. The foreign editor said it was a Yank who was substituting for our regular man. I decided he was the man I wanted to represent The Daily Mail in Germany. When can you leave the Chicago Daily News?"

I told Northcliffe of my affectionate ties with Mr. Lawson's paper, dating from cub-reporter days, and explained that I felt obligated to allow ample time to replace me.

"That's all right," rejoined Northcliffe. "How much are you earning?"

I confessed, and Northcliffe said: "I'll double that and give you a three-year contract." Then he snatched a writing pad and scribbled the following note to Thomas Marlowe, editor of The Daily Mail:

Dear Marlowe: This is Wile, of Berlin. I'm going to take chances on him for three years at —— pounds a year. He is to have an office, an assistant and an expense account. Draw up a contract covering those points.

Then Northcliffe asked, "Now, are you perfectly happy? Is everything satisfactory?"

When I assented he said, "Right. Let's take a walk in the gardens, and talk no more shop."

The whole conversation occupied considerably less time than it has taken me to describe it. I remained in Northcliffe's service for thirteen successive years.

One of the features of our contract was illustrative of Northcliffe's newspaper tactics. It required me to visit London twice a year for the purpose of keeping in touch with thought and affairs in Great Britain.

"The trouble with most foreign correspondents," Northcliffe used to say, "is that they don't know what the people they're writing for are saying and thinking." When I would cross the North Sea from Berlin on those contractual occasions Northcliffe's invariable greeting was: "Go out and mix with people. Ask them about Germany and tell them about Germany." The Chief knew that a correspondent thus would inevitably return to his post with a freshened point of view.

To arouse Great Britain to Germany's *Weltmacht* program remained an obsession with Northcliffe. He was especially anxious to make his countrymen understand the latent strength dormant in the German nation. From the outset of the war he knew it would be a prolonged struggle.

In September, 1914, he said, "The war will last five years." It was well into its fifth twelvemonth when the armistice came. Northcliffe was never perturbed by the taunts of pacifists and Pro-Germans in England that he was a scaremonger.

In 1909 the Chief paid his first visit to Berlin. He was astounded at the growth of modern Germany, its splendor, power and possibilities. "Englishmen don't know anything about this country," he exclaimed. "Haven't a notion. Think it's still the land of damned professors that Palmerston called it. Don't realize that Germany of today is an empire of Ballins and battleships."

Little is known of the actual day-by-day methods by which Northcliffe conducted and built up his newspapers. Their universal success was due primarily to his uncanny vision—what he himself called his sixth sense of what the reading public wanted, or was going to be interested in. It was that highly developed intuition of Northcliffe that made him a pioneer in cycling, motoring, aviation and moving pictures long before the world generally took the slightest interest in those epoch-making developments.

The Chief's Daily Criticisms

NORTHCLIFFE'S system of critical daily bulletins to the editorial staffs of his papers provides material for a textbook for colleges of journalism. They consisted of minute, detailed comment on the day's paper. Whenever Northcliffe was within two hours of his office, whether in town or country, copies of all London morning papers were delivered at his bedside before he was awake. He seldom slept later than 5:30 o'clock. By seven, still abed, he had digested thoroughly the contents of his own papers and of their rivals—news, editorials, pictures, advertisements, everything. By nine—still pajama-clad and in his bedroom, where he loved to work—Northcliffe would be dictating to Harry Price, his confidential secretary, a bulletin to The Daily Mail or The Times or The Evening News. Here is one, to the Daily Mail, November 26, 1915:

An excellent Daily Mail this morning.

I am sorry to see the disappearance of Germany Day by Day. These extracts from the Hun press are a feature that I invented, and one that is always looked forward to all over the country each day. But it is always cut down to nothing at the least opportunity. I hope it will be a column in future until I stop it.

One of the Napoleon quotations this morning is extremely unfortunate—that referring to England as being a permanent wart on the nose of France. I cannot imagine how such a *faux pas* occurred.

I particularly disliked the article attacking French imports into England, for that is what the article amounts to if one looks at the imports at the present time.

I think we ought to follow up the subject of British wine growing. That story will come as a great surprise to most people.

On the whole, the paper was really admirable in every respect.

Follow up the story about boys born in wartime.



Daily Mail

BERLIN EDITION

Giving all the News Many Hours in Advance of any other English Journal Circulating in Central Europe.

LONDON. MANCHESTER. 5 PARIS. NICE. BERLIN.

FIRST YEAR. THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 20, 1913. No. 1.

Daily Mail

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Foggy at first, then fair to dull with rain by afternoon or evening; temperature rising, with freshening south-easterly winds.

CHANNEL PASSAGES.

SPECIAL FORECAST.

M. 5000

To popularize the Berlin Edition of the Daily Mail among the thousands of German and English travellers journeying between the two Countries, the proprietors hereby agree to pay an insurance of FIVE THOUSAND MARKS to the legal heir or heirs of any person whose life is lost during such a trip, provided the person is proved to have carried at the time of death a late copy of this journal.

MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT WILSON

FRIENDSHIP FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. James Bryce, the former British Ambassador in Washington, was the guest of "The Pilgrims" at a dinner at the Savoy Hotel, London, last night, when Dr.

Page, the United States Ambassador in London, read the following message from President Wilson: —

KING FERDINAND'S FEARS.

"TO LET" PLACARDS ON HIS PALACE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

GERMAN WAR CHEST.

JULIUS TOWER STORE OF GOLD AND SILVER

KRUPP TRIAL.

BRANDT AND ECCIUS FOUND GUILTY.

LENIENT SENTENCES.

A Dummy Edition of Northcliffe's Projected "Berlin Daily Mail." Note the Offer in the Box at the Left Under the Heading "M. 5000"

Sometimes Northcliffe's bulletins, which were displayed throughout the office for all members of the staff to inspect, were generously commendatory, sometimes bitterly critical, often a blend of subtle irony and witty rebuke. They were always stimulating. A fault caught by the Chief's eagle eye was seldom repeated. Typographical errors were intolerable to him.

Here is another Daily Mail bulletin, crammed with typical touches:

This morning's editorials are varied in subject but long-winded. The Daily Mail's success came from saying in 150 words what other papers say in 500.

Why does the picture editor insist on printing plain women? England is full of beautiful women. Baker should hunt them up.

I see we continue to leave the hyphen out of Kinloch-Cooke's name. I do wish somebody would make it his special business to see that this is stopped.

The Titherton divorce story is well written. Tell the reporter who wrote it that I liked it very much.

Often the bulletin was short, but meaningful:

James Gordon Bennett once said the only way to conduct a successful newspaper is for the proprietor to sleep in the office. Judging by this morning's paper the entire Daily Mail staff was asleep in the office last night.

That was Northcliffe's way of calling attention to some important news the Daily Mail had missed. He was never

(Continued on Page 161)

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USUAL

By DAVID GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

HE WAS loafing in front of the store when I drove up. I nudged the driver. "Who is that fellow—the big one with the red hair?"

The driver spat thoughtfully, shifted the reins as his horses stopped, and replaced the whip.

"They call him Usual," he said.

It was a mystifying sobriquet for a young sun god. A sculptor would have raved over him. In that first glimpse I thought I had never seen a youth so vivid, so virile, so beautiful. My imagination invested him with all the romance of the West. He was another Virginian.

Old Giddings appeared and greeted me. Everything was all right, my outfit was ready, elk plentiful. The hotel had burned down the previous week, but he had a room for me. He turned to the sun god.

"Here you," he said briskly, "get them traps out!"

"Yes, sir," the god answered, and somewhat languidly set to. Already the splendor of that first glimpse of him had dimmed. I was perplexed.

That evening after supper I made cautious inquiry about him. He seemed to arouse no interest. Someone thought he had drifted in from Texas, but was not sure. Why was he called Usual? There was a brief story in that. As a newcomer he had mounted an outlaw, unaware. As he picked himself up someone asked him how he was, and he replied "'Bout as usual." I gathered it was a word often in his mouth, indicative of a state of mind, a philosophy perhaps.

He seemed to have something to do about the store, just what I never knew definitely. I think he was rated as a freighter, but he helped wait on me when I was buying stores. At a moment when I was wondering what I had forgotten he recommended five pounds of peppermint drops. Grateful for the entertainment, they went on the list.

By this time my first impression of him had vanished beyond recall. I was intrigued, as the novelists say. He was the same six feet two of bone and muscle, with the same large, regular features, the same blue eyes, the same close-cropped red hair; but the ensemble now was commonplace. The man I had imagined inside was not there.



"Some Day Something Will Happen. Perhaps He Will Kill Me. It Would be the Best Way"

I began to recall analogous experiences with women in undergraduate days. Attending balls in strange cities, I would ask to be introduced to women of ineffable beauty and would be surprised to find that among those who knew them they excited no wonder. I would be surprised, too, when the evening was over to find that they had changed, somehow. Their first radiance had gone. The phenomenon had gone long unexplained. Now the answer was clear—the personality for whom the body was designed was not the occupant. There was a lesser tenant. It seemed like dishonest advertising calculated to deceive the public, and yet the public in the cases under observation had remained undeceived. I remarked with Emerson, "How can a man be concealed?"

Thus I lost interest in this young man except as a psychological phenomenon, but fate thrust him upon me. As my outfit was setting forth a pack-horse man developed mumps. Giddings offered me Usual and I took him. He proved moderately efficient and inoffensive, except that he played the mouth organ.

During the month that followed I learned little of his character, talents or aspirations. Doubtless there was little to learn. He consumed the peppermint drops unaided, and once I saw him shoot the neck off a sirup bottle at twenty yards. It was high-class shooting if it was not accidental. I asked him if he liked pistol shooting and he answered "Not usually," and the matter ended.

When we got back I paid him off by check and discovered that his parents had christened him James Verplanck Sinclair. He received the slip of paper and regarded the check book with interest.

Then he said, "Want to buy three thousand acres of land in Texas?"

I said, "No."

"Well," he said mildly, "I thought you might of wanted to buy it."

"Do you own it?"

"Yes; I can't sell it to anybody in Texas."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Dry. Once I had two hundred head of stock, but they went dead."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but it wouldn't be any use to me."

"No," he said. He stood there awkwardly, not knowing how to depart.

"What do you intend to do?" I observed to make conversation.

"Oh, I dunno—usual thing."

"Freighting?"

He nodded vaguely.

"Some day I'm goin' back to Texas."

"Got a girl there?"

"No; I don't aim to marry."

"Nothing in it?"

"No; women skeer me."

I gazed thoughtfully at his two hundred pounds of bone and muscle. It must have been assembled for some purpose. In those days everybody was looking for a white hope to beat Jack Johnson.

"Do you like fighting—fist fighting?"

"I don't like no kind of fightin'," he answered.

"Well," I said, "I've got to be packing up. Good luck to you. Hope we meet again."

"Usually do," he said. He shook my hand and went out.

I remember thinking of him on the train to Chicago when the newsboy tried to sell me peppermint lozenges.

I remember I thought it strange that the Lord should make a two-hundred-pound package to hold peppermint drops. All this was in 1910.

In 1917 practically everyone in the American Expeditionary Forces had his turn at the flu or pneumonia, or both. I got mine in October. It hit me on the train coming up to Paris. I reported in to the provost marshal; they put me in an ambulance and sent me out to Neuilly. It was a light case. The second morning I was lying in bed waiting for the nurse to come with the thermometer. Conversation began in the hall outside.

"That room is something fierce," said the nurse. "Don't you ever sweep under the beds?"

"Yes, ma'am, usually," a mild voice answered. And then entered James Verplanck Sinclair in the uniform of a hospital orderly, bearing a broom and a dust pan.

I watched him go to work. It was a conscientious effort, but not notably efficient. The nurse came in, took my temperature and gave me breakfast.

"I know that fellow," I said as he went out.

"You don't know much," she answered.

He came in later in the morning with a window-cleaning outfit and I disclosed myself to him. He regarded me without surprise, but with pathetic gratification. We reviewed the intervening years. He still owned his portion of Texas. From Wyoming he had gone to Idaho; from Idaho to Arizona. Life had been going on as usual.

"How did you get into the service?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "everybody was going to the war. I didn't have no special job."

"Just did the usual thing?"

"Yeah."

"How do you like France?"

"I don't know. 'Tain't much like Texas."

"No."

"But you get used to it."

"Oh, yes."

"How did you get into the medical corps?"

"Well, it was this way: There was a guy named Heimer. He said it was a good place to be if you was goin' to war."

"And you like it?"

He looked apprehensively toward the door.

"It's all right, only these nurses make you nervous."

I said I could understand, and he went to his window washing.

About half past two, when we were taking our naps, he slipped furtively into the room. What might have been an exterior abdominal tumor showed under his blouse, which, though the largest size issued, was tight for him. He smiled gravely, slipped his hand under and extracted an orange.

"I stand in with the storekeeper," he said, and presented it.

The one thing that hospital was mean about was its oranges. They were reserved for dietic cases, of which I seemed not to be one; yet I had been craving oranges for three days. I was weak. My feelings tingled emotionally.

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I thanked him, and something like a human relationship began between us.

I began to wonder again, and this time with a certain solicitude, whether anything could be done for a case like his. I discarded my old theory that the wrong soul was inhabiting him. It had been only a figure of speech at best. As far as we know anything about such things, a soul, or informing personality, seems to assemble its body from various hereditary sources and to develop it according to its own ideas. Some start badly and finish grandly. We know ugly girls who become beautiful at sixty. The contrary is notorious.

Those women who started with so much perfection of form and feature laid down on the job and went back. This is what Jim must have done; but the thing that made him physically must still be there; must have the capacity to live up to its work if it only wanted to. The trouble was how to make it want to. Here I could see no hope. He had been exposed to both war and women. He was content to be afraid of the latter. His reaction to war was orderly duty in a hospital. There was not much left but lightning and earthquakes. Any way I could see it, he seemed to be headed simply for dissolution into two hundred pounds of water, lime, nitrogen and whatever else we resolve into, and I was disturbed about it. In spite of his passive, vegetable personality I had grown fond of him. The conviction grew upon me that he really was superfine raw material inexorably doomed to go to waste.

Two days later I was sitting up. My sister, who had been over for a year as a Red Cross worker, descended upon me and we had a family reunion. As she got ready to go she said, "There's a girl I want to bring in to see you. She visits here three times a week. It would be nice for you to know her."

I said I'd be out in a day or two.

"But I want you to see her. She's a type."

"I don't feel strong enough for types."

"But this is the Comtesse Yvonne de Chaillevois. She's one of the big society vamps."

"Is she good-looking?"

My sister laughed.

"Haven't you ever seen her picture in the society papers?"

I said no.

"She was engaged to the Duc de Caze-Fernay, but she chucked him because he got a job in the diplomatic service instead of going into the infantry."

"Sounds like a nice girl."

My sister laughed again.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing; only 'nice' is a funny word for her."

"'Rough'?"

"'Emancipated' is more polite. You've met some of those smart English beauties. Well, she's played about with that kind of a crowd."

"Is she an intimate friend of yours?"

"Heavens, no! I only meet her in war work, but she's been civil. I'll bring her in for a minute."

A moment after she went out Jim came in with his broom and dust shovel. He had overlooked the under-the-bed areas again and had been reported.

I thought of telling him that I was expecting visitors; but in the first place he probably would be finished before the De Chaillevois was captured and dragged in; and in the second he would be about as much in the way as the door mat.

Sister must have found the woman in the passage, for Jim had no more than raked out a windrow of fuzzy stuff when they appeared. I saw him stiffen to attention, broom in one hand, dust receptacle in the other. His color deepened till his face was as red as his hair. Knowing his views about women, my first glimpse of Mademoiselle de Chaillevois made his confusion understandable. She was a vivid personality.

They came on and I was introduced.

Was I badly wounded?

I had the flu. I was too old to be wounded.

There was a pause and she looked about her.

"It's rotten," she said explosively, "the way you keep glorious young men around your hospitals instead of sending them to fight." She gazed at Jim's superb back as he retreated through the doorway. He spun around and looked at her with dumb wonder in his eyes. I shot a bull elk once that spun around and looked at me in the same way. The next moment Jim was gone, as likewise had gone the elk.

Mademoiselle de Chaillevois looked at me intensely and asked me if I cared for the Vie Parisienne, of which she proffered me a recent issue. I thanked her and presently she left.

"A breezy little thing," I said to my sister. "She is five feet ten!"

"Don't you think she's wonderful-looking?"

I said truthfully that I thought she was one of the few beautiful women I had ever seen.

"But I'm afraid of her," I added. "I don't think she's a very good woman."

My sister laughed and told me that I was in no danger.

The next day they let me out, and I left the hospital without seeing Jim. He had been detailed to another ward, I think. I left messages for him with the nurse.

The winter wore away. Our First, Second, Twenty-sixth and Forty-second divisions finished their training and went into line, and the spring of '18 found me in the personnel division of G-1 at general headquarters. Among the things that crossed my desk on the way to those in authority were lists of missing. One day about the middle of June I was perusing one of these documents and my eye caught the name James V. Sinclair, tag number 63,480. It could hardly be Jim, I thought, because the report came from an infantry unit reporting losses on withdrawing from action.

A moment later a man at the desk beside me said: "What do you know about this? Here's a bird the French have given the Medaille Militaire without getting the recommendation approved by these headquarters."

"How did his division commander let it get by?"

"Looks as if he got mixed up with a French outfit. Keep an eye out if he's reported as missing. J. V. Sinclair, tag number 63,480."

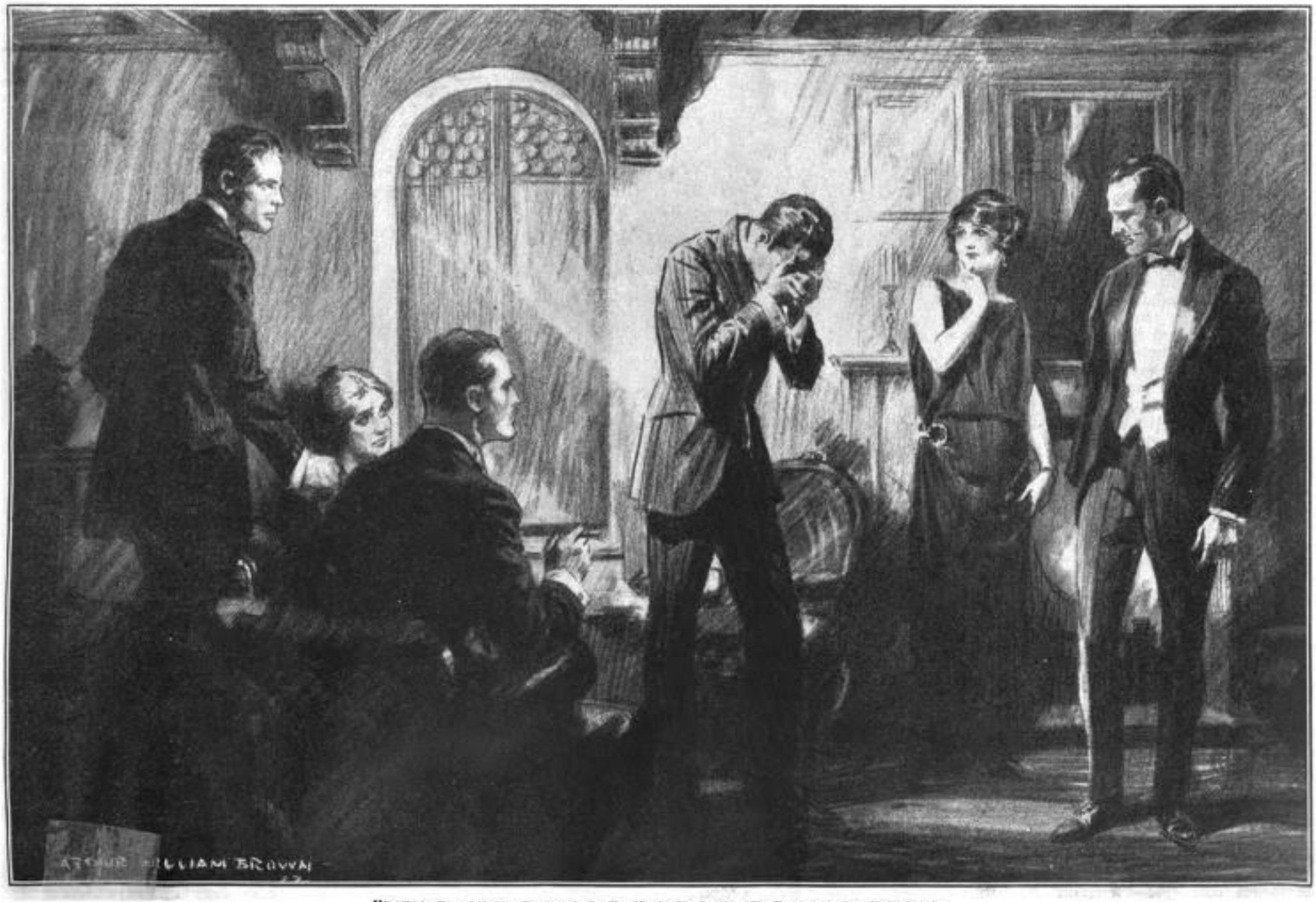
"Let me look at those papers," I said.

I read the citation. It was pretty swell. Leaving out the tropical verbiage, it appeared that Number 63,480 had stalked a machine-gun nest, pistoled six gunners and taken two heavy mitrailleuses, "though wounded."

"The bird is wounded," I said. "He'll turn up in some French hospital report. I know a James V. Sinclair," I added, "but he's a hospital orderly."

My fellow soldier made no comment and went on winning the war.

A month later a division general whom I knew at home asked for me as his aid and I went to the Front. I had two



"Is This True?" She Demanded. He Made No Reply. He Began to Cry Noiselessly

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days in Paris before reporting. The second afternoon I was sitting at a table in front of the Café de la Paix when I saw a big Australian coming along, and by his side an even bigger doughboy. The doughboy was Jim. Ye gods, what a change had come over him! He carried himself with a buck-private swagger as if the division insigne on his shoulder were a chip that he was looking for somebody to knock off. His overseas cap was cocked at an angle and there was that look in his eyes that you see in men who have been in battle. I called to him, and as he turned I saw a wound stripe on his sleeve, the ribbon of the Medaille Militaire on his breast and the Croix de Guerre beside it. Few Americans were wearing decorations at that time.

He shook my hand warmly and I mumbled something about being glad to see him. I was experiencing a strange confusion. Our mutual attitude had suddenly changed. Unconsciously but naturally enough I had always talked down to him. I had been the condescending superior. Now I knew that I was looking into the eyes of a better man than myself. Strangest of all, that first impression of him came back. He was the sun god again; not so young, not so vivid perhaps, but with an added suggestion of Olympian calm and an inner wisdom.

"Jim," I blurted out. "What happened to you? How did you get out of that hospital stuff?"

He smiled.

"It was about time, wasn't it?" That was all.

"And you've been hit?"

"Yes; one of them light flesh wounds."

"You were in a French hospital?"

"Yes."

"Was it lonely?"

"No; I picked up the language pretty quick. I knew Spanish. I'm sorry, but I ought to be going," he added, with a look at the Australian.

"I want to hear from you," I said.

I got out a card and wrote an address that would always reach me. He thanked me, stowed the card and was off with the Anzac.

I watched him disappear with the presentiment that I should never see him again. God knows, with that division his chances were small! Like many a desk soldier, I felt shame and envy and worship.

The summer passed and I heard nothing from him; but often he was in my thoughts and always I was wondering what had been the stimulus that stirred that dormant soul of his into activity. He had overheard that brusque comment of the Comtesse Yvonne de Chaillevois upon able-bodied men doing hospital duty. Could that have stung him awake? Somehow I doubted it. She was not the type of woman that Jim would have been influenced by. The gulf between her sophisticated, overcivilized personality and his was too wide. More likely it was a series of small things. Very possibly it had been nothing but a natural development that had been going on below the surface, unsuspected.

In November came the armistice. The following May I got home and was discharged. In August I wrote the War Department asking for information concerning James V. Sinclair, identification number 63,480. In the course of time I was notified that he had been discharged July twenty first and that his address was Dry Creek Post Office, Texas. I wrote him there and in the matter of six weeks the letter came back indorsed "Undelivered."

I wondered what had become of him, what would become of him. Would he go on? Would the awakening impulse of the war last, or would he sink back, as so many others were destined to sink, into his old circumscribed life and personality? In all probability it depended on some woman, but it appeared unlikely that I should ever know.

In August, 1921, I was in Paris. One day, passing the department store in the Place du Louvre, James Verplanck Sinclair came out with his arms full of bundles. He crossed the sidewalk to a little town car, one of those luxurious toys with cane-seated finish over blue, with bright canary wheels, the kind of thing illustrious demimondaines roll about in. He heaved the bundles inside and was climbing in when I hailed him. He saw me and got out again.

"For heaven's sake," I said, "what are you doing here?"

"Usual thing"—there was a twinkle in his blue eyes—"freightin' groceries."

"But I thought you were out West!"

"I was, but I came back."

"What are you doing?"

"Farming, up Chemin des Dames way."

"Don't tell me you've married a French girl!"

He nodded. I regarded him appraisingly and was perplexed. He had not slipped back. He had gone on—gone on into still a new phase. His simplicity had somehow become the simplicity of the great gentleman. But how had he come to tie himself to a French peasant girl, to settle into farming on that desolate, war-swept plateau above the Aisne?

"How about lunch?" I said.

He shook his head.

"I've got to get back. Can't go A. W. O. L. when you're married." He looked at me thoughtfully. "I wish you'd come up and see us."

"Of course," I said.

"Fine! Anybody in Soissons will tell you how to get to the Ferme Bellegarde. It's on the old war maps."

"I'll find it."

"Come tomorrow?"

"I'm off for Switzerland tomorrow. I'm going to motor back along the old Front. When I get to Soissons I'll drop in. Can I wire you?"

"Just come. It'll be all right. Only don't forget."

We shook hands and he got into the driving seat.

"If it isn't rude," I said, "where did you get that car?"

"Belongs to my wife," he answered. He stepped on the starter and drove off.

So the immoral car belonged to his wife! That opened new and disquieting fields for speculation. What manner of woman had Jim married? During the next six weeks I thought a good deal about that.

I came back through Verdun and Rheims, driving myself in an American roadster. I got to Soissons the second of November. The next day, after lunch, I started for Ferme Bellegarde. As Jim had said, the place was on the one-to-ten-thousand map. It lay on one of the minor roads southwesterly of Laffaux.

I crossed the river and went up the Noyon road. On the plateau the fields were pretty well cleared up, but the torn poplars along the road were just as I had seen them last. Across the plain, on the left, Juvigny was still a mass of ruins, as it was when our Thirty-second Division took it in September, '18. Where the road forked to the right for Leuilly I turned down the hill. The clay was wet and I went into low. Of course I should have stopped and put chains on. I kept the road for a hundred yards and then slid peacefully into the ditch. There lay the car till four in the afternoon, when a far-sought Percheron stallion pulled it out. The autumn twilight had begun to set in; also rain. The sensible thing would have been to go back to Soissons. Instead I went on down, threaded through the little mist-wrapped valley, around by the ruins of Vauxaillon, crossed the Ailette and climbed the plateau again. After another twenty minutes' plowing through sticky clay and around a patch of woods, I came upon a gloomy mass of buildings looming through the dusk.

It stood back from the road perhaps a hundred yards. According to the map, it was the Ferme Bellegarde. There was no light visible, but even if the place were tenanted the house windows would give on the court inside the farm inclosure. I got out and searched on foot for an entrance.

What seemed to be a garden wall ran along the road. Presently I came to a lane walled on both sides. Halfway down, on the left, a gate stood open. Inside was a man digging. Even through the rain and dusk I could see it was not Jim. He finished a row and started back again, feverishly spading the great clods. It was a queer thing to watch, an uncanny thing, for almost instantly I realized that the man was a lunatic. Some insane idea was driving him. No normal man could or would work like that for pay. Still, he was at large and presumably harmless. I was on the point of hailing him when a woman's voice called out of the darkness.

"Jacques! Oh, Jacques!" it called. "*La soupe! Viens toi!*"

It was a voice with a deep vibrant tone, and there was the note of authority in it. The man stopped.

"Excuse me!" I called.

"Who is that?" she demanded.

"Can you tell me if a Monsieur Sinclair, an American, lives here?"

"He lives here," she answered.

She came forward, and I could make out that she was tall. I gave my name.

"Oh, yes," she said in English. "He has been expecting you all summer. Have you got a car?"

"It is in the road."

"Bring it in. I will open the gate."

As I came down the lane the headlights flashed on the old gateway of the Ferme Bellegarde, a pair of grim Romanesque towers buttressing the round arch that gave scant headroom for a load of hay. Iron-studded gates swung open and the lights shot through into a vast cobbled courtyard. A moment later the woman stepped into the light. It was Yvonne de Chaillevois.

"Turn to the right," she directed, "under the shed."

I parked, switched off the lights and joined her in the darkness.

"I have the honor of addressing Mademoiselle la Comtesse Yvonne de Chaillevois?" I said.

"I saw you at the hospital at Neuilly?"

"Yes."

"I was Yvonne de Chaillevois. You knew I had married Sinclair?"

The darkness hid my face. Jim Sinclair married to Yvonne de Chaillevois!

"No," I answered. "I never heard anything about his marriage. I went home in the spring after the armistice. I've been there till this summer."

"He will be glad to see you," she said.

We walked in silence toward the lighted windows that picked out the long farmhouse on the north side of the court. She opened a door and I stood on the threshold of a low-ceiled room. A white-haired woman, still young in figure, was sitting by a table crocheting in the lamplight. She started as the door opened, peered at me eagerly over shell spectacles, then sat back incurious. A young man at the other side of the table was playing solitaire with his left hand. His right sleeve hung empty. He rose with difficulty and came forward.

"My aunt, Madame la Marquise de Chaillevois," said Jim's wife, introducing me. "My cousin, the Comte Jean de Chaillevois. Jean," she added to the latter, "this is Jim's friend whom he saw in Paris last summer."

The young man gravely gave me his hand. At that moment Jim appeared.

"For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed, and the next moment I was wincing with my hand in his gorilla-like grip.

I was telling of my reasons for not coming before, of my misadventures of the day; but always I was trying

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"He Might Get Me," He Said Shortly. "It Would be a Fair Fight"

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DYING LIKE A GENTLEMAN

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

STRANGERS passing through this town late at night have been noting a big house on the hill brightly illuminated; possibly a citizen with only girls in his family celebrating the arrival of a son. It wasn't that; it was old Oliver Steele dying like a gentleman.

The big house was built years ago, after the local carpenters, stone masons, bricklayers and plasterers had long been grumbling that our houses were so much like dry-goods boxes they could be thrown together with eyes shut, and that they had no practice in doing their best.

For a year we heard of plans being considered. The following summer we walked by the house, and through it, as it began to take form, and criticized and marveled. There was oak finish not only downstairs, but up; a company room with private bath; a butler's pantry, cedar closets, a laundry with stationary tubs, instantaneous hot water; conveniences and magnificences we had heard of but never seen.

Old Oliver went to the city with his wife and laid in stocks of china, silver and linen; enough for a hotel, the women said. He also looked a little into art and found some very good pictures for his walls; he studied everything connected with houses as he had studied land, money, crops, farm implements, hardware, groceries, clothing, dry goods. Specialists went to see him about rugs, chandeliers, plumbing, roofs, foundations, heating, ventilation; and all of them marveled at his knowledge of everything they had to offer.

For a thoroughgoing man was Oliver Steele. What he didn't know about a subject he soon found out. He had been almost everywhere, from corn row to legislature; from clerk to proprietor. As a merchant he handled a dozen different lines, and had learned much about them. Across the three stores comprising his brick block on the best corner of the main street, was a great sign reading "O. K. Steele, Dealer in Everything," and usually he had it. The upper floors were not used for offices; they were devoted to reserve stock, as was the basement; and the yard in the rear and the sidewalk in front were crowded with plows, cultivators, wagons; anything that could not be found in the three stores was pretty apt to turn up somewhere about the premises. And at the railway station he had a mill and elevator, and coal, livestock and lumber yards. No one in his own community ever tried to fool him, and strangers from the city quit it once they were in his presence. Soon after he was forty, people began calling him Old O. K.

"And that's what he is," they often added.

Young men heard of his ways and emulated them when they were good, as they usually were. Town and county policies were colored by judgments coming out of the brick store, where the owner was the attendant easiest seen and on duty longest hours. If on a holiday the other stores closed at noon the brick store closed an hour or two later, the owner locking the front doors and the rear and putting the keys in his pocket for convenience in opening up in the morning, a duty he always performed.

But six months after the big house was completed, and opened with a reception to which the invitation was as general as to a Fourth of July celebration, people began thinking that at last Oliver Steele had made a mistake. He himself had a vague suspicion that the new house was too big. Occasionally he caught himself longing for the house he had moved out of, and which, he often said, was just about his size. The women began saying the house was too large for Mrs. Steele, who was becoming elderly. So the old couple got into the habit of using only a part of it. After the children married and moved away the parents would have gone back to the old house had they not given it to their daughter Helen and her husband.



Through the Long Days and Nights He Looked Forward to the Hours Just Before Dawn

Oliver Steele, in his forceful way, argued that the heating system he had deserted in the old house was the best known or that could be devised, considering comfort, efficiency and convenience.

The system consisted of three base-burner stoves, two downstairs and one up, using hard coal.

"Perfect, uniform heat night and day," he said in his argument. "If you can't find a servant—and usually you can't—you may easily attend to it yourself. A poor man can afford it; a rich man can't afford to do without it, if he considers comfort. The heating system in the big house is one most engineers recommend, and a failure compared with three hard-coal stoves. The real difference between a rich man and a poor man is the difference in the number of base burners owned. It isn't expense I'm talking about, but keeping a house comfortable in winter with least bother."

During their last three winters in the new house Mr. and Mrs. Steele put up hard-coal stoves to assist the modern heating plant, and were a little more content; but they were never so well satisfied with the new house as they had been with the old. We all good-naturedly discussed the failure of the big house and were a little more content with our own homes.

But with Mrs. Steele dead, and her husband dying like a gentleman, the big house was again all in use, as on the night of the opening. Day in and day out the lonely man sat in a chair in the drawing-room; large enough for three parlors, it was commonly said. At nightfall the huge chandeliers were lighted, and burned until morning. He had three nurses to wait on him, in eight-hour shifts, besides two women in the kitchen, a man of all work, and a chauffeur. The old slave had turned master at last.

Six months before he got down, as he expressed it, Oliver sent for Dr. Sam Morton, a noted man from a neighboring town, who had built a hospital and reputation. The two men knew each other as citizens of neighboring towns may, in half a century; they met once or twice a year, but heard intimate and true details of each other almost every day.

"Sam," Old O. K. said when the doctor came early in the summer, "what's the matter with me? I haven't been feeling right lately, and this foot bothers me a little more every day. What's the trouble?"

Doctor Sam pretended to make an examination, but none was necessary. Everyone in town knew the busy man who had built the big house was all in, as they said, and probably the news had traveled far.

"Do you really want me to tell you what your trouble is?" the doctor asked with the gruffness old men acquire without realizing it. Doctor Sam was a man something like Oliver himself; he went to the heart of a subject with few words.

"Sure," old Oliver replied; "that's why I sent for you. You know me: I'm not a man to pay out money for compliments. I want the truth in everything, and they say you know it about men as I know it about plows. Out with it."

"Well, the trouble is," said Doctor Sam, "you have cirrhosis of the liver. You won't live a year."

Old Oliver never flinched at the announcement, but considered it awhile.

"No hope?" he finally asked as coolly as he might have asked how the doctor found the roads in coming over.

"Not a particle."

"It's a hard death, isn't it?"

"It's the hardest, I think."

The sick man looked off into vacancy for a time, and then said, "I have been thinking the same thing. My father died with it. But I am seventy-seven, and it's all right. It's the rule. What's your bill?"

"I came over to see for myself what your trouble is," Doctor Sam said. "I've been hearing of your bad condition. I wanted to help you. I can't. There is no bill."

And so Doctor Sam prepared to depart. Like Oliver Steele, he was a busy man.

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THE YANKEE KILLER

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART



This Time He Rocked a Fraction of an Inch Too Far, and He Fell Sprawling

THERE was something drowsily restful about Paignton's one long street, with its double line of persimmon trees, its dusty yellow roadbed, the scatter of sagging horse vehicles drawn up anywhere and everywhere at the curb, the ill-painted two-story shops and the worse-painted old colonial homes strewn among them. Northern eyes, geared to the rush and bustle of newer streets and to the slush and ice of winter, rested gratefully on the slumbrous highway.

Yes, there was something drowsily restful about Paignton's one long street. Also, there was something menacingly restless about Paignton's one long street.

The menacingly restless something was Marcus Farquhar, grandson of the immortal Civil War governor of that name, and great-great-grandson of the Gen. Marcus Farquhar who held the mountain passes of his native Southern state so pluckily against Cornwallis and Tarleton in the early 1780's.

Marcus was almost the sole survivor, in Paignton County, of the storybook ante-bellum professional Southerner. From the original Marcus Farquhar, gentleman, who had come to the Carolinas in 1643, it had been the boast of the mighty clan that no Farquhar had ever been in trade. This boast's solid front had caved in, here and there, of late years, as Farquhar after Farquhar followed the trend of the times and of the new South in going after fame and competence by dint of hard work. But Marcus had not sunk to this.

The fact that Farquhar & Farquhar & Sons, dry-goods merchants of Charleston, had twice lifted smothering mortgages from Marcus' plantation and home, and that Farquhar & Ginter, of Savannah, had once rescued him from a cotton slump, did not lessen the shamed odium wherein the traders were held by him. It was the least the renegades could do to help their more conservative cousin. Marcus Farquhar said so, and Marcus Farquhar meant it.

Early in the twentieth century a flood tide of winter visitors began to set strongly southward. Asheville, Aiken, Camden, and a score of like places ceased to be mere towns and became resorts. Because of altitude and sunshine and scenery and gorgeous quail shooting, Paignton joined the ranks of tourist-boom cities.

Marcus Farquhar and the one or two of his relatives who still held to his views resented the invasion almost as much as they profited by it. Socially, they held aloof from the tourist mob. But they sold them land and they sold them horses and they sold them bird dogs, and leased hunting and fishing rights to them at exorbitant sums. Humbler members of the clan reaped fair harvests as guides or as gillies. Their towhead sons deigned to caddie for the newcomers on the links which had been bought at a ruinous price from the least fertile corner of a Farquhar plantation.

Marcus Farquhar, noisiest hanger-on of the mighty clan, scorned the invaders. He was a Southern gentleman. He refused to recognize the Yankee Government as anything but an impersonal tyrant whose taxes he must pay because of certain tactical errors of Robert E. Lee, committed between 1861 and 1865. Lee had ceased to be a Marcus Farquhar hero when the good gray general consented to shake hands with one Grant at Appomattox, and when he had advised his gallant fellow soldiers to take up the burden of life and of labor, once more, as befitted brave men and good citizens.

The fact that the rest of the South—including Paignton—had followed Lee's advice right manfully, and that men of Carolina and men of Massachusetts had fought shoulder to shoulder in the short Spanish War, did nothing whatever to convert Marcus Farquhar, though nearly all his kin were now loyally progressive. Marcus could not understand the new feeling of staunch brotherhood between North and South, and what Marcus Farquhar could not understand was not worth understanding.

He, himself, had clashed but once or twice with the existent Yankee Government. Once was when his distant cousin, Lysander Beaslee, had accepted a seat in the Yankee Congress in 1902. Marcus declared his cousin had proved traitor to the family's best traditions and had challenged him to a duel. Beaslee, with degrading common sense, had had Marcus bound over to keep the peace. This had rankled. So had Marcus' arrest for winging Hannibal Dabney—of the Branch Creek Dabneys—in a wholly open affair of honor a year later. The fact that his town and his county and most of his own family were modern and American embittered him the more.

Then came the event which taught Marcus the thrill of Yankee baiting. Doctor Hilyer, a wealthy little Philadelphian, had just bought and rejuvenated a pre-Revolution house in the river suburbs of Paignton. It was his whim to furnish it as far as possible with genuine antique furniture, bought in Paignton County; furniture which would be in keeping with the mellow colonial brick and the mellowed colonial lines of his new-bought home.

It was fascinating—this scouring of the countryside for salable heirlooms; and when the tidings spread that the Philadelphian was ready to pay high prices for such articles as suited him doors flew wide at his approach. The fact that he proved himself at once a connoisseur and not a spendthrift was scant deterrent in that bourn of real antiques.

Marcus Farquhar heard. Marcus Farquhar, as usual, needed ready cash. Marcus Farquhar went into action. Marcus Farquhar unbent to the degree of stopping Doctor and Mrs. Hilyer outside the post office one morning and coldly introducing himself.

The little doctor looked up in courteous wonder at the strapping giant with the red face and the frock coat and broad-leaf hat. His wonder turned to real interest when the other said:

"I am Marcus Farquhar. I reckon that name is introduction aplenty—south of Mason and Dixon's Line. I hear you and this lady are interested in old furniture. It chances just now that I am about to refurnish my town house, and I am willing to dispose of certain duplicate pieces, and so forth. The furniture which I am consenting to part with is furniture which antedates the American Revolution by not less than one hundred and thirty years. It has been in my family, unbrokenly, since the seventeenth century. Do you care to see it?"

"Of course—why, of course!" exclaimed the little doctor. "And I appreciate your giving me the opportunity. When would it be convenient to you for Mrs. Hilyer and myself to look at it? Our time is your time, of course. If you are busy or ——"

"A Farquhar," icily interrupted Marcus, "is never busy; not in the sense you-all, in the No'th, misapply the word. I am on my way home. I live only a furlong from here. You can come along right now if you like."



He Had Been Thrashed Ignominiously

Walking a half pace in front of the placid little couple, and somehow managing to convey an impression of a half hemisphere's aloofness, he led the way down the sleepily dusty old street, with its fretwork of shade and its frieze of curb-edge buggies. Turning in at the creaky gate of a disreputable front yard, he advanced toward the portico of a house whose architect had been inspired.

Doctor Hilyer nudged his wife to call her notice to the neglected beauty of the façade. From his eye's corner Marcus caught the gesture, and he misinterpreted it. Scowling at the dead weeds and bits of smudged paper and occasional tin can and wood sliver which graced the deep yard, he said truculently:

"A heap of hypocrites hereabouts keep their front yards all shiny clean and leave their back yards dirty. I'm no hypocrite, thank the Lord! My front yard's as dirty as my back yard."

He passed on into the house, standing aside with

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elaborate chivalry to allow Mrs. Hilyer to precede him, then shouldering in ahead of the little doctor.

All Doctor Hilyer's other emotions at once gave way to keen interest as the old couple stood surveying the higgledy-piggledy array of furniture which blocked foyer and living room. From piece to piece their expert eyes darted. Here was a treasure house. But Marcus Farquhar swept them up and bore them onward to a smaller room, farther down the gracious hall which bisected the mansion from front to back. In this room were grouped the several pieces of furniture he had bought on speculation the day before from Powhatan Boden, a mile out on the Aquilla Turnpike. He would as soon have sold his hamlike right hand as to sell any of the real Farquhar relics.

"Now here," he began, coming to a ponderous halt in front of a tall clock—"now here is a gran'ther's clock, brought over from Shropshire by the first Marcus Farquhar in 1643. It has been in the family ever since. I am sorry I can't tell you-all how long it was in Farquhar Hall, in Shropshire, before he imported it. Our absolute record of it runs back no farther than 1643. I refused an offer of twenty-one hundred dollars for this antique from a Yankee dealer last year. I do not sell to dealers. But I understand you plan to keep all your boughten furniture here in Paignton, in your own home. Therefore, if you care for it at that price, I am willing to sacrifice it. It is painful, madam, for a gentleman and a Farquhar to stoop to money details like this. But I ——"

"You say it dates back to 1643?" broke in Doctor Hilyer, disregarding his wife's toe signal and swept away by his collector sense. "You are certain?"

"I have just given you my word, sir," stiffly replied Marcus, with a rebuking glare copied at much pains from that in Gilbert Stuart's portrait of General Farquhar. "Surely, that will suffice. The word of a Farquhar has never yet been ——"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Doctor Hilyer, again numb to his wife's more pressing signal, and forgetting he was anything but a collector whose opinion had been courted by a score of museum curators. "There's a bad blunder somewhere. This is Sheraton, with all the earmarks of being the work of one of Tom Sheraton's post-Georgian disciples. It ——"

"Quite so," approved Marcus. "It is a genuine Sheraton. Anyone who has studied Sheraton furniture can readily ——"

"Sheraton," repeated Doctor Hilyer; "and imperfect at that. Slipshod. Post-Georgian. Early Victorian. Why, man, Tom Sheraton was not born until 1751! And you say this clock dates back beyond 1643. Clocks of that era had none of these severely gracile lines. They were of oak too—not walnut—and they were wasp-waisted. Besides—look! The moon inset has a ship painted on it; a ship with a jib and spanker boom. Jibs were not invented until about 1720, and spankers in about 1750. That picture alone would prove the thing a fraud. Then ——"

He opened the paneled clock door and thrust an expert hand upward.

"Just as I thought," he announced. "Metal works. Clocks of that period—and for a century later—had wooden works. Then you'll notice ——"

But through no volition of his own the excited little doctor spun backward from the clock. He came to a jarring halt against the dusty wall. His wife cried out in alarm. Marcus Farquhar, purple of face and blazing of eye, was wiping ostentatiously with a soiled handkerchief the fingers wherewith he had propelled the desecrating collector from the clock.

"Keep your miserable hands off my furniture!" thundered Marcus. "And take yourself from my house, you Yankee mudsill! The presence of this lady saves you from castigation. But it shall not save you later on. My seconds shall wait on you at your hotel in one hour. I ——"

"Hold on there!" sputtered the dumfounded Hilyer. "Hold on! My dear sir, are you crazy? What ——"

"You have called me a liar, sir!" flamed Marcus. "A liar and a cheat and a common trickster! Me—a Farquhar! Only the blood of one of us can wipe out that foul affront! My seconds ——"

"You're insane!" declared Doctor Hilyer, more amused than angry. "I called you none of those melodramatic things, and I'll thank you not to grab me again by the collar as you did. It joggled me. I didn't say you were a liar or a cheat. I said this clock is modern, and not an antique. I didn't accuse you of trying to fool me. No doubt you yourself were fooled on it. Many people are. Why, there was a case like that in ——"

"I told you," said Marcus with rattlesnake deadliness—"I told you I guaranteed this clock to date back to 1643. You said it did not. You thereby said I was a liar. You thereby implied I was a cheat. I ——"

"Oh, come along, dear, please!" begged Mrs. Hilyer, pulling at her aghast husband's arm.

They got out of the house, somehow. For the next hour they talked of nothing else but the maniac giant who had menaced them. They were still talking when Hancey Farquhar and Josephus Carter called solemnly on the doctor. In due and ancient form they presented the incredulous old gentleman with a challenge to meet Marcus Farquhar at daylight next morning on the edge of Oritana Grove in mortal combat. As challenged party, the doctor was kindly permitted to name his own weapons and the conditions of the duel.

Mrs. Hilyer fainted. Doctor Hilyer laughed. But the laughter endured little longer than the swoon. The solemn-faced seconds showed they did not regard the affair in any light save that of utter gravity. Hilyer ended the absurd interview by ordering them both out of his suite. They departed with the air of stage conspirators.

Doctor Hilyer rang up his golf crony, Hiram A. Dandridge, president of the Paignton bank. To his astonishment Dandridge did not see the funny side of it. Indeed, he listened worriedly to the doctor's recital; then promised to have a personal talk with Marcus. He finished the phone chat with a bit of advice which Hilyer could not believe was intended in earnest.

"Stay indoors till you see me," he decreed.

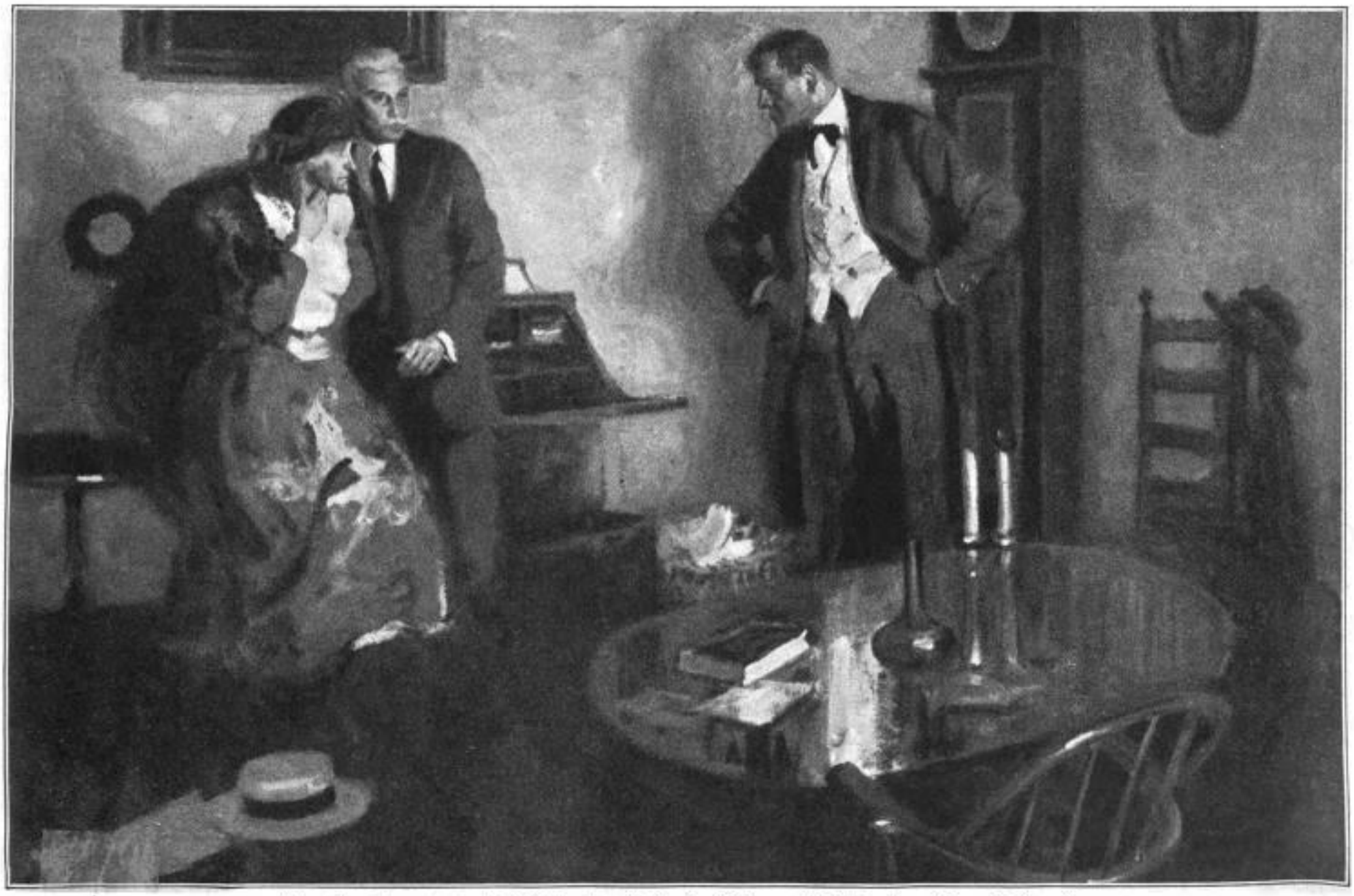
Later in the afternoon Dandridge called at the Hilyer suite.

"I'm sorry," said he, "but it's no use. I've been laboring with him. I even sank to reminding him of his three notes in the bank. But he swears he'll either shoot you in fair duello or else that he'll shoot you on sight, and I can't budge him. He says you have cast a slur on his honor by ——"

"How about the slur he cast on my intelligence by that fake furniture he tried to palm off on me?" demanded the doctor, rumpling his shock of snowy hair and still trying to smile reassurance at his panic-stricken wife. "The clock wasn't the only imposture, either. Why, I saw a ——"

"I'm afraid that's like a kited check—neither here nor there," returned Dandridge. "Farquhar is a Southerner of a bygone day. He and those seconds of his are about the last of their breed. They're discredited hangers-on of a splendid old family. Yes, they're a type by themselves;

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"Keep Your Miserable Hands Off My Furniture!" Thundered Marcus. "And Take Yourself From My House"

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Pike's Peak, Lizzie, or Bust

By WILL IRWIN

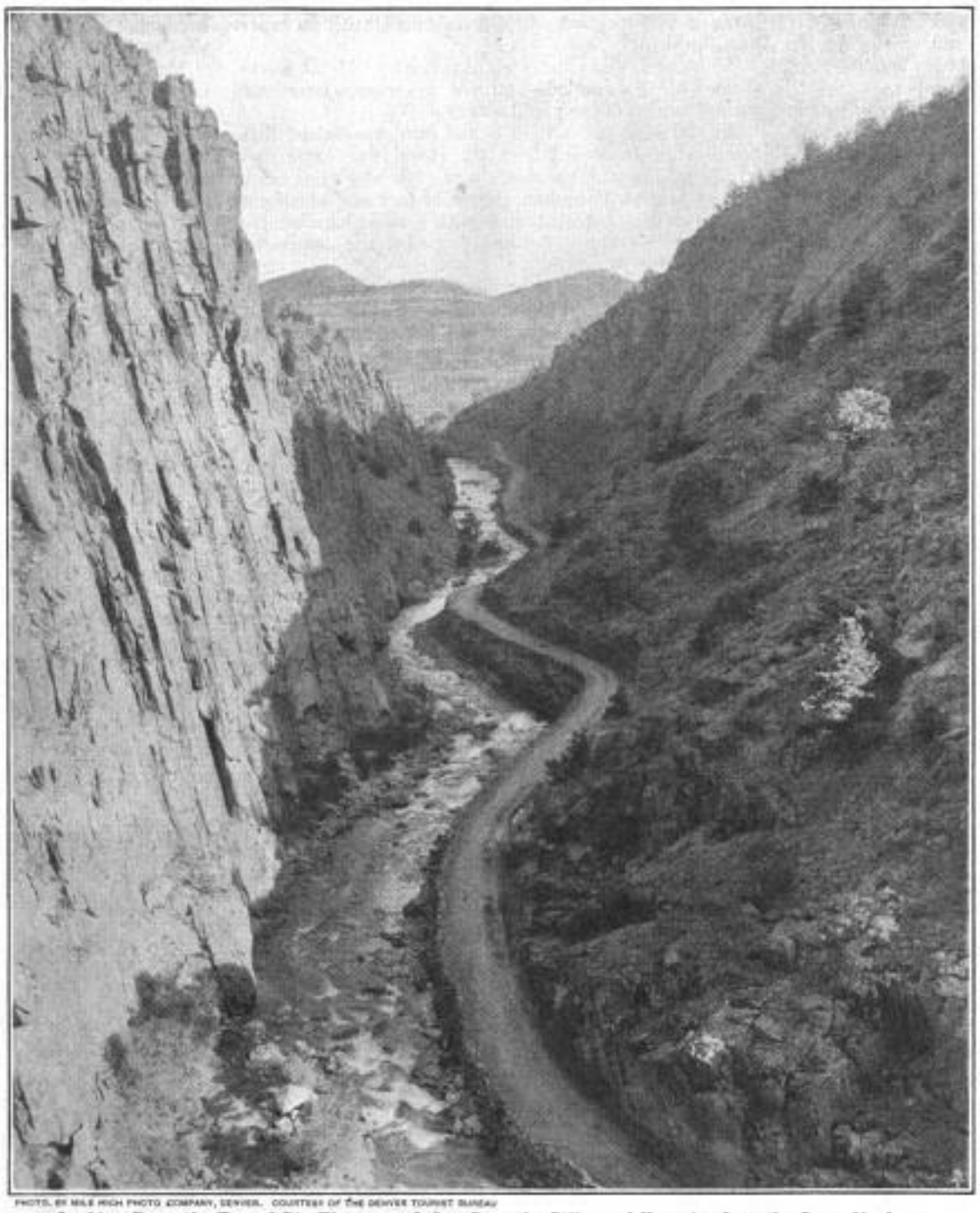


PHOTO. BY MILE HIGH PHOTO COMPANY, DENVER. COURTESY OF THE DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

Looking From the Top of Big Thompson Cañon Past the Pillars of Hercules Into the Deep Shadows Where the Automobile Highway Climbs to Colorado's National Park

WE STARTED, the passenger and I, from Auburn, New York, to Denver, Colorado, and points higher, with a sense of impending glorious adventure. Of course, we felt, there is nothing new any more in crossing the continent by automobile. Five years ago the man or woman who made this break into the unknown became a fireside hero. Today everyone is doing it. The bookstores have blossomed with guides to the main transcontinental routes. Half of the literature in the motor magazines dispenses hints to tourists. Anywhere, after you cross into the Middle West, you park or garage beside New York cars, Virginia cars, New Jersey cars, Ohio cars, Oklahoma cars, even Canadian cars. Still, we were going to do it not in the high-powered machine the job seemed to call for, but in the short and simple flivver of the poor. Besides, we were not to follow the Lincoln Highway, so old and used by now that it appealed to us as sandpapered, standardized, regulated like a city boulevard. We were to venture on a new trail, only last year drawn as a straight red-and-white streak across the map. From these two slender facts we romanced ourselves into the belief that we were pioneering—blood brother and sister to the crew of the covered wagon on the trackless plains.

Twelve days and forty-six minutes later we drew up at the door of our hotel in Denver. We dispatched a taunting post card to George, who, thinking scornfully of authors as mechanics, had bet that we wouldn't make it in two weeks; we brushed or washed away the alkali dust; and we took stock. I was tired, but pleasantly, healthily tired, with holding Tin Lizzie on the road. As we sat down to dinner the car was still rattling and swaying under us. Otherwise it had been a perfect twelve days. Then and there we renewed a vow, made fifty times in the course of the trip, to do it again every summer. But as for adventures——

The machine first. The machine is always first. She gets to be an entity, a member of the family with whom you quarrel, against whom you hold your grudges, but for whom you cherish a guarding affection.

The Outfit We Didn't Need

CRIMINOLOGISTS say that there are more neighborhood rows, assaults and murders over dogs than over children. One grows to feel in the same way about his car. As witness our one and only minor collision. We came round a corner into a wide fine stretch of dirt road, temporarily under repair. The surface had been plowed up and far down the line was coming a huge steam roller. As it approached I saw that to one rear corner was hitched a harrow and to the other—the one nearest us—a small runabout. The stalwart and husky crew of three sat on the roller, smoking, and leaving the runabout to bob about as it pleased. I pulled into the loose edge of the road as far as I dared; for there was danger of skidding into a very deep ditch. It seemed a safe distance; but, as the roller passed, the runabout took a wide swing in our direction, slammed into our fender and broke the luggage carrier.

The passenger leaped through our single front door, and I after her. She poured out sarcasm, I invective. The husky crew of the roller, unable to answer in kind this flow of conversation, stolidly disentangled their runabout. We pulled away with a final expression of opinion. One of the crew ran after us and delivered his repartee. "Hey!" he said, "next time, you git further over." That started up again the outraged maternity of the passenger. "We ought to go back," she said, "and do something to their flivver. Take a stone and smash it somewhere. Only," she added reflectively, "there are three of them and only two of us!"

That, as we summed everything up, was the only touch of adventure. Before starting on the great enterprise I had read all the available literature on the subject, had tried to take the advice of all my experienced friends. I carried a full set of spark plugs and an extra timer. Everyone said I would need them. True, though I am good on spark plugs, I haven't the slightest idea how to put on a timer. But there was something reassuring and dependable about the name of the thing; it was a comfort to have it there under the back seat. The spark plugs and the timer still repose under the seat, in their original packages. I mustn't fail, said all the authorities, to have a good shovel. I bought a patent camping shovel with a detachable handle and a sharp edge on which I once cut my fingers while fumbling for tools. I used it once. In Western Illinois we picked up a piece of barbed wire and a tire went flat. After I had jacked up the axle I found that I had the hole—I do not know what the thing is called technically—the one the nipple goes through, at the very bottom of the rim. With the wheel in that position it was mechanically impossible to insert the nipple and force on the tire. It would be necessary to let her down, run the machine two or three feet, and jack her up again. Here the passenger had a brilliant idea. We got out the shovel, rejoicing that we had found at last a use for the thing, and dug a hole deep enough to permit insertion of the nipple. That let out the shovel.

Also, following unanimous advice, we took along an ax. It was not an ordinary ax. It was one of those boy-scout contraptions with a patent guard to keep the edge bright and sharp when needed. The guard was never removed.

Everyone said, "Take a towline. Western people are very nice about towing you when you are stuck, but you can't expect them always to have a rope aboard. It may save you a night in the open sometime." In a matter so important, always get the best. I provided myself with a steel line. It had curiously formed hooks at each end, and two loops of tarred rope; all inclosed in a waterproof canvas bag. The salesman showed me how you twined the loops round the axle, inserted the hooks and pulled away. The arrangement was very neat and ingenious; I surprised myself longing for a breakdown so that I could use it. And I did eventually. Somewhere in Eastern Colorado we passed what appeared originally to have been a flivver delivery wagon. The hood had long ago disappeared, indecently exposing the workings. The back had broken off from the seat. Part of the frame was tied together with wires. What had been enamel was now mostly rust. It was stopped beside the road, and from the entrails of the thing rose, as we approached, the grizzled head of a long, lean Western man. Beside him stood a tiny, bright-eyed, wrinkle-faced woman in a sunbonnet, looking as perplexed as he, but also somewhat amused—as though the joke were on them. I stopped and offered my services.

First Aid

"IT COMES to this," said he: "the darn thing won't go. That's all. See if you can make her go."

Thus appealed to, I assumed the air of an expert. Really, for the moment I believed in myself. Mr. Drake's chauffeur at Scituate had once shown me the insides of a carburetor. So I investigated that first. It looked rusty, but normal. Of course the next thing to do was to inspect those wires that carry the electricity from whatever generates it to whatever it is that makes the sparks. Plainly, if a wire is broken it won't carry electricity. That stands to reason. But no wire was broken. Then I remembered a conversation overheard two days before in a garage. The mechanic was talking to a tourist in difficulties. "It may be the gas line. It will take some time to look into that," he had said.

"Probably," I proclaimed with authority, "it is a gas line."

"Do you think you could fix it?" asked the owner.

"It would take some time to look into that," said I. "Suppose I give you a tow."

"I haven't got a rope," said he.

"I have a towline," said I; my air, I know, was that of the expert who provides everything. To myself, for the moment, I was a flivver service car.

He hesitated.

"Guess if I go anywhere I'd better go back to Woodville," he said, "and see the fellow who wished this wreck on me."

The smile that had been playing over the woman's face broke into a chuckle.

"Traded for it today," she said. "Traded our old flivver touring car for this boat because it would carry ladders.

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Ventures and Adventures in Dress Reform—By Nina Wilcox Putnam

I DON'T like to drag up a person's past and throw it in his face any better than most women do; but whenever I hear a man crabbing about women's clothes I cannot resist reminding him that men once wore dresses; not baby dresses, but regular gowns. So there is no use coming back at me with a statement to the effect that men immediately outgrew them. Why, some of the costumes to which I have reference—sound historical reference, at that—were outgrown when the men first put them on, the same as an old-style ballet skirt!

I am thinking at the moment of the snappy little conquest costume worn by Julius Cæsar as an excellent example. I don't mean "conquest" in the sense you do, though; I am speaking of his regular business suit; and, of course, conquering was his meat. You may remember that he was one of the first boys to pull a Hohenzollern. In other words, he was one of our earliest direct-action real-estate men whose simple method of adding to their holdings was foreclosing without the formality of first having a mortgage on the property.

Well, anyway, conquest was J. Cæsar's regular line, and the everyday suit he wore to it consisted of a knife-plaited skirt so short that no modern flapper would have dared go him one better. With this he wore a straight-front blouse of handmade steel with his monogram embossed on the chest. The accompanying hat was one of those amusing little imported coal-scuttle helmets with three lovely ostrich plumes, which, my dear, simply could not have cost a cent less than seventy-five dollars, floating from the top of it. Not pinned down to the brim the way a cheap milliner does it, you understand, but merely tacked on just right. And everyone knows how hard it is to get an ostrich feather on well.

Personally, I consider those ostrich feathers to have clearly shown Jule as a man of marked individuality and exceptional courage. Just imagine his having the nerve to wear ostrich in a year when practically everybody was wearing inverted sink brushes on the top of their helmets! Honestly, I don't know of but one thing in the sartorial history of mankind more original and daring, and that was several centuries later when the French dragoons adopted horses' tails for wear in the same region. See the contemporaneous drawings of George du Maurier.

Anyway, Cæsar must certainly have looked just too sweet in that get-up, which included a brief cape and sandals very much like those of the modern deb. Only, of course, he wore his sandals simply ages before they became so common on Broadway.



Mrs. Putnam as an Exponent of Dress Reform in May, 1914. "Maybe This is What Started the War"

Of Clothes and of Men I Sing

BUT Julius' short and snappy whatteryoucallum was not the only gown known to ancient man. Nor were hand-embroidered petticoats and tin brassières the only line carried by the leading gents' furnishing shops of that great masculine era of the world's history, when men were men and woman's place was in the home and a man kept her there by the simple process of snapping up the drawbridge when he left. For several hundreds of years men went around in skirts, quite without self-consciousness. I refer to the long period between those simple early stages of human development when a feller merely grabbed the bearskin rug off the parlor floor and threw it around him when he just wanted to run over for a minute and crack old Uncle Charlie on the beazer, and modern times when modern man just throws the bull around himself before he starts downtown to the office.

During the somewhat lengthy interval above indicated men wore models that varied all the way from those good-looking sleeveless chemise gowns of Euclid's that were so heavenly comfortable down to the stunning Russian effect that dear old Henry VII wore one winter—I mean that belted model with the long full skirt which had fur on the bottom and the big fur-trimmed, bell-shaped sleeves trailing on the floor. The waist buttoned right up to the throat in the smartest way. I don't know how many of these masculine costumes originated with Paris, but likely some of them did, although probably not the first-mentioned garment, because Euclid was an early Greek; and though of course there was a Paris in his day, too, why, I believe this original Paris didn't wear anything except an apple, and some woman took even that away from him.



Mrs. Putnam in 1921, After Signing an Armistice With the Present Styles

But of all these dear little models, whether they came from the exclusive specialty shops of the Via Duck or the cheap ready-made places down around the circus, which drew the flashy sporting crowd and ran a special line of sports skirts for gladiators, and so forth, not a single garment has survived in the masculine wardrobes of today, excepting only with the members of our Congress and certain governmental departments.

Upon these men indeed may it be said that the mantle of the old Roman Senate has descended. I do just love appropriate, symbolic costumes, and it simply thrills me to think of those dear old Roman senators in their togas—those graceful garments which so easily tripped the too hasty or careless footstep and so readily got in the way of progress. Of course the frock coat is, I admit, but a poor degenerate descendant of those eloquent costumes which the late senators of Rome—or rather senators of late Rome—dragged magnificently through the mire. And still and all, it's surprising how the skirts of a frock coat do sometimes seem to fuddle a man when worn on the old home-capitol floor.

When Man Discarded Skirts

BUT before you, more or less gentle reader, pass any remark about yes, but men soon took to pants, kindly allow me to beat you to the post and exclaim not much, they did no such thing! Not at first, anyway. Pants in the true sense, meaning cloth cylinders extending the entire length of both legs, are the product of that period which some of our parents can still recall, but which our generation wouldn't recall for anything, it being our habit to scorn the Victorian era with its horsehair furniture, horse-sense sermons, hard living and hard liquor. In those days pants did indeed flourish, and were not worn by men alone, but, I am given to understand, commonly concealed the pedal appendages of little girls and the nether limbs of pianos. Prior to this time pants were commonly shorter than those of a tired dog. For believe me, when our hero, Man—get that, girls!—when he first decided skirts were the bunk, he, like the modern deb, came to the conclusion that skirts had come to a conclusion. He didn't even attempt to taper off, but jumped right into a style which must have been a perfect godsend to the early fifteenth-century hosiery industry. You can call them pants if you like, but I call them stockings; and yet they may have been Annette Kellermanns, I don't know, after they disappeared into those slashed cream-puffs which they wore around the hips. But broadly speaking, the effect as a whole was one of which Frankie Bailey at her best might have been proud, and which, although Mr. Ziegfeld might have considered it a trifle too heavyweight for the Follies, would most certainly have met with the hearty approval of Weber & Fields. In short, the burlesque queens of the Latter Middle Ages were just their plain business men, if you get me.

As for the days of Louis Quinze with its powdered wigs and satin knickerbockers, well, you can't say those were exactly sensible clothes, although for a hundred years after their abandonment it was common enough to hear men with good legs sighing for the return of shorts. Now, of course, in these days of Louis Katz, men are again wearing them, even though they call 'em golf trousers. Sometimes, however, I seriously question whether golf is really why some men wear knickerbockers—especially after a few of the drives I have seen go ahead of me right on our own links Saturdays and Sundays! Golf, my eye!

All of which ought by now to have laid the average male reader out flat and got him into the helpless, speechless condition so necessary when a woman is about to speak of her own clothes.

One of the epidemics which in my youth I went through along with socialism, the chicken pox, measles and other juvenile diseases was a bad attack of dress reform. In one of those blinding revelations which are so well named because they certainly blind you to everything except the discovery of the moment—well, anyway, in one of those I discovered that women's clothes were ridiculous. And in those days they certainly were. No kidding, the current styles were homely as anything, and I can't imagine how we girls ever thought them attractive, especially when I look over the epoch as recorded in my book of snapshots.

To begin with, the outstanding feature of fashion that year of my revolt was a garment that had hitherto been associated exclusively with horses or mules, and stylish chiefly for night wear on the wild free plains of the West. I refer to the hobble. Dressmakers and designers having

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THE CHRISTENING OF TWIN

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

NO, I AIN'T no regular twin. I got that moniker hissed onto me about fifteen years ago down in Oklahoma when I was in the fight game. After I recovers from the shock that was thrown in with the christening I kinda falls for the handle. Twin hitched to Higgins sounds a lot more natural to me than Vergil, which the old lady drug outa the Bible for my special benefit.

I was handling Slat Finnegan in them days; and when I says handling, what I means is handling. I didn't sit around in no swell office turning down five-hundred-thousand-dollar offers for fifteen-round waltzes and buying newspaper ads at so much bull per inch. I was Slat's manager, trainer, sparring partner, rubber and general packtotum, and this baby was about as easy to look after as a hungry hyena with hydrophobia throwing an apoplectic fit.

A sweet and pretty scrapper, though. He weighs in around 145, sober; but he don't think no more of giving away twenty or thirty pounds than a Bullshevik does of forking up a couple of hundred thousand rubbles for a bean sandwich. We does a niftick little business for a while. Them was the days in Oklahoma when a cuckoo would climb into the hay wondering where he'd cadge breakfast and wake up in the morning with oil raining on the roof and John D. on the doorstep begging him to take a million fish for the first month's royalties.

For two or three months everything's lovely. Slat's too good for the home-grown plugs and we're sitting on top of the world. On Decoration Day we're billed for a scrap in a little burg called Towata, where they is about two hundred people, one hundred and ninety-eight of 'em millionaires. They put up a big arena expecting five thousand birds to drift in from the country around. Me and Finnegan's to cut three thousand dollars for our bit. It's a set-up as far as Slat is concerned, and I've already got the jack counted and half spent when the nut goes out and gets scratched up by a blind tiger; argues religion with a bootlegger, takes a swipe at him, misses and smacks his right money fin against a stone wall, breaking his wrist and a finger or two.

I tell the gang at Towata the works is off, but they don't even argue. They got a fight billed and they is going to be one and it's up to me to get a pinch hitter. I work the wires, but they ain't nothing doing. Every ham in the state is booked for the holiday date and I'm just getting all ready to hop a rattler when a young feller on the street stops me.

"I hear," says he, "you're looking for a fighter."

I admits it and asks him if he knows one that ain't working.

"How about me?"

I gives him the up and the down. He's about Finnegan's build and looks like he might pack a wallop. He tells me his name's Wallace—Ed Wallace—and that he's just drifted into town from Colorado, where he done a little fighting.

"Come on!" I says. "Show me!"

I takes him to the barn where me and Slat's been doing our training. In about five minutes the boy convinces me that he is pretty fair; not in Finnegan's class, but shifty on his feet and with a mighty mean right jab. Anyhow, he looks good enough to stand up with this bloke Hogan that the Towata crowd has picked for the milly.

Well, I tells the promoters I've landed the welterweight champion of Colorado for the scrap and they fall for it, but not three thousand smackers' worth. They're willing to give us one thousand dollars for the mix-up and I lets it go at that.

I ain't arguing much in a neck of the woods where guys seems always to be



Oh, Boy, When We Get 'Em in Fight Togs! Alike as Two Filovers!

reaching for their hip pockets and you don't know whether it's for a bottle of hooch or a gat.

My man makes a good showing. He lasts through fifteen rounds with Hogan and gets a draw at the end of the debate. The kid from Colorado has the makings of a scrapper right enough. All he needs is a little training, and before the fight's over I make up my mind to give it to him. Slat's about through, I figure; and, besides, me and him has an argument that afternoon and Finnegan packs up his other shirt and beats it into Muskogee.

"Look here, Ed," I says to my new boy, after handing him his two hundred dollars, "how would you like for me to handle you? I can clean up a bunch of kale for you."

"It's all right with me," comes back Wallace, "if you'll take my brother along."

"What's the idea?" I asks.

"Me and Ray always travels together."

"Where's he now?"

"Coming here tomorrow," Ed tells me.

"He a fighter?"

"Sure!" says Wallace; "and he's better than I am."

I tell him I'll take 'em both on. I figure I can use the two of 'em, maybe working one in as a prelim fighter and the other for the main go. Besides I'm getting kinda tired being a sparring partner and taking wallops in the jaw from pork-and-beaners. Me and Ed fix it up right there. We're to wait for Ray and the three of us'll go to Tulsa together.

"Listen here!" says Wallace. "I'm in the game for the jack that's in it. Get me?"

"You and me both," says I. "They ain't no argument about that."

"Maybe not," he comes back, "but you got a thousand berries for the fuss tonight and I want three hundred more. That's fifty-fifty."

"What?" I yells.

Ed takes off his coat.

"Do I get it?" says he.

Well, you don't see me getting in no row over a measly three hundred dollars, and I kinda figure maybe he's earned it, so I slips him the jack. I'm sorta sore the way this baby goes after me, but by morning I can see where this lad and his brother can deliver for me, and decide to stick. I gets down to the dining room early and there's Wallace surrounding a flock of ham and eggs.

"Hello, kid," I greets him jovial to show they ain't no hard feelings, and slap him on the back. He nearly chokes and jumps to his feet.

"Where do you get that stuff?" he yelps. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"Now don't get sore," I says. "You know me, boy."

"On your way!" says he. "I never seen that bum map before in my life."

I look at this bird. Has he gone cuckoo, or is he just giving me the cold razz?

"What's the idea, Ed?" I spills.

Just about that time somebody behind me butts in.

"Meet my brother Ray, Higgins."

I do a quick turn-around and then a quick turn-around again. I do it so much I get dizzy.

"Which is which?" says I, turning to Ed.

"I'm Ray," grins this boy. "Ed's the guy in back of you."

II

I SEEN lots of twins in my time, but them two babies take the platinum knucks. They ain't no difference between them a-tall. They even got the same bum teeth.

"For business reasons," says I, "I got to know which of you lads is which."

"Look!" says one of 'em, pointing to a mole by his nose about as big as a pinhead. "When you pipes this it's me."

"Who's me?"

"I'm Ray," says the lad with the mole.

"Mole is Ray, no mole is Ed," I repeats so I won't make no boners.

That being all fixed up, we beat it to Tulsa. The day after we gets there I take the boys down to a gymnasium I been using. I want to see what this baby Ray's got besides a mole and a mean disposition. They ain't no one there besides Bud Mehaffy. Bud's an old prize fighter who shot his bolt about the time rents was reasonable. In his day he was a curly wolf; the best body puncher and right-hand walloper in the business. Somebody musta hit him an awful blow in the dome, though, because besides being a



I Can See He's Headed for the Railroad Yards and I Follows

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scrapper he's got more nut ideas and schemes than the Ozarks got chiggers. He's always bulling me with some pipe about running a shoe string into a tannery.

Well, me and Bud watches these Wallace boys work out. They was dressed in different colored trunks, so it was easy to tell 'em apart when I got the mole placed.

"How do you like 'em?" I asks Mehaffy.

"I never saw two guys look so much alike," says Bud, "and fight so different. The kid in red over there's got a pretty jab and a good left, but he might as well give his right to the Salvation Army for all the use he gets out of it. The other bird's left is on a strike, but he's got the makings of a classy infighter. What you going to do with 'em?"

"Make 'em fight," I says. "What do you think I'm going to do—teach 'em checkers?"

"Yeh," he comes back; "but how?"

I don't make him.

"You always was a flat tire," says Bud. "What's the use of having a couple of twins in your stable without cashing in on the resemblance?"

"Say your little piece," I invites. I can see he's brewing another of them woozy schemes of his.

"Listen!" says he. "If I spills my idea and helps you train these lads, do I get my bit out of the take-down?"

I figure I need a little help whipping the boys into shape and I'm willing to talk business with Bud.

"It's a cinch," says he. "We'll hide these two birds out. I know a place outside of town we can fix up for training quarters. They will only be one Wallace fighting. Get me?"

I say I do, but I ain't.

"That boy Ray," goes on Mehaffy, "fights about like I used to. I can take him in hand and develop him into a tough infighter with a mean right jolt. You work on Ed with his long-distance jab and left swings. He's got your bum style, anyhow. In a little while they'll be about as different as you can make 'em."

I begin to see what he's driving at, but it don't look so perfect to me. I asks Bud if he don't think that everybody'll be wise they is twins, seeing 'em hanging around the hotel and at the training quarters.

"What if they do know they is twins?" says Bud. "As long as they don't know that both of them is fighters we're all right. By the time they get onto the game we'll have a bale of lettuce and be traveling special to some other place. We work it this way: When we match Wallace against a bird that's a sucker for body punches we'll work Ray. For a baby that's a mark for long-distance jabs—fellers with a short reach—Ed'll be our man; but whoever fights, it will always be Ed as far as the come-ons is concerned. Out here they know he's a fighter on account of that row at Towata. Ray don't mean no more in the life of the folks here than you do with the King of Siam's mother-in-laws. If one of our boys should get licked in a row we'll send the other back in a return go. Get the idea?"



"Where Do You Get That Stuff?" He Yelps. "Who are You, Anyhow?"

The scheme begins to sound good to me. Crooked, maybe, but what of it? Fifteen years ago the boys was getting away with murder, and a guy that didn't have petit larceny for a pet had no more chance in the game than I would of beating Morvich with a three-legged goat. Bud fits right in too. He's a nut on dope, and knows more about scrappers and their style and weak points than Marshal Fox knows about war. Right off the bat he can tell you what's what with every ham-and-egger in the country. The cuckoo remembers everything. Ask him what Joe Choynski was doing with his left when Sharkey belted him in the jaw with his right in the third round of a fight back in '92 and he'll shoot back with the info.

He's got this new scheme all figured out.

"When we got one of these babies training for a fight," says he, "and the goofs come down to look 'em over, we'll use the guy we ain't gonna use. See? If it's Ed we're priming for the argument we'll train him when no one ain't looking and trot out Ray with his body punches and right cross for the cuckoos to look at. The boy we're pointing for will be all set for Ray's stuff and we'll slip him the knock-out drops with Ed."

"Listens all right," I admits, "but they're sure to get wise in time."

"Maybe," says Ed; "but when they do we'll be sitting pretty. We ain't gonna stick here forever, anyhow. As soon as we figures somebody's getting hep we'll beat it. I don't see nothing to worry about. After the first few fights they'll just dope that Ed's got everything—a change of pace, a wallop in both mitts, a long-arm jab and a stiff body punch. What about the boys? Will they sit in?"

"I don't think we'll have any trouble with them," says I.

And we don't. I spills the scheme to Ed and he listens till I get through. Then all he says is, "I'm in the game for the jack." Then he turns to his brother and says, "How about you, Ray?"

"What else is there?" comes back this baby.

III

WE STAYS under cover for a month. Nearly every day me and Bud goes out to this dump we got fixed up outside of town and take on the boys. Mehaffy ain't lost none of his trick stuff and in no time a-tall he's got Ray working great with them body punches and short right jolts. I'm developing Ed. The boys is both quick in the head and snappy on their pins and it ain't no trouble teaching 'em nothing.

"We're ready now," says Bud to me one night. "Get out and grab a set-up for Ed. Don't make no fuss about the jack this time. All we want is to get Wallace talked about in the papers. Get a guy that he can lick sure. This fight's gonna be on the square."

So I goes out and sees what's what. I don't have no trouble. The whole burg is fight crazy and the showing my boy made against Hogan at Towata ain't been forgotten. I frame up a match with a bird called the Ten-Minute Egg. He ain't so hard-boiled when Ed gets through jabbing his teeth down his throat and hanging a couple of curtains over his eyes. Wallace makes a monkey out of this baby in twelve rounds and the papers are full of nice stuff about the kid.

"Now," says Bud, "get a scrap for Ray."

I'm kinda sore the way Mehaffy is ordering me around.

"Say," I yelps, "who's managing these babies?"

"Shut up," snaps Bud, "or I'll break your umbrella and pray for rain! You do the work and let me supply the brains. You can't afford to use up the little you got. You may need it for a quick get-away. We gotta get a fight with Ray for our own benefit. We wanna see if the crowd falls for the scheme."

They ain't no use arguing with a nut; and besides I'm handling the jack, so I should worry who's doing the bossing. I can see where Bud's right, so I frame a milly for Ray, a real soft spot. Wallace just body-punched this baby to death in three rounds.

There wasn't no peep outta the crowd. One of the papers the next day talked about Ed's wonderful change in style and touted him as the coming welter champ. That's the oil for us.

Bud reads the piece and then he turns to me and says, "We're ready for the important money. Think you can work up a fifteen-round go with Red Larkin?"

Red's about the best in the state.

"These boys of ourn ain't ready yet for no tough meat like Larkin," says I. "Let's keep 'em on milk for a while. Besides, he won't look at us."

"The devil he won't!" comes back Mehaffy. "He'll jump at the chance. He's looking for a set-up. He don't want to take no chances with the real biffers before his milly with Taylor on Labor Day. Go on, he'll fall on your neck!"

"Suppose I land him," says I. "Who do you figure on shooting at him?"

"Ray," he tells me. "He was at the fight that Ed had with the Ten-Minute Egg."

I'm still worried and try to talk Bud outta the scheme.

"On your way!" says Bud. "You land the scrap and let me and my brains do the rest."

(Continued on Page 48)



"Muss Your Hair, Kid!" I Hiss. "Muss Your Hair!"

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BURNED FINGERS

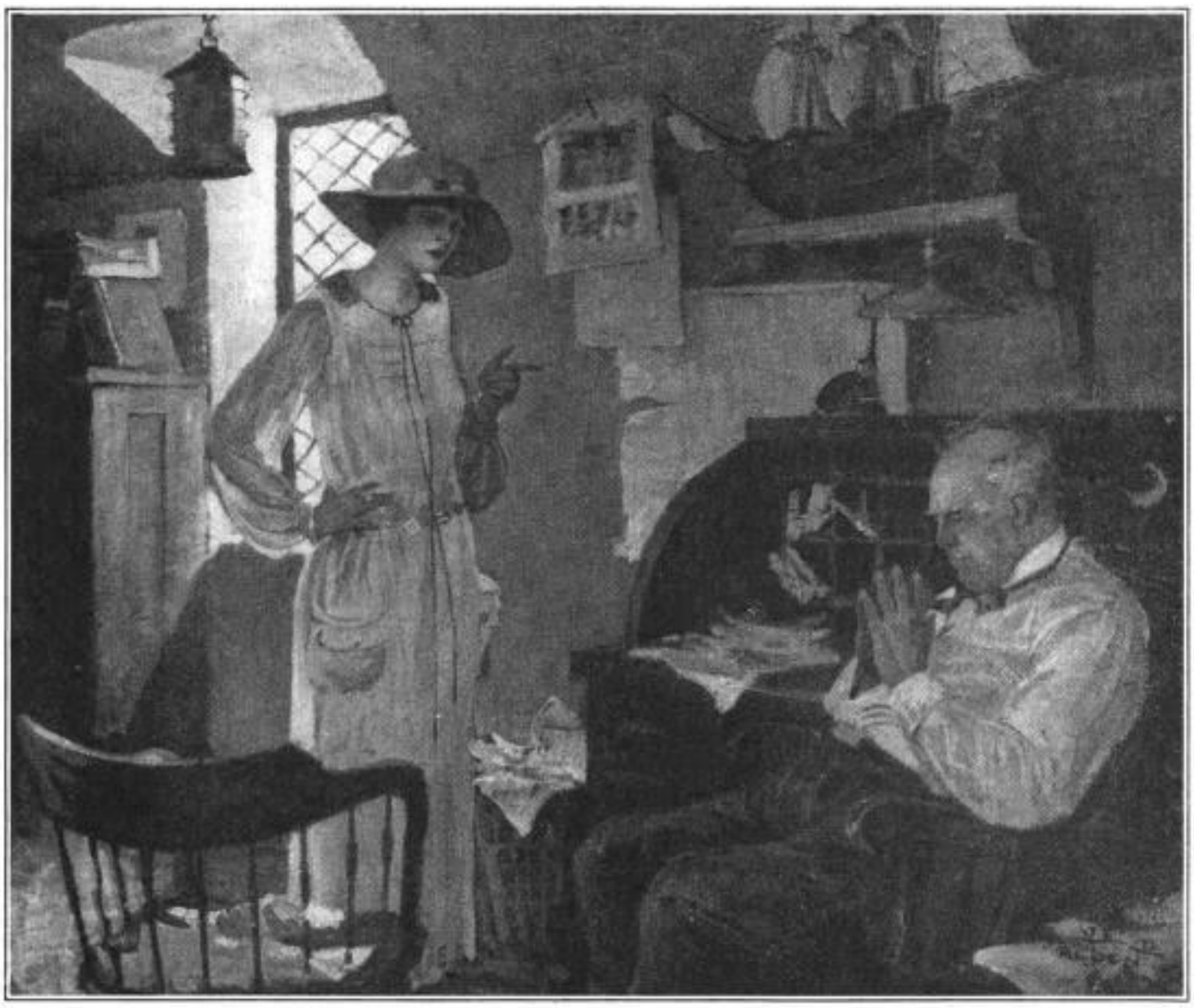
By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

BENDA MAYHEW was privileged, by grace of her youth, her charm and her outstanding social position, to do pretty much as she pleased, wherefore she did it. Stephen Kane, who would have canceled a ship's charter instantly if her owners delayed him, and to whom time was certainly the essence of all contracts, recognized the exemptions tacitly granted the reigning beauty. When the maid told him that Miss Benda had only just come in from the country club and would not be down for some minutes, he discarded hat and coat with a good-humored shrug and resigned himself to patient waiting. But a husky voice from the library broke in:

"Is that you, Kane? Come in here!"

A florid, fat, irritable-looking gentleman stood in the door. His coat was off, revealing a protuberant expanse of loudly cheerful silk shirt and straining violet suspenders. His bald-domed head was adorned with a slight wisp of blond hair on either side above his large ears; if he had squatted, which he never did, he would have resembled exactly a billiken. He jerked a thumb over his shoulder.



"You're Too Old to Make Such a Scene and Too Fat to Get So Angry"

"Want you to meet a man," he said abruptly. "Benda told me you were due any minute. What's the fracas tonight?"

He always referred to the social excursions of his wife and lovely daughter either as fights, rows, rumpuses, roughhouses, or the like, and affected to look on all the amenities with an amused tolerance. But those who knew him best—or disliked him most—insisted that he was prouder of the achievements of his womenfolk in the realm of society than he was of his own success. That the latter had come to him through the medium of a chain of cheap restaurants in the earlier days of San Francisco explained, perhaps, why the former gave him so much satisfaction and the world at large so much to talk about. Mayhew had once been known familiarly as "Ham-and" Matt. The name was taboo now, but his wife had issued the ukase, not Matt Mayhew. He pointed with pride!

Stephen Kane, who was fond of the old gentleman, answered genially:

"We're billed to leave cards at a reception, nod to a masquerade, and wind up at a dance, Mr. Mayhew. I'd much rather strip to the waist and beat you a few games of rummy."

"Beat me? Huh! Look here, make the acquaintance of Mr. Atcheson, Mr. Kane."

Kane put out a hand and received one. It belonged to a pale tall stranger of uncertain age, who affected a mustache and whose eyes seemed to be indulging, every little while, in a disagreement between themselves as to which way they would look, and to compromise by looking both. Mr. Atcheson had a wide smile, but it gave you the feeling that it was only a snarl or a sneer patiently trained and broken to harness. Kane instantly disliked its owner and wondered what the deuce old Matt Mayhew was doing with such a crony. Mayhew, bustling about for decanter, ice and glasses, immediately supplied a clew.

"Wanted you to know Atcheson," he said briskly. "He's in your line. He is giving me a private course in the shipping business."

"Oh, that's it? Well, shipping is a great life if you can get any fun out of weakening occasionally."

"Never weaken, though," Atcheson said, bobbing upright in his chair. "The secret is to keep your nerve. Most of you San Francisco exporters lose out because you lack confidence."

Kane frowned. Being, as he was, the active partner in the old-established and well-known shipping firm of Mardewell & Kane, and having gone through a world war, an armistice, a succeeding boom and the crashing explosion with which that boom had burst, he thought he knew something about the importing and exporting business. And these glib words of higher criticism brought him up sharply.

"I've realized for about twelve years that there was something the matter with the Street," he said, giving Mr. Atcheson another quick survey. "But I have never been able to put my finger on it. No, thanks, Mr. Mayhew—I'm on the wagon for tonight. Have you been a shipping man long, Atcheson?"

"Long enough to find my way around," the youth replied carelessly. "Boston, New York, a flier into England and then Calcutta."

"I see. You don't think much of our methods here."

"Oh, you do your best, I dare say. Of course, being as far from the center of things as you are ——"

"The what?"

"Center of the world markets—London, New York, even Calcutta. Why, you hardly know the war is over!"

"I suppose you are right," Kane said shortly. He had Mr. Atcheson's hat size already and was tired of him. "I'm always glad to get authoritative opinions. How is the new hotel going, Mr. Mayhew?"

Mayhew had seated himself with a grunt in a deep chair and was lighting a cigar.

"Oh, doing fine. But I'm not interested in hotels just now. Atcheson and I are going into California Street together."

"To buy a chronometer or to take the air?"

"Shipping."

"Good Lord Alfred! Shipping? May I ask what you are going to ship, and where, and what in?"

"Ship anything there is, any place in the world, in our own fleet."

"Fleet?" Kane asked the question weakly.

"Certainly, fleet. I guess six schooners is a fleet, aren't they?"

"They is. Do you want to tell me any more? Remember that I'm a competitor."

Mayhew roared with laughter and Atcheson snickered.

"Come on; the more competition the better. We're going to show you fellows something. Tell him, Nestor."

Atcheson spoke volubly:

"No reason now why we shouldn't. Mr. Mayhew and I have three steel schooners, around three thousand tons each. We are negotiating for three more. We get our first delivery on the fifteenth—the Nautilus, she's called. But she will sail from here as the Matthew M. Mayhew, under our own house flag." With a flourish he took out a pocket case and from it drew a gayly painted design. It was a blue flag, barred with gold, and bore in the center a large red M.

"Tasty, what?" Atcheson demanded. "The flag of the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company. The second ship Mr. Mayhew wants to call the Nestor Atcheson, for myself; but we both agree on the name for the third."

"The Red Ink, perhaps?" Stephen inquired in a caustic tone.

"You show your jealousy plainly, Kane," the young zealot retorted. "Our third schooner will be christened in honor of the most beautiful and queenly woman in her native city—the Benda Mayhew!"

Stephen Kane flushed, but kept his temper. For relief he turned on his host.

"See here, Mr. Mayhew, is that straight? Why didn't you look some of us up before you got tangled in our game? My blind aunt, this is awful!"

Mayhew snorted.

"Awful? What's awful about it? That's the way you all talk. I did go to Newhouse and I went to Willing, and both of them insulted me. Willing is a dodo! His face got red and he called me names. And Newhouse prophesied that I'd go broke in a year. Me broke!"

"Which you will do!" Kane exclaimed.

"Oh, go to seed! You fellows think the rest of us are all blind! I've been reading for months about fortunes made in shipping. You've all cleaned up dripping gobs of money. The Shipping Board was left with a slew of boats they're practically giving away, and Congress is talking about a subsidy, and the transpacific markets are all picking up. Why, let me show you something!"

He reached for a pad of paper and took out a stub of pencil. Leaning close and breathing hard in his excitement, he began figuring rapidly.

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"Figures don't lie!" he said as he worked. "We'll start, say, with three A1 schooners, practically new, at fifty-two thousand and odd apiece. Office rent and bookkeeping and all that—call it four thousand a year. Suppose we only get a cargo every three months—or make it three a year, to be conservative. At four dollars a ton; capacity three thousand tons; four threes is twelve—operating, say, eight hundred or a thousand a month ——"

"Wait a minute, Mayhew," Stephen pleaded. "Throw away your pencil and paper for a shake. Get down to brass tacks. Suppose that shipping men did make money during the war, and some of them afterwards. What of that? The whole shipping business has gone to pot since then—everywhere, all over the world. It's true that the Shipping Board is giving away bottoms, because it can't sell them! And this subsidy talk! Why? On the wholly mistaken theory that you can create freight by putting a lot of freight-carrying vessels on the berth."

"A subsidy would encourage capital ——"

"Of course it would! To do just what you are talking of doing—start a fleet. But can't you see the point? A subsidy is useful for one purpose only—to make up the difference to the operator of ships under the American flag between his costs and expenses and those of foreign competitors. The reason we haven't a great American merchant marine is that we haven't been able to compete with the Norwegians and Swedes and English, and on this coast with the Japs. Will a subsidy make freight? Not in a thousand years of fourteen months each! And I tell you that there isn't enough freight moving anywhere today to give all the ships that are afloat a ton of cargo apiece! If you aren't into this too deep, Mr. Mayhew, for the love of charity, go slow!"

Atcheson, caressing his fancy picture of the Mayhew Company's house flag, did his best to put his recalcitrant eye on the face of Matt Mayhew. He need have given himself no worry. Mayhew was a hard man to hook, but when he was sold he was a harder man to pry loose from his bargain.

The old man chucked Steve Kane in the ribs with a stubby thumb.

"Rave on, McDuffy!" he said gloatingly. "I'm not only in too deep to get out but I'm going in deeper. The life on the ro-holling deep, yo-ho! Blood in the scuppers and the rail hard a-lee, or whatever it is! I've been a landlubber all my life; now I'm answering the call of the sea!"

"You'll be answering the call of the bailiff in a bankruptcy court before you're many months older," Kane retorted warningly. "There ought to be a law prohibiting men with money from signing their own checks. But don't forget that I've cautioned you!"

A girl stood in the doorway. She was tall, slender, erect, with dark eyes in a milk-white face under a crown of yellow hair. Kane jumped up, his anxiety over the old man's case momentarily forgotten. As the two said good night Kane noticed the eagerness with which Nestor Atcheson came forward to pay his respects to the girl, and once in his own car he turned to her with a grave face:

"Who is this Atcheson animal?"

Benda Mayhew raised her chin.

"He's a nice boy, don't you think? Dad's new partner."

"Dad's new blood leech! I wouldn't trust him with a hat check. And I'm worried about your father. He could go in for oil or mining or wave-motor patents and do no more, at the worst, than drop a few thousands. But in the shipping game ——"

"Was that what you were cautioning him about as I came in?"

"Yes. And if he persists I may have to do something more than warn him."

"At his request?"

"Well, hardly. He's hooked beautifully, and nothing but an earthquake will shake him loose."

"Doesn't it seem possible that that is his own affair?"

"Theoretically, yes. But you're mistaken if you think I'm going to let this bounder, Atcheson, tangle your dad up in the shipping game and help him lose all he's got."



He Made for the Stairs and Disappeared

"Just what do you propose to do about it?"

"I propose to interfere."

She faced him, a bright spot of color in either cheek.

"If you do I will never speak to you again!"

Stephen Kane returned her look.

"Benda, girl," he said soberly, "I love you with all my heart, and if you wanted to walk on me you know that you would only have to say the word. But it's mostly because I love you that I am certainly and positively and absolutely going to administer to your fine, stubborn, bull-headed and lovable paternal ancestor a jolt in business that will break the enamel on his back teeth! Now please don't quarrel with me, because you are extraordinarily beautiful tonight, and I'm more in love than ever! Let's talk about something else."

II

IT IS generally recognized that there is more than one way to skin a cat. When that operation was to be carried out, figuratively, on California Street, Stephen Kane knew all the ways there were and was entirely capable in a pinch of discovering or inventing new ones.

But no new ones were required for the scotching of old Matt Mayhew and his unruly-eyed associate, young Nestor Atcheson. Shipping on the Western coast was at low ebb; the markets sagged; the usual articles of trade and commerce lay heavily upon it; and such freights as moved at all were bought at the buyer's own price, carried for a pittance, and sold again on a margin of profit so small that stepping a new mast or scraping a hull would eat it up and put the whole transaction finally into red ink. Kane had not been exaggerating when he had told Matt Mayhew that he was venturing into a line as unpromising as the manufacture of carriage harness.

(Continued on Page 82)



Half an Hour Later She Sat in the Stern Seat of a Powerful Launch as It Rounded the Southern Point of Angel Island

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HANDLING HOME SEEKERS

By A REAL-ESTATE MAN

THE meal ticket of the real-estate business is the marriage license. I am an agent operating in a suburban town, selling homes to families who can't stand the high city rents and want a place to live in. My remark has no reference to the dealers in the big cities where property is shunted about like stocks and bonds.

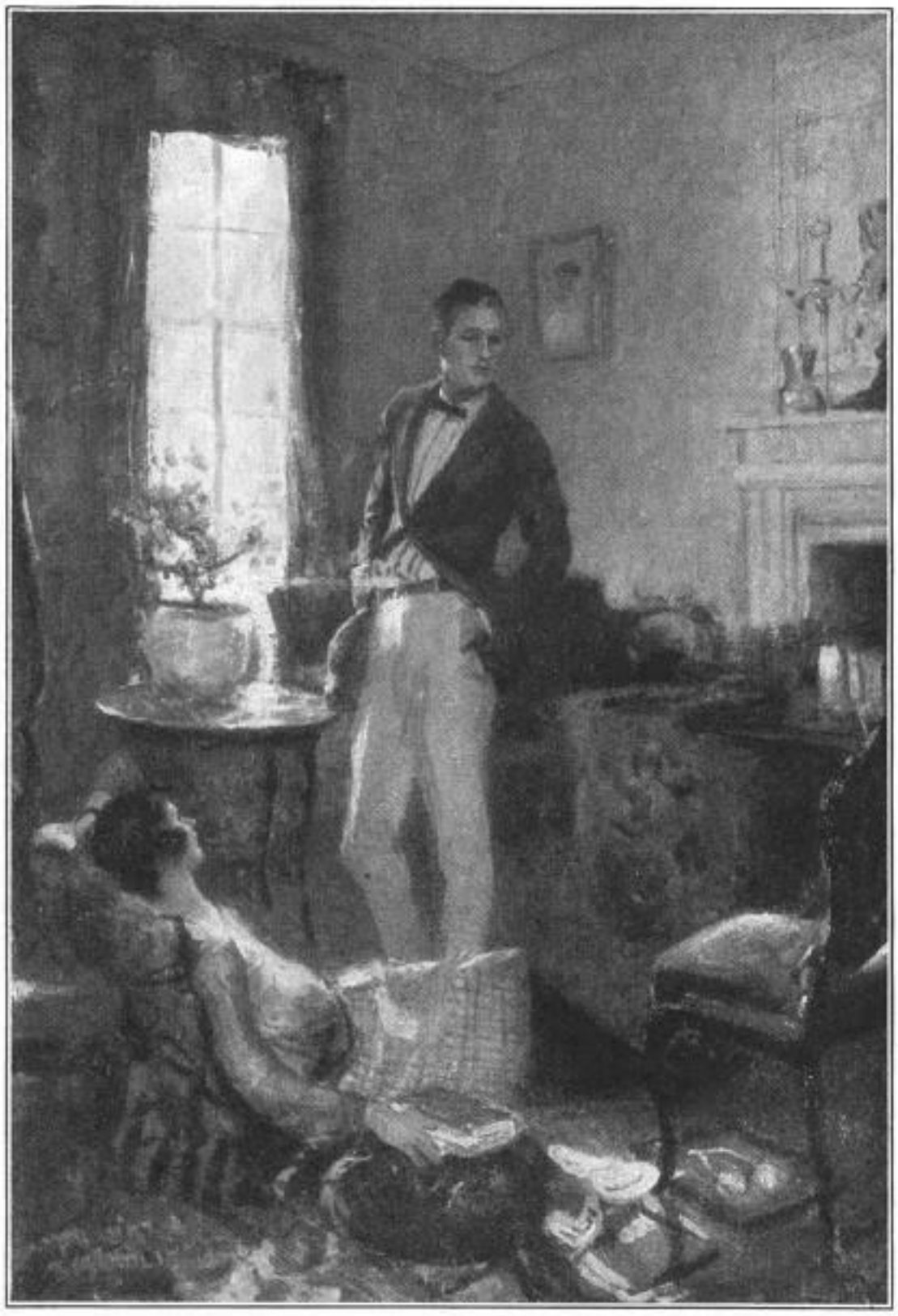
Some time ago I got out a little pamphlet which I called "A Harvest of Homes," and I called myself a harvester, not a real-estate dealer. I offered no schemes for getting rich quick or for taking advantage of a sure rise in lots that were now dirt cheap. But I offered to get any family a home of their own provided they wanted one, and I tried to make it clear that anyone who paid one hundred dollars a month rent could buy a ten-thousand-dollar home without having to pay out one cent more a month. Those who paid a smaller rental could buy cheaper homes at the same rate.

I explained as simply and sincerely as possible that I took no mortgages and made none; that I simply made suggestions; that purchasers could arrange the business details to suit themselves. In other words, I was an expert helper, and my pay for helping was the commission I got from the seller. My services cost the purchaser nothing.

There was nothing in my pamphlet that would deceive or mislead the most ignorant of purchasers. I pointed out quite clearly that it was always necessary to make a cash payment of approximately one-fourth—often only one-fifth—of the total amount. I explained that I would be able to make suggestions as to how the cash payment could be raised in case the purchaser didn't have quite enough money to make the start. This latter statement was put in the pamphlet after considerable observation of the surprising lack of ordinary business knowledge shown by some people.

I was laughed at by some of my associates for this unusual method of advertising. It struck them as being ridiculous. For years they had been sending out fancy literature, as they call it, giving colored pictures of homes. They didn't think it could be done any other way. There are a lot of business men who get so accustomed to stock forms of advertising that they sincerely think it couldn't be done otherwise. In the real-estate business, for instance, if a man calls himself a home builder and starts a campaign of "Own your own home" in his advertising it is taken for granted in the trade that he is going to start a development scheme of some kind.

There are hotels—big ones, too—that wouldn't think of putting out an advertisement without saying "Excellent cuisine." It's a sort of stock form, which, of course, really means nothing.



"You Know We Rarely Ever Go in Town to See Any of Our Old Friends Nowadays"

Women the Chief Buyers

THOUGH I am in the real-estate business to make money, I was really very enthusiastic about this pamphlet. I figured that I would be able to do a lot of people good. I felt sure that I could really do good, because I had seen so many home seekers at a complete loss to understand the most simple business arrangements. I had sense enough to know that if I did anybody any good in some way the time would come when they could do me good. My scheme, naturally, was not altogether altruistic.

Now this brings me back to my opening statement. Nine of the first ten responses I got to my pamphlet were from women—wives. The tenth was from a husband. He dropped in to see me, liked my idea and said he would bring his wife out. Men, you see, do not buy homes. They simply pay for them, and they do that because they are married and their wives have felt the urge of a home of their own. In my whole experience I have never known of but one unmarried man buying a home, and that was for his mother and sisters. It is the marriage license that keeps us fellows alive. For that reason I always get mad and start writing a letter to some editor when a paper starts one of those things like "Should a young man get married?"

At present I am located in a suburban town not far from New York City. I timed my pamphlet for issue just when prohibitive rentals were driving tenants from their apartments and there was a great rush to the country. There were much suppressed laughter and many amused glances out of the corners of eyes in my office when my first customer showed up. She was the wife of an expert accountant. Now you would think the wife of an accountant would have some idea of business methods, wouldn't you? But she didn't. The accountant himself was just as ignorant as his wife, when he showed up later.

"Just what do you mean in this pamphlet about helping people to buy homes?" the wife asked. "Have you any particular plan? I don't exactly understand it."

"No particular plan, madam," I said to her. "I have several nice homes listed here. I'll take you around and let you look at them. If you want to buy I shall probably be able to make some suggestions that will help; that's all."

"Well, it sounds very easy," she said. "I'd like to look." By tactful inquiry I learned that her husband made in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars a week. So I showed her a ten-thousand-dollar home. It was really a nice place and easily worth the price, considering the way everything had advanced. I showed her other places, but she seemed to like that first one.

"Now about the financial side of it?" she asked. "Explain that to me."

"We can get this place," I explained, always emphasizing the 'we' as if I were a member of her party, "for a cash payment of two thousand dollars, assumption of a first mortgage of five thousand dollars and a second mortgage of three thousand. We are lucky in this case that the cash payment is not more."

How to Pay

"AND," she asked, getting interested, "how will we pay for that? You said you could buy the home just as if we were paying rent. We are now paying one hundred dollars."

"That is quite simple, madam. The interest on the first mortgage will be three hundred dollars a year, which is twenty-five dollars a month. Put that down. On the second mortgage, of course, they will require a monthly payment of cash as well as interest. I am sure they will not ask for more than thirty dollars in addition to the interest, the latter being one hundred and eighty dollars a year, or fifteen dollars a month. That would make forty-five dollars a month to carry the second mortgage, and you would have the privilege of paying off more if you desired. The first mortgage will remain as it is."

Quickly she added up these figures and found that her required payments would amount to seventy dollars a month, taking care of both first and second mortgages.

"That is simple," she admitted. "Why, that would leave a balance of thirty dollars a month! We could pay more off on that second mortgage."

"No, I wouldn't advise you to do that. Don't go too deep or it will come hard at times. You see, you will have to pay taxes and insurance, and then you might allow something for the interest on the cash payment in case you had to borrow it."

This was getting a little complicated for her, but I could see she was a sure prospect. The germ had begun to grow.

"I'll bring my husband," she said.

The very next day she brought her accountant husband. He also liked the place, mainly because his wife did, and because the grounds would be great for their two children.

"Now about this cash payment," said the husband. "I'd be lucky to raise a thousand dollars in cash. That's just where I thought there would be a catch in your scheme. Where is your plan any different from that of any other real-estate agent?"

"It isn't any different," I told him. "There is no trick in it, even though you think you have found one. Do you carry any life insurance?"

"Five thousand dollars," he said.

He gave me the date of his policy and I called a young man who handled the insurance part of our business.

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Europe's Brass El Dorado

By ROBERT CROZIER LONG

EUROPE needs a new William H. Prescott who will gild with historical imagination and relate with proper picturesqueness the epic tale of its search for the Russian El Dorado. The Hague Conference, born sick, died in July; the Genoa Conference is already wormeaten, and the epitaph on both is an overwhelming zero. Though disappointment is the motive of really up-to-date literature, nobody has yet told the story. Nobody yet knows more than that Russia is still Russia, that her restorers themselves need restoration, that no concessions but only some concessionaires have been exploited, and that for one man who has sold goods to Russia ten sellers have been sold. Being brand-new, the story is commonplace. Twenty years hence, when the new Prescott comes along with his notebooks, the tale of the unrehabilitable rehabilitation, transfigured by time, will loom out with the magic of Cortés' raid on the Aztec empire. For Europe believes in Russia as faithfully as the simplest *conquistador* believed in El Dorado. And Europe declines to outlive its illusions, even after two wrestles with sophisticated Reds, who have not only outlived their illusions about Europe's sharpness but boast of triumphantly outliving their disillusions as well.

Not having officially shared in the search for the new El Dorado, Americans will laugh. The laugh will be unkind. Europe is really in earnest about Russia. Russia, all disappointments discounted, is Europe's high interest and object of sacred passion. Reparations are also a prepossession; but beside the Russian Mount Everest reparations seem a molehill. Russia is not only the key to Russia; it is the key to all questions of practical economics, reparations included. Cynical Europeans like David Lloyd George say so daily; and as for the uncynical—most are still in the '60's of the nineteenth century, when the novelist Turgenieff made a German say: "Russia is a land where the serfs are docile, where Empress Catherine's ice palace still stands on the frozen Neva."

Foreign Get-Rich-Quick Logic

RUSSIA is the insidious fusion of magic and cash, which lures, unresisted, a continent void of home-grown magic and of home-grown, even of borrowed cash. That all Russians eat candles is a revelation; but consider, says Europe, the prospects of a Russian tallow trust. The Europe that thrills at the thought of black-eyed princesses walking the Nevskii Prospeckt in clouds of cigarette smoke and bomb smoke remembers that tobacco and trinitrotoluol monopolies may be got under law of April seventh. Europeans with unsolvable problems solve them via Russia. In a land of illimitable impossibilities, sprawling over half of two continents, nearly anything conceivable and absolutely everything inconceivable can happen; and in the confusion of aims, the hopeless failure of guiding lines, which torture postwar Europe, the man who wants to gain a name for wisdom points eastward to the Urals, and says the key is there.

Europe's present temper is to seek easy solutions, particularly for getting rich. Lately there was a craze for buying German apartment houses. It was a less crazy craze than pigeon farms in Archangel, but it was crazy enough. After the revolution Germany in her wisdom resolved that houses should be cheap. She decreed that paper-mark house rents should be about the same as prewar gold-mark house rents. House values fell accordingly. Five-story apartment buildings, with fifty rooms apiece, kitchens, bathrooms, central heating, elevators—*mit allem Komfort der modernen Zeit*—sold for a mere $10,000. They were worth $100,000. With straight get-rich-quick logic Europe reasoned that a house is always a house, and that when Germany's Reichsmark is again gold, houses will realize their full gold value. It followed that any petty saver who bought German houses would die a millionaire. So foreigners bought. Danes bought, Swedes bought, Switzers and Hollanders bought, Englishmen bought, some Americans bought. No man due to provide six daughters with marriage portions sometime in the 1930's neglected to buy; at cost of $60,000 in all, he could let them have $100,000 apiece. But Germans are not famed for giving foreigners something valuable for nothing.

The republic lately put through a law prolonging for years to come the rule that paper-mark rents shall not be bigger than former gold-mark rents. As under this law the gross rents of a Berlin five-story building would hardly finance an illicit cocktail in Broadway, naturally capital values tumbled. And some wise Germans who sold their houses in 1920 for 500,000 marks worth $10,000, bought them back for 500,000 marks worth $1000; and brought the great house-buying bubble incontinently to an end.

Europe's house-buying craze was a petty unpromising El Dorado beside the big get-rich-quick image now glittering across the plains between the Dwina and Vladivostok. But the beginning and the end are the same. The Russian recovery boom is liquidating. The past months have seen not only failure at Genoa and The Hague but also the quiet withdrawal of some really able speculators on Russia's recovery. Booms continue after the first wise boomsters clear out; and unwise boomsters are still deep in plans for restoration and private enrichment. But no man competent in Russian affairs believes any longer that big business will be done. Germany's last investigators brought back advice to withdraw entirely from Russia; and though they kept their views a secret from the public the result escaped to London and was officially communicated to the British Parliament.

Some Exploded Russian Booms

IN JULY back came Hugo Stinnes' agents, who had rejected, after nearly accepting, an offer to run the Soviets' new locomotive trust. German plans to advance two billion marks in exchange for a monopoly of the Mariinsky-Volga water-transport system are also off. For Königsberg, in East Prussia, Germany organized a great *Russen-Messe*—fair—to which Russia was to send 10,000,000 gold rubles' worth of products, as proof that she can export. The Moscow Trade Commissariat reports with regret that it has nothing exportable to send. Dantzic Free State has canceled its plans to flourish as a great free port and depot center for Russian trade, and reasons that bigger and surer revenue will come from the roulette tables of its local Monte Carlo, Zoppot. The Baltic Province countries, which two years ago were ready to spend their last penny on preparations for the restoration boom, have

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THE BIG BOOB!

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HELEN OF TROY, N. Y.

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



"Step Over Yonder, Helen. Lemme Give You the Once-Over"

THE first summer blast of a Southern springtime failed to inspire Jim Hanvey to hallelujahs. The mammoth detective lounged uncomfortably in his tiny apartment, cursing the unkind fates which had first been too liberal in their apportionment of avoirdupois and then caused him to be temporarily located in that section of the country where the intense heat makes for healthy cotton and lethargic humanity.

Southern spring is a season of constant doubt and surprise. One goes to bed innocent of sheets and arises shiveringly at three in the morning to resurrect blankets from a moth-ball depository. Overcoats are one day in order, and on the next palm-beach suits are inspected longingly. On Wednesday the fresh young leaves will struggle against the near-frost of the previous night, and on Thursday wilt before the ravages of unseasonable heat. Winter does not merge gently into summer. The thermometer fluctuates uncertainly like a woman torn between the competitive allure of two bargain counters.

Today it was hot, genuinely and unreservedly hot, and Jim's physique had never been intended to withstand heat. He slumped miserably in a wicker chair, puffing disconsolately upon a cigar and staring with fixed distaste at the weather forecast: "Clear. Continued warm."

A profound sigh escaped from the recesses of Jim Hanvey. "O death, where is thy heat?"

Jim was capable of intense feeling, and this day that capability was working overtime. He was utterly and supremely unhappy both as to the present and in contemplation of the future. If this was April, what, then, would July be?

He scarcely heard the clangor of his telephone, and only when that instrument had sent its raucous summons dinning into his ears for the third time did he conscript sufficient energy to hoist himself from the wicker chair. His voice was not at all friendly.

"'Lo!"

"Hello!" A queer, interested expression flitted over Jim's features. Woman's voice. Hmph! "Is that Mr. Hanvey?"

"Almost."

"This is a friend of yours, Jim."

"Ain't got any friends today. Too hot."

"I'm coming up."

"That's fine. Apartment 4-B. Door's unlocked. Walk right in."

"Good!"

"And, say?"

"Yes?"

"Don't expect me to get up. When the mercury climbs this high I stay put."

He recrossed the room and slumped down into his chair again; but no longer did his face reflect the misery of the flesh.

His florid countenance was wrinkled speculatively. The voice of the woman had been vaguely familiar; memory probed inquisitively into the past. Jim shook his tremendous head from side to side.

"She called me Jim an' said she was a friend of mine."

Pudgy fingers toyed idly with the hawserlike watch chain connecting his timepiece and himself.

The front door opened. Footsteps sounded from the hallway. All outward indication of interest fled from Jim's face, leaving it as expressionful as the visage of a cow at milking time. Then the woman appeared in the doorway, and instantly Jim recognized her. The heartiness of his greeting was thoroughly sincere.

"Helen of Troy." He smiled and added, "New York."

The woman swept across the room and pressed a light kiss on the forehead of the detective.

"Dear old Jim! It's good to see you again."

"Yeh, ain't it? Lord! I'm hot." Jim's eyelids drooped with exasperating slowness over his fishy orbs, held shut for a moment, then opened again. "Step over yonder, Helen. Lemme give you the once-over."

The woman obeyed, and Jim nodded approvingly.

"Million dollars—plus, Helen. That's you."

She was far from unattractive as she stood by the window. True, she was not of the general type which inspires the plaudits of a connoisseur; but for all practical purposes she was there seven ways from the ace. In the first place she was blond—magnificently and unyieldingly blond from the shrieking crown of gold upon her head to the tips of her long, slender, dead-white fingers. She was amply supplied with a figure which had been apportioned liberally and with an eye to ensemble rather than lissomeness. The effect was not to be denied: Floppy white panama with orchid trimmings; an elaborate street dress of white and orchid crêpe de chine; orchid stockings of chiffon, and white shoes. She pridefully submitted to his inspection and thrilled to his comment.

Said he, "Once seen, never forgotten."

"You think I'm looking well, Jim?"

"Terrible good. Terrible." He mopped his forehead. "How do you stand this heat?"

She laughed.

"We've lived South ever since we were married. That's six years."

"And three months," he amplified. "Ever since Johnny finished that last stretch. Me, I'd just as lief be in stir. Sit down. How's Johnny?"

The woman's face clouded slightly.

"It's about him I came to see you, Jim."

"Much obliged to Johnny." He relighted his cigar. "What's he doin' now? Con?"

She shook her head.

"We've been straight ever since we hitched up. You ought to know that, Jim."

"Ought to. Just thought maybe he was keepin' away from my line. I'm with the Bankers' Protective now, you know."

"I know it; that's why I came to you."

He stretched out.

"Spill it, Helen. I'm all ears—all ears and perspiration, I mean."

"You've always been a friend of ours, Jim. You play square. You sent Johnny up once, but he didn't hold that against you; it was all his fault for gettin' caught. And he made a regular killin' that time, Jim—you remember they never did get the stuff. Well, when he got out we decided to get married and go straight. Of course we didn't know how we'd like it, but we did think it was worth trying—understand?"

"Sure! Novelty. Any time you didn't like it you could turn crooked again."

"That's it. Well, I've liked it, an' so has Johnny. No dicks worryin' us, everything running smooth. It's been a real nice experience, Jim. I never would have believed there was so much fun in bein' honest. And after a while—well, it sort of gets to be a habit. Now I've come to the point where I wouldn't change for anything."

She paused. He blinked with disconcerting slowness.

"Well?"

She leaned forward tensely.

"Johnny's planning to pull a job!"

"Huh?"

"Johnny's planning to pull another job. He's got a chance for a neat killing, and he's going to try it."

Jim's head rolled sorrowfully upon his fat shoulders.

"That's too dog-goned bad! After runnin' straight this long!"

"It is too bad, Jim. That's why I've come to you."

"What's why?"

"I want you to keep him straight. I know I can trust you, so I'm going to slip you the whole works, and I want you to steer him off. There ain't a bit of sense to his going crooked again. We've got all the money we need; but the thing looks so easy—you know how it is."

"Uh-huh. I know. What you expect me to do?"

"The job he's planning, Jim, is a bank job. That would bring you into it."

Jim's lips drew into a protuberant circle and a low whistle escaped.

"Bank job, eh? His old line. That's plumb silly."

"I've told him so; told him a dozen times. But he says it's a cinch. Sure thing. Bah!"—bitterly. "It's a sure thing he wouldn't get away with it."

"But he thinks he can."

"That's it. I know just how he feels, Jim. I've felt that way myself a dozen times when I've seen some dame out at the race track wearing a million dollars' worth of sparklers. I'd remember how good I used to be at that sort of thing and my fingers would just naturally itch. It seemed a shame to pass it up. But"—righteously—"I've given temptation the go-by, Jim. I haven't pulled a job since I got hitched up to Johnny, though I've had chances enough. You always have when you're running straight. Sometimes I've felt like I'd give everything I had just for the sport of reducing the weight of some fat dame to the extent of a coupla carats. Well, the bug's got Johnny now. Things have played into his hands and he's rarin' to go. I told him you was down in this part of the country, but he only laughed. 'Reckon I can get away with this in

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spite of Jim Hanvey,' he said. The poor fish! You know good and well, Jim, there ain't any crook can buck you and get away with it, is there?"

Jim grinned.

"What you tryin' to do—vamp me?"

"Lord forbid! It would be too much trouble for the result."

"That sounds more like my frank friend. Now please continue to go on."

"I'm going to give you a straight steer on this job of Johnny's. I want to leave it all in your hands. You ought to be able to head him off. I know I'm foolish to be so dead set on honesty and all that sort of romantic stuff, but I can't help it. Reckon I've been seeing too many movies or something." She leaned forward tensely, giving off an aroma of heavy and expensive perfumes, her fingers glittering with an imposing array of rings. "I want to stay straight, Jim—I sure do! And I want Johnny to do likewise."

Jim reached for a fresh cigar and settled back comfortably in his chair.

"You don't mind these, do you, Helen?"

"We-e-ll, I haven't any right to kick when I'm asking you a favor."

"Thanks."

He snipped off the end of the cigar and lighted up with gusto.

"Since Johnny turned straight he's been gambling," she explained. "No rough stuff, nor nothing like that. Of course I'm not claiming that he hasn't rung in the works once in a while when he's hooked a particularly easy mark or that maybe he hasn't managed to read the backs of a few cards; but that's all part of the profession. The point is he hasn't been crooked—understand?"

"Sure! I get you."

"Last two seasons he's been oralizing down in New Orleans—both tracks there: Fair Grounds and Jefferson Parish. Business has been pretty good, but nothing extra. New Orleans is a wise town on horses. They're the very devil on backing the favorites and that's awful tough on the bookies. Anyway racing has kinder got into Johnny's blood. He started off last year by buying a few cheap platers—called himself owning a stable. And finally he come into a two-year-old that is a colt. Lightning Bolt is the name. Y'oughter see that angel run!

"Major Torrance clocked that baby one time in a workout and wanted him; wanted him bad. Johnny didn't hanker to let him go. They talked price, but nothing come of it. Everybody knew the old gent was nuts on Lightning Bolt and was gonna get him sooner or later—everybody except him. And just recently Johnny found out that the major had booked passage for Europe on the Homeric, sailing out of New York day after tomorrow—Thursday. Also that Torrance's stable was bein' shipped North for the New York season. And that's where Johnny fell."

She paused, one white-shod foot tapping the floor. Jim sat in supine silence, apparently oblivious of her presence.

"Yes," she continued tensely, "that's where Johnny took his tumble. He told the major he'd sell Lightning Bolt, provided the old geezer would buy all the rest of his stable—four other horses. The price for the bunch was eight thousand dollars. The deal went through. Those horses went North with the Torrance stable the other day when the season ended in New Orleans. Old man Torrance sails from New York in a couple of days. Of course you can prove up on all of this; the real point being that Johnny holds the major's check for eight thousand dollars."

Her voice died away. Out of the silence which followed came Jim's drawling voice:

"An' one little teeny letter added onto an eight makes an eighty."

The luxurious blonde glanced sharply at the big man in the wicker chair, her eyes narrowing slightly.

"What made you think ——"

"Two an' two always did make four, sister."

Her fingers interlaced nervously.

"That's the layout, Jim. He's planning to raise that check and make a get-away ——" Her voice trailed off. "And that isn't all."

"No?"

Jim's query was a mere indication of interest rather than an effort to extract further information.

"Not all, Jim. It's this way ——" She hitched her chair closer and laid one ringed hand on Jim's knee. The ponderous man seemed unmindful of it—for a moment. Then he moved away. "Just before Johnny turned straight and married me he pulled one last big job. It was regular and all that. The poor sucker they caught was hog-tied; he didn't dare let out a yap. Johnny made a clean-up on it and with that amount added to what he had he retired with about a quarter of a million bucks." There was conscious pride in her final declaration: "Johnny never was a piker."

"He sure wasn't, Helen. Great chap, Johnny."

"That quarter of a million has been salted away in Liberty Bonds. Johnny bought 'em at about 84 and they're pretty near par now. He's dead stuck on 'em; says when they jumped in value it was the first honest money he ever made. He never would touch 'em. Kind of superstitious. But, Jim, he's planning to dig into 'em now."

"Yeh?"

"He's got a chance of opening a big gambling place down near Juarez. Things like that take cash—a wad of it. So Johnny is fixing to borrow on his Liberties."

"Borrow?"

"Yes. He's superstitious about them, like I told you, and he don't want to sell. He figures he can borrow two hundred thousand on the things. Then he's going to raise that Torrance check from eight thousand to eighty. That'll give him $280,000 in cash—more than enough for what he wants. He'll sink a heap of that into the business, and at the first opportunity he plans to come back, redeem his Liberties and salt 'em away again. Understand?"

Hanvey was apparently not listening. He stared moodily through the window, lower jaw drooping, the ash on his cigar perilously lengthy. Finally he turned his glassy eyes upon her.

"How c'n you look so cool when it's so durned hot?"

She bit her lip.

"Do you understand, Jim?"

"Eh?" He blinked with interminable slowness. "Oh, about Johnny an' his gamblin' house an' the Liberty Bonds an' all that? Sure, that's easy. Johnny's just naturally plannin' to get wicked again, ain't he?"

"And I don't want him to. There ain't anything in the world like being honest, Jim; I've found that out. It's the grandest feeling I've ever had. I wouldn't turn crooked again for anything in the world—unless we really needed the money. I don't want Johnny to. He's been out of the game so long he's liable to pull a boner and lose what he's got."

"You sure spoke a mouthful then, sister. That's a downright crude stunt Johnny is figgering on pullin'. Of course, him plannin' to beat it into Mexico, anyway ——"

"I'd hate to live there. Never did like Mexican cooking—chili an' hot tamales and all that sort of thing. And the climate ——"

"Hotter'n this, ain't it?"

She didn't answer. For a few moments silence held between them, tense silence punctured only by the ticking of the cheap alarm clock on the mantel and the bellowing of a group of boys playing in the street below.

"You've got to help me, Jim—got to help me keep Johnny straight. He'll listen to you where he laughs at me."

"Awful glad to do a little job like that, Helen. I'm real anxious Johnny shouldn't turn crooked again. He's got brains enough to make an honest livin'. Lemme see—when's he plannin' to pass this bum check?"

"Two or three days. You see, Jim, he'll borrow the two hundred thousand on his bonds—borrow it from a local banking house—Starnes & Company. When he deposits their check for that amount he'll deposit along with it Major Torrance's check for eighty thousand; and the eighty-thousand one being so much smaller than the other, they won't pay a whole lot of attention to it. Then he'll check against the total sum. Ain't that clever?"

"Awful!" He inhaled deeply. "Awful clever! A good check for two hundred thousand and a bum one for eighty, passed right through the bank. Then he checks against 'em. Johnny sure uses his head for somethin' more than a hatrack."

She rose and threw a light scarf across her plump shoulders.

"You promise to keep him straight, Jim? You promise?"

"Sure! Sure I promise, Helen! Dog-gone this weather!"

She made her adieus and swung down the street toward the city's largest hotel. One or two traveling men ogled her and she expanded to the pleased consciousness of the effect she was creating. It had always been thus, ever since her girlhood in Troy, New York. Blessed with voluptuous blondness, men had always flocked about her. Adulation had been all in all to her until the advent of Johnny Norton, and to him she capitulated utterly.

Johnny had been an honest and efficient wooer. They teamed up and knocked about the country until he made his final big killing. Then they married and turned straight; but the strain of the past five years had been terrific.

Helen rapped on the door of her room and Johnny opened it in person. He was a small man, slender and wiry and very much of a dandy in his lavender silk shirt, his white sport shoes and his aggressively checkered suit. He kissed her dutifully, then stepped back, twisting his near-mustache.

Three other men lounged about the room. There was Slim Bolton, a card sharper, whose practice had been

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Jim's Face Told Them No More Than They Could Have Learned by Watching the Lee Side of a Cantaloupe

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The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AN OLD Wall Street friend, who had guessed right two out of seven times that week, insisted on my dining with him in the grill room of an uptown hotel much frequented by expert guessers. By dwelling on the two and not on the five he had begun to encourage in himself delusions of financial genius and I had to listen. A man walked past our table, nodded at me and stopped.

I said, "How-d'ye-do?"

He answered, "Tiptop!"

I suspected that I had known him in my Wall Street life, but I could not recall his name.

My loquacious host who had that week landed twice out of seven times, but remembered only the two, saw the stranger and cried, "Hello, Charlie! Dining alone?"

"Yes."

"Sit down."

Charlie sat down.

I knew I was safe in remarking, "I haven't seen you in years."

"No," acquiesced Charlie. "What are you doing these days?"

"Trying to keep awake while listening to this man here," I answered.

I could see that he remembered my face as I remembered his, and no more. The waiter brought him the bill of fare and while he studied it I turned to my friend and soundlessly made my lips ask, "Who is he?"

"Charlie Wade!" whispered my friend, and made a motion with his hands that meant "wiped!"

I had known Wade. He was a broker in my time—one of hundreds. And now he was broke—one of thousands.

Sitting in With the Insiders

MY HOST, who had been speaking of a certain Mexican oil stock, went on:

"It wasn't luck at all. It was a cinch—because I used my bean. That profit didn't walk into my pocket of its own accord. The moment I saw that stock cross 160 I knew it wasn't on covering by pikers, but some big fish about to be harpooned. I preferred sitting in the boat with the impaling insiders to being in the sea doing my little turn as target. That's all."

He looked at me, a modest man compelled to listen to the applause of the intelligent audience.

"Was that your first bull's-eye this year?" I asked.

"The second killing this week," he retorted with dignity.

But I said pleasantly: "Two hits out of two times at the bat. One hundred per cent sagacious. John W. Gates remarked once in my hearing that all he asked was to be right three out of five times, or 60 per cent."

"And all I ask," said my friend, "is to be right once out of five times. One in five. Because why? Because when I am wrong I run quick, and when I'm right I push my luck. Each time I'm wrong costs me five thousand at the most. That is, a maximum of twenty thousand for the four wrong times. But when I'm right I do not call it a day's work this side of a hundred thousand. That's the reason."

"A very good reason," I said.

But I should not have smiled, because he said tartly, "That's what your friend Larry Livingston does."

Charlie Wade had finished giving his order to the waiter. He asked me, "Have you read those articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST about him?"

"He's the bird that wrote them," broke in my friend, vindictively pointing at me.



"Oh, did you?" said Charlie. "You know, he had an account in our office."

"When?" I asked.

"Oh, that's more than fifteen years ago. But I'll never forget how he came to us."

"I'd like to hear the story," I said, and meant it.

Charlie looked grateful and spoke.

"My father had been talking of retiring for some time, and while I didn't want him to think I'd be glad to get rid of him, at the same time I was anxious for a chance to show him what I could do if I was boss. If you remember my father at all you'll remember that he was a mighty good broker, if I say so myself. It was all he knew how to do, but there weren't many much better than he. He did a lot of two-dollar business on the floor but he was no man to turn loose on a lot of customers in an office. So I asked nothing better than a chance to run our shop the way it ought to be run, without any grumbling from him. I was doing fairly well, but I had too many handicaps. Think of it! The old gentleman wouldn't allow me to put in a quotation board in the office! He thought it was too common, too much like a bucket shop!

"I had for an office manager a chap named Giddings. One day I was talking to him about the desirability of having a few really active trading accounts, to enable us to smile gratefully on the hundred-shares-a-month birds we had. I knew that he was a friend of Larry Livingston, the Boy Plunger in Harding's office. So I said to Giddings, 'Why don't you try to get Livingston's account?'

"'I have,' said Giddings.

"'What did he say?'

"'Nothing!'

"'You mean that he didn't say either yes or no?'

"'I mean that I haven't got his business.'

"'Did you ask him for a part of it?' I asked.

"'Not in so many words,' said Giddings.

"'Well, then,' I said, 'in how many words did you ask him?'

"'I didn't ask him in any words. But he knows I'm with this firm and he knows we are members of the New York Stock Exchange and do a stock-commission business. If he wanted to trade through us he'd do it. He doesn't need to be asked.'

"'But if you would ask him you'd know if there was any chance of our ever getting any of his business,' I said.

"'Charlie, I couldn't and I wouldn't,' said Giddings. 'He and I are very friendly. But the only way he'll ever come into this office will be of his own free will and accord. I have never talked stock market with him, nor he with me. I have always felt it would be unwise.'

"I wasn't convinced, but I couldn't very well insist. As I told you, my father wouldn't let us put in a quotation board. He thought that two tickers in the room were enough to keep gentlemen posted on the market, and the other kind he didn't want hanging around. Well, I was standing beside one of the tickers a few days after my talk with Giddings, when a chap walked in. He was tall and straight, smooth-shaven and very fair-haired.

"He nodded to Giddings, said 'Hello!' shortly, and walked over to the other ticker. There wasn't anybody else in the room at the time. Giddings said 'Good morning, Larry. How are you?' very cordially; but Livingston paid no attention whatever to him. He was looking at the tape.

"Pretty soon he looked up and asked abruptly, 'What sort of execution do you give here?'

"'As good as you can get from anybody,' answered Giddings.

"Instantly Livingston put his left hand into his trousers pocket and took out some bills. He counted out five and handed them to Giddings. They were for one thousand dollars each. He began to study the tape again. Pretty soon he put his right hand in his fob pocket, took out a stop watch and said, 'Buy me five hundred Amalgamated!'

"Giddings shot the order over to the board room. He must have told the old gentleman to get a hustle on, for in a jiffy we got his report. Giddings rushed in and told Livingston what we had got the five hundred Amalgamated for.

"Livingston stopped the watch, looked at it, put it back in his pocket without a word and resumed his reading of the tape. Pretty soon he put his hand into his trousers pocket, fished up some more bills and held them out towards Giddings without taking his eyes off the tape. Then he took out his stop watch again and said, 'Buy another five hundred!'"



The Boy Plunger at Work

"WHEN we got his report he looked at the stop watch, saw exactly how long it had taken us to get his stock, and doubtless compared prices. Apparently he was satisfied, for he took off his hat and tossed it to Giddings, who hung it on the rack.

"Livingston didn't speak. He just looked at the tape and smoked one cigar after another without intermission. Before the market closed that day he bought and sold between three and four thousand shares, and was ahead, as I remember, a couple of thousand dollars net on the day's trading. As soon as the market closed he walked to the hatrack near the door, took his derby and put it on with extreme care, almost as if he had a headache and didn't wish to make it worse. From the door he spoke to Giddings:

"'Got a private office you can give me?'

"'Yes,' answered Giddings promptly.

"Livingston nodded. 'Good night,' he said, and walked out.

"I arranged to have another ticker put in my father's private office, which we seized for Larry. We had it cleaned up and straightened out, and when Livingston came to trade the next day he found everything ready for him.

"He came in at 9:50. Giddings took him into the private office. Livingston sat down and read all the news slips and bulletins, but made no comments whatever. The moment the ticker began to whir he got up to stand beside it and said, 'You ought to put in a quotation board.'

"'We'll do it,' said Giddings, who explained to me that Livingston simply had to have both a quotation board and the tape to look at when he traded.

"Well, sir, Livingston bought and sold seventy thousand shares the first week he was in our office. I don't remember exactly how long he stayed with us, but it was a matter

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of months. He seemed satisfied with the execution. Then one afternoon without any warning or preamble he said, 'I'm going away!' and asked for a check for his balance. He closed his account and never again came into our office. Giddings never knew why he quit us and I never asked Giddings to ask him for an explanation. I saw enough of Livingston to know that he was the kind of man who never did anything without a good reason or mixed business with sentiment. I felt it was useless to ask him to come back to us, so I never even tried. While it lasted it was a mighty profitable business. One day we took in over five thousand dollars in commissions. He sure was the Boy Plunger. We liked him. I never saw him display either anger or impatience—or, for that matter, pleasure. But Giddings used to tell me that he was full of fun and good-natured—outside of Wall Street. It was doubtless his habit of intense concentration that made him so silent in our office."

"Your soup's getting cold," said my friend, and Charlie Wade ceased his reminiscences.

It was not until the next afternoon after the close of the market that I saw Larry Livingston. I told him I wanted more reminiscences, and without appreciable effort he resumed his narrative:

"It has always rankled in my mind that after I left Williamson & Brown's office the cream was off the market. We ran smack into a long moneyless period; four mighty lean years. There was not a penny to be made. As Billy Henriquez once said, 'It was the kind of market in which not even a skunk could make a scent.'"

In Dutch With Destiny

"IT LOOKED to me as though I was in Dutch with destiny. It might have been the plan of Providence to chasten me, but really I had not been filled with such pride as called for a fall. I had not committed any of those speculative sins which a trader must expiate on the debtor side of the account. I was not guilty of a typical sucker play. What I had done, or, rather, what I had left undone, was something for which I would have received praise and not blame—north of Forty-second Street. In Wall Street it was absurd and costly. But by far the worst thing about it was the tendency it had to make a man a little less inclined to permit himself human feelings in the ticker district.



"I left Williamson's and tried other brokers' offices. In every one of them I lost money. It served me right, because I was trying to force the market into giving me what it didn't have to give—to wit, opportunities for making money. I did not find any trouble in getting credit, because those who knew me had faith in me. You can get an idea of how strong their confidence was when I tell you that when I finally stopped trading on credit I owed well over one million dollars.



"The trouble was not that I had lost my grip, but that during those four wretched years the opportunities for making money simply didn't exist. Still I plugged along, trying to make a stake and succeeding only in increasing my indebtedness. After I ceased trading on my own hook because I wouldn't owe my friends any more money I made a living handling accounts for people who believed I knew the game well enough to beat it even in a dull market. For my services I received a percentage of the profits—when there were any. That is how I lived. Well, say that is how I sustained life.

"All this that I have told you took time. I didn't always lose, but I never made enough to allow me materially to reduce what I owed. Finally, as things got worse, I felt the beginnings of discouragement for the first time in my life.

"Everything seemed to have gone wrong with me. I did not go about bewailing the descent from millions and yachts to debts and the simple life. I didn't enjoy the situation, but I did not fill up with self-pity. I did not propose to wait patiently for time and Providence to bring about the cessation of my discomforts. I therefore studied my problem. It was plain that the only way out of my troubles was to make money. To make money I needed merely to trade successfully. I had so traded before and I must do so once more. More than once in the past I had run up a shoe string into hundreds of thousands. Sooner or later the market would offer me an opportunity.

"I convinced myself that whatever was wrong was wrong with me and not with the market. Now, what could be the trouble with me? I asked myself that question in the same spirit in which I always study the various phases of my trading problems. I thought about it calmly and came to the conclusion that my main trouble came from worrying over the money I owed. I was never free from the mental discomfort of it. I must explain to you that it was not the mere consciousness of my indebtedness. Any business man contracts debts in the course of his regular business. Most of my debts were really nothing but business debts, due to what were unfavorable business conditions for me, and no worse than a merchant suffers from, for instance, when there is an unusually prolonged spell of unseasonable weather.

"Of course as time went on and I could not pay I began to feel less philosophical about my debts. I'll explain: I owed over a million dollars—all of it stock-market losses, remember. Most of my creditors were very nice and didn't bother me; but there were two who did bedevil me. They used to follow me around. Every time I made a winning each of them was Johnny-on-the-spot, wanting to know all about it and insisting on getting theirs right off. One of them, to whom I owed eight hundred dollars, threatened to sue me, seize my furniture, and so forth. I can't conceive why he thought I was concealing assets, unless it was that I didn't quite look like a stage hobo about to die of destitution.

"As I studied the problem I saw that it wasn't a case that called for reading the tape, but for reading my own self. I quite cold-bloodedly reached the conclusion that I would never be able to accomplish anything useful so long as I was worried, and it was equally plain that I should be worried so long as I owed money. I mean, as long as any creditor had the power to vex me or to interfere with my coming back by insisting upon being paid before I could get a decent stake together. This was all so obviously true that I said to myself, 'I must go through bankruptcy.' What else could relieve my mind?

"It sounds both easy and sensible, doesn't it? But it was more than unpleasant, I can tell you. I hated to do it. I hated to put myself in a position to be misunderstood or misjudged. I myself never cared much for money. I never thought enough of it to consider it worth while lying for. But I knew that everybody didn't feel that way. Of course I also knew that if I got on my feet again I'd pay everybody off, for the obligation would remain. But unless I was able to trade in the old way I'd never be able to pay back that million."

A Million-Dollar Debt

"I NERVED myself and went to see my creditors. It was a mighty difficult thing for me to do, for all that most of them were personal friends or old acquaintances.

"I explained the situation quite frankly to them. I said: 'I am not going to take this step because I don't wish to pay you, but because, in justice to both myself and you, I must put myself in a position to make money. I have been thinking of this solution off and on for over two years, but I simply didn't have the nerve to come out and say so frankly to you. It would have been infinitely better for all of us if I had. It all simmers down to this: I positively cannot be my old self while I am harassed or upset by these debts. I have decided to do now what I should have done a year ago. I have no other reason than the one I have just given you.'

"What the first man said was to all intents and purposes what all of them said. He spoke for his firm.

"'Livingston,' he said, 'we understand. We realize your position perfectly. I'll tell you what we'll do: We'll just give you a release. Have your lawyer prepare any kind of paper you wish, and we'll sign it.'

"That was in substance what all my big creditors said. That is one side of Wall Street for you. It wasn't merely careless good nature or sportsmanship. It was also a mighty intelligent decision, for it was clearly good business. I appreciated both the good will and the business ability.

"These creditors gave me a release on debts amounting to over a million dollars. But there were the two minor creditors who wouldn't sign off. One of them was the eight-hundred-dollar man I told you about. I also owed sixty thousand dollars to a brokerage firm which had gone into bankruptcy, and the receivers, who didn't know me from Adam, were on my neck early and late. Even if they had been disposed to follow the example set by my largest creditors I don't suppose the court would have let them sign off. At all events my schedule of bankruptcy amounted to only about one hundred thousand dollars, though, as I said, I owed well over a million."

A Fresh Start

"IT WAS extremely disagreeable to see the story in the newspapers. I had always paid my debts in full and this new experience was most mortifying to me. I knew I'd pay off everybody some day if I lived, but everybody who read the article wouldn't know it. I was ashamed to go out after I saw the report in the newspapers. But it all wore off presently and I cannot tell you how intense was my feeling of relief to know that I wasn't going to be harried any more by people who didn't understand how a man must give his entire mind to his business—if he wishes to succeed in stock speculation.

"My mind now being free to take up trading with some prospect of success, unvexed by debts, the next step was to get another stake. The Stock Exchange had been closed from July thirty-first to the middle of December, 1914, and Wall Street was in the dumps. There hadn't been any business whatever in a long time. I owed all my friends. I couldn't very well ask them to help me again just because they had been so friendly to me, when I knew that nobody was in a position to do much for anybody.

"It was a mighty difficult task, getting a decent stake, for with the closing of the Stock Exchange there was nothing that I could ask any broker to do for me. I tried in a couple of places. No use.

(Continued on Page 164)



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OCEAN MAGIC

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

VIII

TWICE within three weeks the Combermere sighted the loom of the Horn; twice she fled to the southward to the very edge of the ice before stubborn northwesterly gales. Four times—twice on one tack, twice on the other—she passed close to a stout Glasgow fourmaster hove-to in the same spot. A lower maintopsail she carried, that bark, and under it her decks leaned like a roof.

The Combermere staggered under three lower topsails and a foretopmast staysail, racking the iron nerves of her, making no way.

One by one men developed fiendish sea boils; cuts and broken skin refused to heal in the bitterness of cold and wet; shivering wretches cursed and wailed in the same hopeless drone at braces and sheets. Towhead went about his work half clad in spite of the skipper's friendliness and the resources of the slop chest, for Spud still languished in the freezing lazaret, and all his own clothes and many of Towhead's barely kept life in him.

"He'll die o' cold, Mr. Adams, if he's kept down there," Towhead warned the mate one bitter afternoon as the ship neared the Horn again.

"I can't do anything, my son," was the mate's reply. "See the Old Man. He's a good pal o' yours, isn't he?"



The Ship Was Well to the Southwestward of the Horn, Plunging Along Close-Jammed in a Turmoil of Vicious Seas

"Only as long as I'll talk pigs an' ducks to him," growled Towhead. "And Murphy's no more a murderer than he is neither."

"I believe that too," said Mr. Adams kindly. "Besides, he's a man I can't spare. We're two men short for'ard now, and the crowd that's left is ——" He checked himself. He was becoming too free in speech with a fo'-mast hand. "See the captain, Towhead. Ask him to let Murphy come up for a stretch. Perhaps he will."

Towhead asked.

"Mr. Adams has the keys o' the irons," the skipper said. "If he lets ye I'll have no objection. But ye're responsible, mind. Ye'd better wait a while though. Yonder's the Horn again, and I doubt if we'll weather it. Get ye a hand or two and clear a space in the potato locker. Then ye can bring up yer crony after we tack ship."

Captain Wandless showed remarkable gentleness at such a time of responsibility. Towhead was amazed. So was the mate.

With the frowning Horn over the bow, the terrific seas battering at the ship's salt-crusted plates, the certainty of having to thrash wearily south on yet another tack unless the staggering ship could hold up a full point nearer the wind—all combined to make a situation where a shipmaster might be excused any vagaries of temper. Yet Captain Wandless paced the poop, whistling cheerily, snapping his fat fingers, and positively beaming until his flabby unwholesome face shone with some mysterious inner light that made him almost good looking.

Towhead turned away with open mouth, meeting the gaping wonder of Mr. Adams across the deck. The skipper caught him by the arm and swung him around easily.

"D'ye know, I think I'll stock my farm wi' sheep instead o' cows, my son. Ye can keep sheep on the top o' cliffs, I'm told, near the sea. They'll not be so likely to break their silly necks tumbling over as will cows, hey?"

"No, sir," Towhead stammered, and started away again.

"No more trouble to breed, are they?"

"Wind seems to be freeing, sir," shouted the mate, and the farmer gave place to the master mariner in Wandless. He lifted his face towards the windward sky, sniffed, then glanced at the cross-running seas. He nodded relievedly.

"You're right," he said. "We'll weather the land wi' some to spare if she'll stand the reefed foresail and mainsail, with the three lower topgallantsails. Try her, Mr. Adams."

"Go call all hands," the mate ordered Towhead; and for that time at least, Spud Murphy was forgotten.

At the end of a week the ship was well to the southwestward of the Horn, plunging along close-jammed in a turmoil of vicious seas; long-rolling Cape Stiff graybacks that fell aboard her with the thudding impact of disintegrated cliffs; and the spray froze as it fell, the sails crackled with ice, a rope to be rendered through a sheave had first to be scalded free with hot water. The decks were slippery with menace, and five men lay in the forecastles incapable. Two were genuinely battered beyond work; three seized upon the chance to malinger, hoping that certain hideous sores would carry them past the keen examination of captain and mate.

"We'll have to turn Murphy loose and make him work," the skipper said. "Put Towhead to watching him. The lad's honest. He's Murphy's crony, but he's too good a farmer not to be straight."

Spud was released on promise of good behavior. Towhead was sent down to get that promise.

"Shure, me son," grinned Spud, stretching luxuriously as the irons fell from him. "I'll behave loike th' blue-eyed boy, onless thot bleedin' or'nary seaman falls foul o' me. Where have they brought the ship to all this time? 'Tis too bloody cowld f'r where we ought to be. B-rr-rrh!"

The stinging sleet and blinding spray, bitter gale and frozen decks went with a ghastly chill to the bones of the man who had smelled no fresh air for weeks. Spud peered around that part of the horizon visible from the lazaret hatch, his heavy brows drawn protectively down over his dazzled eyes. White sea crests, white sleet, spray that froze as it flew, icy-white decks—all combined to blind the sight so long accustomed to dungeon darkness.

"Where th' divil are we?" he repeated his question peevishly. "Ain't thot th' Ramirez yander?"

"What's Ramireez?" grunted Towhead shortly.

He was trying to urge Spud up to face the Old Man, and the wise old seaman smelled for his position like a veritable Cape Horner, refusing to leave the spot until he had satisfied himself that captain and officers had not carried the ship to destruction while he was locked up. That sort of able seaman is all but extinct now; but he flourished when white-winged, fleet-heeled clippers flourished, and Spud Murphy represented the best of the type.

"Come on to the skipper," Towhead said uneasily. "I only got down to loose you because I promised to bring you straight up and look after you that you didn't get cutting up no didos."

"All right, old socks," grinned Spud, following aft. "All the same, I bet a 'bacca stick this yer fine ship's too nigh Cape Stiff f'r her good yit. If thot ain't Ramirez, thin Oi killed th' mate!"

Mr. Adams heard that last remark. So did Captain Wandless. They exchanged glances full of meaning as Murphy approached them.

"Murphy," the skipper said, "you'll turn to and do your work until we get to Valparaiso, if you'll give your word to make no more trouble. It's cold to be in irons."

"Aye, sir, and it's cowld runnin' a big ship wi' a lot o' sojerin' cowsons in yer fo'castle. Howsomever, 'tis no trouble at all I ever made, nor will. Maybe ye'd loike to set Towhead to watchin' me thot Oi don't stick me knife into somebody's back," returned Murphy.

"You won't help your case by talking that way, my man. You'll muster with your old watch at eight bells, and if you're wise you'll not let your foolish tongue carry you away."

"Shure, me foolish tongue is not so foolish as the yapper thot accused me of stickin' Mr. Jones, sir!"

"That's what I told you, sir," put in Towhead eagerly. "You knows I ——"

"That'll do, my lad," the skipper cut him off. "Go for'ard, Murphy, and let us have no trouble."

Murphy made no trouble; but two ordinary seamen, a greasy cook and a half-crazy carpenter, gave him a wide

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berth for half a watch until assured that he meant no immediate harm by the ferocity of his expression.

Feeling secure in their supposed superiority over a paroled prisoner, the forecastle hands decided that Murphy's trick at the wheel came first. He took the trick without protest, although his thinly clad body shivered violently in the first fifteen minutes of standing at the exposed wheel. When he went aft and mounted the poop ladder he peered intently towards the direction where he had thought he saw the frowning rocks of Diego Ramirez.



The Longboat Soared on a Crest, Rushed Down Before the Wind, and Fell Hopelessly to Leeward of Her Objective

There was nothing there except a blacker cloud than the rest, leaning full, pregnant with more bitter snow. But he found on taking the helm that the ship was making a bare northerly course, as close-hauled as she would lie on the port tack, and all the sea to windward was cloaked under an advancing pall of smoky fog.

It was only the seaman's sixth sense that warned him of too close a proximity to land. He knew little about even the mariner's compass, except how to hold a ship's head steadily upon a point of it, and navigation was to him black magic entirely, as it was and is to many a hundred forecastle hands. Give Spud Murphy, or another of his kind, a marlinespike, a serving mallet or a palm and needle, and he would turn out work that looked almost a miracle from his gnarled hands; but ask him why a ship sailed on a great-circle track, when anybody could see by a glance at a Mercator chart that such a track was a deep curve while the rhumb-line course was straight, and he would vaguely tell the inquisitive inquirer it was done to shorten the degrees. Yet he believed that his instinct was as trustworthy as the captain's carefully calculated reckoning, and he watched the captain and Mr. Adams deep in argument as he found a moment to take his attention from the card.

"Mr. Adams," Wandless was saying emphatically, "making full allowance for current and leeway, the ship cannot be less than fifty miles to windward o' the Ramirez, if I know my sums."

"The ship's very foul, sir," the mate argued. "The leeway she makes when the squalls let up is terrible."

"Even so, she cannot be so close as you want to make out unless the log is frozen and hasn't registered for a watch or two."

Spud Murphy blurted out: "'Twas the Ramirez I seen, sir, widout a doubt! I seen that hump o' disolation too offen to ——"

"Mind your steering, my man, and keep your opinions behind your teeth!" snapped the skipper, and Murphy shut up, contenting himself or solacing himself by slowly winking at the mate over the skipper's averted shoulder.

Captain Wandless entered the chart room, pored a while over the chart, then called to the mate to have the log hauled in and examined. When the rotator had been inspected and found freely working, the register opened and scrutinized for congealed lubricant, and the reckoning worked up again and carefully checked, the skipper told Mr. Adams to stream the log again and to keep the ship away half a point to free her wind.

"She'll sail faster and make less leeway," he remarked.

"If I was master I'd tack ship, sir," retorted the mate.

"Since ye're not, I'll request that you carry out my orders, Mr. Adams. Send Towhead to my cabin, please."

Captain Wandless went below with the strut of a fat turkey cock. When Towhead went to him he found the autocrat of the ship deeply immersed in a well-thumbed volume dealing with the effect of smut upon wheat—the autocrat of a big, deep-laden, hard-pressed square-rigged ship in a position of doubt off the most malignant coast in the world. "Sit down, son, and explain this to me," the skipper said. Towhead sat, not at all averse to finishing his watch on deck in such snug warmth and comfort. For an hour he answered questions. He explained minutely the process of sheep rearing. He went exhaustively into the problem of crop rotation; and the anguish of soul suffered by a hen who has been fooled into hatching ducklings.

"That's fine, Towhead, splendid!" the skipper exclaimed at the end.

He reached down a black bottle and poured a stiff second mate's nip of rum for his queer guest. Surely no guest could be queerer than a greenhorn farmer making an unprojected voyage to sea in a square-rigger, partaking of his captain's hospitality, liquid hospitality, in the captain's own sacred retreat.

"Drink, my son. Listen to me now. You don't like the sea, I can tell that ——"

"I like it a heap ——" Towhead began to cut in.

Wandless cut him off.

"You're a fine farmer. I never talked to any man who had a finer grasp of that fine profession. I'm about tired of the sea. I mean to put my savings into a farm after

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Twice Within Three Weeks the Combermere Sighted the Loom of the Horn

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A New National Anthem

AFTER many years of faithful service we are told the poor old Star-Spangled Banner won't do. Along with horses, dinosauria, harpsichords, ukuleles and monarchies, it has outlived its usefulness. Dulce et Decorum, Pro Patria Mori, and other correspondents have been clamoring in the newspapers for another anthem with somewhat more than the virtues of the present one and none of its defects. These defects, it now appears, are many. For one thing, say the critics, it contains words which cannot but offend one of our European neighbors. For another, it is set to the music of an old drinking song, which presumably violates the Eighteenth Amendment. Third, its range is so great that no one can sing it. Fourth, it contains no exalted sentiments peculiarly American. The new anthem must recount the achievements of America in the cause of peace, humanitarianism and other desirable objects. The critics are united on that.

But in spite of the deluge of letters, no one has as yet come forward with a substitute. It seems perfectly easy to rake the poets over the coals for not writing one, but when the poets reply with Augustus Thomas' historic "Such as, for instance ——" silence ensues.

With the feeling that some sort of start should be made, the following anthem is tentatively submitted. None of the music, so far as the author knows, has been adapted from any tune having even remotely to do with conviviality. The author hopes he has been successful in not offending any friendly foreign power, while upholding the glories of his native land. Here are the words of the suggested new anthem:

U. S. A., The Land of My Dreams

THOUGH other places on this earth
Deserve great admiration,
I give the country of my birth
My heartiest approbation.
The thesis I do not advance
That England, Iceland, Spain or France
In worth is less,
But I confess
This is my favorite nation.

Chorus

From Portland to Oconomowoc,
From Frisco to Manila Bay,
I give, through happy tears, three rousing, ringing cheers
For my own beloved U. S. A.
I love its rocks and rivers;
I love its woods and streams;
And till death do us part it will remain in my heart
U. S. A., the land of my dreams.

I love its high-class business men;
I love their cheery Hello's,
I'm wild about the Independ-
Ent Order of Odd Fellows;
Although of course I never would
Imply that there are not as good
Fraternal bands
In other lands—
I blow no braggart's bellows.

Chorus

When our Allies appeared afraid
That they might lose the Great War
We sent a million men to aid
And it became the late war.
Our brave associates did not shirk;
No, no! They all did real good work!
The fact I state
To demonstrate
What we've done to abate war.

Chorus

O land of Poe and Washington
And William Allen White, too,
Unfavorable comparison
You stand superior quite to.
To say I love you best may seem
In taste perhaps a bit extreme,
Yet I must vent
The sentiment—
I feel it's only right to!

Chorus

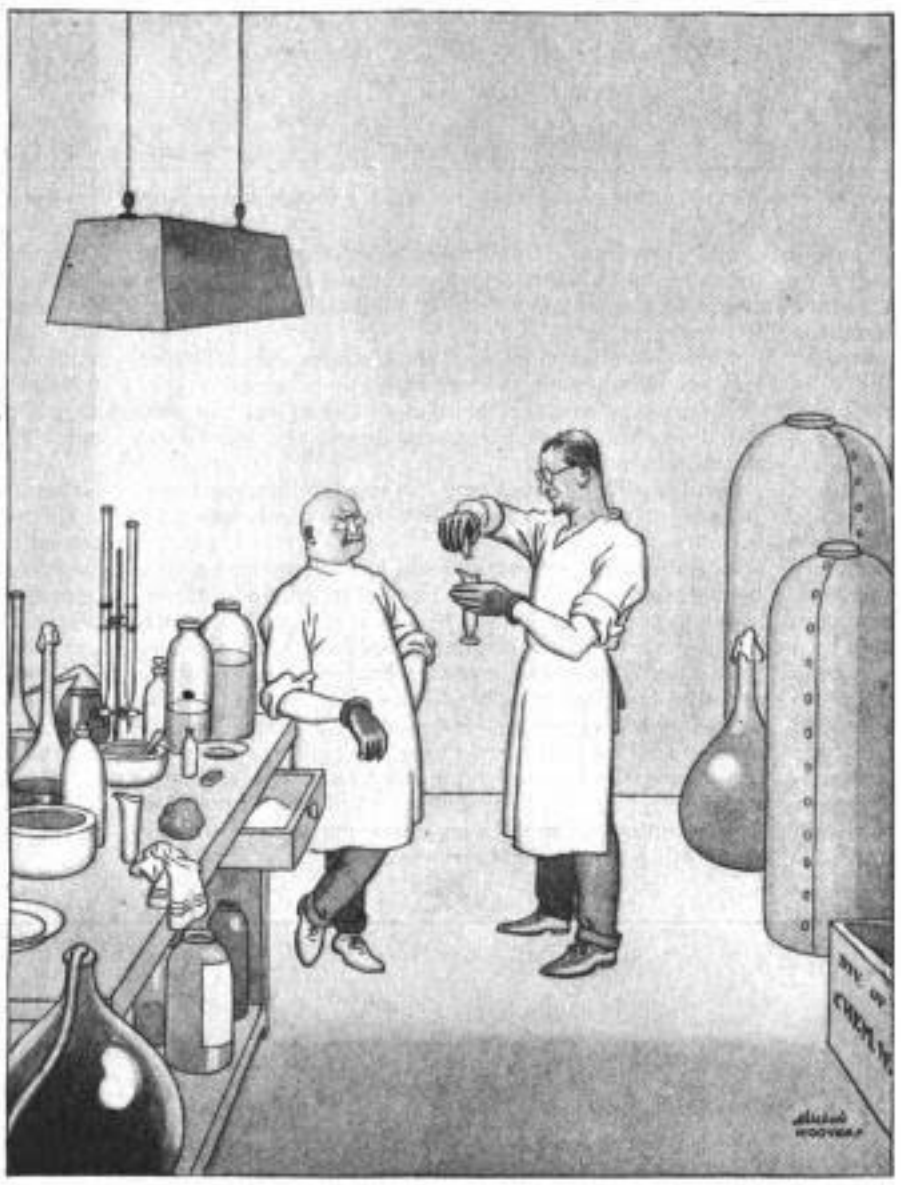
Surely nobody's feelings will be hurt if we adopt that.

—*Baron Ireland.*

Seven Days

THE colored steward on one of the army transports plying between San Francisco and Manila is noted from coast to coast for his immaculate cleanliness, his particular ship being known as the cleanest on the Pacific. Owing to the scarcity of bathrooms on board compared with the number of army officers and their wives that are carried, there is a set schedule for bathing. Each person, on being assigned a stateroom, is given a specified hour when he may have the use of a bath.

On one of the recent voyages from Manila the bath schedule, as it is known among the passengers, extended until late in the afternoon. It was the duty of our colored steward, whom we will call Sam because it is not his name, to notify each person as the time arrived for his or her bath.



Chemical Warfare Experimenter: "The Public Does Not Seem to Appreciate the Value of Our Invention Which Will Wipe Out a Whole Population"
Professor: "One Must Expect Opposition From the Reactionary Element, Major"

A very heated bridge game was in progress between four of the officers' wives. The stakes were high and there was a considerable gathering of interested spectators about the table.

Sam approached the gathering with dignity. Politely elbowing his way through the crowd he spoke to one of the ladies.

"Mis' Smith it's fo'-fifteen, which is de time fo' your bath," he announced.

Mrs. Smith turned around slowly. "Really, Sam, I can't leave the game just now." She smiled patronizingly at him. "Suppose we pass it up today?"

"But Mis' Smith," Sam objected, frowning, "dis am de seventh day what you-all done passed it up."

Sonnet

SWEETER your laugh than trill of lark at dawn.
As marble richly gleams, so shines your throat.
The grace of you would shame the pale young fawn;
Rather than walk, like silken down you float.
Lighter your touch than fall of April rain;
Cooler your cheek than petal washed with dew.
Whene'er you speak, all gladness and all pain
Speak also, in the throbbing voice of you.
Like blossom on its stem is poised your head,
Wrapped closely round about with fragrant bands.
As roses' passionate hearts, your mouth is red;
Like lilies in the wind, your long white hands.
Brighter the glance of you than summer star;
But, lady fair, how awful thick you are! —*D. Parker.*

Letters From a Self-Made Burglar

FROM John (Red) Hogan, No. 18742 Sing Sing, to his son John (Lefty) Hogan Jr., who is completing his education under private tutors in New York City.

April 4, 1922.

Dear Jack: Here I am again in stir doing my little three & a half flat which I wouldn't of been if that there dum Ike of a mouthpiece they give me had of been on the job & seen the cops first like I tell him to. Well Jack stick to your lessons so you can be a credit to the old man when he gets out. & dont go and get a swell bean every time you stick up a cigar store or two. Them cigar stores is good for to begin on for practice but I'd just as rather see you working for a living almost than sticking up them there cigar stores which aint no game for a self respecting yegg.

The old place aint the same no more. It dont seem like home. They have tennis games & movies & baseball here and I feel like I got in the wrong place by mistake.

Don't take no marked money.

Yrs respefully DAD.

II

Mr. Hogan Sr. has received information that John Jr.'s studies are not progressing favorably.

April 19, 1922.

Dear Jack: When the old woman was here last week she tells me you plugged one of them bulls in your gettaway from that Wm st job. Well Jack youre a kid yet & you got to sow your wild oats I suppose but take a tip from the old man & go easy with the gat. A hunk of lead slipped in a handkerchief can do the job clean & quiet & they aint no comeback for concealed weapons if the bulls frisk you in the street.

They elected me treasurer of the Welfare League here which is a dam fool job because they aint no money in it except token money which you cant buy nothing with. Tell the old woman to send me them silk shirts she lifted for me in Munnymakers because they all wear them here. Yrs till Pearl St goes straight, DAD.

III

Mr. Hogan Sr. learns that John Jr. has temporarily discontinued his studies under private tuition and has matriculated at a large educational institution.

May 7, 1922.

Dear Jack: So they got you did they. Well them things has to happen like a babys getting the measles and youll learn more in the Tombs in a week than you could of learned outside in a year. Tell the gang never mind about getting you no mouthpiece tell them to get you bail & the hell with a mouthpiece. Six months out on bail is better than fourteen lawyers & if you can get bail & get out them bulls will forget their middle name in a month. Thats how I beat that National Bank Case. When we got in court a year after we pulled that job the cops & the witnesses & me was all perfect strangers.

Tell the old woman to try to pick up a couple pairs of white flannel pants for me as lots of the boys wear them here in the summer.

Dont do no talking. DAD.

From the Salome Sun

IF THE subscribers to the Sun, both of them, will overlook its being late this time I will try not to let it happen again. It happened this way. I grubstaked Chuckawalla Slim awhile ago to prospect for me over in the Eagle Tails and last week I went down to see how he was getting along. There was nothing in sight around camp except the two burros, so I went up to the tent, thinking maybe Slim had left a note there for me. I peeked in through the flaps and there was Slim on his back fast asleep, snoring away with

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OPERA GUYED

By Newman Levy

Samson and Delilah

'TWAS in the land of Palestine, for so the stories state,
Young Samson met all comers and whipped any man his weight.
He never missed a chance to fight;
He swung a mean and wicked right,
Although at Gaza, one dark night,
They say he got the gate.

Delilah was the loveliest of all the local vamps,
And on young Samson's form she cast her large alluring lamps.
"I love a manly man," she'd say.
Her work was clever for her day,
Till Samson fell the same old way
As many other champs.

"Don't think that I'm inquisitive," she said. "You got me wrong.
But tell your own Delilah, Sam, what makes you big and strong."
He said, "My strength is in my hair.
I've never seen a barber's chair.
No man can lick me while I wear
My hair and whiskers long."

So late that night Delilah did a most artistic job.
"I really hate to trim this guy," she murmured with a sob.
She started with an oil shampoo,
She clipped his beard and mustache too,
His curly locks she gave a new
And fashionable bob.

Next morning Sam awoke and found he'd scarcely strength to rise.
"That jane has played a dirty trick!" he said in some surprise.
"I'm off these Oriental queens,
I must cut out these bedroom scenes ——"
Just then in dashed the Philistines
And burned out both his eyes.

They dragged him to their temple and they bound him fast in chains,
And all the local boys dropped in, and all the local janes.
"You ought to trim your hair a bit,"
They said, "and put a wave in it."
Those natives had a pretty wit,
Though somewhat shy on brains.

Then Samson grabbed the pillars of the temple on each side,
And with a mighty push he sent the columns flying wide.
The roof came tumbling on his head,
The Philistines were all knocked dead.
"Well, that brought down the house," he said
And turned around and died.

Lohengrin

IN THE first act Wagner tells about the sad affairs of Elsa.
Young, and fair too, she was heir to
All the Duchy of Brabant.
People said somehow or other she had murdered her young brother,
But she claimed her folks had framed her
And the whole thing was a plant.

Now of quite another sort—rude, mean and envious—was Ortrud.
She had wed a count named Fred, a
Man of most unpleasant traits.
And though nothing was absurder, yet they'd framed this charge of murder.
Elsa's land, too, they had planned to
Seize, and all her large estates.

On the morning of the trial, on a grassy plain near by, a
Lot of swells await poor Elsa,
The defendant, to appear.
Now, at last, she comes arrayed in spotless white, a lonely maiden,
Bows politely to the knightly
Crowd and murmurs, "Well, I'm here."

Loud the trumpets blow their fanfares, but no knight or other man fares
Forth in splendor to defend her,
And poor Elsa's doom seems sealed;
But behold there in the distance speeds a knight to her assistance,
Crying, "On, bo!" to his swan boat
As he hastens toward the field.

Out he leaps, his weapon flashing through the air, and Fred falls crashing.
Though unhurt he's bruised and dirty,
But the victor's calm and cool.
Says the knight to Fred, "Now beat it. On your way or I'll repeat it,
But the next time, if I'm vexed, I'm
Going to knock you for a gool."

"Kid, you're there," says Elsa sweetly, "and I'll say you done that neatly.
I can't pay you for the way you
Crowned that great big piece of cheese.
Let's get spliced tomorrow morning." "Done!" he says.
"But heed my warning:
Never seek to make me speak to
Tell you what my name is, please."

So in time their troth is plighted, and the happy pair, united,
Seek seclusion from intrusion
In the quiet of their room.
But in come the neighbors flocking to their bedroom without knocking,
Friends and cousins by the dozens
Serenade the bride and groom.

But when all the merry-hearted serenaders have departed,
Elsa queries, "Tell me, dearie,
Who you are and what's your name?
Seems to me it's rather shameless for a wife to go round nameless.
No grass widow am I, kiddo,
Nor a Lucy Stone League dame."

Says her husband, rather gloomy, "Well, you've broke your promise to me.
I'll bet no man's wedding romance
Ever busted up so soon.
Since you've asked my name of course you realize I must divorce you.
Kid, I'm through, so pack your trousseau,
This concludes our honeymoon."

At these words a noise is heard. A roughneck band intent on murder
Quickly dash in, bandit fashion,
And attack the unknown knight.
"Curse you, Fred!" he cries. "No pup shall safely interrupt my nuptials!"
Then he grabs him, calmly stabs him,
Kills Count Fred and ends the fight.

To the plain comes Elsa grieving for her knight who now is leaving.
Clad in mail he glitters gayly
As he nears the fateful spot.
"Well," he says, "my name is Lohengrin; not Murphy, Smith nor Cohen.
And your brother is no other
Than the bird that pulls my yacht."

So the lad, restored by magic, ends this drama sad and tragic.
Elsa, crying, falls back dying,
But her knight just leaves her flat.
Any man who acts so formal toward his wife is not quite normal—
No sane guy'd forsake his bride for
Such a silly cause as that.

Pelleas and Melisande

COMPARED with this a grave or tomb
Would seem extremely jolly.
This opus takes the prize for gloom
And dismal melancholy.
A most unhappy man, I think,
Must be the author, Maeterlinck.

Beside a dark, depressing pond,
While hunting to beguile him,
Prince Golo came on Melisande,
Just out of an asylum.
At least when she began to speak
'Twas clear her intellect was weak.

The maiden started with a cry,
Exclaiming, "Pray don't harm me."
Said Golo, "Be my bride, for I
Am also slightly barmy.
I think you'll like my folks. In fact
My whole damned family is cracked."

I doubt if ever had a bride
A gloomier homecoming.
No sunlight reached the house. Beside,
There wasn't any plumbing.
Said she, "A morgue would be more cheerful."
He answered, "Mel, you said an earful."

Their honeymoon was brief, alas,
For as the season wore on
She fell in love with Pelleas,
A handsome low-grade moron,
Her husband's younger brother, who,
Though witless, had the wit to woo.

At night she'd loose her golden hair
From out her window casement
To Pelly, who was standing there
Downstairs, outside the basement.
And as he grabbed her silken tresses
He'd smother them with warm caresses.

They'd meet each other every day
In dank unpleasant places,
And in an imbecilic way
Indulge in chaste embraces.

(Continued on Page 150)



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 7, 1922

What the Public Stands For

IT IS far from simple to say how much the public is willing to endure, or should endure, in the way of inconvenience, loss and suffering in times of conflict between employers and employes. In the historical perspective of any specific strike certain rules or principles seem to stand out, but who knows whether they will apply on the next similar occasion? Yet no settlement of the industrial question can be of more value than the assurance of a righteous public attitude toward labor disputes.

Such portions of the population as are not directly involved in any particular strike rarely understand the points at issue. Many people on the outside express violent opinions one way or the other, but in most cases it will be found that these opinions are based on prejudices rather than on knowledge of the facts. But no matter how wide the area of conflict there are usually millions of decent citizens who are lacking even opinions and prejudices, who are merely troubled and perhaps annoyed by the evidence of bad feeling among the contestants and the possible discomfort to themselves.

It is no simple matter to balance right and wrong in a great strike. To what extent these disturbances are due to mere childish ignorance and groundless passions is a serious question. In most strikes there is an emotional element devoid of thought and calculation, quite divorced from wisdom and the best interests of labor. Many a workingman has given as the only reason for striking, the fact that he couldn't support a family on what he was getting, and has then been obliged to support them on nothing at all for many months, although any disinterested observer might have told him at the start that he couldn't win.

Nor is it easy to determine how much of the red element enters into numerous strikes. Naturally the union chiefs seek to minimize this idea in the public mind. There is no doubt that radical leaders seek to make capital out of every strike, and at times they sow enough discontent among portions of the rank and file to compel even the more conservative leaders to call strikes which seem to them unwise. Whatever its numerical strength the radical element is naturally the noisy, fighting group, and often succeeds in stirring up trouble despite the desire of larger numbers of quieter workers to be let alone.

Then, too, the public outside cannot be quite sure whether union leadership is always wise and disinterested, any more than it can be certain of the same qualities among employers. Leaders of great bodies of men, deferred to by statesmen and living daily in much the same light that beats about the throne, easily lose their sense of proportion, just as the heads of large business enterprises do at times. It would not be strange if such labor leaders became imbued with the idea that they are more important than anyone else in the country, and better fitted to run its industries. At any rate the public suspects that the desire to be great among their followers may drive labor leaders on to a constant stirring up of industrial dispute.

All this is but one side of the shield. Strikes may be the employers' fault. Not a few employers lack real qualities of industrial leadership, and the public has long suspected this to be true in a number of cases. There may be, there surely has been in the past, enough graft, waste and inefficiency in many trades to warrant labor leaders in challenging the power and wisdom of employers. The public knows there are employers who get along pretty much without strikes, even without unions, and often in close enough harmony with their men to satisfy the most critical. Why, then, are there not more such employers?

Or it may be in a few cases that employers welcome strikes as an opportunity to smash the unions; or even in certain disgusting instances as an opening for a corrupt collusion with the workers to exploit the public.

Only the superficial will fail to perceive how hard the public is put to it at times to separate right from wrong. There are labor leaders who would sneer at this contention on the ground that strikes must always be right, since they are in the interest of the people. This identification of organized-labor warfare with the people's interest may sound well in a platform speech, but it does not stand the cold daylight of facts.

Mr. Gompers often points out that the public and labor are not separate, but that organized labor even when engaged in strikes is part of the public. This, of course, is true, but everyone knows that organized labor is a comparatively small part of the general public. But what is of more importance is the fact that great portions of the population have no natural sympathy with the methods so commonly employed by organized labor to win its ends or anything to gain by them.

To think of organized labor, or even of labor that from the unionist's viewpoint is theoretically capable of organization, on the one hand, and capital on the other, as alone constituting society, is at once a baseless and vicious fallacy. To think of the American people as made up solely of a few bloated plutocrats, and many organized laborers who get ahead in the world only by strikes, picketing and similar weapons, is the last word in falsity, and yet no picture is more commonly drawn.

It takes no account of the farmers, who are at once capitalists and laborers, and who constitute the largest single portion of the population. It takes no account of millions engaged in marketing and other forms of distribution, which in a highly organized modern society is almost if not quite as important a work as production. It takes no account of other millions who work hard at varied tasks and perform services of the utmost value, but who neither sympathize with nor gain from strike methods.

Thus it is clear that however much the public may be puzzled by the right or wrong involved in strikes it will never in the long run in this country tolerate the assumption that organized and fighting labor covers the whole map. Nor will it knowingly and consciously surrender the principle that the most effective discontent within the breasts of men is that with themselves rather than with their surroundings.

In this country it has always been true, and it is true now for the large majority, that the surest way to obtain a living wage is to improve the quality of one's work and to qualify for tasks of still greater value to society. There may be men and women so handicapped, so ignorant, that no change in the character of their employment from childhood to age is possible. But though they are entitled to fight if need be for their fair share of the national income, there can be nothing but abhorrence of the doctrine that most individuals can get ahead in the world only by means of strikes, sabotage, violence and the threat of revolution.

It is a false and cruel misrepresentation of the facts to hold that all who oppose group warfare in the form of strikes are necessarily capitalistic in their viewpoint. The public as a whole has no sympathy whatever for capitalistic abuses. Witness the outcry against profiteering in the last few years. The public fears and suspects greed and arrogant behavior upon the part of any group, whether employers or labor unions. It detests the profiteering of capital, but it detests no less the brutal disregard of others' rights so often shown by organized labor in its strikes.

Above all, the public feels, if it does not openly express, nothing but aversion to any doctrine that tends to destroy the characteristic quality of individual initiative which has made this nation great. It may believe in minimum wages, but it does not, it cannot believe in anything like standardized or uniform wages for vast numbers of workers. It knows that the decline of the republic surely dates from that day when men cease to be individuals, each seeking to improve his own lot, and become mere numbers and units in one big union.

Young men have always been told to work and save, to practice temperance, prudence and frugality. They have been urged to acquire training, knowledge and wisdom. No one has ever questioned such advice. Yet if young men take this course and reap the natural rewards thereof they find themselves responsible for their fellows who took the easier way, while these latter are not responsible for anybody, not even for themselves.

A countryman by the hardest kind of work from boyhood to late middle life finally acquired a reasonable competence, his chief business activity taking the form of general storekeeping. Yet he is expected to extend credit to worthless young men who, when they get a little money together as the result of feeble efforts at work, rush off on a fishing or hunting trip in a newly acquired automobile instead of paying their back grocery bills.

This petty illustration of what has been so common a relation between the competent and the incompetent in every age and every land may seem a far cry from the great industrial conflicts. But men are simply not going to do the work of the world, they will live to see the hard-won progress of centuries lost and civilization itself in decay, if they get the idea that through the force of sufficient numbers and bold enough leaders they can compel for themselves an ever-rising scale of living regardless of whether they earn and deserve such rewards.

Wages of millions of men cannot long be kept up by fiat, by pitiless coercion, by levying blackmail upon the community under threat of what amounts to civil war, except at the cost of industrial disintegration. The growth of national wealth has brought many increases in real wages for all workers, and it is to be hoped that the upward trend continues. Or the individual worker can raise his wages by fitting himself for more valuable work. But the very mainspring that has produced the growth of wealth will be broken if efforts ever succeed in this country to get all men into groups where they are assured of more or less equal and sufficient incomes regardless of their natural competence and achievements.

In its decision last June on shopmen's wages the Railroad Labor Board in speaking of living costs said that these could not be standardized any more than men can be standardized. "One man will consume his income and find himself continually in debt while another man with the same income and under identical conditions will live in equal comfort and accumulate savings."

The public certainly will not stand for any movement in this country that seriously proposes on a broad national scale to destroy the incentives to work and progress. We are doomed to the same universal filth and poverty as Russia if the doctrine of equal pay for unequal work takes a deep hold.

Any man is entitled to make the most of himself he can without hindrance from anybody. But if what the parlor radicals call the "aspiration" expressed in the great strikes is founded on the belief that any man is entitled to a government or other guaranty that he shall make as much of himself as somebody else makes of himself, then the American experiment in democracy and happiness is in very real danger.

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BEVERIDGE—By Samuel G. Blythe

YOUTH was not exactly a misdemeanor in the United States Senate prior to the beginning of the twentieth century—not quite a crime; but it was sternly to be deprecated, as a social error is frowned upon; something that is not done.

So when Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, aged the preposterously few years of thirty-seven, burst into that dignified circle in 1899, with credentials of full and indisputable membership in his hand conferred by the imperial commonwealth of Indiana, he was looked at askance by the ablest group of askancers our history records. Grim graybeards sat in patriarchal rows about the place and gave the young man the senectitudinous and discountenancing once-over—Morgan, Pettus, J. P. Jones, Platt of Connecticut, Cullom, Allison, Hoar, Hale, Frye, Cockrell, Vest, Stewart, Chandler, Carter, Gallinger, Teller, Quay, Daniel, Aldrich—elder statesmen all—assayed the juvenile interloper from beneath bushy and silvered eyebrows, and disapproved.

Things, it would seem, had come to a lax and lamentable pass when a mere stripling of thirty-seven could gain entrance to this venerable tribunal, contrary to the tradition and practice of a hundred years. It was disturbing. It was impudent. It was dashed annoying, and not to be endured without protest. Adolescence had no place there. This was the seat of the seniors. This was the forum of the sages. Out upon this boy, who, taking a long running jump from Indianapolis, landed in their ancient midst and cried, "Well, grandsires, youth is here and must be served!"

Solomons of the Senate

THERE was a real Senate—Morgan, of prophetic vision, who saw that Hawaii must come under our flag long before his fellows, and fought unceasingly for an interoceanic canal when all others jeered at the project as chimerical; Pettus, a character out of the pioneer days, wise and witty; John P. Jones, of Nevada, an Argonaut of '49; Platt, of Connecticut, the wisest and ablest senator of his generation; Cullom, of Illinois, contributing a shrewd experience of service since 1883; Allison, of Iowa, the great expediter and composer of parliamentary, legislative and political difficulties and differences; Hoar, of Massachusetts, who incarnated the spirit of the New England fathers; the saturnine Hale and the politic Frye, of Maine; Cockrell and Vest, of Missouri, the one the calm and studious senator who was the encyclopedia of procedure and fountain of information on all measures that came up for action, and the other the showy and satiric debater and orator; Stewart, of Nevada, big, ruddy, whiskered like Santa Claus and fighting always for the West; Chandler, of New Hampshire, fragile, agile, able, fearless and waspish; and Gallinger, his colleague, the incomparable party wheel horse; the pyrotechnic and gifted Foraker, of Ohio; the silver-tongued Daniel, of Virginia; Teller, who came when Colorado was admitted as a state and who helped immeasurably in the development of the Rocky Mountain region; Carter, of Montana, potent in debate, brilliant in mind and beloved by all; Bate, Bacon, Clay and Pitchfork Tillman, of the South; Proctor, of Vermont; McMillan and Burrows, of Michigan; Spooner, of Wisconsin, the great lawyer and powerful advocate; and, in command, the most efficient leader the Senate ever has had, Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, then the boss of the United States.

They are all dead now, but they were alive then; and the depth of their deprecation over this Beveridgerian irruption into their sage deliberations was equaled only by the studied dignity of their demonstration of it. They made no protest that was audible. They were scrupulously formal in their greetings. They received the youthful Hoosier austerely. They gave him a desk, put him on a few committees, handed him a copy of the Senate rules, inserted his name in the roll call between the names of Berry, of Arkansas, and Burrows, of Michigan, told him to clap his hands together when he needed the services of a page and turned to the Solomonic consideration of other things.

Privately, no doubt, some friendly and neighborly soul like Carter, whose sense of humor was too strong to break under the massive dignity of the body, took the youth from Indiana aside and talked with him, saying that it was the immemorial custom of the Senate that new senators, one of which Beveridge was in two ways—both as to nativity and service—should be seen, not heard, and should vote always as the leaders of their party directed. In a couple of years, or such a matter, it would be all right for the newcomer to submit a few remarks on some innocuous topic, but not before. What was expected of a new senator was silence, respect for his elders, attention to their counsel, support of their measures and unfailing regularity in his votes. No more.

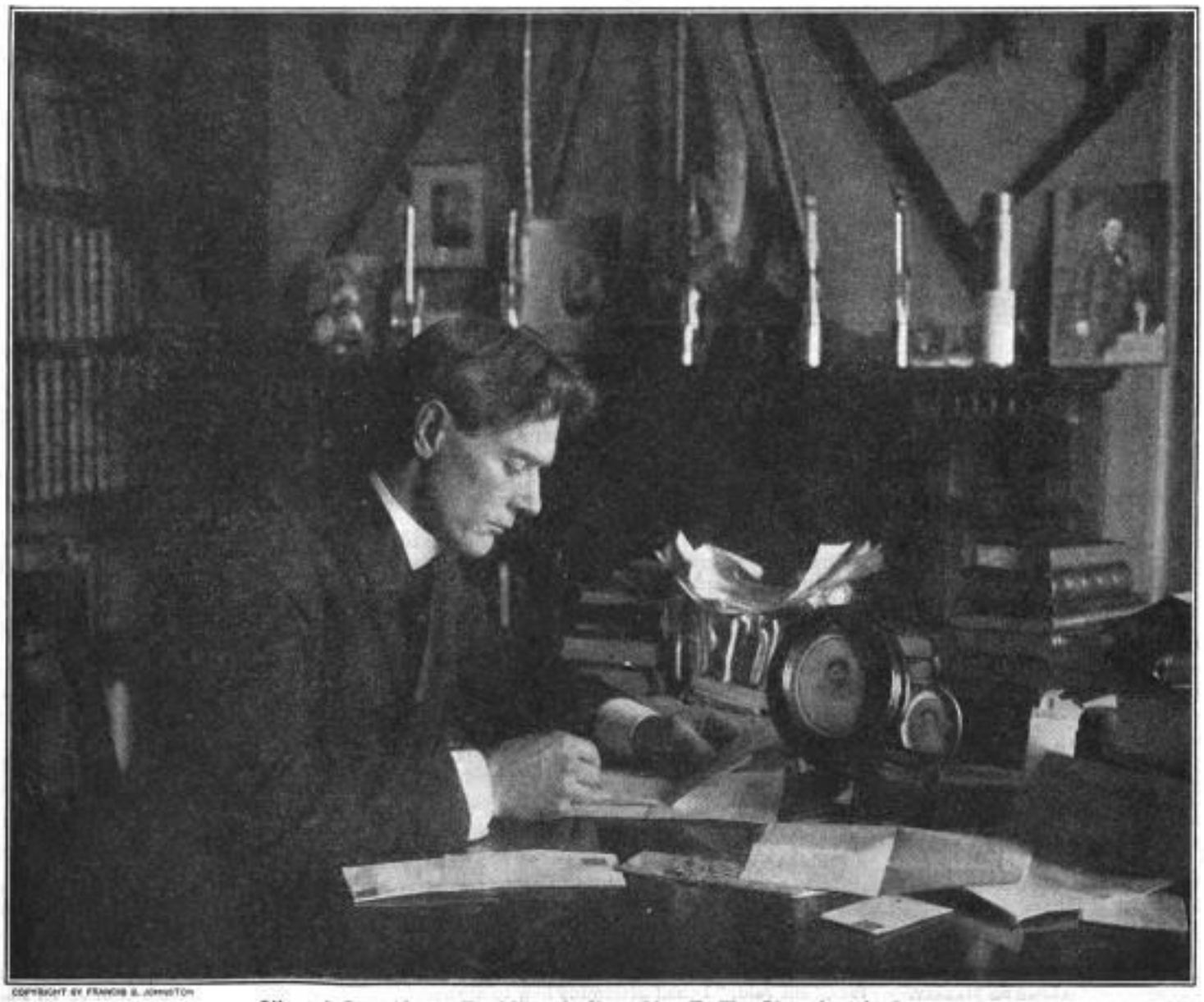
All senatorial and party affairs were in competent hands and being carried out according to precedent, tradition and the necessities of the situation, and no adolescent aid was needed or desired. The only vocal demonstration welcomed or wanted from the new member was a clear and ringing aye when any old gentleman of his party was seeking to put something across, and an equally vibrant nay when any of the opposition had similar designs, unless, as might happen now and then, there had been a deal between the elders of one side and the elders of the other, when he would get his orders from the leader, or the party whip.

It was at this period of our history when there was great political tumult over the Philippines. Shall we keep them? No! thundered many of the sages. Shall we keep them? Yes! thundered others. Shall the United States abandon her traditional position in the world and become recklessly imperialistic? Yes—or no! Tons of eloquence furnished by each side. Big guns shooting continuously. George Frisbie Hoar calling the roll of the Presidents and proving that not a durned one of them would have kept the islands. John Coit Spooner proving absolutely that no American worthy of the name, from G. Washington to any one of Nature's noblemen—that is, any citizen of the land of the free and the home of the brave—at the moment—or ever—possessing the inestimable privilege of American suffrage, would have let them go, or now would hearken to so monstrous a proposition. And so on. It all seems silly now, but it was hot stuff then, and the fate of the republic, its very life, hung trembling in the balance. On the one hand we were due to go down to desolation and destruction like ancient Rome; on the other hand we were to fill our dazzling destiny; on both hands we were all nervous and excited and fearful and torn up about it. It was fierce.

A Tidal Wave of Oratory

LIKEWISE, there was vast clamor over Porto Rico, and Guam, and Cuba. The United States had a whole flock of insular entanglements, engagements, acquisitions and obligations; and the United States, not having been in the wholesale island business before, did not know exactly what to do with them or for them or to them, and the less so because these islands were Latin in temperament and quite casual in their new allegiances. So the Congress fussed and talked and planned and theorized and harked back to the fathers and harked forward to the new outposts and what they would mean as a polish for our already resplendent glory; and the Constitution followed the flag, or didn't, according to one's views on the subject; and the glass ceilings of the Senate Chamber rattled every afternoon under the impact of the perfervid language let loose beneath them concerning these various phases of our progress of the moment, or of our backsliding of the moment—that also depending on one's views.

Well, during this hullabaloo, this welter of declamation, this tidal wave of oratory, these brandings of miscreants who sought to default on our heaven-sent national obligations and tarnish the fair fame of our country by abandoning the little brown brother or the little Latin brother to his fate, and these excoriations of those imperialistically un-American Americans who would bring down our country to its ruin by not only straying but hop-skip-and-jumping away from the policies of the fathers which made us what we are—during all this



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Albert J. Beveridge in His Office the Year After He Was Elected to the Senate

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BACKBONE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

VI

CHOW CHEK KEN rapped on Yvonne's door to inform her that dinner was served. At first she was of a mind to decline to go down to the dining room, to quit the sanctuary of her own apartment. To sit across the table from Anthony Bracken for the duration of a meal was an ordeal she did not care to face. She disliked Bracken, as a child she had disliked him, and of that, in the imperious manner which had been hers from infancy, she had given him ample and convincing evidence. It was pride which compelled her now. She was in her own house, her grandfather's house. It was her table to which she was going, and she would not permit herself to be excluded from it by an underling—a species of poor relation. She had never regarded Bracken as important. That he occupied a place in her grandfather's business life she knew, but how important this position was she had never cared to inquire. Always she viewed him as a dependent, a sort of hanger-on, tolerated because of his relation to De Marsay's second wife. Now he had taken on added stature. He had become suddenly important in her considerations. This was, first, because he had assumed authority over her, and, secondly, because he possessed the secret and the confidence of her grandfather.

Bracken was admitted to her grandfather's presence while she was excluded. Whatever communication André de Marsay had with the world outside the room in which he lay so mysteriously ill was through the medium of Bracken. It was an intolerable condition, and it was in a spirit of proud rebellion that she descended the stairs to take her place at the head of the dinner table. She was motivated by a desire to put Bracken in his place.

The man stood waiting for her at the door of the dining room, his banker's face carefully arranged and set to exhibit no emotion. Yvonne disliked his face, though it was not unpleasant in its lines or expressions. It was a material face. There was nothing about it to arouse interest or to cause the casual beholder to wonder what was going on behind Bracken's gray eyes. One knew what was going on—some makeshift for accumulating or for saving money. Yvonne bowed to him coldly and took her place.

"I am told," said Bracken, "that you had a caller this afternoon."

"Indeed?" said Yvonne.

"I am not speaking for myself," said he, "but for your grandfather."

"I would prefer that grandfather spoke for himself."

"Nevertheless," said Bracken, and his tone was one of finality, "I am speaking for him."

"And I," said Yvonne, "decline to listen to any message coming to me through yourself. If my grandfather wishes to say anything to me let him do so."

"That is impossible. I foresaw, however, that you might take this difficult attitude, and therefore hand you this direct communication."

He arose, passed around the table and placed before her a folded sheet of note paper. Yvonne opened it and saw a few lines of straggling handwriting, evidently penned by a hand that trembled, but recognizable, nevertheless, as the work of her grandfather. She read it:

My dear granddaughter: Welcome home. I forbid you to speak of me or my illness to any person whatsoever.

Your grandfather,

ANDRÉ DE MARSAY.



She Turned Furiously to Face the Indian, Jean

She read it and reread it. It was a strange message to come to her from the old man upstairs, for always he had been proud of her, delighting in her loveliness, lavishing upon her in his proud old way the affection of his heart. But here was no affection. Here was only a formal welcome home after an absence of a year—and a curt command.

She crumpled the paper and pressed her lips together to prevent their trembling from becoming visible.

"He makes himself clear, I trust," said Bracken.

"Incomprehensibly clear," she said.

He looked puzzled a moment at her paradox, but such conversational gymnastics were beyond his scope.

"In that case," he said, "we will revert to your caller. Did he inquire after your grandfather?"

"Naturally."

"What did you tell him?"

Her eyes flashed. "I will not be questioned!" she said sharply. "What I say to a young man or what he says to me during a purely social conversation is nobody's business—not even my grandfather's."

"Why did he call on you?" Bracken persisted.

"Probably," said Yvonne, "because he wanted to."

"I'm sorry you can't be reasonable. This is more important than you imagine. Your grandfather will want to know exactly what passed between you and this man Thorne."

"When he makes any such outrageous demand to my face," she said, "I shall determine how to answer."

"Very well. I am directed to tell you to have no further communication with Thorne. Orders have already been given to Jean not to admit him to the house again."

"Do you mean I am forbidden to speak with Mr. Thorne again?"

"That was your grandfather's wish."

"In the first place, I don't believe it. I don't believe my grandfather would send such a word to me. But if he did, you may carry this message back to him: I shall see and speak to Mr. Thorne whenever I wish about anything I wish. Please be so good as not to refer to the matter again."

Bracken addressed himself to his food, grimly angry. His face flushed and his hand was unsteady as he lifted a glass of water to his lips, but he did not venture to reply. Yvonne's cheeks flamed, then paled. She was angry through and through, and as the seconds passed her anger increased.

"Anthony Bracken," she said, "I don't like you. I never did like you. We may as well reach a final understanding. I do not know why my grandfather refuses to see me, nor why he has selected you as his go-between. But this you may make clear to him: I will take no orders or directions from a parasite and a hanger-on. Whatever authority he may have delegated to you in his business, I shall tolerate nothing of the sort in this house. Here I am mistress. I have no right to ask you to leave this house in which he has permitted you to live as a member of his family. If I felt I had the right I should do so immediately. But this I have the right to do—to regulate the affairs of the house so that I do not have to meet you or speak to you. You will indicate the hours at which you wish your meals, and they will be served to you. I shall not insist upon their being served in the kitchen."

He pushed back his chair and stood up, face red, lips trembling.

"You—you ——"

"If you speak one word to me which gives me sufficient reason," she said, "I will have your belongings moved out of the house, and you after them."

Bracken clenched his hands and thrust them into his pockets. By an effort he mastered his voice.

"You are not mistress here," he said. "Your grandfather's condition makes it necessary that this house should be under my control. The servants must take their orders from me. I have selected and hired them. They will look to me for instructions."

Yvonne was imperious, impetuous, but she had been reared in an atmosphere which had bestowed upon her a natural unconscious dignity. Even in her most exuberant moments the dignity was visible. It was not the stiff-necked dignity of the spinster head of an exclusive girls' school; it was more gracious than that. It was not so much a manner as a consciousness. It came from the knowledge that she was a De Marsay, and that no De Marsay must conduct himself in an unworthy or plebeian manner. Members of the family might be eccentric, even fantastic. They might permit themselves vagaries, and indulge in extravagances—but they might never be common.

In this moment she was tested. It would have been a simple matter to have flown into a rage; to have tossed dignity to the four winds of heaven; to have descended to the level of the *canaille*. The impulse was there to behave like a very, very bad little girl, but she held it in check. She, too, arose from the table.

(Continued on Page 34)

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

We'll show the world with flag unfurled
The reason we're the winner.
To play the game just speak this name
When buying soup for dinner!





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Plenty of home runs where Campbell's Soups are served. They're a hit with the men always. Ask any of your friends. They'll tell you Campbell's are just right for the home plate. Try Campbell's Tomato today—lunch or dinner. See how great it tastes and how it speeds up your appetite.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

has a tonic, delicious flavor that makes you remember it and have it over and over again. From the ripe, tempting tomatoes the Campbell's chefs use only the pure juices and rich, "fruity" parts strained to a smooth puree, blended with choice butter and nicely spiced. You'll say it's your "favorite"! Order some today.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Do you like tasty tomato sauce?

Campbell's Tomato Soup is used for a great variety of dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Just try it for your meats and salads, spaghetti, rice, eggs and vegetables. Of course it makes the most delicious Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 32)

"I leave the dining room to you," she said. "Hereafter my meals will be served to me in my room."

His manner became conciliatory, a business man who saw the mistaken policy of open conflict. Also he was not at ease, for he knew the De Marsays and guessed at what unexpectedness Yvonne might be capable of if pushed to the wall.

"I'm sorry," he said. "This is not my doing."

"Whether or not it is your doing," she said, "it is unbearable."

"Can't we keep up at least a semblance of friendship?" he asked. "We are compelled to share this house. Why create a state of open warfare?"

"It is created," she said. "There can be nothing but warfare between you and me. I shall never rest until I have made my grandfather send you away."

"I have served your grandfather faithfully. He has given me his confidence," said Bracken.

"I am not chargeable with grandfather's mistakes," she said.

"Yvonne, you are your grandfather's heiress. Some day you will own all the De Marsay properties. When that time comes you will need a man familiar with the business, capable of carrying it on for you. It has been your grandfather's intention that I should be that man."

She paused an instant before replying, holding him with her eyes, and in them he read scorn, and a hostility that nothing could overcome.

"When that day comes," she said, "my first act will be your discharge."

Once in her room she sank into a chair and sat quivering. She was intelligent, more than ordinarily intelligent, and she appreciated her helplessness. There was nothing she could do, no way by which she could reach her grandfather to expostulate with him. Yet she was determined not to remain quiescent, not to acquiesce in a situation that was intolerable. Rightfully she was mistress of this house, had always been its unquestioned mistress. Now, in circumstances that bewildered her, she was ousted, dethroned. She felt like the victim of some revolution, a petty sovereign deprived of rank and place.

That her grandfather should have shut himself in his room because of illness or whim did not astonish her. He was capable of that. Once before, when boils had made him unsightly, he had done as much. It did not give her ground for fear that he refused to see her, for she was a woman, even though his granddaughter, and old André de Marsay's vanity was grotesque. What troubled her was the disappearance of old trusted servants. That was unlike De Marsay, who gave to his retainers even greater loyalty than they gave to him. The employment of Doc Roper, whom she knew her grandfather despised, was another circumstance to add to her bewilderment.

She endeavored to think it out; to form some plan of action. The only possible solution was that illness had made De Marsay senile, and that Bracken was working upon that senility for purposes of his own. She was not frightened. Nothing seemed to threaten her. She was angry—and a little suspicious. And, being young and extraordinarily healthy, she was hungry. A faint sound attracted her attention. She listened. It came again—an almost imperceptible scratching on the panel of her door, like a long finger nail rasping against the wood.

"Who is there?" she demanded.

"Missee open door," said Chow Chek Ken in a guarded voice.

She turned the key and looked into the hall. There stood the young Chinaman, smiling his placid smile, holding a tray covered with a napkin.

"Bling missee dinner," he said.

"Did Mr. Bracken send you?"

"Nobody send. Come. Food b'long you. You hungly?" He asked the question hopefully. "I look-see. Cabbage Face no watch. Mr. Boss, he go out. I makum chop, catchum blead. You eat."

"You're sure Mr. Bracken didn't send you?"

"He knockum eight bells outa me, him know," said Ken.

She motioned him in, and he busied himself setting out the meal he had prepared for her, on a sewing table.

"You eat quick. I take dishes back," he said.

She studied his face, more surprised at this seeming kindness than by anything that had gone before. His face exhibited nothing but a smiling placidity. She suspected some effort at conciliation underlay the apparent thoughtfulness. Even though the Chinaman denied it, she suspected he had been ordered to bring her food by Bracken. Why, otherwise, had he done so?

He was a creature of Bracken's, hired by the man, subject to his orders. Undoubtedly he had picked well and carefully for his purpose. That it was an independent act of friendliness toward her she did not believe. That Chow Chek Ken was, in a minor matter, befriending her and deceiving his employer, she did not credit. Nevertheless, she ate the chop and drank the tea.

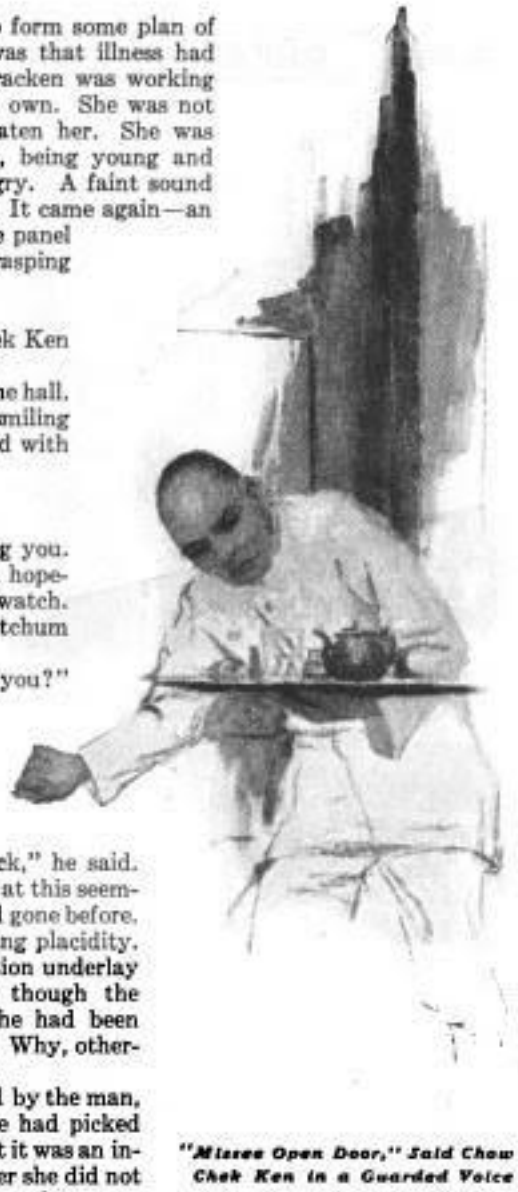
"Missee want somet'ing sometime, she say Ken," he told her. "Cabbage Face, him watch, watch, watch. All time him watch. No likum Cabbage Face."

"Thank you, Ken," she said.

He took up the tray and left the room. She watched him traverse the hall and disappear down the back stairs; then, moved by impulse, she tiptoed softly to her grandfather's door. There she stood motionless, her ear against the panel, listening. There came no sound from within, no creaking of springs under the restless movement of a sufferer, no muttering, no moan or heavy breathing—nothing but silence.

"Grandfather!" she called softly. "Grandfather!"

A hand closed over her mouth and she felt herself lifted in powerful arms. Before she could resolve into action she had been carried a dozen steps and set down again upon the carpet. She turned furiously to face the Indian, Jean. His black eyes gleamed, but his expression was wooden, emotionless. For an instant he looked into her eyes—almost as if he did not see her—then turned without a word and strode toward her grandfather's door, against which he placed his back, and became immobile.



"Missee Open Door," Said Chow Chek Ken in a Guarded Voice

The incident contributed something. It was an overt act of war and she accepted it as such. When she reëntered her room it was with her mind resolved that she would see her grandfather. She would find a way to penetrate his room, in spite of his commands. She would force him to explain to her. And she would seek advice!

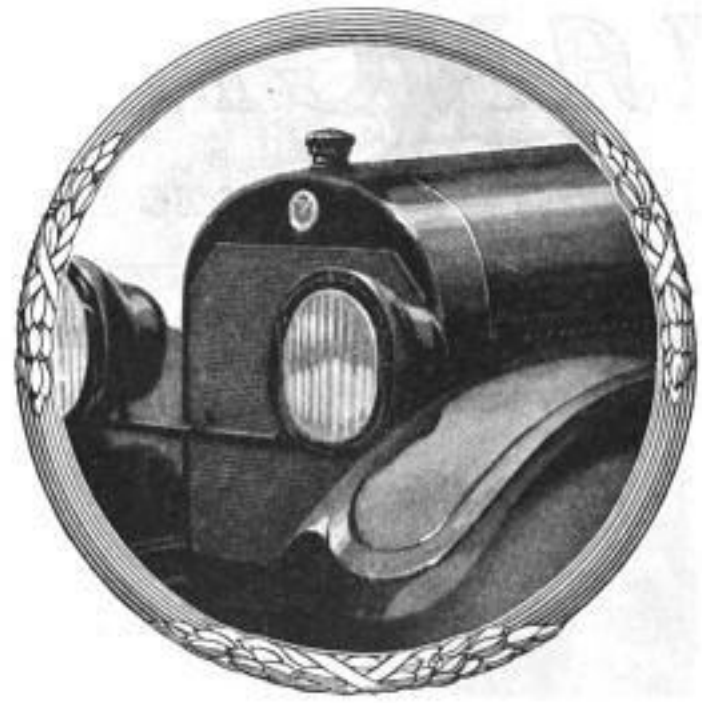
It was her aloneness that frightened her. She felt isolated, surrounded by a high wall. As there comes to everybody, there came to her now the necessity for human companionship and sympathy; the need to be confidential; the craving for a sure friend. But where was such a friend? Who was there in St. Croix upon whom she could depend and who would be adequate? She could think of no one. Who was there who would dare to take

(Continued on Page 116)



"Save That Cock-and-Bull Story for the Hotel Loafers!" Bracken Snapped. "Who Do You Represent?"

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It would be ungrateful indeed if the builders of the Cadillac did not pause at this time to express appreciation for the tribute accorded by the public to the Type 61 Cadillac.

This improved Cadillac has received a degree of enthusiastic approval unique even in Cadillac's long-triumphant history.

The results logically accruing from such approval are evident. This has been Cadillac's most successful year. The greatest of past sales records have been exceeded by thousands of cars.

But more gratifying by far to Cadillac builders than an unprecedented sales record is the unbounded admiration evoked by the new high level of mechanical success that the Type 61 Cadillac has attained.

The new Cadillac has demonstrated, so convincingly as to leave literally no room for argument, that it possesses a degree of power and dependability unequalled by even the finest preceding Cadillac.

Is it surprising, then, that the allegiance of the vast body of Cadillac owners and friends has grown deeper and deeper—that all who appreciate the finer points of automobile performance have joined with the leading automotive critics of Europe and America in paying unqualified tribute to the Type 61 Cadillac?

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Cadillac builders have known twenty years of acknowledged leadership. Yet at such tribute they experience a renewed enthusiasm for the accomplishment of their ideal—the production of the finest automobile that human ingenuity can conceive.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

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THE CHANGING EAST

Japan in China—By Isaac F. Marcosson



Central Circle in Dairen



Dr. C. T. Wang

WHEN Japan occupied Shan-tung she did more than advertise China's holy province. She again focused world interest upon a policy of economic and political penetration which had previously expressed itself in the Twenty-one Demands.

The Washington conference put the spotlight squarely upon the whole Japanese overseas program, and as a result what is heralded as a new attitude towards the mainland of Asia has developed. No phase of the changing East is more significant than this professed change of heart, because stabilization in the Orient depends largely upon the relations between China and her most powerful neighbor.

Japan is retiring her troops from Shan-tung and is turning the famous Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway back to the Chinese. Will this sort of history be repeated in Manchuria and Siberia? A résumé of the situation means scrutiny of Japanese expansion, and this in turn unfolds a diverting story of the big stick and big business.

Behind Japan's activities in China and elsewhere were definite reasons. The pressure of a growing population upon a restricted area, combined with an almost stationary food supply, goaded her on to what has been construed in many quarters as excesses of authority. The stubbornness of her persistent refusal to evacuate Kiao-chau, for example, was not so much due to a desire for a strong naval base as to a determination to secure an outlet for her people and her products, and to obtain the raw materials that her industry so sorely needs. It was just another clear evidence of the fact that most international friction may be traced back to economic causes.

A Keen Trader

JAPAN'S plight was once summed up by one of her epigrammatic nationals, who condoned her forceful penetration in this wise: "We must starve in saintly righteousness or move into our neighbor's back yard."

Japan has gone on the theory that Asia is for the Asiatics. Moreover, she had many not altogether edifying precedents for her part in the great game of grab. England, France and Germany long regarded China as their particular mutton, and pinched off huge slabs of territory almost at will. The little Nipponese naturally believed that they could play at the same game. When they did likewise, everybody pounced on them as interlopers.

Perhaps the most illuminating comment on this procedure was made by an Englishman long resident in the Orient when he said: "The Western nations had been playing poker in Eastern Asia, but when Japan wanted to join they said, 'Let us play parchesi.'"

The Japanese do everything according to a carefully laid-out plan from which they seldom deviate. Thus their penetration has always followed the same system. The commercial traveler invariably came on the heels of the soldier. In other words, behind the uniformed army flocked a host of civilians who opened shops, got leases on choice locations, established national areas and planted their hooks so well that dynamite could not blast them out. This is the usual spade work. There have been times when Japan's open-door policy meant open to her and closed to all others. Japan can, therefore, easily afford to withdraw, as the phrase goes, knowing that her economic interests are securely intrenched. This is precisely what has happened in Shan-tung, in Siberia, in Saghalin, and in parts of Mongolia.

With Manchuria it is different. Where other spheres were occupied by might, here she remains by virtue of right. The lease in Kwangtung was one of the fruits of victory in the war with Russia and, as most people know, it had previously been snatched from her following the successful conflict with China. She had a definite claim to it. But in Manchuria, as elsewhere, Japanese penetration goes on the theory that though leases may expire the commercial grip must go on forever.

Japan is a keen trader and she knows how to play her cards. She sacrificed the issue of race equality at Paris because it gave her, for the moment, a renewed hold in Shan-tung. At Washington she acquiesced to powerful American sentiment and withdrew because she was becoming internationally isolated and needed good will. The Shan-tung retirement is now being capitalized as an antidote for criticism of other foreign policies. So it goes.



At the Dock at Tsingtao When the Japanese Troops Left

First Steps in Self-Help

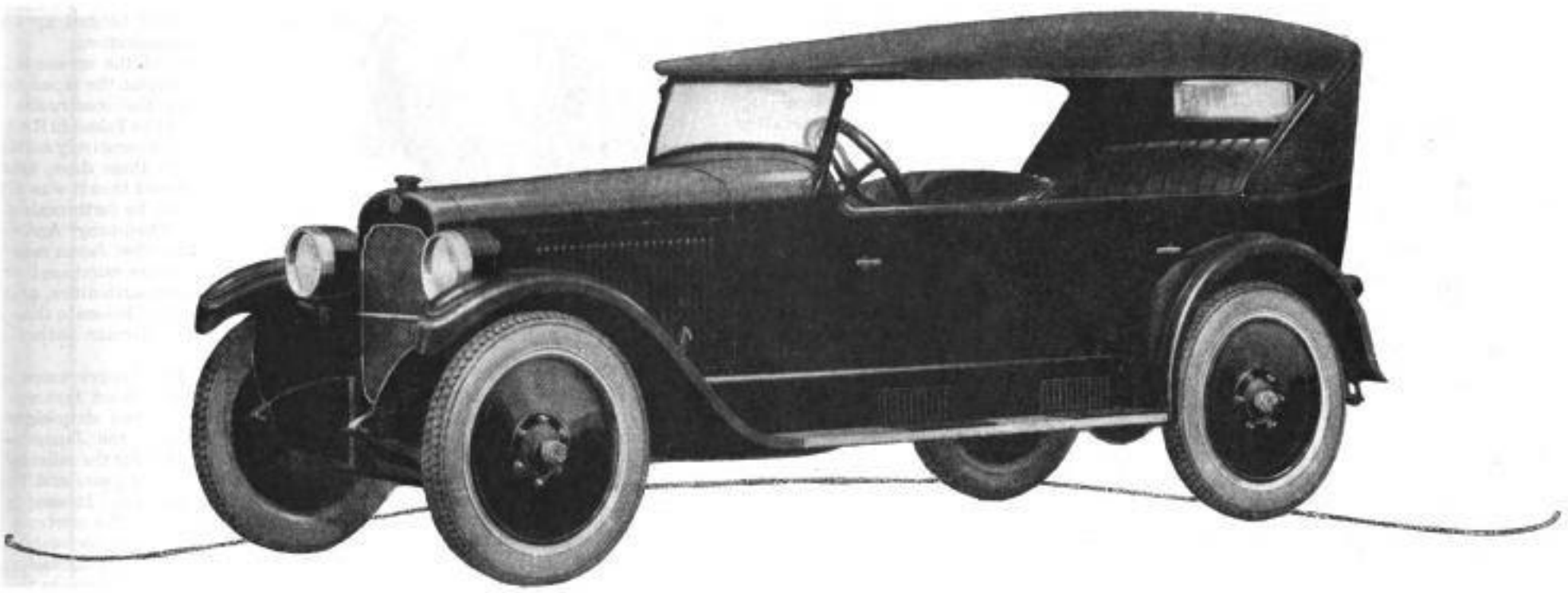
THE big inference that must be drawn from any study of these policies is that at last Nippon realizes that force can no longer be employed as an agency for expansion or for the conservation of raw materials. It means that henceforth, so far as China is concerned, she must depend upon propinquity as her chief aid to commerce. In a fair, open deal it remains to be seen if she can hold her own. The high cost of production at home is a handicap, and Chinese goods are set down in Japan more cheaply than the homemade articles.

Although Japan's rights in Manchuria are much more valuable than those in Shan-tung, the bitter controversy over her occupation of the Kiao-chau leased territory has given it a premier place in the popular conception of Nipponese expansion. I will, therefore, deal with it first. The important facts that the average person wants to know are summed up in the questions: Is Japan really evacuating, and what will be the results? In the answers you not only get a bird's-eye view of Japanese penetration, but also a close-up of China taking her first steps in self-help.

To understand the situation you must know the previous history of this much-discussed domain. In 1897 two German missionaries were murdered in the prefecture of

(Continued on Page 38)

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That this higher type of motoring is now available to the family of moderate means, is due to the determination of the Chalmers organization to make this car, beyond any question, the outstanding automobile value.

5-Passenger Touring Car -	*$1185*	*Roadster - - - - -*	*$1185*
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The CHALMERS SIX

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(Continued from Page 36)

Tsao-chow Fu, in Shan-tung. The Germans immediately seized Kiao-chau Bay as reparation, and held it until the seizure was legalized by a treaty signed at Peking the following year. Typical of the twaddle of such documents, the preamble says that "The Imperial Chinese Government consider it advisable to give a special proof of their grateful appreciation of the friendship shown to them by Germany." As a matter of fact the Germans had long coveted a foothold in China and probably canonized the two missionaries for allowing themselves to be slain.

By the terms of the treaty Germany obtained a ninety-nine-year lease on two hundred square miles of territory, including the two arms of Kiao-chau Bay with the whole of the foreshore, and the greater part of Tsingtao Peninsula, on which is located the city of Tsingtao. The name Tsingtao means "green island." This comparatively slight area has caused more bitter dispute and aroused more indignation than almost any other similar stretch of land and water in the world.

The Germans erected strong fortifications overlooking the harbor, developed the port into an almost ideal naval base, and changed Tsingtao from a fishing village to a modern and sanitary city. In addition, they built the now famous railway from Tsingtao through the heart of Shan-tung province to Tsinanfu, a distance of two hundred and fifty-six miles, at a cost of approximately fourteen million dollars in gold. I say gold because in China the Mexican silver dollar is employed, and its average value is about fifty cents in our money. The Germans also obtained concessions for valuable coal and iron mines. It must be said to their credit that in Kiao-chau, as in German East Africa, and to a lesser extent in German Southwest Africa, they built solidly and well. Tsingtao became the cleanest and most orderly city in China and the Japanese have maintained it at a high standard.

Japan Gets Her Foot in the Door

WITH the outbreak of the World War, Japan sent an ultimatum to Germany, requiring her to surrender the leased territory, "without condition or compensation, with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China." The ultimatum being ignored, a Japanese expedition, to which was attached a small British force, attacked the German base and it surrendered after a stout defense.

The moment the flag of the Rising Sun was unfurled over Kiao-chau Bay trouble began. Like the Germans, the Japanese had long looked with hungry eyes upon this gateway to what is perhaps the richest province of China. Now that they were inside the door they determined to remain. Through the Twenty-one Demands Japan obtained from China the rights and privileges exercised by Germany under the ninety-nine-year lease. At the same time she promised to restore Kiao-chau to China at the end of the war. It was a promise with a string tied to it.

What happened at the Versailles conference is too well known to be rehearsed here, save to emphasize the fact that in the treaty of peace Germany renounced all her rights, title and privileges in Shan-tung in favor of Japan. In other words, the Nipponese not only got the leased territory with all the improvements but also the railway to Tsinanfu. As a result of this proceeding the Chinese delegation at Paris withdrew from the conference and refused to sign the treaty.

Japan's success at Paris was a boomerang that immediately began to react on her with deadly force. Not only was all China enraged over what was considered a breach of faith and a pernicious piece of penetration but her attitude was almost unanimously indorsed in America. In retaliation the Chinese instituted a boycott on all Japanese products and the movement for redemption was launched. It finally ended at the Washington conference with Japan's decision to withdraw.

Why were the Chinese so aroused over Japanese usurpation at Kiao-chau? There were many reasons. First of all, Shan-tung, where a population of over thirty million is crowded into an area no larger than Illinois, is "the cradle of Chinese civilization" and the so-called holy province. Confucius was born there and his tomb is still a place of pious pilgrimage. Behind this sentiment was the more practical fact that Shantung is a treasure-house of coal, copper, iron, lead, silver and gold, and that her industries—like salt, matches, hair nets, cement, oil, glass, porcelain and lace—are among the most extensive in the republic. Agriculturally, it is no less rich, for it produces immense quantities of wheat, millet, corn and fruit.



J. Nayakawa, President of the South Manchuria Railway

Shan-tung's strategic importance is on a par with this immense natural and developed wealth. Translating it into American terms, Tsingtao bears the same relation to Eastern China that Philadelphia does to the United States. The Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway is the replica of the Pennsylvania Railroad from seaboard to Pittsburgh. Moreover, through Western Shan-tung flows the great river, which, with the Grand Canal, links up a large part of Chinese inland commerce and communication. Thus German or Japanese control of Kiao-chau Bay and the adjacent territory was of immense and commanding importance. So long as the Germans held it by right of a negotiated treaty the Chinese had to submit. The moment the Japanese butted in, there was justifiable resentment, first because the Japanese had no right there, and second because the Chinese cordially dislike their neighbors.

With this historical approach out of the way, we can now examine the Shan-tung situation as it is at the time I write this article, which is towards the end of July. Many enthusiastic souls believed that the moment Japan agreed to leave Kiao-chau the Chinese could automatically come in and take possession. Such, however, was not the case. The string that was originally tied to the Japanese promise to evacuate with the armistice, extended, with many added knots, to actual withdrawal. The annoying little trouble-maker which we call a joker suddenly bobbed up to add to the complications.

By the terms of the agreement made at Washington the Japanese are to be paid the construction price of the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway. This is a comparatively small sum, as figures go these days, and most Chinese assumed that it was all the cash that had to be forthcoming. The Sino-Japanese Shan-tung Agreement, however, stipulates that Japan must be reimbursed "for properties purchased or constructed by the Japanese authorities, and also for improvements on or additions to those formerly possessed by the German authorities."

Here is where the joker comes in. These improvements will probably reach an impressive sum. Some Japanese have placed it as high as one hundred and sixty-eight million dollars, Mexican. In addition, the Japanese adroitly made the point that the payment for the railroad must extend over a period of at least five years and be made by the Chinese without foreign aid. It simply means that the Japanese will continue to hold a mortgage on the property and thereby practically retain ownership.

At this point it is worth while making a brief digression which bears upon all Japanese penetration. Wherever the Japanese have occupied a zone by lease or otherwise, they immediately begin an elaborate system of construction. Like the Germans, they do not build for today or tomorrow, but for all time. Need and durability are not always the impelling motives.

A Big Bill to Pay

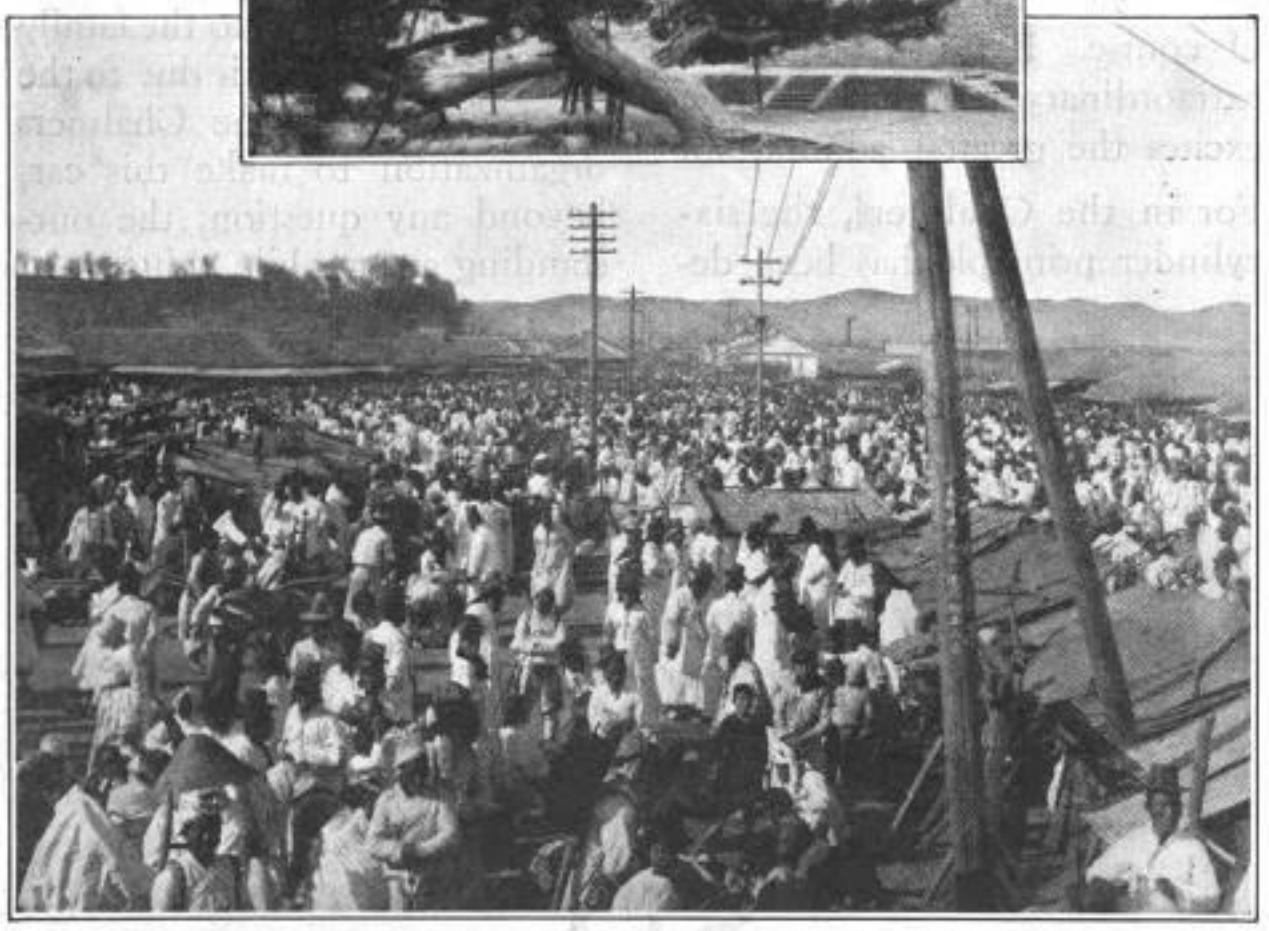
THESE improvements not only mean permanency of occupation but also a tremendous bill when withdrawal does finally come. At Tsingtao, Dairen, Mukden and elsewhere the Japanese have put up buildings all out of proportion to requirements or practicality. Sometimes these structures mask a hidden purpose. The large hospital at Tsingtao, for instance, is really a camouflaged barracks. The Chinese will be compelled to pay for a large number of buildings that they do not want or cannot use. This is particularly true of Japanese houses along the railway and of salt-field developments which do not conform to Chinese methods. You can see what possibilities for expense lurk in the word "improvements."

Instead of ending with the Japanese agreement to withdraw, China's troubles with Shan-tung are really only beginning afresh. She is bang up against two problems: One is to raise the money with which to pay the bill; the other is to offset the intensive Japanese grip upon land and privilege.

Let us take up the financial aspect first. The stipulation that China must seek no foreign loan puts the fiscal responsibility squarely up to the Chinese. Even if loans were permissible it is highly doubtful if China could negotiate a financial deal just now. Most of her available assets are pledged several times over, and the eternal political unrest with its almost continuous civil war has made the foreign banker extremely wary. The original suggestion to pay the Japanese in treasury

(Continued on Page 142)





A Korean Market—One of the Biggest at Taiku. Note the Strange Hats. Above—One of the Tombs of the Manchu Emperors at Mukden

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Yet it is not the sheer sweep and rush of it that is so impressive, as its perfect subjection to the driver's will.

One moment it purrs along as smoothly and silently as a deep-running stream.

The next, it is released to top speed—not alone for a sudden short spurt, but steadily on and on for sustained periods and far distances.

Our belief that eight cylinders have never meant so much in the way of magnificent power, is being overwhelmingly confirmed all over America.

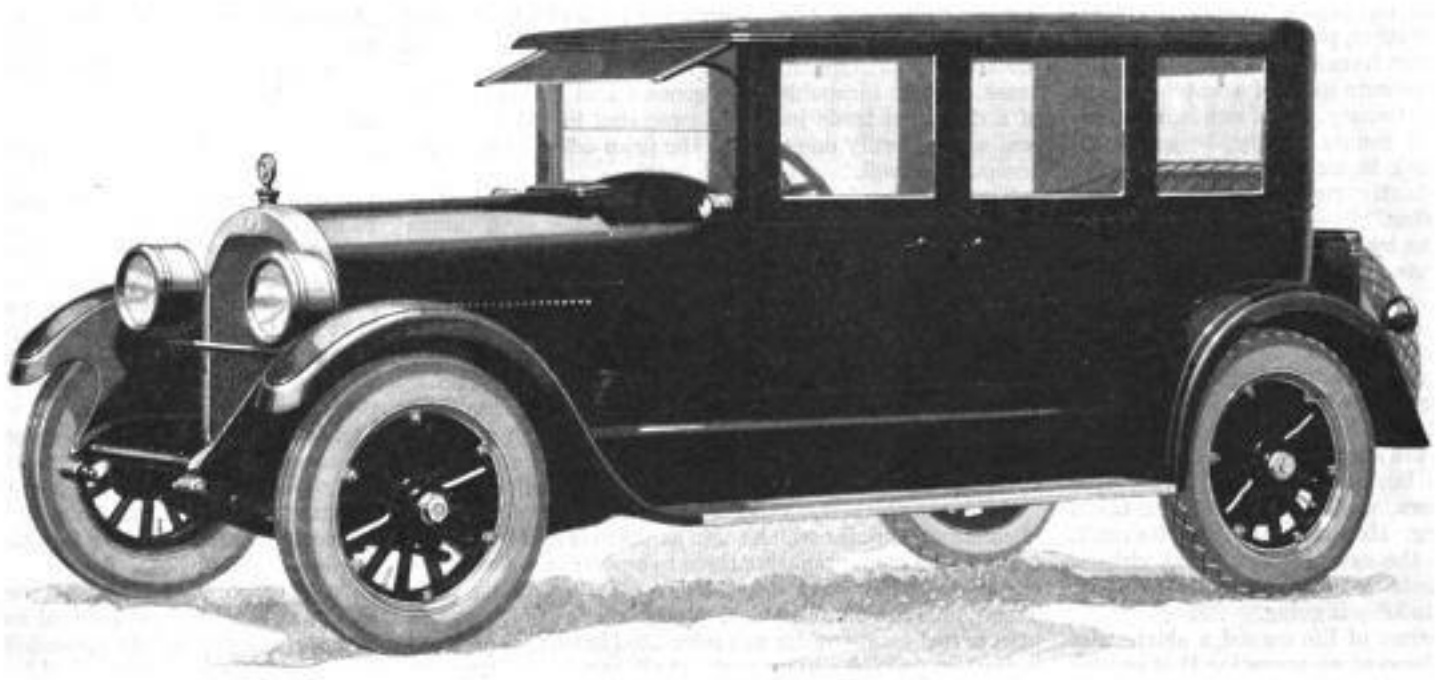
Motorists whose wide experience has made them not only critical but cynical, are frankly amazed at the behavior of the new Peerless Eight.

They are finding in this latest production of a seasoned eight-cylinder organization, a thrill and a delight not heretofore discoverable among cars of the highest class.

THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IS BUILT IN THE FOLLOWING TYPES:

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THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO



PEERLESS

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YOUR ESTATE—By James H. Collins

ESTATE? The word has a funereal sound. But though the person who left it may be dead, the estate is usually very much alive, and often permeated with adventure and romance.

As an example, the estate of a Western stockman who never kept a letter, and few records of any kind. For years he had invested all his surplus money in the grubstaking of prospectors from Canada to Mexico. His estate consisted largely of gentlemen's agreements about mining properties, ranging all the way from real mines to mere hopes. Every month some new silent partner reported a promising strike to his executor, asking for money to carry on development work. The first tidings of his interest in a Mexican silver mine came when insurgents carried off all the pay ore that had been taken out, and sent the executor a bill for their labor as robbers.

Executor? Administrator? You picture a dignified old gentleman in black broadcloth, white vest, gold-rimmed glasses and the mutton-chop whiskers associated with probate finance. But the present-day executor is a sort of chap who passes upon your loan at the bank. For more and more, the estates both of dead and of living persons are being administered by banks and trust companies; lately this function has been extended to national banks. A generation ago the individual executor settled his departed friend's estate as a last friendly service. But that was before the intricacies of inheritance, income, corporation and other taxes, Federal and state, settled down upon the property of deceased persons like a plague of locusts. The administration of even a small estate may call for a great deal of time, work and knowledge.

More and more, individuals are refusing to serve as executors or administrators. To be named as executor by a friend was once considered a compliment—an expression of his confidence in your ability and integrity. But today such duties are being handed over to the corporate executor, the bank and trust company, and there is a widespread movement among bank men to explain the advantages of corporate administration.

"Among the men who actively accumulate property for the well-being and protection of their families we find that about one in ten makes businesslike arrangements for its management after he is gone," says the vice president in charge of the large fiduciary business of an Eastern trust company.

"Or put another way, few people realize that life is moving and time always on the job. A middle-aged farmer was advised to set out an orchard, but said apple trees took too long to come into bearing—it might pay his son. The son thought well of the idea, but kept putting off the planting. Finally the old grandfather, past seventy, set out the orchard, and lived to eat fruit from it. For apple trees, and time and life, are like the minute hand of a watch—to the casual eye they all seem stationary, but if one looks steadily at the watch hand and counts twenty, he will see it move. It is the same kink in human nature that life-insurance men are constantly running upon—no man thinks about his own passing."

It may be interesting to look into this matter of your estate through the corporate executor's eyes.

Estates as Going Concerns

PEOPLE think of an estate as a lot of stocks, bonds, deeds and other papers lying in a safe-deposit box, with the owner's will on top. But to the corporate director an estate is a good deal more like a fire alarm. Even the property of a man long retired from business, skillfully invested, is more or less a going concern, while that of the man taken off in middle life is all going. He stops, but his estate can't. So promptness is one of the executor's cardinal virtues. No time must be lost in getting to the estate, learning its nature, and taking steps to keep it going.

Two partners in the prime of life owned a shirt-waist factory. One partner underwent an operation that proved fatal. The other was on his way home in an automobile when a stone flew up, shattering a pane of glass. It was a trifling incident, and the chauffeur didn't stop. When he drew up at the house, however, his employer was dead, a piece of the glass having killed him.

A shirt-waist business is as fickle as fashion. It must go on. Stoppage or bad management will quickly kill it. The first partner had appointed a trust company as executor, and also given it his will to keep. Within a few hours one of the company's representatives had investigated the shirt-waist factory, found that it was the principal asset in the estate and, as it was incorporated, made arrangements to keep it running. Had it been a partnership, and one of the partners died, the survivor would have acted as liquidator. Had both partners died together, the executor would have had to liquidate a partnership immediately. But a corporation doesn't die with those who own and manage it. The corporate executor in this case is still manufacturing shirt waists, and making money at it. To date, the business has been so profitable that no offer yet made for its purchase has been considered satisfactory, and the executor will probably be making shirt waists for several years.

The corporate executor must be ready to jump into almost any business under the sun at a moment's notice.

The estate left by an Easterner some years ago was chiefly a half dozen river barges. Through close personal attention, leasing these barges by the week or day to railroads, lighterage companies and other customers, he made an unusually good profit on the money invested in the business. It was so profitable, in fact, that his will directed that the barge business be conducted for the benefit of his widow. Therefore, as executor, a big trust company is running a barge business.

Many Heads Better Than One

HOW can the corporate executor be prepared, overnight, to manufacture shirt waists, run barges and conduct other highly technical enterprises? Business was simpler a generation ago, in the days of the individual executor, and he was usually chosen among business associates understanding the particular industry or trade to be carried on or wound up. The corporate executor can turn to the organization behind him for technical help. Among the officers, directors and employees of a good-sized bank there is usually somebody who can throw light on almost any kind of business. Then, the corporate executor often finds that the business is being conducted by a partner or manager who understands its technicalities. The shirt-waist business is being run by the former partners' factory superintendent, under a long contract, and the barge business by an experienced bargeman appointed in the former owner's will as coexecutor. Plain business judgment and the balance sheet will soon tell the corporate executor whether the enterprise is being well managed.

Where business must be conducted after death, a little foresight in this matter may be very important. An Eastern publisher had a very profitable trade journal, the only one in its field. Dying suddenly, his will directed that it be sold to a very capable young assistant, on terms that would enable the latter to pay for it over a period of several years. So far, good—but unfortunately he had made the widow his executor. The assistant named a price he was willing to pay for the property. The widow consulted a friend who said, "Let me manage this for you," and demanded a higher price—more than the assistant could pay. Whereupon the latter started a rival journal, taking most of the organization with him. Other complications arose. Under incapable management and the opposition of a rival, the trade journal depreciated in value until it was worth hardly one-quarter the price offered under the terms of the will.

The first step in arranging one's affairs for administration by others is to make a will—something that human nature avoids like the dentist, as long as possible.

But nowadays something other than time and life and death is making people think about this matter of wills—something not a bit abstract—that is, new forms of taxation. Death itself will not free a man from taxes, because he will owe Uncle Sam money a year after he passes on.

Because making a will is the first step, bank men have conducted will drives in various sections of the country. One Middle Western organization has a will-a-month club, each member of which is pledged to bring in a will monthly.

Selling the idea of making a will involves a difficult kind of salesmanship, for which some banks now systematically train young men, preparing them to answer technical questions when they have interested people in making wills. Taxation is the pivotal point. Ten years ago only the rich man or real-estate owner was interested in this subject, but today people with any property at all, or even a salary, are brought face to face with taxation every year, often paying state as well as Federal income tax. They are impressed not only by the payments but by the complexities of the thing. To die brings additional tax penalties to many men and women, and the will salesman finds them interested in looking ahead and making proper arrangements to safeguard those who are left behind.

"I know only two ways to dodge inheritance taxes," says a trust-company official. "One is to give your property away while you are living, and the other is to leave it to charity."

The tax tangles involved in settling even a moderate estate, if securities are to be sold, would be both perplexing and costly to an individual tackling them for the first time. Where there are securities in enterprises incorporated in different states, tax proceedings must be instituted in each state, under different laws, often tying up the administration of a large estate for a considerable period. Stock in a railroad incorporated in six different states, say, cannot be sold until the executor settling the estate of which it forms a part has filed an inventory in each of those states, paid the taxes involved, and got official consent to transfer the stock.

Even a modest estate nowadays is involved in these tax and transfer complications, for the most striking thing about corporation securities is their wide distribution. Where formerly an issue of stock or bonds would be held by a few thousand large investors, today the transfer books of leading corporations show tens of thousands of individual holders, and in some cases the list exceeds a hundred thousand. A new official has been added to the staff of corporations whose shares are widely distributed and traded in—the signing officer—a clerk with the usual clerk's salary who is officially a vice president or assistant treasurer of the company, empowered to sign new stock certificates, but with no other official standing. As securities like steel and telephone stock demonstrate their investment value they will be still more widely held. Individual holdings may be only two or three shares, but that complicates the executor's task instead of simplifying it.

People have queer notions about wills, say the will salesmen. It seems a solemn, difficult job to make a will. Once made, they think the document cannot be altered, and do not understand that through a properly drawn will and the appointment of an executor great economies may be made in the administration of an estate. But a will is not effective until the person who made it passes on. It can be changed as often as one pleases; in fact, once-a-year reading of one's will is recommended by experts.

Very often the making of a will brings up and straightens out legal tangles that might after death cause litigation.

Lately an American and his wife who have lived for ten years in South America visited the United States. They were both happily divorced, and both married again in South America. The man's former wife and the wife's former husband are alive. Each has children and money. In straightening out an accumulation of legal business here they were advised to make wills protecting their children, and among other things were advised to remarry in the United States, for their marriage in South America was not well documented as evidence in our courts. So the parson was summoned, and a second well-attested knot was tied.

Advantages of Corporate Executors

THE bank man sells wills, but cannot deliver them, for such documents must be drawn up by attorneys. However, he can often make helpful suggestions and, after the will is drawn, show the advantage of depositing it with the bank. Probably nine men in ten keep their wills in their own safety-deposit boxes with securities and valuable papers. This is the right place for the valuables, but often the wrong place for one's will, say experienced executors. For quick action after death is often necessary, sometimes to keep business enterprises going or to gather up, inventory and safeguard loose property. If the will is in a safety-deposit box it can be reached in a comparatively short time if the executor who has been appointed knows that he is executor, and also where the will can be found. But very often the will is located only after a search, and the executor has no authority until it is proved. Such delay may make it impossible to carry out certain things the deceased person wanted done. The case is cited of a woman whose will, found with difficulty, directed that her body be cremated. As it happened, she went down in the Lusitania, but in all probability had she died ashore she would have been buried before the instructions in her will were learned.

As a corporation, the banking institution has certain advantages over an individual executor. It will not die. It has greater financial responsibility. Estates are handled by an organization instead of by a person, with obvious advantages in experience and judgment.

But because it is a corporation people feel that its handling of estates and trusts will be coldly impersonal. Actually such business is almost invariably handled by an individual member of the organization, who gathers, appraises and studies the property involved in an estate, confers with the heirs, and generally works much like the individual executor. The chief difference is that the bank man does not act on his individual judgment, but reports to the corporation, which is legally responsible to the court. In many cases nowadays estates are being settled by corporate and individual coexecutors working together, an advantage where the individual is a partner, manager, attorney or some other person thoroughly acquainted with the deceased person's business and personal affairs. Wives or husbands are often appointed coexecutors.

(Continued on Page 46)

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SPECIALTIES OF THE HOUSE

By Kathleen Howard

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHAT closes business deals? Good food.

What clinches a lagging suitor? Good food.

What recalls an erring hubby? Good food.

What makes you overpay your cook? Good food.

What is your general idea of a thundering spree? Good food.

What makes you more content with life than delicious food?

What makes you feel downer and outer than the lack of it? When did you ever feel so sorry for yourself as when you had to diet? And I say unto you that Paris food is all of the above rolled into one.

From partridges in the fall, all through the heavy, creamy soups of winter to the asparagus and strawberry season in spring, triumphantly on through the ices and raspberries and melons of summer and back again to partridges in the fall—it all distinctly is, in Paris. All you need is a good working tummy, a fat wad and the fervent desire not to miss anything, and the hours you spend with your knees tucked under a table, sweetheart, will be as a string of sprees to you.



"Monsieur, Here I am Sovereign"

The variety of Parisian restaurants is infinite. We thought we would get off the beaten track a bit one night, and asked a sympathetically greedy friend what he would recommend to us in the way of novelty.

"Try l'Ami Fritz, in the Rue de la S——," he yelled as he dashed out of the room to keep one of his million engagements. So we tried to find out where the Rue de la S—— was. It is no use my giving you the real address, because ten to one you wouldn't be served unless you could mention the name of one of madame's well-known patrons.

"Where in the world is the Rue de la S——" we asked.

No one knew. The oldest Parisians shook their heads.

"That must be a new place; we never heard of it, and we know our Paris."

L'Ami Fritz and His Three Dishes

HEADS waggled and eyes gleamed with Parisian pride. We looked it up on maps spread on the floor, flat on our tummies; we sought it with tape measures and taxis and hope, and finally we found it. It is a longish, narrow street not far from the opera.

Our taxi can only go in one direction down its little length, we find, and soon we stop before the door we are seeking. We glance into the low-ceilinged, green-painted room and see in an instant its small accommodation for guests; the bar at one side, the red-and-white-checked curtains at the big front windows and the one row of little tables arranged in an L round two sides of the room. The little kitchen is tucked off in one corner and it is empty, for l'Ami Fritz and madame stand at the door to welcome us. They regard us with a slightly firm air as we step across the tiny strip of pavement from our taxi, for it is a dripping night.

"*Bon soir, m'sieu' et madame*"—us.

"*Bon soir, mesdames et m'sieu'*"—they.

"Our friend Mr. V—— has told us of the famous Ami Fritz, madame, and we should like to dine here," we say.

"*Ah, oui!*"

All is smiles and joy and the barometer goes up with a bang.

"We want to eat the famous *fromage fondue*."

"Well, mesdames," says madame, "I will tell you just what we have and then you can choose just what you want. We have three specialties: *Bifteck de fromage, les croûtes* and *fondue de fromage*. I cannot entirely advise you to order the *fondue*, because it is warm weather. *Et voilà pourquoi*. The secret of the *fondue*, it is the kirsch liqueur it is melted in. *Oui*, madame, nothing but Gruyère cheese and kirsch. But it is of a gayety in its workings! *Tenez*, madame, the room is full of quiet people; we serve the *fondue*. Soon eyes light up, strange eyes catch wandering strange ones; a smile, a laugh, everyone knows everyone, it is gay—it is the *fondue!* All the world says we put something else in to give the ideas, to awaken the imagination. Not at all; it is the good cheese and the good kirsch, and it makes a wonderful evening when the doors shut out a cold winter night. But now, mesdames, it is hot weather and I could not really advise it; it is too heavy."

We hurriedly vow mentally to return in winter and wink strange wunks at unknown poets and damsels with the best of them. And so we pass on to discussing the *croûtes*.

"The *croûtes* are slices of bread fried in butter, with half-melted creamy Gruyère in between. It is delicious!"—thus madame.

"And *bifteck de fromage?*"

"That is grilled; thick slices of Gruyère."

We hesitate, we cogitate, we meditate.

Madame turns to l'Ami Fritz, busy in his kitchen.

"What dost thou think, Fritz? What shall these ladies eat to be the most content?"

"Me, I am making the *croûtes*," quietly announces Fritz, without turning round. It is the note of the place. Order what you will, they steer you onto what they want to give you and you eat just that.

Madame serves the hot, fried, butter-smelling, glorified cheese sandwich and you eat its salty, creamy crispness in great content. A special white wine, *Fendant du Valais*, goes with it, though with the *fondue* you would have been given a Neufchâtel, which is much less strong.

Then we have dark red country sausage and new potatoes; delicious almond crisps, made with little sugar so that they are not too sweet; aromatic black coffee, and monsieur orders a glass of kirsch liqueur into which we dip our lumps of sugar and transfer them into the coffee, making the famous thing the French call a duck.

All this time madame gives us her exclusive attention. It is such a wet night that no one else has ventured out, and we have the feeling that we are at a private party. Madame tells us that Marthe Chenal, of the opera, Lucienne Bréval, the Boutet de Monvels, all are faithful patrons of hers.

"I love them all for one reason or another. And the *jeunesse* comes to me and tells me of little restaurants near Paris where one may lodge and eat well and simply. They tell me their romances and I advise them all, for I love them; and sometimes the mothers, who turn out to be countesses and *femmes du monde*, come and thank me for the advice I have given their sons.

"But oh! They call me the tigress now, because, think you, madame, I cannot serve everyone at once, and sometimes when the place is full there are little waits. But I always explain that I have no preferences, and that everyone will be served in their turn. One night a *monsieur* dining with a *dame* called out to me that he did not want what I served them and that he would have something else. I dropped everything. I said to him, 'Monsieur, here I am sovereign. You say "I wish." Here one does not say that. Here it is what I wish. I am sorry, monsieur, but I do not wish to serve you at all!'"

"'But I will call a gendarme!' says the furious one.

"'Call one, monsieur!'" Her dignity is sovereign indeed. "The gendarme comes; I ask him if there is a law compelling me to serve dishes I do not have to clients I do not want. 'Is there such a law in the good France?' I ask him. 'There is no such law,' replies the tranquil gendarme, and monsieur has only to leave if he is not satisfied. At the tables all wriggle with glee, all are content, all have watched the drama. And now they call me the tigress."

"Ah, but we did want *fondue*, madame, and we must have it some day," we say pathetically.

How One Eats Fondue de Fromage

"BUT certainly. Come some night in winter, after the *théâtre*. Knock on the glass above the red-checked curtain and rattle the handle of the door and I will know it is a client and will open. Ah, it is the dream, the *fondue*, after the *théâtre!* The ladies sit in evening dress, with masses of pearls and diamonds, and dip and dip into the *fondue;* or perhaps they prefer to dip one corner of the bread into a little glass of kirsch first, so as to have the fresh kirsch flavor, and then into the pot of *fondue*. And outside it is cold and dark, and inside everyone is gay, everyone is friendly, and we laugh and sing and dance. It is all the *fondue!*"

"Just what is this *fondue?*" I pin her down.

"*Tenez*, madame. We place a metal pot of the cheese melted in kirsch on each table, over an alcohol lamp. Each member of the party takes a little bit of bread and pushes it well onto his fork. Then he dips it in the *fondue* and turns the fork round and round two or three times and conveys it into his mouth. Sometimes I think that perhaps all the party will not care to dip in the same dish, so I go to the presiding lady at each table and whisper, 'Madame, will it be agreeable to you to all eat out of the same pot?'

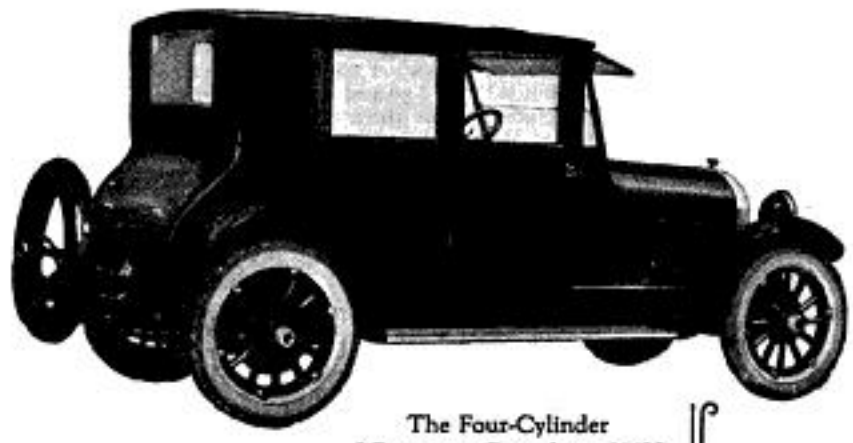
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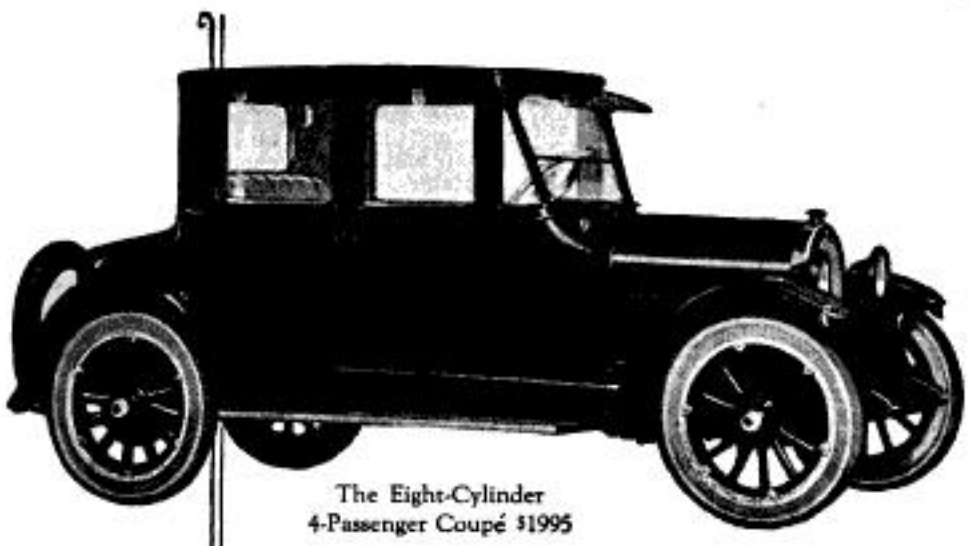
They Sport a Gorgeously Attired Colored Person, Presumably a Turk

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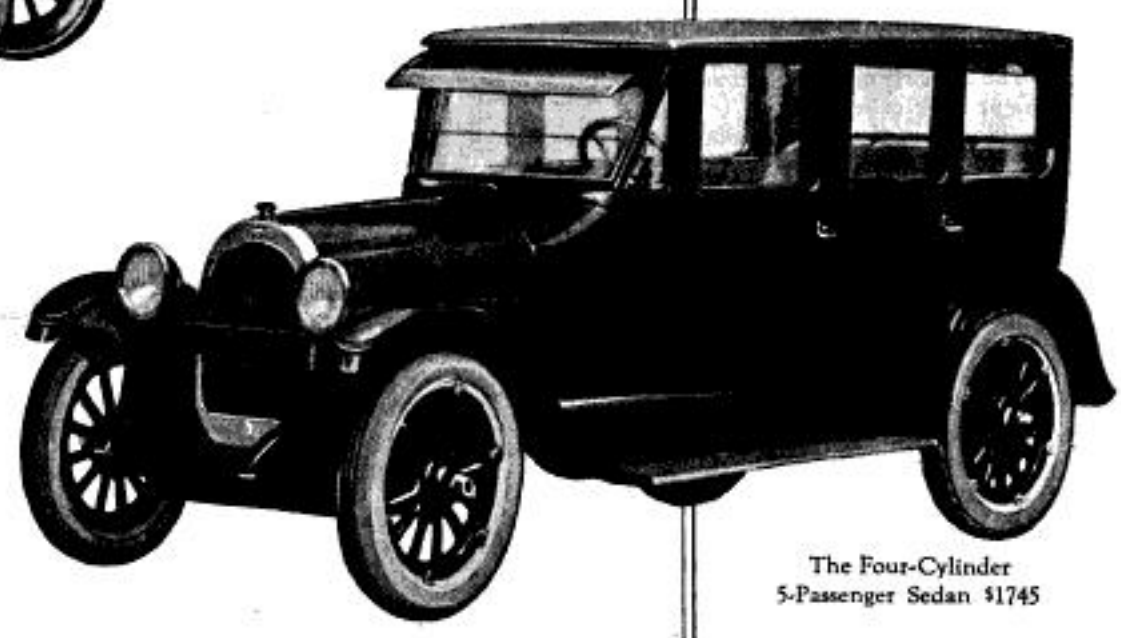
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'But not at all,' she may quickly say; 'I have a horror of the long black beard of my brother-in-law. I could not possibly dip with him!' So I go and whisper to Fritz to make one pot for three and one for one person at that table. Oh, yes! One must have tact!"

Abruptly she stops.

"*Tenez*, madame, give me your hat; you are *chez vous* here, and you will be much more comfortable." She hangs my sister's hat on a high peg beside our wraps she has carefully folded. "I used to be in the creation of the modes; I am a woman of the needle, madame, just as you are a woman of the pen, monsieur a man of the brush, and madame of the song. We have many, many such here."

She shows us her cherished books signed with hundreds of the famous names of Paris; ecstatic praise of the *fondue* in many languages; clever sketches and caricatures fill them to overflowing, and she makes us sign on the inside back cover in the choicest book, so that we may take our place with the really great.

"But you must be tired serving all day, just you and your husband, so many, many meals. Why don't you get helpers?"

"Because then I would lose touch with my adored clients. *Voyez vous*, I am not so placed that I can receive or visit all the great writers, actors and artists in my own or their own homes; but here I see them all. I have never loved any world but theirs. And the journalists, madame, who come with their fresh, brisk ideas, desiring to see new faces and constantly to renew their outlook on life—they all come to me. I am queen here, and I love my throne. And that is why, *petit monsieur*, I lock the door at night, so as to have just the public we want. We were here twelve years before we put the name on the door, and then we only did it for the chauffeurs. We are not in the telephone book, and everyone comes to us through a friend. Oh, yes, I lock the door! We have a phonograph and sometimes we all dance."

"Bring me just a wedge of cheese to eat in my fingers," I beg madame.

"Ah, madame loves that? But that is what we do!"

She brings it and we realize that it is unlike any cheese we have ever eaten, and say so.

"But I will explain you that," says placid Fritz, emerging from his kitchen. "I keep the cheeses a year after I get them from Switzerland, before they are served. I put them in round cement wells the size of the cheeses. I wash them each week and turn them to let them ripen, and then I pour many bottles of white wine over them and they soak in that for six weeks before they are eaten. I always serve the one at the bottom of the pile first. Cheeses are like people; you must nourish them to make them good. But they are sensitive. If we had served you *fondue* tonight, madame, it would have curdled before it had been on the table ten minutes. They have their seasons, cheeses, and one must humor them."

He goes off in the rain to get us a taxi, and we give one last look at the sawdusty tiled floor, the blue-checked tablecloths, the row of Swiss flags, the more sympathetic row of bottles, and at monsieur and his good lady, who stand in the low doorframe to wish us good night.

Dining in Style

If you would go where princes dine, where young and beautiful women form your picture gallery and where they wear their loveliest and best to be worthy of the rose-pink background of this sumptuous restaurant, go to Larue.

The tables are well placed, so that one may see everyone; and love affairs in all stages surround you, from the first try-out dinner of the beautiful young man and his keen, *chic amie*, through the enchanted, ecstatic, eye-plunged-in-eye affairs, to the reposeful, contented gormandizing of the dear old gentleman with the pointed white beard and his sprightly, rotund and still affectionate spouse.

"When I last dined at Larue's with a party of friends they solemnly shook hands all round after the first taste of *crêpes fourrées*," said my sister Marjorie. "You must taste them, really."

So we put on garments of silver-and-gold tissue and sumptuous velvets, and anointed ourselves with our most expensive smells out of bottles and had our hair bent in symmetrical lines, and hied us to Larue's.

"Melon?" insinuated the suave *maître d'hôtel*, with the identical correct crick in his back that has been cricked by *maîtres d'hôtels* for centuries.

"No; cold consommé," we chorused. "Then salmon trout *à la gourmande*, sweetbreads *aux petits pois*, and then what we came for, *crêpes fourrées*."

"Very well, madame, I shall make them myself," said his ludship, as who should say "You are presented with the freedom of the city."

We ate, amid delicious sips of white wine, the velvet of the salmon trout and the crisp, soft sweetbread. An American at a neighboring table inspired by our yums and ahs of delight loudly ordered "Troot!" in his best French, the subtle *truite*, with its combination of chirrup and whistle, being beyond him.

Transmogrified Pancakes

Then began, on a neighboring table, the solemn preparation of the *crêpes*. A small pile of tissue-thin pancakes was brought from the kitchen. Into a silver platter, cooking over three alcohol wicks, was poured, lavishly, red Grand Marnier. Brandy was dashed on top of this with a mighty dash, and the two were coaxed to ignite in the alcohol over the edge of the dish by a trailing spoon. Then hunks of fresh butter scooped from cool earthenware pots were floated dissolvingly in this burned-out juice, and sifted sugar was added. All this was heated to a brown and buttery richness, the pancakes laid in it for a moment, then put on a hot plate and spread with thick cream, into which shredded almonds had been stirred. An added dash of maraschino gave the last touch of indefinable distinction. The pancakes, thin and transparent, were smothered anew in the sauce and the plate was whisked in front of us. Three each we had, and oh, but it was a thrill! Sometimes fresh raspberries are added to the cream when they are in season.

A glorious *fine champagne*, a liqueur brandy from the great Napoleon's time, plays a good accompaniment to one's black coffee; and it is curious to reflect that the mighty general is dead, but that his brandy goes marching on.

It is an odd thing, but the French do not drink champagne nearly so much as they are supposed to at meals. You rarely, almost never, see it served at dinner. A red wine is preferred with heavy dishes, and for light ones a white unsweetened vintage. Champagne is reserved for suppers and festivals and Americans.

It is delightful to go early to Prunier's fish bar, and dine inexpensively downstairs. All kinds of delicious fish food are served there during ten months in the year, closing only in hot July and August. Shrimp soup, thick and pink and creamy; big flakes of whitefish served incrusted with browned cream sauce; lobsters stewed in a sauce made of cream and red wine, with a little of the ground-up shell to thicken it; the contents of sundry big cockleshells clawed out, chopped up with unrecognizable other ingredients and molded back into the heated shells; shrimp salad with the work all done for you; piles of pink, helpless shrimps sprinkled with the sandlike-looking substance one always forgets is not sand; crabs done in divers and sundry poetic ways, all served with brown bread and butter on raffia-covered tables—these delights begin the meal.

You may end it with chocolate mousse such as there is no other, fresh strawberry ice cream, or what you will. The prices are very moderate at Prunier's, and everything is more than delicious; but it is very hard to get a table unless you go early. People drop in for a dozen oysters and a glass of wine before going on to their regular dinners and the place is always surgingly full.

We heard of a little place on the Rue des Saints Pères called Michaud's, where the food was good and the prices low; so after a picnic of *pâté de foie gras*—the real thing in creamy chunks; not the paste—warm, yellow *brioche* spread with fresh butter, Roquefort cheese, strawberries and white wine, chocolate and cigarettes, eaten under the trees at St.-Cloud, with a perky French robin begging us incessantly for crumbs where we sat on the grass, the stone formality of courtly staircase rising behind us, we drove, on our return to Paris at night, to the crowded *bistro* they had told us of.

It is an unpretentious place, with the usual zinc bar where people come and drink as you eat your dinner. An enormous tortoise-shell cat eats the bits you hand her, with the air of doing you a great favor as she daintily shakes and tears them to pieces in her needle teeth. If you ask to wash your hands you will find it very primitive, indeed, in its internal workings, for the sanitary outfit consists of a copper water container hung on the wall, out of which water dribbles from a dolphin's mouth into the copper basin below—all this in a pitch-dark corner. You always feel you are using the last drop of water in the thing, and there is no comfort in it.

The specialty of the house is sheep's feet sprayed with white wine as they are cooking. I, however, have seen too many sheeps' feet wandering in too many questionable boggy environments to be carried away by the thought of feeling the things on my tongue, so we sought out humbler soup and mutton chops and little round potatoes, and I made our favorite salad dressing by chopping up a hard-boiled egg and stirring it into French dressing, made according to the time-honored three-to-one recipe, to which two little cream cheeses had been added. I beat the whole thing until it was almost like mayonnaise, and then poured it over a big bowl of crisp romaine. It makes a delicious salad, not too heavy, but interesting. Michaud's is unpretentious, but it's a darned nice little place.

On the way to the races on Sunday, luncheon at Armenonville is always gay and charming. Everything you order will be good, and the violinist will play peppy or gooey music for you, according to your mood. The gayest of French people will chatter round you all the way from your *hors d'œuvres* to your black coffee. They have little onions fried whole in brown buttery gravy which they serve as a *hors d'œuvre*, and which positively melt in your mouth. All the strong oniony flavor seems to have gone out of them, and just the exotic, stimulating savor is left.

Snail-Eating de Luxe

Now let me tell you of a Russian oddity, a specialty of the Crillon, and one luxuriously typical of the old Russia of sable-and-emerald fame.

You take a hot plate. On that you lay a small, hot, unsweetened pancake of the French variety; not our filling, breakfast stack o' wheats. You stroke this lovingly with a big spoonful of caviar, the lordly kind, with large, pale, greenish-gray eggs. This you top with another pancake, and pour over them hot, fresh cream. Oh, ye gods, what a starter for a dinner! You will find yourself talking Russian automatically after it, though your vocabulary may be confined to striped devil, as mine is. The dish undoubtedly sounds queer, and it is; but it blends and mellows wonderfully in your mouth, and all other emotions stop emoting for the time being.

At the old Tour-d'Argent, where the w.k. pressed duck trickles seducingly nightly and all Paris licks its chops, we always order the lesser known *croustade de barbue* while the duck is preparing. It is set before you, round and brown, like a quill-less hedgehog, the great flakes of whitefish coaxed into a close-knit ball, sucked together with hollandaise sauce, which forms a puddle in the middle, and then browned in the oven. It languishingly disintegrates under your exploring fork and will give you an exquisite quarter of an hour.

Now three cheers for the *escargot d'or*, the famous snail haunt of the Rue Montorgueil. It's got one of those funny warped façades that old corner buildings acquire so mysteriously in France. Inside it is divided up into overdecorated little rooms done in the worst bourgeois taste; but you feel immediately that no one has looked farther afield than their plate or at their *chère amie* for generations, and, believe me, you will follow their example.

We had to hunt for a good snail eater amongst our acquaintance, for we seem to have revolving insides in our family when we think of eating snails. We found a charming masculine specimen who had learned to eat them during the war, when he could get nothing else. So we ordered onion soup for us and snails for him. They came in a little round metal dish, made with a dozen indentations, into each of which was fitted a giant snail. A silver surgical instrument held in the left hand grasped the shell, and

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"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"



Reduce Hauling Costs 50 Per Cent

GMC Truck Tractors Make Possible New and Limitless Opportunities for Hauling Volume Tonnage

Transportation of volume tonnage by motor truck has been limited up to now by the lack of a power plant unit with speed, pulling ability and economy.

Now comes the GMC truck tractor, fitted with the GMC Two-Range Transmission and for the first time combining successfully these three vital requisites of heavy-duty hauling.

By taking advantage of the new and wonderful power that this revolutionary transmission produces from an engine of moderate size, operating at a properly governed speed, and utilizing it to pull not only the load one chassis can bear but that of trailers—

By making full use of the big savings in loading and unloading time that come with a detachable power plant, and by overcoming through even load distribution the menace of huge tonnage to the roadways of the country—

By these advantages—haulage costs for big volume tonnage are cut as much as 50 per cent, and loads carried over roads and up grades that other trucks cannot negotiate.

This latest GMC achievement opens the way to the vast possibilities of the motor truck as a common carrier of the nation's freights.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY—*Pontiac, Michigan*
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GMC Truck Tractors are Made in Three Sizes for Hauling Loads of 5, 10 and 15 Tons: The Chassis Prices are 5-Ton, $2450; 10-Ton, $3700; 15-Ton, $4050

General Motors Trucks

GMC Truck Chassis list as Follows:
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GMC

All Prices are for Chassis only, at the Factory, Tax to be Added

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Listerine has been trusted for years

YOU know the comfortable feeling you have when the kindly old family physician steps into the sickroom. Listerine enjoys something of that same confidence in the home—and has for nearly half a century.

Maybe this is because your doctor believes in Listerine himself and often recommends it as a gargle, mouthwash and general cleansing antiseptic. You've noticed he does.

Naturally, the Lambert Pharmacal Company is proud of this respect its oldest product commands. Naturally, too, the makers are going to see to it that Listerine remains worthy of this respect—always efficient, always safe.

Their name on the bottle and on the brown carton is your assurance. Be sure it's there.

Don't have sore throat again this winter

As you know, many illnesses start with sore throat. The mouth is an open door to disease germs.



Sore throat is a danger signal; heed it promptly

The use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle affords a pleasant and dependable precaution against many forms of throat infection.

Use it systematically and be on the safe side. You may thus avoid many more serious ills.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
Saint Louis, U. S. A.

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you transferred the hot thing to your plate and went seriously after the rubberlike filling with your fork. The sauce in which each bathed was at once oily and buttery, and filled with goo of pepper and spice and herbs. The young snail eater said they were delicious and we took his word for it, though I did drink the sauce from one or two shells.

We knew the place was famous for tripe and for pig's trotters; but the sight of both of them makes us ill, so we did not order them things. However, just as we were soaking our transparent ovals of *pommes soufflées* in the wine-red sauce of our *entre-côte* the loose-mouthed lady on my left and her nice, quiet-looking man lifted the covers of dishes brought them and transferred dripping bits of pink fungus to their plates.

"Tripe!" we ejaculated faintly.

I don't know why we should hate it so, for we eat deviled kidneys and calves' liver; and plumbing is plumbing, no matter where it comes from; but we turned away our eyes and noses from those unhealthy strips, only to be confronted on our right by a triumphant waiter bringing two huge pig's feet, brown and steaming, to the couple on our other side. They cut through the crackling crust into the cushions of fat below, and for a few minutes we were absorbed in the hideous decorations of the room, until we had regained our American *sang-froid*. To avenge ourselves we ordered the exciting *crêpes Suzettes* made in front of everybody. This is still another way of preparing the ubiquitous French pancake.

A Congress of Cordials

Six liqueurs, Maraschino, Grand Marnier, Curaçao, Benedictine, Raspail and Fine, are mixed in a bowl into which several spoonfuls of fresh butter and some orange peel have been put. Sugar is burned in the flat silver platter over alcohol lamps, two or three spoonfuls of the mixed liqueurs are heated with the sugar and a paper-thin pancake is browned a trifle in this, folded expertly and conveyed to your plate.

Madame L—— runs this thoroughly good restaurant. She used to have a passion for playing the races, and her prices on the menu for the evening's dinner varied according to whether she had won or lost during the day. Black-browed, she would curtly greet you on a bad day, or appear all smiles and cooings if her pockets were full of good horse money.

Omelette à l'absinthe is also a great specialty at this house. It is prepared in the same way as a rum omelet and is said to be most exciting.

There is a certain good little corner in the Rue Feydeau where the clientèle is simple and the food elaborate, which we visited with material benefit to our insides. We had a whole chicken for the four of us, done in a sauce of cream and Madeira, with truffles.

"Truffles," I said, as I saw the black-rubber slices lying aloof amidst the creamy sauce, "have never tasted like truffles to me yet. I've always wondered why they did not leave them to the trained hunting pigs who seem so keen about them. I know there is a flavor to be raved over, but I have never yet been able to find it; so here goes for one more try."

The unusually large slice still retained its original uneven edge, and I put the whole thing in my mouth. Anxiously watched by eyes brown, gray and blue, I delivered my verdict:

"It does! It really does taste the way 'truffles' sounds!"

Three other forks dug simultaneously and three other countenances became concentrated in expression, above swiftly moving jaws.

We sopped bread in our gravy, which showed we had all lived long in France, and we passed on to eggplant *Provençale*, which means cooked in butter, in small pieces with the skin left on, till it is soft, and flavored with a dash of garlic and much tomato. It is filling, but it is awfully good. For dessert we had ice cream piled with wild strawberries over which had been poured the juice of strawberries cooked with a little sugar, also d.g. You couldn't well have a better dinner than we had that night, *au petit coin*, helped out with things one must not too long dwell upon in the U. S. A.

Ciro's is a famous place in Paris, where you will see well-known Englishmen and Americans, and men identified with the big business of all countries. Men like particularly to go there, because they may indulge in the puddings of their youth, the kind mother used to make; baked custards and rice and tapioca puddings, and even a superlative bread-and-butter affair made all glorious by tradition and Paris. They tell me long years ago, before Ciro's in Monte Carlo and Ciro's in Paris were famous, a café in Philadelphia was opened by a gentleman of that name, who offered as an attraction one large, juicy fried oyster free with every glass of beer. So good was the beer, so large the oyster and so admirable the combination that business grew and grew, and now there is no more famous name in the business.

In the Parisian house they serve a curry cooked in front of you by a real East Indian. With it you have a large blistered circle of some waferlike substance, and little old dried-up fishes which are called Bombay duck, I believe, and which you nibble in your fingers as you eat the delicious chicken curry. Also a marvelous chutney from the real East; none of your retired English officers' bottled means of livelihood, but a clear sirup with odd and extraordinary raisinlike objects and queer bits of unknown fruits and vegetables clarified in it, all highly seasoned. If you are clever enough to get a taste of curry, which is the chicken and rice, a nibble of fish, a corner of the wafer and a few drops of chutney into your mouth all at the same time you are guaranteed to feel the call of the Orient inside of thirty seconds.

The Willing Turk

They sport a gorgeously attired colored person, presumably a Turk, who comes up on a little grafting expedition of his own and offers, with gestures, you being presumably unable to speak Turkish, to make you this thick sweet concoction if you will graciously permit him so to do. You think, "What engagingly ingratiating and servile manners these Eastern slaves have! Why am I not entirely surrounded by them, as would be only fitting? Yes, varmint, prepare for me, who hates sugar in his coffee, your sirupy mixture."

You are already under the spell of the East, which usually seems to spell paying just a little extra, so you pantomime this loftily.

A friend of ours, among the most patronizingly gracious, did likewise; and when the coffee was brought him and offered with salaams and gestures of swimming, he found the stuff almost cold. This fact he endeavored to convey to the dusky one, who, clad in his Oriental cozy-corner trappings, received the criticism with a demonstration of the crawl stroke and unintelligible heathen mutterings.

Finally, exasperated, our friend barked, "Get me some hot coffee, you black rascal!"

"Yes, sir-ree, boss," snapped back automatically the discovered Georgia darky, and he was off like a shot. All of which goes to show that "poetry is not always the same as is frequently called by that name."

Yes, if you love good food, and wish to feel that important sense of well-being which comes from slowly consuming it in the presence of sympathetic companions, take a sheaf of printed-tissue-paper pictures, called French money, add a careering taxicab, which you have stuffed with dear ladies, point your tongue prettily and hie forth to fill up your waistcoat in Paris.

YOUR ESTATE

(Continued from Page 40)

A few days spent with a bank man engaged in estate work would show that it is thoroughly personal and human, alive all over, and full of incident and story.

An eccentric old gentleman left some apartment houses in an Eastern city, together with a small fortune in cash. As a landlord he had some peculiar beliefs. The interest rate charged by the city on unpaid taxes was less than bank interest, so he had left taxes unpaid for several years, fancying it an economy. It was also his practice to make as few repairs as possible, and skimp his property in other ways, letting the rents pile up in cash. Under the will the property was left to somewhat distant relatives with whom he had not been on very good terms.

The moment a trust company was appointed executor things began to happen. The city served tax and violation notices, the tenants demanded improvements, the heirs wanted all the available cash right away, and the old gentleman's housekeeper set up a claim as his common-law wife. The bank man working on that estate found the lady hostile. He was a tangible person to her, all right, and the representative of a corporation, too; and she made his lot as hard as possible when he went to gather and inventory the loose chattels. The heirs had to be tactfully told that the cash in the bank must first be used to free the real estate of claims and put it in good shape. He didn't decide this policy himself, of course, for it was settled upon by the trust company after a careful study of the property by experts, but he did have to carry out the policy as an individual. Ultimately the apartment houses were improved so that tenants willingly paid higher rents, bringing more revenue from the estate as a whole, and a thorough investigation of the housekeeper's past disclosed information whereby she lost her suit for dower rights.

Part of another estate was a large farm with growing crops and a dairy herd. The bank man in charge of that executorship had to turn farmer. There was not enough hay and grain to feed the cows more than a few days when he went to inventory the place. The farm was located in another state, and to take action he had to be appointed administrator under its laws. There was a manager who had been running the farm for its owner, but his honesty was doubtful. One of the first things the bank man did was put him under observation, whereupon he resigned and disappeared. A caretaker was given charge of the farm, conducting it under the administrator's direction, making frequent reports. In this case, too, there was a contested will. Winter was coming on. The bank man had to decide the question of planting fall crops. The farm might have passed out of his hands by spring. What should he do? Taking several neighboring farmers' counsel, he seeded all the plowed land in grass. That proved to be a wise course, since before spring the farm was deeded to one of the contesting heirs. Had the bank man planted more valuable crops they would have been harvested by this heir.

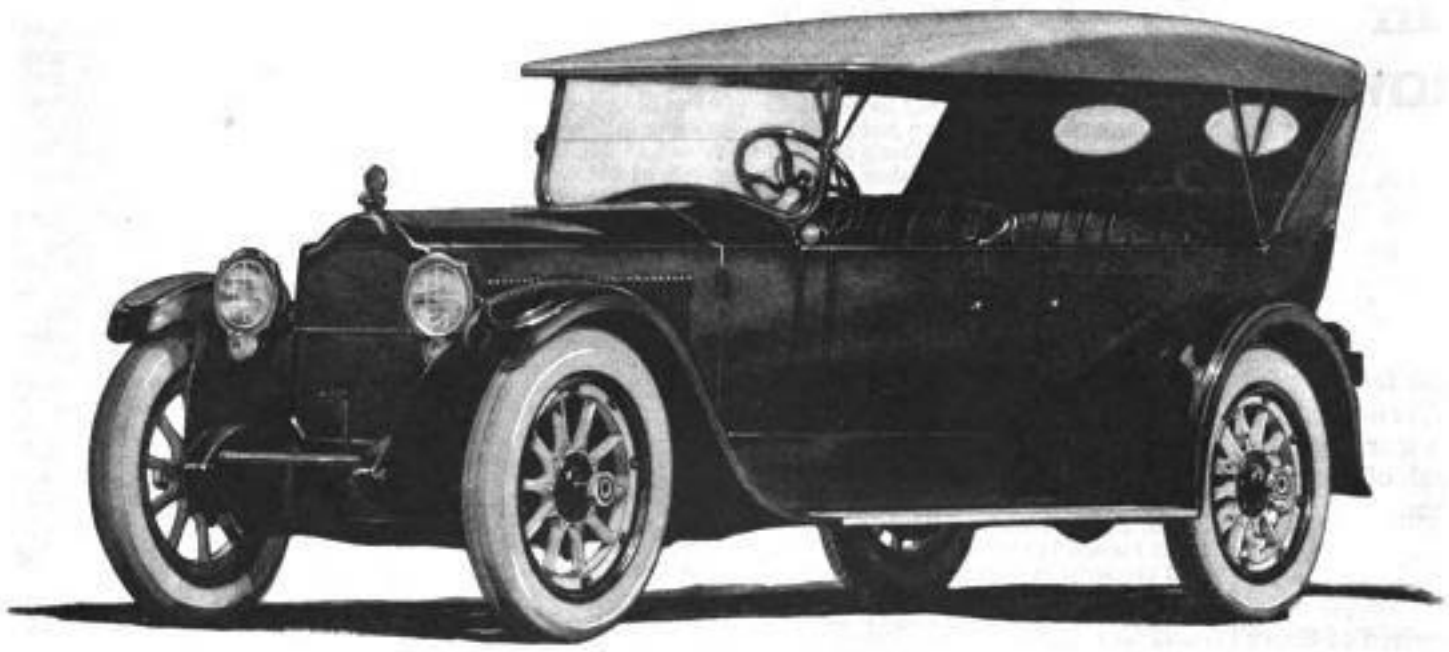
The bank man handling these fiduciary cases in a big organization not only turns to officers and associates for counsel in a hundred matters but learns a great deal from experience, for he is usually attending to the detail work of a dozen or more estates at the same time. They are not all equally active at the same time, of course, and when one realizes how much detail there may be in such matters, that is seen to be the most businesslike and economical way of doing the thing.

One day he will be studying a white elephant found among somebody's assets. Example, a large costly country house but partly built when its owner died. Study of the plans showed that its decoration inside and out was to be on a decidedly ornate scale. The will authorized sale, but it was manifestly difficult to sell the place, partly on account of its size and cost and partly because the purchaser could not yet see what it would look like. On the other hand, were the original plans carried out the scheme of ornamentation would probably prevent sale, for when a man builds a house on such an ambitious scale he wants it to conform to his own ideas. Ultimately the place was finished with the ornamental details eliminated, and sold at a very satisfactory price.

Another day he may be pitting his wits against people who are racial diplomats, with the disadvantage of language against him. Example, a business conducted by several Latin-American brothers in which the interests of one who had died were complicated by differences of opinion about the value of both merchandise and corporation stock, and a little family feeling thrown in. The value of merchandise was determined by appraisal, and the value of corporation stock by a complete audit. The corporation was a closed one, and

(Continued on Page 48)

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TWIN-SIX TOURING

There is nothing in all the generality of motoring with which to compare or measure the Twin-Six quality of motoring.

It is apart and above—and it is distinct and individual to the Packard Twin-Six.

Here are provided superlative degrees of ease and well-being, which in turn induce superlative degrees of contentment and satisfaction.

Here is embodied a mechanical means of propulsion or progression as nearly effortless as such means can be made in the present day.

These things belong especially to the Packard Twin-Six. They are the special prerogative of the Twin-Six owner.

There is no substitute for them, once they have been experienced; and they are not to be duplicated outside of the Twin-Six itself.

The price of the Twin-Six touring is $3850 at Detroit
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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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You are entitled to a *whole* evening's entertainment, and will get it at theatres whose owners pay for high quality throughout their entire programs and give as careful thought to the Short Subjects as they do to the feature.

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All the above may be identified by our trade-mark on posters and lobby-cards in theatre entrances. When you see it,

Go In—It's the Sign of a WHOLE Evening's Entertainment

Educational Pictures

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. Hammons, President
EXECUTIVE OFFICES—NEW YORK

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very profitable. The audit showed that its stock was worth considerably more in earning power than the book value at which it was carried. This situation, with its obvious difficulties, was settled to the satisfaction of everybody, because the executor was a corporation. It had no reason to be partial one way or another. It had no personal feeling in the discussions. It was working solely to get at the true value and facts. When a just price had been set upon the dead brother's stock the survivors felt that the decision was fair, and also that no bargaining would change it, so they bought the shares among themselves.

Again, he may be immersed in the complexities of an estate running into the tens of millions, with international tangles. Example, a very rich man whose will provided generously in legacies and trusts, with the remainder of his estate to be used in creating an educational foundation. He was of foreign birth, but had long lived in the United States, doing a partnership business here as a commission merchant. The partnership owned interests in factories scattered over several different states. It had foreign branches. He also had personal property in other countries, and had left foreign legacies. One of the first problems was liquidating large holdings of stocks and bonds to pay debts, taxes, legacies and administration expenses. These securities were intended to furnish cash for those very purposes, but there was a declining stock market. It took great judgment and much research and analytical work to sell them to the best advantage. A schedule was worked out and followed, so that the inevitable losses were partly compensated by deductions on income taxes in a year when they were particularly heavy. Then followed exhaustive appraisal, inventory and auditing of the mercantile and manufacturing concerns, extensive negotiations with surviving partners, and sale of the dead man's interests to them. Details had to be worked out most thoroughly by experts, because transfer and inheritance taxes were paid upon them, and every item had to be susceptible of proof. Other questions that came up were the citizenship of the deceased, a marriage settlement, the liquidation of property in other countries, the payment of foreign income taxes and death duties, and so on.

The Tax-Gatherer's Claims

False claims against estates are commoner than is generally realized, and among other false claimants may be the taxgatherer.

Under the laws of more than one state he goes right along with the executor from the beginning. Money left on deposit in banks cannot be transferred until he gives permission.

Securities in safe-deposit vaults must be inventoried in his presence. The estate as a going concern doesn't interest him at all—he wants everything reduced to hard dollars, even if going interests have to be scrapped and sold for junk. He gets his share before the heirs, and his disposition is to claim the largest possible share, whether he is entitled to it or not, and let the executor appeal the case.

Here, too, an organization grasp of tax complications often effects economies.

Shares in a land-development syndicate were part of one large estate. A tract of real estate had been purchased, improved and carried for several years in the expectation that its value would rise. The enterprise was not successful, and finally the syndicate auctioned off the property at a heavy loss. The syndicate was not wound up, however, and still owned a few lots. Up to that time it had been thought that losses of this kind could not be deducted in making income-tax returns until the enterprise had been definitely terminated. The estate of which these syndicate shares were a part was subject to a very heavy income tax. The syndicate loss was large enough to wipe out this tax if it could be legally written off. The executor proposed to other members of the syndicate that they lay all the facts before the authorities at Washington, and ask that their losses be allowed as deductions. This was permitted.

Voluntary Trusts

The executor is a liquidator. He takes charge of property under a will for the purpose of turning it into money, paying debts, taxes and other expenses and distributing what is left according to the will. The law demands that he attend to his business diligently and, though not required to make a profit, get as large a yield as possible out of the estate. He can be given considerable leeway under the will, in carrying on going enterprises, holding securities and property for the most advantageous sale, and taking any reasonable period of time to wind up different affairs. The will creates him, so he is virtually the business executive of the person who made it. Should there be nothing in the will giving him authority to act in specific circumstances, carrying on or winding up going enterprises, he must obtain and follow the instructions of the court.

Where no will is made the probate court appoints an administrator. He is a liquidator, too, but, not having written instructions to carry out, is largely a creature of the courts. The title to all real property passes automatically by law to the next-of-kin; he has nothing to do with it, but liquidates the personal property and divides the proceeds according to laws governing inheritance by next-of-kin. He can be a corporate administrator, however, and the estate benefit by corporate experience, for banks and trust companies are frequently appointed by the court in this capacity, and heirs may request it.

Taking thought for the morrow, and viewing their property and business interests from the standpoint of having them managed by others, people frequently decide to create that kind of estate which functions while they are living, known as a voluntary or living trust.

Wrapped in the technical terms of fiduciary business, too, this sounds like something to be made by the man with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel, as the saying goes. But in actual practice trusts are often made by young people.

An Eastern case lately reported was that of a young business man who made ten thousand dollars in a real-estate deal. He had an extravagant wife, and was a free spender himself. On the advice of a fiduciary expert his money was used to create a living trust for the benefit of his wife, being invested in securities, and the income used to pay premiums on fifteen thousand dollars' worth of life insurance which he took out. Thus neither he nor his wife can spend the money, and should anything happen to him she will have at least twenty-five thousand dollars.

In another case, a young opera tenor earning big money, but with little ability in saving or managing it, took the advice of a banker friend, and established a trust fund for his own benefit. Under the terms he can have all the income from all money put into this fund, but cannot touch the principal. However, the latter can be willed as he desires.

That such trust funds are often made in connection with marriages shows their advantages for young people. A wealthy woman's only daughter was marrying a fine young fellow with considerable money but little business capacity. The mother safeguarded her daughter's future by creating a trust fund yielding an income large enough to support her, the husband not being able to touch the income, nor her daughter the capital. In another case a well-to-do business man married a woman twenty-odd years younger than himself. She was his second wife. He had children who might, in the event of his passing, contest a will, to her injury. So a fund was established for her as a marriage settlement, making her income safe. Fiduciary experts say that these trusts make happy marriages, giving security in money matters, and taking money out of the field of discussion and controversy.

Living Trusts for Others

These trusts are very flexible. They can be created for many purposes—to provide income for dependents immediately or after death, educate children or set them up in business, support charities, provide an income for the person making the trust, and so on.

The creator of a living trust may participate in its administration as trustee, retain the right to advise, control or change the trustee, change or revoke his trust as he would alter a will. Apart from the advantage of setting his house in order while he is alive, he is relieved of detail and responsibility, for the banking organization appointed as trustee makes investments in legally approved securities, watches them, collects the income from them, makes income-tax returns, and so on.

In some cases funds in such a trust may escape inheritance taxes. The inheritance tax is imposed upon the transfer of property. If one creates a living trust for himself, enjoying the income from it during his lifetime, the principal will pass to his heirs, like any other property, on his death, unless the trust be continued for them. In that event inheritance taxes must be paid. But if one creates a trust for others while he is alive, reserving no interest whatever for himself, there is a very good chance of escaping inheritance taxes, because transfer of property was made before his death. However, if it can be proved that he had reason to believe his life was nearing the end—say, through incurable disease—the tax collector would be on the job immediately, and probably get regular inheritance taxes if death came less than two years after the trust was created; the period differs in various states.

THE CHRISTENING OF TWIN

(Continued from Page 17)

It takes three weeks, but we finally sign up Larkin for an eight-round row. Then we begin getting up a lot of talk about our training quarters and inviting the reporters and the sports to look in on us. Lots of the lads come milling out to see Wallace work, but it was Ed and not Ray who was throwing medicine balls around and sparring for 'em. Me and him go through a lot of stuff, mostly long-arm jabbing and left swings. He didn't show no more body punching than a guy without arms. After we shoos the crowd out Bud takes on Ray for some fast infighting, left jolts and trick shifts.

Larkin don't seem to be so sure that Wallace is a soft spot. He goes into stiff training and keeps a sharp lamp on us.

"There's one of Red's handlers," says Mehaffy to me one day, pointing to a guy who'd been watching Ed go through the motions for an hour or so.

"That's good, huh?"

"I'll say it's good," comes back Bud. "This baby's going to tip off Larkin on Wallace's style and Red'll sweat building a defense against long-arm swipes. He ain't got much brains, and by the time he gets hep he'll probably be listening to the birdies. You see, when Ray starts shooting 'em into his ribs he'll figure it's only a bluff to make him uncover his face, and between figuring and blocking he's sure to put a wabbly defense."

"Maybe," says I, doubtful; "but don't forget that he's one damn good scrapper and has been through the fist mill."

"They ain't no doubts about that," admits Mehaffy; "and on the square, he could knock either Ray or Ed for a row of hospital cots, but he'll be a sucker against the combination we'll work on him."

By this time I'm willing to let Bud go as far as he likes. The boy's got ideas and he makes 'em work for him. Why, he's got it even so fixed that the birds around the hotel don't even know the Wallaces is twins! He has 'em dress so they don't look nothing like each other. Ray's got a cap pulled over his eyes, a couple of days' growth of beard and diked out like a section hand. Ed is dolled up like a cake hound with one of them trick college suits and a snappy straw kelly with rah-rah ribbon. Besides, we didn't let 'em pal around together much. On the square, when they was rigged out they don't look no more like twins than me and Mary Pickford; but, oh, boy, when we get 'em in fight togs! Alike as two flivvers!

Well, the fight comes off as per schedule. The place is jammed. Ray and Larkin fiddle around for a while, then Wallace jumps in and does a drum jazz on Red's ribs. He smacks that bird against the ropes and you can see that the cuckoo is

(Continued on Page 50)

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Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
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just as much surprised as hurt. By the time the first round of the milly's in the discard Larkin's middle looks like he's got scarlet fever, and I notice in the corner that there's a kind of a argument going on between him and his second. I can't hear what they is talking about, but I don't need no more than seven hundred and forty-three chances to make a good guess.

Just before the second act starts Bud whispers something to Ray and the kid nods that he's wise. When he steps out in the middle of the ring he takes a jab with his left at Larkin just like Ed does. Red grins. He's hep now, he figures. Ray jabs around for a while, taking a good bunch of punishment for the play. By this time Larkin ain't paying so much attention to his bread basket. Suddenly this baby of ourn cuts loose with a couple of short jolts to the stomach and Red takes a spill. He's up at the count of nine, but he's woozy with the wallop and the kid's change of style. Ray starts to jab again and Larkin raises his mitts. One, two—bing, bang! Three, four and the works is off!

"Well," says Bud, "that was a great scrap you put up, Ray."

"What was the gate?" says this baby.

He ain't got nothing on his mind but jack. The same goes for Ed and Bud, and that gets me to the christening.

IV

LARKIN yelps his head off for a return match and we agrees to let him try again if he'll take us on in a week. He yells murder about the short time between millys, but we won't talk about no other time. The newspapers take our side of the argument, telling this boy Larkin that he ain't no more tired than Wallace and intimating that he's got a streak like a quarantine flag. Finally he comes in. He has to. The trimming he got just about put the skids under the fat row he had framed with Taylor, the Southwest champ, on Labor Day, and his only chance of cutting in on the juicy melon is to come back and beat Wallace to death.

I'm almost sorry for Red when he steps out the second time. He's all set in a knot for Ray's body punches, and Ed just naturally cuts him to ribbons with those long-arm swipes of his. My boy'd take a wallop and run. In about three rounds he has Larkin bleeding all over and puffing like an engine on the old Raton grade. Ed plays around with him for six rounds and then cracks him one in the jaw. It ain't such a hard wallop, but Red's all in and takes a rest. By the time he's feeling fresh again we been asleep three hours.

Bud don't waste no time, but gets right after me to pull that Labor Day match, but this time I put up a real roar. This baby Taylor's got everything—experience, a wallop in both hands and his body punches is just as good as his jabs. Besides, he's got a defense against everything. I've seen this bird fight three or four times and believe me he's one sweet lollypop.

"They ain't no use killing the egg that lays the golden goose," says I. "Let's clean up with all these little fish around here before tackling the whales. You know that neither of the boys can beat up Taylor, and a defeat right now ain't gonna help us none. Let's sop up the gravy first. You can't bull Taylor. It don't make no difference if you send in Ray or Ed and what training stuff you go through, this cuckoo is ready for any kind of milling. On the square, Bud, you don't think you can beat him with Ed, do you?"

"No, I don't," says he. "Taylor'd kill him."

"What makes you think Ray could do it?" I come back.

"Ray would be even worse," says he.

"Think you can bunk him with them training tricks you pulled on Larkin?" I asks him.

"No, I don't," comes back Bud.

"What?" I yells. "Then what are you talking about?"

He makes a kinda disgusted expression.

"Leave it to me, Gil," says he—I ain't known as Twin yet, you see. "I'm working out a scheme. You go get the fight. I made good so far, ain't I?"

They ain't no denying that, so I sets to work on my end of the deal. I don't have so much trouble as I figured. With Larkin outta the running, Taylor's manager is looking for a bird that will pull a strong gate and he gets interested in my palaver right off. The sports in Tulsa is strong for the mill; the papers play it for a good thing and pretty soon we got all arrangements made. The milly's to be on the night of Labor Day and the scrappers is to divide sixty-forty on 75 per cent of the take-in. The promoters tell me it's a cinch that the show will drag thirty thousand dollars easy, which makes twenty-two thousand five hundred for the boys to split, thirteen thousand five hundred dollars for the winner, nine thousand for the loser. I figure we're in soft even if we're licked.

"We ain't gonna be licked," says Bud when I tells him.

"Who you going to send in?" I asks. "Ed?"

"Both of 'em," he comes back.

"Both of 'em!" I chirps. "What do you think this is—a battle royal? I only signed for Ed, you know."

"Maybe," says Mehaffy, "Ed will be able to go through with it alone. He might slip over a lucky punch or catch Taylor outta condition."

"Suppose he don't?" I asks.

"Then," he says, cool-like, "we'll put in Ray to finish the job."

The bird's cuckoo and I starts walking away.

"Listen!" says Mehaffy. "You ain't got no brains worth mentioning, but maybe I can give you a little idea of what I'm talking about. Ed begins the fight. See? I figure he's good for five or six rounds. Taylor's a slow starter. If Ed's going good we'll let him alone. If he's slipping we'll yank him from the ring and slap in Ray, all fresh and everything."

"You must think this is a baseball game," I comes back sarcastic. "I suppose if Ray falls down you'll yank him and send me in."

"It can't never get that bad," comes back Mehaffy. "Let me wise you."

"Shoot!"

"We take both boys to the arena," explains Bud, "but Ray's going a couple of hours early and find a nice soft spot for himself under the ring."

"Are you batty," I busts out, "or just plain nuts?"

He don't answer, but goes right on with his spiel.

"Ed's in the ring. When he slips, which I figure he will, about the fifth or sixth round the lights go out suddenly—battery trouble at the main works. In a couple of seconds they go on again. Ed's under the ring and Ray's in it."

I'm too woozy to say anything.

"Easy, ain't it?" pipes Mehaffy.

"You think you can get away with that kind of murder?" I yelps finally.

"Why not?" says he.

"Because, you squirrel, you can't pull anything as raw as that without half the house getting hep!"

"In the dark?" says Bud.

"Dark or light!" I come back. "You can't shift one guy outta the ring and another in it without balling things up."

Mehaffy just grins.

"No trouble a-tall if you and me does our bits right."

"The whole idea's nutty," I says. "Suppose Ed gets a bust in the lamp right off the bat and the glim closes on him. How you going to get away with the switch? Tell me that!"

"We got to take some chances, ain't we?"

"Yeh," I says; "but we don't have to take no chance of losing all the jack and getting a ride outta town on a rail all dressed up in feathers. Aw, let's play it safe and take the loser's end!"

Mehaffy shakes his head.

"Not me! I don't ride no losers."

"There's nothing doing," says I. "I'm the manager."

Bud gets sorta mad.

"They ain't, hey? You go through with me or I'll spill the works!"

"You're kidding," I tells him.

"Try me!" says he.

I don't like the looks in his eyes, so I argue.

"Let's not be hogs," says I. "Nine thousand smackers ain't to be sneered at. Be a good feller, Bud."

"Nope," he comes back. "I ain't so interested in the money. They is something artistic about this that makes a hit with me."

"Artistic hell!" I yelps. I'm sore. "They ain't nothing doing!"

"All right, kid," says he, "then I springs the works."

"You wouldn't do that!"

"Bet your gold tooth, I will!" he says. "Yes or no!"

I gives in and he comes through with the rest of his scheme. I gotta hand it to this baby. He ain't overlooked nothing. Here's the way he's got it doped: Ed starts the fight. I'm in the corner with him, while Bud sits at the ring side. Ray's under the ring right close to his feet. Without telling him why, Mehaffy has it fixed with the janitor at the arena to douse the glims when Bud kinda yawns and waves a handkerchief in the air. He figures on doing this between rounds in case Ed is all in and set for a beating. I'm to help the kid through the ropes and Bud's to shove Ray into the ring. His idea is that there'll be such a racket and rough-house when the house goes dark that nobody will know what's happening. Blooey! The lights pop up! Ed's flopping under the planks and Ray's sitting pretty in the corner. Of course, if Ed is knocked cold the works is off; so is they if Ed looks like he's got a chance of grabbing the bacon on the square.

"We don't stand to lose nothing," says Bud. "If we can't get away with the shift we take the loser's end. If we can switch the boys we win. Taylor's a grand scrapper, but he can't take on two fresh lads like them Wallaces in one night."

"Lovely!" I says. "But what if we get caught at it?"

"That," comes back Mehaffy, "is the chance that makes it interesting."

"Who for?" I asks.

"You, of course," says he. "You're the manager, ain't you?"

V

ED AND Ray ain't got no kick. All these babies wants to know is how much jack they is in it. The boys was easy to handle; they never do cause us no trouble. Just before the argument with Larkin Ed kinda falls hard for a finger dipper in a barber shop and jazzes around with her all hours of the night. It interferes with his training, so I says to him one day, "Still out for the jack?"

"Nothing else but," pipes Ed.

"Then lay off the Jill," says I, and he done it.

Outside of that we don't never have to say nothing to them Wallaces. They don't hit the hooch, go to bed early and takes grand care of theirselves.

Well, we start getting ready for the big row. For two weeks we has rehearsals on the ring shift and in no time we got it down pat. Ed and Ray get so they can change places so quick you don't know it is being done. They just slide around like a couple of eels that has been rubbed with grease. Me and Bud each does our bit. They ain't gonna to be any handlers at the fight but me and him.

Mehaffy takes me to the arena and shows me the ring platform. It looks like Bud had it fixed to suit hisself. It's built up on posts a coupla feet off the ground and they ain't nothing to stop a guy or a dozen of 'em from climbing in under and sticking without being seen.

Bud don't overlook nothing. He even goes out and sets himself back for an overcoat about three sizes too big for him. He aims to spread it out when Ray climbs into the ring just to play safe in case they is a owl in the gang or some cuckoo lights a match. Everything looks lovely, but I can't get away from being worried. A fight crowd in Tulsa is likely to start shooting any minute, and I ain't got no wish to watch no grass growing from the roots up. I'm hoping Ed will be good enough to scrap Taylor to a standstill, but my judgment tells me they ain't no chance.

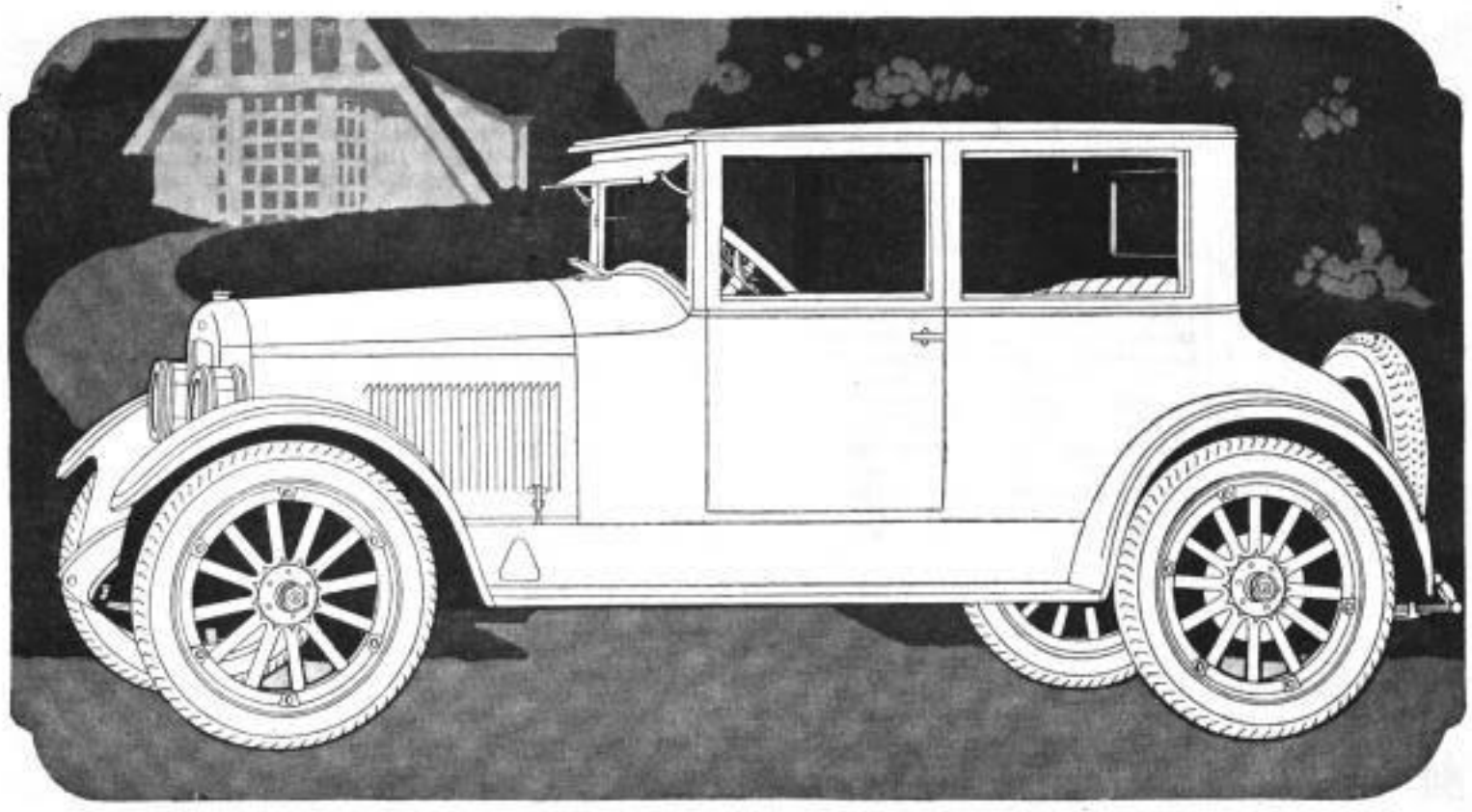
At the training quarters we use Ed one day and Ray the next, and we is mighty careful not to make no marks on them. Taylor has a coupla scouts look us over, but they don't get no feed-box info that'll do 'em any good. Wallace is there with everything as far as they can see. Just the same, the champ is the favorite and the betting odds is five to two on him. Me and Bud puts up most of our loose jack and the boys take a flyer too. We is all set for a juicy killing. Mehaffy and the kids figure everything's as good as in and begin talking about a match with the world's champ in Madison Square Garden; but me, I ain't so sure. Something tells me to worry, so I obeys orders.

About six o'clock of the night of the milly Bud takes Ray by the mitt and leads him to the arena. The boy's got his ring rig on, with pants and a sweater over 'em. He's got the gloves and tape wrapped up in a bundle, and they is even fixed up with a

(Continued on Page 52)

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(Continued from Page 50)

bottle of water for Ray to soak hisself and his gloves with so he'll look all right when he gets into the ring, if ever. Mehaffy has a final talk with Ray before they starts out.

"You just lay under the ring, kid," says he, "and take it easy. Don't let yourself get stiff. Keep moving your arms and legs. Ed'll be in the northeast corner and I'll be sitting right there at the ringside. After the main go starts shed your rags and creep up as close to my feet as you can. I'll leave one of my shoes unlaced so you can't go wrong. Just before I gets ready to give the office for the lights to go out I'll hold my wipe down for you to see. As soon as the glim is doused I'll get up and spread my overcoat. You just climb out from under and stay inside the coat. Higgins here will take care of Ed, and you, too, when you gets into the ring. Right?"

"K. O.," says Ray.

Bud don't have no trouble caching the boy. He gets in the back way. They ain't no one in the place. He finishes the job and comes back to the training quarters.

"Everything's sweet and pretty," says he. "Now listen, Ed! They ain't gonna be no arguments. When the lights flop you slide out the ring no matter how good you think you is. Remember, we can't wait until you're all in or you won't have enough strength to make the shift. If you're doing all right we'll let you alone. Got that?"

"I'll leave it to you," says Ed; "but I think I can knock that cuckoo for a row of ash cans."

"Maybe," comes back Bud; "but I'd hate to bet more 'an a thin dime on it."

Well, about nine o'clock we breezes to the arena. They is three prelims and we ain't due until about ten bells. This bird Ed's as cool as a fish. He ain't interested in nothing excepting the gate, while my thinks run fifty-fifty between gate and getaway, if things don't go so right.

The place is packed when we comes in. As soon as the last prelim is over we hop right in and grab off the northeast corner. Bud sits where he said he would. It's hotter than hell, but he's all bundled up in that overcoat.

Ed gets a nice hand. A couple of minutes later Taylor slides in. He's a husky-looking bird and I'm betting he outweighs my boy ten pounds at the leastest. Well, him and Ed trade a couple of mean looks, they take some pictures, the referee says his little piece and the announcer makes his spiel.

"In this corner," says he, "is Tom Taylor, welterweight champion of the Southwest; and in this," pointing to my boy, "Ed Wallace, the pride of Oklahoma."

"Yeh," says I to myself, "and under this corner is Ray Wallace and right here, maybe, the long-distance running champion of the world."

The bell blings and the boys go to work. They ain't no damage done in the first round. They just feels each other out. Ed gets in a few long-distance jabs, but they don't hurt none. Taylor don't do much but waltz around getting a line on the range. In the second spasm Ed gets in a stiff right to Taylor's jaw and sets this bird rocking on his toes. Before the champ can get set Wallace comes back with another mean right to Taylor's neck and sends that cuckoo wabbling to the ropes. Believe me, I'm feeling good! On the square, I been praying all night that Ed'll get through without a relief hitter.

The round's all Wallace's. Taylor's a pretty tired boy when he gets to his corner, but he comes back in the third fresh as a daisy. They trade a lot of wallops and the milly's about even. The fourth and fifth rounds don't mean much. They is both playing it safe, poking at each other and falling into the clinches when the going gets rough. They don't hurt each other none worth mentioning.

Then come the sixth. It looks like Taylor's been playing with Ed. He quits poking and side-stepping and clinching and steps right in. He just makes a monkey of Wallace, slapping him from one side of the ring to the other. If Ed ain't got an iron constitution he'd 'a' been knocked cuckoo a dozen times. I give Bud a quick look, but he don't make no sign. Then I give a couple of quick looks toward the door.

Just before the round ends Taylor catches Ed one over the heart that sends him staggering. The boy gets his balance back, though; stalls around for a while, and when the bell rings gets back to his corner steady enough. I hops in to give him the rub. You can see the baby's all tired. I'm busy with the boy and not thinking of nothing when blooey—out go the lights! Ed's head ain't tired none. He slides outta my hands like a greased pig and before I knows it another bird has slipped into 'em. I go on rubbing as if nothing ain't happened.

They is a racket and lots of yelling for lights, but I'm feeling pretty good. It don't look like no one's hep.

"Muss your hair, kid!" I hiss. "Muss your hair!" I dump a bucket of water on him. "Look tired, boy! All in!"

Blam! Up go the lights! They ain't been out more than half a minute. For a while I can't see so good. When I looks at the boy in the corner I thinks for a minute it was Ed. Then I pipes the mole and I know the works has gone through K. O. Suddenly this baby Taylor jumps up and runs over to us. I takes one look at the door and gets ready for a leap for life.

"Lemme see them gloves!" yelps the champ.

I feel better. I'm wise. Taylor figures the lights was put out to give Wallace a chance to stick a chunk of iron in his glove. That was an old stunt in them days. They'd either douse the glim or start a rough-house, and when things were quiet again one of the babies would have a five-pound lead sinker cached in his glove.

"What's the game?" I yell. "What are you trying to put over on us? Lemme see them gloves!"

I look sore and make a grab at Taylor's hands. They ain't nothing wrong with neither of the boys and the milly starts again.

Ray shoots in a few body blows. You can see Taylor is surprised by the boy being so fresh. The change in style worries him some, too, before the round is over. I can't understand why no one don't get suspicious. All that Ed had been doing was jabbing and using his left, and Ray don't do none of them things. All he does is sink his fists in Taylor's tummy and wallop him in the kidneys, which was all right in them days. Ray sure punishes the champ in the seventh.

The boy comes back to his corner with a grin.

"Cinch," he whispers. "The cuckoo's all in. I'll get him in a coupla rounds sure."

"Take it easy," says I. "Maybe he ain't so all in like he looks. Watch out for that right of his. He nearly slaughtered Ed with it. Get me?"

Wallace takes my advice and don't try to kill the champ right away. He just keeps hammering at Taylor's stomach with his short jolts. You can see easy the baby's weakening fast and I figure he ain't good but maybe for two rounds more. I'm feeling good and ain't worried none no more.

The next spasm is a massacre. Taylor is knocked off his pins and takes a nine count. He gets up, staggers around for a while and then flops again for nine. The champ gets up and wabbles into a clinch. He's so weak he can't even lift his hands. Ray is just about to put over the sleep pill when the bell rings. I take a look at Bud and grin. He's standing six or seven feet away from the ring in the aisle. I don't grin long. There's a guy sitting near where Bud was, yelling like a nut. Suddenly he pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and waves it over his head.

Blam! Out go the lights! I feel Ray slipping from my hands.

"It's a mistake!" I hiss. "Stick here, you boob!"

There's a lot of noise and scuffling and cursing near me. I'm so excited I don't know what's what.

Bling! Up come the lights and there's Ed and Ray in the ring, one of 'em on the stool and the other just coming through the ropes.

The crowd don't get hep for a while and I ain't waiting for them to come outta their trance. I just jump over the ropes and run for the door. I only give one look back. The gang's rushing the ring. I get outside all right and beat it down the street. About six blocks from the arena there's a guy in front of me running like blazes too. He gets under a light and I see it's Bud.

I catch up with him, but he don't stop. I can see he's headed for the railroad yards and I follows. We got one piece of luck anyway. They is a tanker pulling out and we hops on a flat at the end near the caboose. We don't say nothing for a while. We ain't got the wind.

"You played hell, didn't you?" I says finally.

"How was I to know," he snaps back, "that them cuckoos would think the handkerchief stunt was gonna be worked more 'an once?"

"You should 'a' told 'em," I says. "I guess Ed figured the baby flopping on the canvas over his head was Ray and you wanted him to pull the relief act."

"I guess so," says he. "It was some artistic stunt, though, while it worked, hey, boy?"

I just laughed, bitterlike.

"Wonder if the boys made a get-away?" asks Bud.

"No," says I; "they is probably sticking around to see what the gate was!"

HELEN OF TROY, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 23)

largely confined to transatlantic liners; Happy Gorman, who had attained fame—and a jail sentence—by means of an astoundingly clever oil-stock swindle; and Connie Hawes, one-time counterfeiter and generally expert flimflam artist. Their eyes were focused interestedly upon the Junoesque figure of the woman who stood with her back against the door, enjoying to the ultimate her calcium moment.

"Well," she announced pridefully, "Jim Hanvey fell for it!"

There was a moment of tense silence.

At last, Johnny Norton, pulling nervously at his mustache, voiced the question which was uppermost in the minds of all of them:

"You sure?"

"Positive! You know how it is, boys. Jim has got only one weakness and that's his heart. It's softer than mush. He fell for that going-straight stuff like a tabby for a fresh box of catnip. Honest, it was a shame to take the money."

Johnny grinned.

"He promised to keep me straight?"

"Yeh. Reckon it was the first time poor old Jim was ever asked to do anything like that." Her face clouded. "I sort of hate to put it over on him this way. I'm awful strong for Jim."

"So are all of us." It was Connie Hawes speaking. "But what could we do about it? It was a cinch we'd have trouble with Jim, so the best thing was to throw him off the track."

Slim Bolton rose and walked to the window. He spoke without turning.

"Reckon this stuff ain't exactly in my line," he commented; "but I never did understand the reason for wising Jim up. I'm not saying you fellows are wrong, but it looks to me like we are running an unnecessary chance."

Johnny Norton made no attempt to conceal his contempt for the slender one.

"If you had more than one brain in your head, Slim, they wouldn't have barred you from the steamships. The reason Jim had to know it was this: He's chief of the detective force of the Bankers' Protective Association. Bein' down in this part of the country, it was a dead cinch he'd be called in the minute anything irregular happened."

"But nothing irregular ——"

"Nothing irregular me eye! I borrow two hundred thousand dollars on a quarter million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds. The banking house sends 'em over to the bank by messenger for rediscount. You fellows bump the messenger and make a get-away with the bonds. Bond robbery from a banking house which is a member of the Bankers' Protective. Jim Hanvey is called in of course, and first thing he asks is where did they get the Liberty Bonds. And when they tell him that a gent named John Roden Norton borrowed the money he would be most likely to smell a mice; even two or three mices."

"But when this happens ——"

"Pff! You fellows are gonna lay low. And Jim already knows all about my borrowing the two hundred thou. He even knows about the Juarez proposition, and at the very moment you fellows are grabbing off the bonds I'll be with Jim Hanvey.

(Continued on Page 54)

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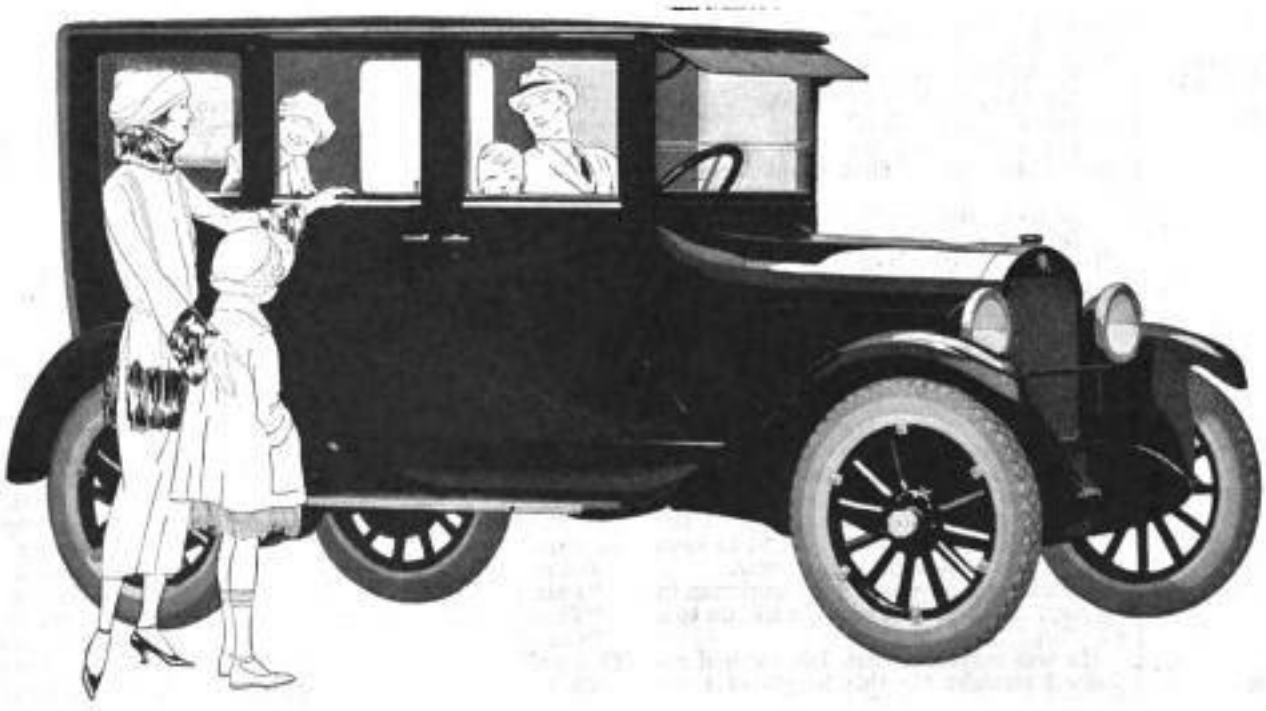
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WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE
Motor Cars



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(Continued from Page 52)

Get that? He not only is gonna be set easy on borrowing the coin, but he's also gonna be right with me when the fireworks are being shot. What's the result? I've got a clean slate with Jim. I even let him induce me not to raise Torrance's check—swell chance I'd have raisin' that bird's paper—and so Jim will be lovin' me real sweet and you guys will be beatin' it to the border with them quarter million dollars in bonds. You fellers will cash 'em in somewheres——"

"How about the numbers? They ain't registered bonds, I know, but the minute that many are stolen the banking house will notify the B. P. A. to watch out——"

Helen of Troy had been too long in the background. She didn't like it. All her life she had been accustomed to having men stare at her and hang upon her words, and so now she took the floor again and gave explanation to Slim Bolton, who had but recently been impressed into service as the necessary fifth member of the party.

"I and Happy worked out that game," she explained. "Happy is awful keen on stocks and bonds and things like that, so he knew that we'd have to watch out for those numbers. So what we'll do is this: Johnny, here, has already made arrangements for the loan—told the banking house just what he wants the money for—and on Thursday he's to swap the bonds and his note for the cash. He's due to be on hand at eleven o'clock in the morning, but he ain't gonna be. He's gonna get there about half-past one, the banks in this burg closin' up at two o'clock. He'll hand over the bonds to the president of the banking house and that bird will check over the bond numbers with Johnny, Johnny having them written down formal-like on a piece of paper.

"And here's the point, Slim: The numbers that Johnny reads out will be the numbers of the bonds all right, but the numbers he reads won't be the numbers that are written down on this slip of paper.

"Minute he does that he's gonna ask the banker to give him the check quick so he can deposit before the bank closes, with the result that the banker will accept that list and will give Johnny's slip to the bookkeeper for entering in the journal. In other words, the numbers that they'll enter up won't be the numbers of the bonds at all, and there won't be any check when you get away with 'em. Chances are the banking house has already made arrangements to rediscount at one of the big banks, and they'll be anxious to shoot the collateral right around there; so the whole thing will slip through real pretty."

"And if it don't?" questioned the pessimistic Slim.

She stamped her foot irritably.

"Then it'll simply be a harder matter to dispose of the bonds. They're in thousand-dollar denominations, and it would take time, but not be dangerous. Anyway you boys are to cash in as soon as you can, shoot the two hundred thousand back to Johnny and then Johnny redeems his bonds and hikes down there to join you. We can't lose."

"Us fellers do the rough work," commented Connie Hawes. "That ain't ever been exactly in my line."

"I'm putting up the kale, ain't I?" queried Johnny. "That ought to count some."

"It does. But——"

"But nothing!" snapped Helen of Troy. "The way you boys talk about flunking this thing you almost make me ashamed of being a crook."

Meanwhile, in the very limited confines of his room, Jim Hanvey had been doing considerable thinking. He sat as Helen had left him, overflowing the old wicker chair, puffing solemnly upon the long-extinguished stump of his cigar, fat fingers fiddling with his watch chain.

Jim was interested; so interested that for a few moments he almost forgot the intense heat. He had been asked to keep a crook on the straight and narrow.

"Gee! Johnny was a good workman in his day. Funny what wimmin will do to a guy."

He was surprised that Johnny had remained straight for this length of time. He didn't blame the lad, of course—was sincerely glad that he had done so. Helen was a woman in a million, just such a one as Jim secretly craved for a wife. She was comfortably large and full-blooded and richly blond. "And wise. I'd hate to be married to a boneheaded dame." He lighted his cigar stump absently. "Swell-lookin' frail like her could almost make me turn crooked. No wonder she's kept Johnny straight."

More peculiar than that, however, Jim reflected, was the fact that Helen herself had forsaken the rose path. She had been a clever dip in her day—none superior—and a smooth worker in other lines. He recalled the Starkman blackmail scheme; they'd never been able to hang a thing on Helen for that—or Johnny either. Old Starkman's lips had been tightly sealed, and not through indifference to money.

"That bimbo didn't love a dollar no more than he did his last pair of pants. Helen sure had him dead to rights, someway."

Here was Helen going straight and coming to him for assistance that her husband might not step from the road of rectitude. Jim's massive head rolled heavily from side to side in wonderment.

He spent the evening at a movie, finding himself aroused to spontaneous applause at that portion of the picture which disclosed the husband returning home just in time to prevent the elopement of his wife and the chauffeur, the latter having turned out to be an old lover in disguise. There was a saccharine scene which resulted in a dramatic choice between the men, the woman designating her preference by nearly strangling her husband while that gentleman beamed happily upon the discomfited lover as he slunk miserably away, presumably to another household where, perchance, the husband might not return home thus inopportunely.

Scenes of that sort were vastly impressive to Jim. He hated bad sportsmanship, and the villain-chauffeur in this picture had been a bad sport. Crookedness Jim loved. He admired a clever crook and worshiped a good woman. There was something massively pitiful about the man as he gazed raptly upon the silver screen in the picture show; something inexpressibly sad in his demeanor, his abject loneliness. Jim himself would have been the last person in the world to realize the void in his life. Keen as he was in analysis of others, he was no master of introspection. When he emerged from the picture theater it was in the grip of a warm, sentimental glow. His simple, direct nature had been stirred to the roots. At that moment he desired nothing in life so much as to insure Helen the retention of that happiness which a few brief years of honest living had brought to her.

The following morning—Wednesday—he visited the banking house of Starnes & Company, where Johnny's loan was in the process of negotiation. He discovered that Joseph P. Starnes, the president, was handling the matter personally and that Johnny had explained frankly to Mr. Starnes the use to which the money was to be put.

"It is no concern of mine," explained Mr. Starnes crisply, "what Mr. Norton does with that money. As a matter of fact, it has been my experience that a professional gambler is highly trustworthy. In the second place there is always the chance that his venture will prove unprofitable, in which case I shall have recourse to my collateral. It is excellent collateral, Mr. Hanvey; as good as money. This house is safe—entirely and thoroughly safe."

"H'm! Guess you're about right, Mr. Starnes. Just wanted to know if you was wise to what this bird wanted the money for."

"Of course I am." Mr. Starnes' manner was curt. He had an instinctive antipathy to this hulking representative of the Bankers' Protective Association; had more than once seriously considered suggesting to that organization that the man was mentally unfitted for the responsibility of his position.

"And if I were not it would make no difference. Liberty Bonds form security which we cannot question."

Jim rose.

"I ain't gonna argue about it."

"There's nothing to argue."

"Certainly not. Of course there ain't. That's why I ain't gonna argue about it."

That evening Jim dropped in at the hotel where Johnny and Helen were registered. He telephoned to their room and was bidden to come up. His call abruptly terminated a hectic pinochle game then in progress, leaving Happy Gorman a heavy and disgruntled loser. When Jim entered the room he discovered Johnny playing solitaire and Helen seated by the window, reading a fashion magazine. A significant glance passed between the portly detective and the lavishly blond woman. Johnny rose at sight and posed for a moment with one hand gripping the card table, a slight frown showing.

"'Lo, Jim."

Johnny was a most excellent actor. Apparently he was enormously surprised at the presence of the Gargantuan gentleman who bulked in the doorway. It was Jim who punctured the silence:

"Ain't you glad to see me, Johnny?"

"Why shouldn't I be?"

"I'll bite. Why?"

"If you think you've got anything on me——"

"Aw, g'wan, Johnny! You know durn well that I know you've been goin' straight since you and Helen got hitched up. Just heard you were in town an' dropped in for a social chat."

Norton appeared relieved. He heaved an impressive sigh and motioned his visitor to a chair.

As though for the first time, Jim took notice of Helen. He held her two hands in his and stared approvingly.

"Helen of Troy! By gosh, Helen, you're prettier than ever! You've put on flesh, but you've been careful where you put it."

"That's all that counts, isn't it?"

"Yep. Some wimmin are downright careless. How're you an' Johnny gettin' along?"

"Mighty well."

"Who you doin' for a livin'?"

"The public. Johnny's been makin' a book down in New Orleans. It's a lot of work and a heap of expense, but we've managed to make ends meet."

Jim eyed the cards longingly.

"How 'bout a little three-handed game of setback?"

Chairs were drawn up. They played for a cent a point. It was midnight when Jim paid his losses—eighty-one cents—and rose to go.

"This is the life," he commented heartily. Then his face grew serious. "Keep it up, Johnny. There's nothin' to this crooked stuff."

"I know that, Jim," returned Norton fervently. "I'm off it."

The door closed behind the detective. Assured that he had departed, Johnny crossed the room, took his wife in his arms and implanted a smacking kiss upon her willing lips.

"Hook, line and sinker!"

"It is a dirty shame to take him in that way."

"Sure! But it's him or us, and there ain't any use of it being us. We'll be on Easy Street when this deal is finished."

They slept but lightly that night. The following morning early there was an executive session in Johnny's room. Slim Bolton was there, pessimistic as ever; Happy Gorman, melancholy but game; Connie Hawes, steely-eyed and emotionless.

"There's nothing to worry about," reassured Johnny. "Everything's chicken."

"For you—yes."

Helen of Troy whirled on the speaker.

"You can welch any time you want. It's Johnny's idea and Johnny's jack. If you ain't game to go through with it——"

"Aw, dry up, girlie! Who said anything about welching? I just wanted you to know that we aren't going it blind. If we didn't need the money so bad——"

"If people didn't need money there wouldn't be any crooks," she said tartly. "Now let's check over the plan."

They put their heads together and for the next fifteen minutes their earnest voices hummed steadily; five clever—if warped—brains planning the betterment of themselves and the discomfiture of a single, lonely, unwieldy detective.

"It's rough," summarized Happy Gorman, "but it looks like a cinch."

They separated. Slim Bolton went to a downtown garage, where he took out a car bought by him three days before. Slim knew more than a thing or two about automobiles, and for two days had been devoting his energies to the task of tuning this car up to the notch of perfect performance. He drove downtown and parked opposite the office building which housed the firm of Starnes & Company, bankers and brokers.

Slim took his post in the automobile at about eleven o'clock. At 11:30 he was joined by Happy Gorman, strong of arm and melancholy of face.

(Continued on Page 56)

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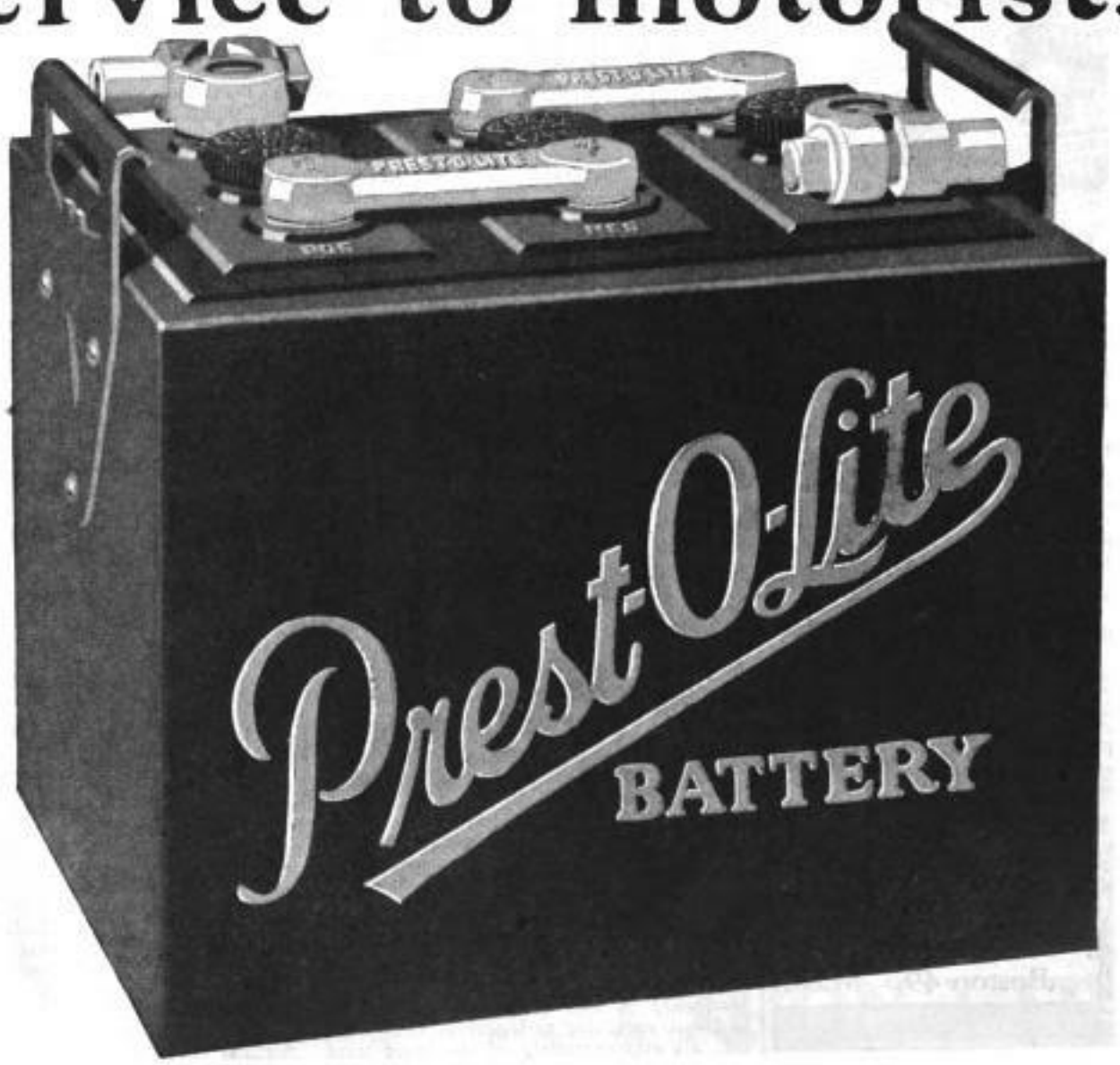
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(Continued from Page 54)

At 11:45 Connie Hawes appeared. He was dressed in a loose-fitting tweed suit, his coat tailored with a vent back so as to afford a maximum of action liberty. He nodded briefly to the two men in the car, then strolled around the corner and stationed himself outside a barber shop where he controlled a view of the building which held the Starnes offices. At 1:20 o'clock the figure of Johnny Norton came into view. He was walking up from the main business thoroughfare of the city and carrying a package which the men knew contained the Liberty Bonds. From the corner of his eye he took note of the fact that his three confederates were on duty. He turned into the office building and five minutes later was ushered into the private office of Joseph P. Starnes. That gentleman greeted him effusively, but it was patent, too, that Mr. Starnes was very much on guard.

"You're late, Mr. Norton."

"Sorry," explained Johnny suavely. "I overslept, and I've been busy checking over these bonds." He produced a knife and deftly cut the twine which bound the bulky package. "I suppose you have the note prepared."

"Yes."

Starnes reached for the bonds. His sharp eyes, glittering from beneath bushy brows, inspected them closely. There wasn't a doubt of their genuineness. He counted them three times. Mr. Starnes was thoroughly reassured. His firm was on the verge of negotiating a very profitable loan. They were to receive 7 per cent interest from Johnny, rediscount the bonds at 5 per cent and thus make a clear 2 per cent profit, plus brokerage commission, without the embarrassment of tying up any of their cash reserve.

"Amount correct?" questioned Johnny crisply.

"Yes."

Johnny glanced at his watch.

"It is almost time for the bank to close, Mr. Starnes. If you'll make out my check for two hundred thousand and let me sign the note —— I want to make my deposit today."

Starnes reached for a memorandum pad.

"I'll have to take these numbers down."

Johnny was frigid under the strain.

"I have a list here, Mr. Starnes. If you will just check the bonds themselves."

"Good!"

Unsuspiciously Joseph P. Starnes checked the numbers on the bonds as Johnny Norton read from the list. It was considerable of a memory feat on Johnny's part, and he would not have been equal to it save for the fact that he worked with a key system. He read the numbers swiftly, each number that he read being the actual number on a bond which the banker checked off. But the numbers which Johnny called out were not the numbers which he had on his list.

The hour of two was approaching. Johnny again suggested that he desired to make his deposit that day in the First National. Starnes sounded the buzzer for his bookkeeper.

"The Norton note, please, and the check."

They were duly produced. Starnes innocently reached for the list of bond numbers which Johnny had unostentatiously laid atop the bonds and extended the list to his bookkeeper.

"See that these are entered up, Mr. Mathews. These are the thousand-dollar Liberties which we have accepted as security for the loan to Mr. Norton here."

The bookkeeper departed with the incorrect list of bonds. Johnny Norton was grinning inwardly. He scribbled his name on the note and accepted the Starnes check for two hundred thousand dollars. He shook hands and departed. Slim Bolton and Happy Gorman saw him swing down the street en route to the First National. At two minutes before two o'clock Johnny deposited to his credit the Starnes check. Then he returned to the hotel—and Helen.

She was exultant at his report of success, and immediately they set the stage for a new drama. From the depths of his trunk he produced several dozen blank checks of the Crescent National of New Orleans. These he placed on the writing desk beside Major Torrance's check for eight thousand dollars, which was also on the Crescent National. A half dozen pens were next laid out carefully and several bottles of ink, all approximately of the color used originally by the unsuspecting horse owner, who was at that moment a victim to *mal de mer*. Then, with brow furrowed, Johnny went to work. The spell of it gained upon him; he forgot for the moment that this was not seriously undertaken. His fingers, clumsy through lack of practice, labored over 8's and 0's similar to those made by the major.

"It's a dog-goned shame," commented Johnny, "that I ain't really trying something like this."

Helen gazed pridefully upon his handiwork.

"Come off that, dearie! Jim'd have you in less than no time."

"I know, I know; but I'm awfully tempted." He shoved his chair back from the writing desk, lighted a Turkish cigarette and walked to the window, where he posed for a moment, carelessly twirling his close-clipped mustache. "Better telephone Jim, Helen. We want this thing to be an alibi."

She called the number of Jim's hotel apartment house. The switchboard operator there answered.

"Mr. Hanvey's apartment, please."

There was a brief pause and then the operator's voice: "If you'll hold the telephone for a moment I'll connect you. Mr. Hanvey has just went up in the elevator."

Helen nodded violently at her husband, signifying that Jim was at home. In the transmitter she fired a question: "How long has he been out?"

"I don't know. I've just been on duty a half hour. If you wish ——"

Then came a violent buzzing, a pause and a drawling, lazy voice from the other end:

"Hello! Who's this now?"

"Jim?"

"Yeh?"

"This is Helen."

"Is it?"

"Oh, Jim"—she pulled out the tremolo stop—"you promised to help me keep Johnny straight—you promised!"

"Well, I'm doin' my best."

"You haven't done enough. He's working now, Jim—right now. Do you understand?"

"On that paper?"

"Yes. Understand?"

"Sure; sure I do, Helen! I ain't so thick I can't see the joke when one clown slaps another in the pants. What you want me to do about it?"

"Come down and stop him. He'll listen to you."

"There ain't many folks will." Brief silence and then—"I'll come. It's awful hot for walkin' ——"

"Take a taxi."

Came Jim's answer, heavy with sarcasm: "Too durned expensive for an honest detective."

His receiver clicked on the hook. Helen flung herself across the room and into her husband's arms.

"It worked, dearie. He just came in, which means he ain't hanging around Starnes & Company. He probably followed you when you left there, to get an idea if you were up to anything special. Saw you return to the hotel, and he went home. You've got an alibi. And now—now we'll let him save you from going crooked! Oh, honey, we're getting away with it!"

He patted her shoulder fondly.

"You sure are a dandy wife, Helen! Great ol' girl!"

She bustled into the dressing room.

"I'll be on the watchout for Jim in the lobby. Remember, Johnny, if you act your part right he'll never suspect you of being in on this deal, even if something should go wrong."

As she arranged her hat Johnny Norton glanced across the housetops in the general direction of the downtown business district.

"Gee, I'd give something to know what happened down yonder!"

It was worth knowing, for there had been action a-plenty. All three of the waiting men had witnessed Johnny's departure from the offices of Starnes & Company, and they saw Johnny walk to the bank via the route which they knew the messenger would take. The quintet had planned this affair to a detail. They knew, for instance, that securities of unusual value held by Starnes & Company were daily taken to the First National Bank by a trustworthy messenger.

This messenger was little more than a glorified office boy despite his maturity. Too, he was a creature of habit. He daily departed the Starnes & Company suite about 2:30 o'clock, and being methodical took the shortest possible route to the First National. It was upon this habit of the messenger's that much of their scheme was based.

There were two routes between the Starnes corner and the First National, located two blocks away. The obvious one was down Elm Street one block to Main, and thence along that chief thoroughfare to Pelham Street. The other was one block north on Ashmore and thence across on Pelham to Main. The latter route was several steps shorter, less traveled, and therefore easier. It was this second route which the Starnes messenger was in the habit of taking.

Almost identical in distance, the two routes were entirely dissimilar. Elm Street was a principal thoroughfare, something which could not be said of either Ashmore or Pelham. Those two blocks were lined with shoddy secondhand stores, groceries, markets and third-rate cafeterias.

At thirty-three minutes after two o'clock the Starnes messenger emerged from the big office building and started northward on Ashmore. He walked with a peculiar shuffling gait, and in his right hand he clutched a brown-leather satchel. The moment he appeared Slim Bolton slipped into reverse, backed his sedan into the traffic, turned into Ashmore and followed. He saw Connie Hawes detach himself from the doorway of a barber shop and fall into step behind the decrepit and unsuspecting messenger.

Slim was driving parallel to the slow-moving messenger. His car veered toward the curb. A trifle ahead of the man, Slim stopped his car and immediately slipped into second in preparation for a quick get-away. Happy Gorman, every inch the gentleman in appearance, opened the rear door of the sedan and hailed the little old man.

"Pardon me, stranger," he said politely, "but would you mind telling me which way I go to reach the best hotel?"

The messenger paused and quite innocently moved toward the curb and the car. He recognized that this man must be a tourist. Connie Hawes closed in on him from the rear.

"The best hotel?" repeated the messenger, pleased at having been questioned. "It's two blocks down that way, and then ——"

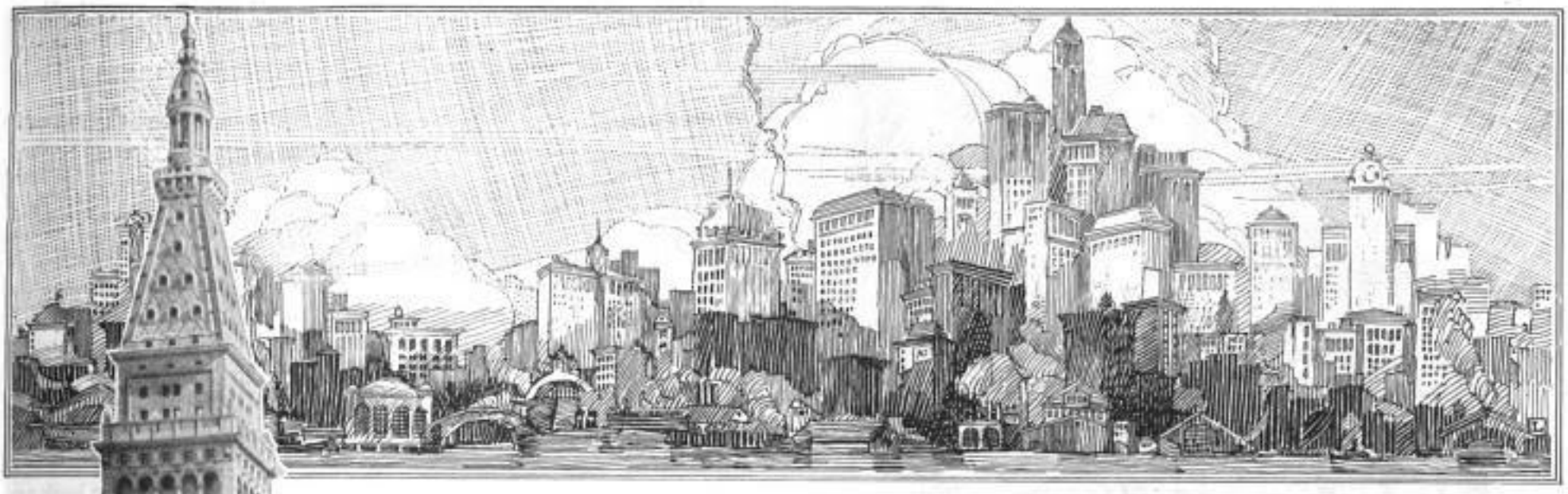
The world went black before his eyes. Connie Hawes struck as he leaped. The messenger pitched forward into the opened door and Connie flung him out of the way as he darted by and grabbed the satchel. A spectator, rigid with terror, emitted a shriek of horror. The messenger crumpled grotesquely in the gutter—stunned.

Slim clamped down on the accelerator and sped forward. There was no traffic policeman on that little-used corner. Another pedestrian shouted, but no one knew what caused his excitement. The car whirled eastward on Pelham Street, turned north at the next corner and then rounded the block and sped southward over the viaduct. A crowd had collected about the figure of the stricken messenger, who was now struggling back to consciousness. Excitement was intense, but explanations given the belated policeman were incoherent. The officer notified headquarters that a messenger for the Starnes banking house had been hit on the head and robbed, but he had no clue as to the identity of the assailants and knew nothing of the affair save that the escape had been made in an automobile. And the three criminals, speeding across country, little appreciated the measure of their safety. They drove at reasonable speed for thirty miles. At the first little town Connie Hawes alighted, carrying the satchel. The car proceeded. Twelve miles farther south Happy Gorman left the car. Slim drove into the next town, parked his car at the curb, strolled nonchalantly into a drug store, where he consumed an ice-cream soda, and twenty minutes later boarded a New Orleans-bound train. In the second Pullman he saw Connie Hawes and Happy Gorman, but by no slightest gesture did these men indicate an acquaintanceship with one another.

They knew that they were safe, but took no chances. Time enough for that after their trip westward from New Orleans, when they should have attained safety on the far side of the Mexican border.

(Continued on Page 58)

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Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is the pipe that endures. The best proof of that lasting quality can be found in the large office buildings, hotels, schools and hospitals throughout the country. Here it has been selected because time after time Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe has proven its ability to resist corrosion and serve three times longer than steel pipe. And, since the installation expense is constant, regardless of the kind of pipe used, Reading Pipe should not add over 5 per cent to the pipe bill. Figured in terms of the ultimate cost, Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is far and away the most economical.

Before you build or renovate send for our instructive booklet, "The Ultimate Cost." It contains much useful pipe information.

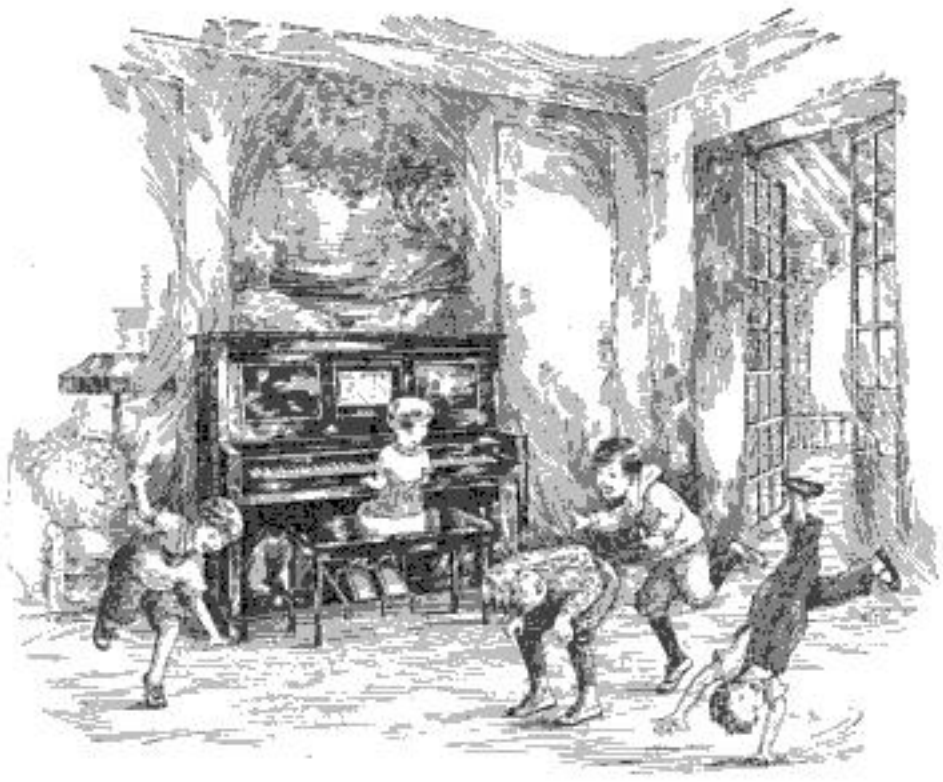
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(Continued from Page 56)

Events of some importance had been occurring contemporaneously in the city from which they had so abruptly departed. Immediately on receiving the telephone call from Helen of Troy, Jim Hanvey left his diminutive apartment. The heat had become more intense; the sun baked down from a sky unmarked by clouds.

Walking, for Jim, was far from a pleasure. He rolled uncomfortably down the street, his tiny, fishlike eyes blinking with interminable slowness, fat hands flapping awkwardly against his pants legs with each lumbering step. He turned in at the hotel lobby and there found Helen. She crossed eagerly toward him, futilely searching his puttylike face for any indication of suspicion.

"You understand what I wanted with you, Jim?"

"Yeh, sure I understand, Helen. But it does seem to me Johnny might've been considerate enough to pick a cooler day to go crooked on."

"He's working now. He's all excited, looking like he's sorry he wasted all this time going straight. He's a wizard with other folks' checks, Johnny is."

"M'm-h'm! Clever boy. What you want me to do?"

"Go up and talk to him."

"Alone?"

"I'll go with you."

"He won't get peeved at you for tipping me off?"

"I don't care if he does," she returned virtuously. "I always have believed that honesty was the best policy—when you don't really need money."

"Yeh—and when you get away with it."

They entered Johnny's room without the formality of knocking.

Johnny backed against the table, jaws working in true movie-villain fashion. His hands, groping behind his back, scraped the checks into a heap in a crude attempt at concealment. Helen, too, gave evidence of the fact that the art of the actor is not yet dead—or even ill. She raised pitiful eyes to her husband's face.

"I know you'll hate me, Johnny; but I tipped Jim off."

He simulated great rage.

"Snitched on me, eh? Damn you ——"

"Whoa, Johnny! Easy there, son! I kinder hate to hear ladies damn-you'd when I'm around."

Johnny turned his offended attention to the detective.

"It's none of your business ——"

"I hope not, Johnny; but it most likely would have been if Helen hadn't telephoned me."

"I did it for your sake, Johnny," she chimed in. "I have been very happy during the last six years, unhaunted by the fear of prison cells."

Jim turned to her, a quizzical light in his glassy eyes.

"Who wrote them words?"

She flushed.

"I don't know; but they're just what I feel." She threw her arms around Johnny's neck. "Please, dearie, for my sake, for the sake of our happiness, listen to Jim! We've been straight for so long. You couldn't get away with no forgery job now, dearie; you're all out of practice."

Jim waddled heavily across the room and took the batch of half-written checks from Johnny's unresisting hand.

"Lemme see how good you are now, kid. You used to be real clever." He inspected them closely. "T'chk! T'chk! They just can't come back, Johnny. That's awful rough work. I'd have got you in no time at all. Yeh, tough luck, son; but I reckon you'd be wise to run straight from now on. You've lost your touch, Johnny."

An expression of genuine sorrow crossed Johnny's face.

"On the level?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"Well"—and Johnny sighed—"I s'pose I might as well keep on like I've been going. Much obliged, Jim."

Helen's hysterical squeal of delight filled the room.

"You promise, dearie—promise to keep straight forever and ever?"

"Amen!"

She turned her attention to Jim, clasped one of his hands between both of hers.

"I don't know how to thank you, Jim. You've been wonderful, marvelous!"

Jim blushed boyishly.

"Gee, Helen, lay offen that stuff! When a good-lookin' dame begins sayin' sweet things to me I ain't got no more backbone than a nickel's worth of ice cream."

"But, Jim ——"

The telephone jangled.

"That's for me," Jim announced.

"You?"

"Uh-huh! I was expectin' a call an' I told the apartment house operator she'd find me here."

Helen and her husband were ill at ease. In a trice they had ceased to be sorry for the ungainly detective. There was something so cumbersomely positive in his manner; such a degree of assurance.

"Hello!"

It was Hanvey at the telephone. The two others strained their ears, but without result. And Jim's face told them no more than they could have learned by watching the lee side of a cantaloupe.

"Yeh, Jim Hanvey speaking. . . . Uh-huh. . . . You don't say so! . . . When? . . . Clear? . . . You done what I suggested? . . . Well, that proves you ain't the absolute ass I thought you was, Mr. Starnes."

He clicked the receiver on the hook and turned away. He lighted a fresh cigar and jerked his head toward the telephone. "Funny thing," he commented disinterestedly.

"Yes?" They spoke eagerly in chorus.

"Messenger left the Starnes offices a few minutes ago. Coupla roughnecks bumped him on the bean, grabbed his satchel and made a get-away." If he discerned their mutual signs of relief he gave no indication of the fact. His voice droned on monotonously. "Old man Starnes is a stiff-necked idiot, but this time he was wise. He took my advice for once."

"Your advice?"

"Sure! Y'see, with you dumping a quarter million dollars in unregistered Liberties with him, there was always danger that some crooks might get wise to it and try to make a haul. So I suggested to Fathead Starnes that he stick them securities in his own vault for a while instead of sendin' 'em down to the First National as he usually does. In view of what just happened, I think I was kinder clever—real awful clever." He paused apologetically. "You ain't got no objections to me callin' myself clever, have you?"

They did not answer; a premonition of disaster had robbed them of speech.

"Y'see, Helen, them naughty crooks might of got away with Johnny's Liberty Bonds. Might of, I said. But they didn't. All that was in that satchel was a few registered bonds which ain't worth duck soup s'far's negotiatin' 'em is concerned."

Helen's face was dead white beneath her plentiful make-up.

"Johnny's Liberty Bonds are still at Starnes & Company?"

"Yeh, sure!"

"You wouldn't lie to me, Jim, would you?"

"Aw, Helen, you know I wouldn't! Fat men are rotten liars."

"You suspected that the bank messenger was going to be robbed?"

He nodded.

"I had a sort of a hunch thataway."

She turned dejectedly. It was Johnny Norton who launched the next question:

"How did you get wise, Jim?"

"Me? It was easy this time. A lady tipped me off; a terrible pretty blond lady." Helen winced. "'Bout as much of a tip-off as I needed, anyway," continued Jim softly. "Y'know, Johnny, things occur awful funny sometimes. I happened to drift into the Starnes offices just after you left, and would you believe it, the list of bond numbers that old bird had didn't tally with the bonds at all. It was real peculiar. So I just suggested that they hold 'em there a while for the bookkeeper to enter 'em up. Y'know, a banker ought to be more careful than Starnes was. He never knows when he's li'ble to get gypped." He turned toward the door. "Yeh, Johnny, if I was you I'd stay on the safe side of things. You've lost your touch, son—lost it complete."

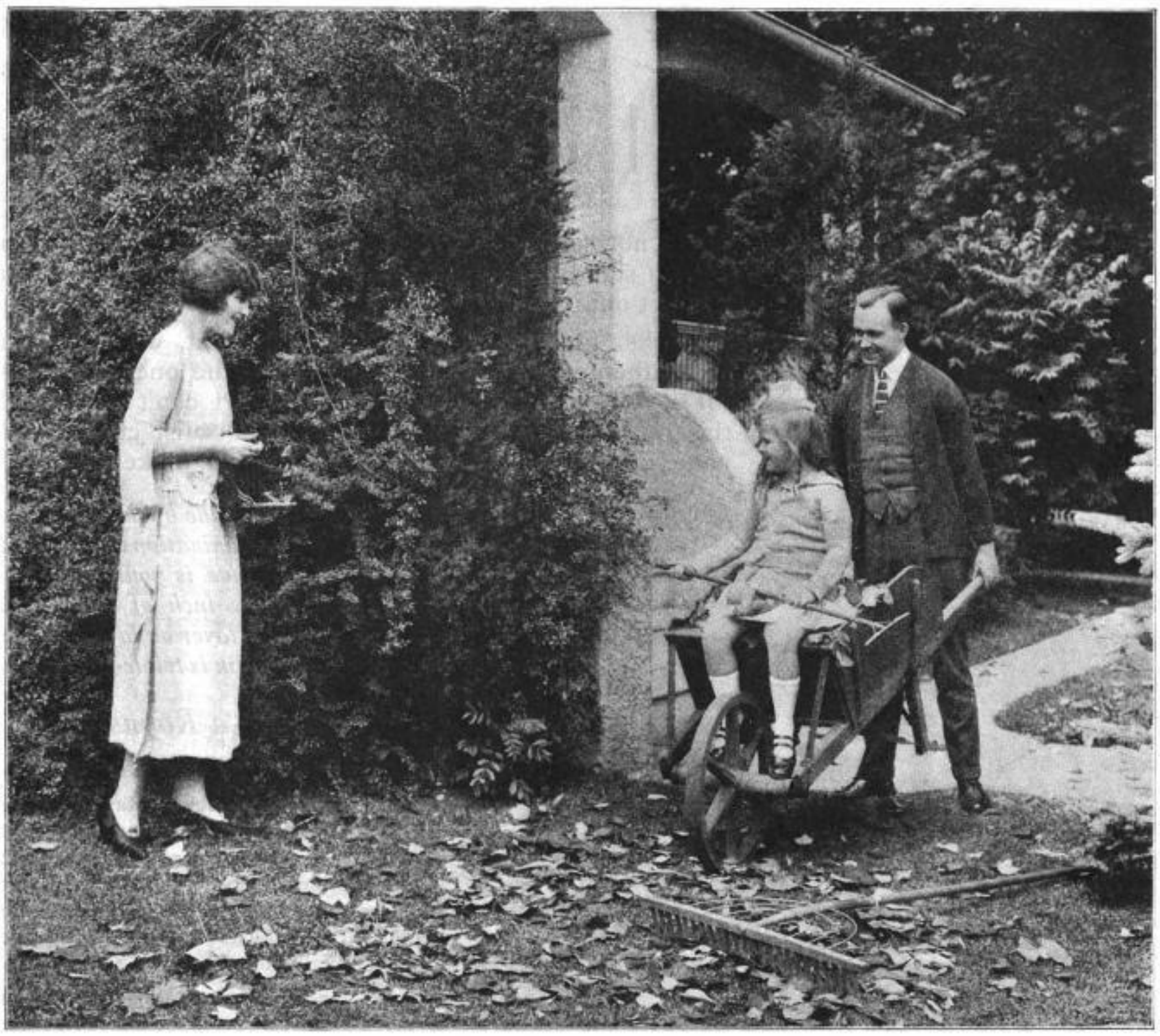
Helen of Troy stared at her husband and he returned her gaze with one equally miserable. Jim Hanvey posed heavily in the doorway, the fingers of his right hand fiddling with his massive watch chain. He regarded them benignly. Then he blinked with maddening slowness.

"Didn't you come to me, Helen, an' ask me to keep Johnny from goin' crooked?"

She nodded.

"Well," drawled the big man, "I only done what you asked me, didn't I?"

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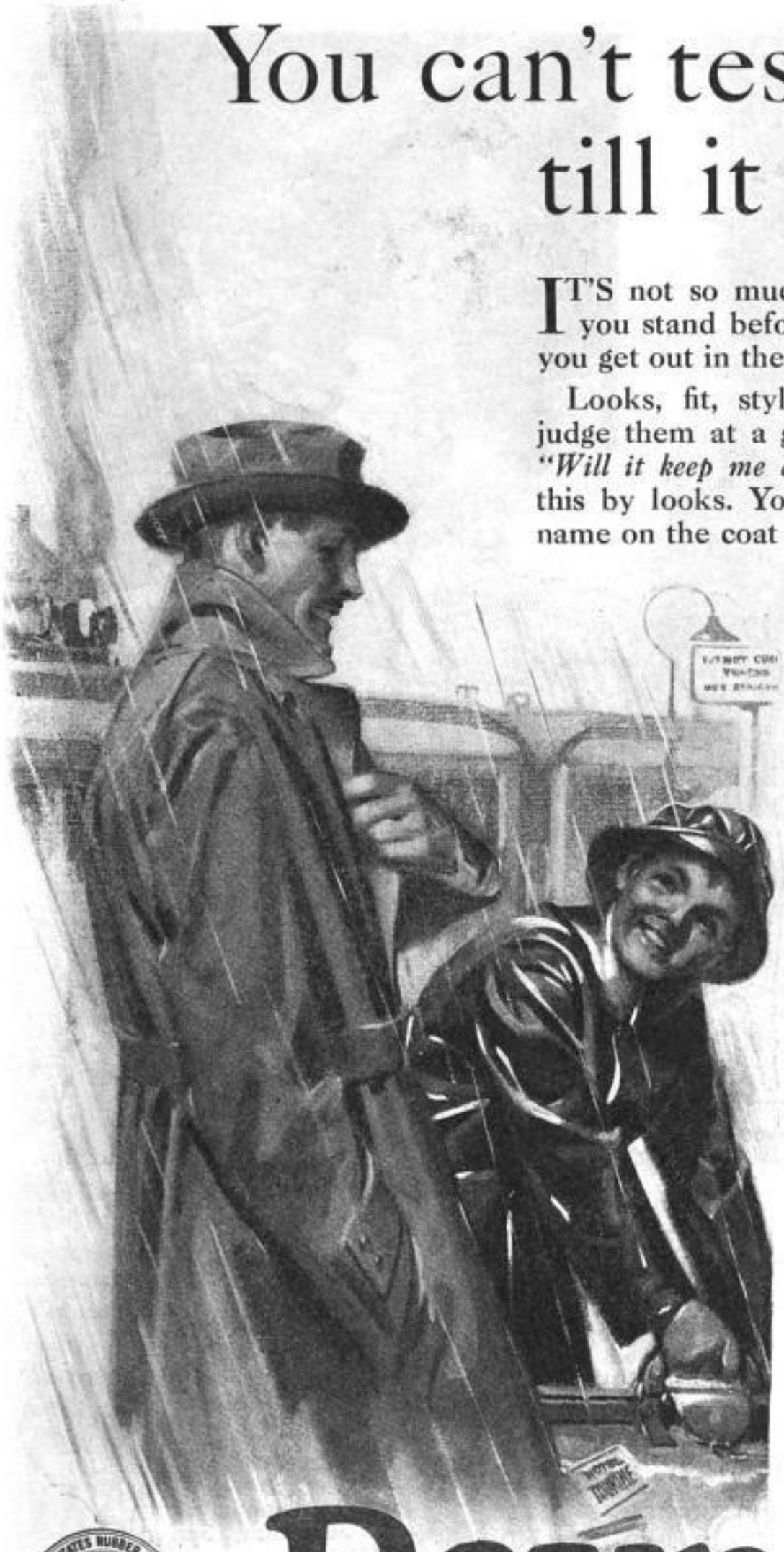
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Looks, fit, style—they're all important, and **you can** judge them at a glance. But after all the one big **test is,** *"Will it keep me dry?"* Even an expert can't always **tell** this by looks. Your only assurance of satisfaction **is the** name on the coat and the reputation of its maker.

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PIKE'S PEAK, LIZZIE, OR BUST

(Continued from Page 14)

My husband's the painter over at Munson"—I am disguising names—"and we had to give boot too."

A vision of what that touring car must have been crossed my mind; but I dismissed it as too horrible. However, by the smiles that kept chasing themselves over the face of the woman I knew which member of the family had been in favor of the trade.

The painter cast her one glance which did its best to be scornful. But he addressed me.

"It's getting kind of late," he said, "and most of the cars are running the wrong way. There's a garage over at Smithville." That town, a signpost had just informed me, lay ten miles farther along on my route.

"I'd be glad to tow you," said I.

"That would be asking a good deal," said he.

"There's the towrope," said I. "You might be getting it out of the bag while I see how I'm fixed for water."

When I turned round the towrope lay stretched between our splendid Elizabeth and her decrepit elderly relative, and the painter was fumbling about the axles.

"Can't exactly get the hang of this," he said.

"Let me do it," said I.

As I attached the towrope, following exactly the instructions of the clerk in New York, I felt the corners of my mouth twitching with sinful, inordinate pride. I was showing this mechanic his business! It was a little, I thought, as the painter would feel if he had sat down and written a story and sold it right away to a magazine. I mounted the seat and gave her the gas. The towrope held perfectly. That is one of the amazing surprises about machinery. Often it works right away, just as advertised. Lizzie, being a car of spirit, coughed and spat and protested at first, then settled down to her work and even, getting the spirit of the occasion, took the first hill on high. As we disengaged at Smithville the painter was loud in his gratitude.

"You just come to Munson when you're touring again," he said, "and see the time I'll give you. And say," he added, "you sure do know automobiles! Ain't in the business, by any chance?"

That lets out the towline.

All our advisers were emphatic on the subject of tools. "Get a box with a padlock," they said; "or if you don't do that take along a good dog. They steal tools frightfully in the garages. Maybe the dog is best. He'll guard the car in the garage at night, and when you break down on a lonely road and have to go for help he'll take care of your wife."

Needless Warnings

Now it happens that we are just out of a dog, and breaking in a new pup on the road seemed something of an undertaking. And when I spoke about a tool box to the garage man who took the car out of storage and overhauled her in New York City, he honestly advised against it. "The only place for it is your running board," he said, "and that will overbalance you on a long trip."

I decided to take the risk. As time went on we took more risks than that. We were traveling with the paraphernalia not only of transcontinental tourists but of a pair of writers; we carried not only suitcases and hatboxes but a typewriter, two cameras, portfolios, field glasses, tennis rackets and an umbrella. Within three days very shame for the show we made in unloading at a hotel moved us to take out only the essentials, leaving the rest aboard for the night. The first time I adopted this measure I asked the man at the garage if those things would be safe in the car. He gave me a stare. "Why not?" he jerked. And why not indeed? Never did I miss so much as a screw driver.

We were solemnly warned again and again to make provision for carrying gas and water. True, we would not need this emergency measure in the East, but when we got West ——

Day after day, as we rose, eager to be off, and threw our things into our bags, I remarked, "I guess I'd better be seeing about gas and water carriers." And each day, with the conservatism of her sex, the passenger counseled, "It's been all right so far. Wait another day." We never bought those carriers. I established the rule, as we drew into the lands of sparse population, of filling up with gasoline every time a red pillar hove into view—whether I seemed to want it or not. The account book, faithfully kept by the passenger, shows that we never at any one stop took on more than five gallons. As for water—three times, as we boiled through a hill country with the mercury above a hundred degrees, we borrowed a drink for Lizzie from a wayside well. These were only precautionary measures.

Then there was a matter of extra tires. We must carry at least two. Even those might not be enough. So I had a double tire carrier clamped to the rear of the machine, and added to the mess under the seat a laboratory of patching apparatus which I had not the slightest idea how to use. The double carrier at the rear turned out a bad plan. It tore loose beyond possibility of repair, and finally we loaded our spares into the back seat with the luggage. One spare would have done perfectly. We had no blowouts, and just two punctures. The first, as aforementioned, happened in Illinois, and the second as we approached Denver. The rest of the tires—a new set—were not once even blown up. They carried into the light dry atmosphere of Denver the heavy moist air of Auburn, New York.

Wayside Mechanical Geniuses

And that was all. Next time I'm going to do it on one spare tire, a pair of pincers and a clean handkerchief.

Adventures—no! New highway though this trail be, it is, after all, but a joining together of roads trodden by the shoe of the automobile this twenty years long. To us of the cities and the sophisticated country places on their borders the passenger automobile is a luxury. The farms of the United States long ago made it a necessity; and necessity has bred a class of roadside automobile mechanics who seem able to remake a car while running at fifty miles an hour. Looking back, I am of the opinion that even a major accident like a broken axle would have been no real calamity. In the most remote spot to which we penetrated I need only have mounted the running board of a passing car, ridden to the nearest farmhouse, used the rural telephone and brought the repair car to our assistance.

Only one piece of advice did I find entirely sound and good; and that comes near to introducing too much adventure. "Look out for railroad crossings," they said. Persons of our profession tend to periods of dopy meditation. We agreed on starting that whoever saw a railroad crossing first should say "Railroad," and that I should always stop to take a look. Such a proceeding cuts into running time. Day after day rolled back of us without sight or sound of a train. Then one day in Western Missouri I was running along a stretch of fine road, making time, when the passenger gave the familiar warning. I pulled up to a stop more by sheer habit than anything else; I remember a feeling of impatience at having always to check speed for railroads.

"All right on my side," said the passenger.

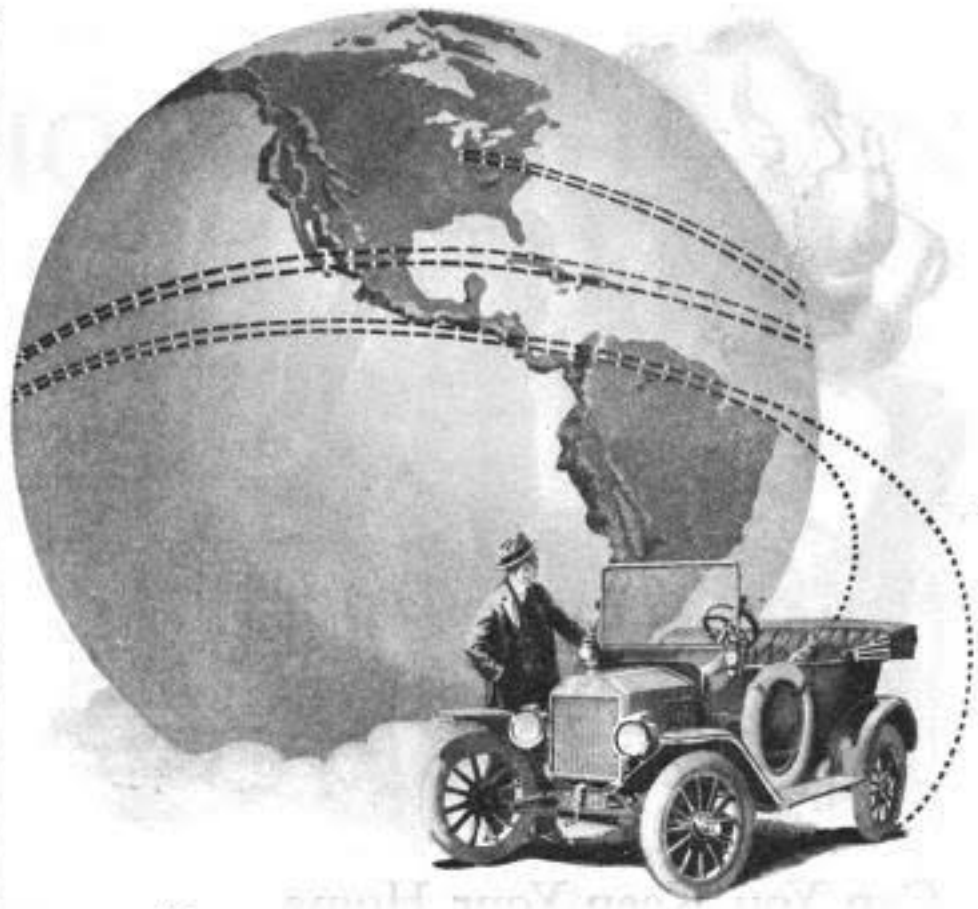
"All right," I began—and out of the curving cut to my left tore a through express at sixty miles an hour. It passed, and from a hut by the track came running a man in overalls.

"Didn't you see it?" he gasped.

"Sure," said I. "I had pulled up."

"I thought you hadn't," he said. "Thought you was just going into low to take the grade. I'm developin' heart disease, so many people come near gettin' killed at this place."

Had I kept on I should have met that train squarely. Now it is one thing to apprehend a thing with your intellect and another to grasp it with your emotions; one thing to wag your head in approval of safety-first posters and another vividly to picture your car, yourself and your wife mixed in indiscriminate fragments down a hundred yards of track. Hence, I indorse my advisers; in this land of unguarded grade crossings forget speed and stop when you see a railroad sign. As Lord Northcliffe said to me when I signed up with him for a war correspondent, "My boy, the principle is to get back with the story!"



Ford bearings in Greensburg

Why eight years and 50,000 miles give this Ford owner no worries

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD FORD in Greensburg, Indiana, has an interesting history. The dealer who sells its owner Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" says:

"This man has used nothing but Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' since he bought the car in 1914. Now I know and can furnish a sworn statement that the car has been driven about 50,000 miles and has never had a bearing tightened except once. That was about 1918, when I tightened the connecting rods a very little.

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"The engine runs almost as smoothly as a new one."

* * *

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Many Ford owners make a serious mistake. They think cheap oil means cheap operating bills. If you still have any such feeling, it will pay you to write today to our nearest branch for our booklet, "Your Ford—Four Economies in its Operation," or ask the nearest dealer who sells Gargoyle Mobiloil.

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IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*
The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

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Twist the automatic lighter and a spark will ignite the gas without the use of matches or pilot light. This is an exclusive Welsbach feature.

The Welsbach Company is obviously the best fitted to manufacture gas heaters. The experience and knowledge gained in thirty years of making the finest gas burners have resulted in a heater unequaled in the volume of its warmth and the economy of its gas consumption. Welsbach Heaters are designed to give you the direct benefit of every unit of heat generated. Their odorless warmth is instantly at your command. Every feature in their construction is put there for convenience and economy; every feature is essential to efficient service.

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We had started expecting adventure; we found less of that than one would encounter on a drive through New York City. But adventure is not necessary to happiness, nor even to romance. And those were happy days—so happy and desired that long before dawn sleep was broken into little cat naps by the longing to be off and away. Where, exactly, lies the fascination of motoring I cannot exactly see. Some men get a thrilled satisfaction from the sense of power at command of their hands and feet. That is akin, I suppose, to the satisfaction I feel when the drive springs true from my racket, the shot from my brassy. But to that I am immune; the mechanics of driving appeal to me only as a task and a bore. Perhaps it is the intensification of experience. Every turn of the road may bring its surprise, its new gentle delight to the eye—a perfectly composed landscape, a wild thing scurrying to cover, a house suggesting by its set or surroundings human beauty or tragedy or romance, a newborn colt following step by step its brooding, solicitous mother, a colony of prairie dogs making totem poles of themselves above their mounds. You may see these same things from the window of a Pullman car, but only distantly; and you cannot command the Pullman to stop while you observe the habits of the prairie dog, try to engage the shy affections of the colt, hold conversation over the fence with an inhabitant of the house which has intrigued you. It gives you the same sense of intimacy with the country that you get on a walking trip; only the impressions come, necessarily, ten times as fast. Yet when all that is said, it does not entirely explain the charm of this new vacationing which has of late taken such hold on the American people.

As I try to classify the shifting panoramic impressions of those days, this country of ours, between the great sea and the great mountains, divides itself into belts of interest and beauty. There is first the green land—the rolling, forested, lake-dotted region of Western New York, Northern Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. No stretch of this planet flaunts so brilliantly and persistently the colors of summer-light-green in the foliage along the water courses, brilliant green in the flourishing field, Nile green in the marshes, peacock-blue-green where the spring-sown corn breaks through the black earth, black-green in the forests. Constantly, from this hill or that, you are glimpsing lakes, from mighty Cayuga to barnyard ponds; and they, with reflection of the prevailing color, give back to the sky the emerald of deepest ocean. Except for the ever-present wooden houses, this land seems as permanent, finished, as cared-for, as distinguished in its own way, as any part whatever of Europe.

Friendly Americans

Approaching the borders of the green land you gradually dismiss things ancient and venerable. Less and less often you remark, "There's an old-timer" or "That looks like genuine colonial." Finally, as you enter Ohio, you pass the last antique shop and plunge into the present. A few miles of transition with the hills sinking ever lower and lower—and you have reached hollyhock land. For so, henceforth, shall I always think of the Middle West. Everywhere from the Ohio border to the great river the tall spikes, hung with the crinkled, transparent, gaudy blossoms, seemed to border all walks and driveways, spangle all neat cottage walls. It is a flat land—and heaven forgive the man who coined in contempt that phrase "The flat Middle West!" Unrolling day after day from the belt of vision above your windshields, it presents to your eye the heroic sweep of a limitless ocean. Only above no ocean ever bowled a sky like this—haunting, mysterious, suggesting strange adventures of the spirit, vibrant with clouds which toward sunset crowd the west with mighty galleons.

So much for the countryside. The towns and small cities, sprinkled through this vastness, have an air of pride in their own wealth and usefulness. I had thought, before this trip, that I knew the United States pretty well, yet I was constantly coming upon small cities surrounded by great, many-windowed modern factories, centered by busy, clean, modern shops, whose very names had never reached me. Underfoot, as they rolled by town on town, were cement roads as smooth and perfect as new-laid city pavements, and alive with well-tended cars. From their elm-bordered walks groups of girls in smart sport clothes regarded you with the frank, unabashed glance of the native American. The passenger remarked again and again, "There are no longer any countrified-looking young girls. The daily hint from Paris pervades the landscape. The movies and the female magazines have attended to all that."

The main streets of these towns seemed to offer in miniature every comfort and luxury of New York or Chicago or Boston. As they rolled past you a sense of sheer joyous plenty brimming the cup of national life rolled up into a sense of power unlimited and as yet unrealized—a sense somewhat disturbing to anyone who has viewed this world as a whole during the past eight years and knows the temptations of empire.

Then, as the hills begin to roll toward the Mississippi, there was what I call the land of Lincoln. Here the greatest American lived his fighting early years; on its borders, at Decatur, stands the courthouse where first he practiced law. And here, from every passing wagon and every passed doorway, look faces of that old-American type which flowered with Lincoln into its perfect rugged beauty. These people, too, have a touch of Lincoln's manners in their unabashed friendliness, their grave and quiet humor, their disposition to sit down with you at the roadside and spin a yarn. A rich land of black soil and record corn crops, it still strikes the beholder as amazingly, refreshingly primitive. We crossed it on a Sunday. When we stopped for gasoline or water, the piazzas of the country stores swarmed with men in jumpers and wide hats, swapping cigarette papers or plug tobacco, watching with frankly curious eyes the Massachusetts license number on Lizzie. Always someone broke the ice by remarking "Come quite a ways, haven't you?" or "Pretty long ways from home." Then we must needs stop and exchange views on the weather, the roads, the late tornado, the crops, and the chances of the Harding Administration.

The Umpire's Accomplice

Here was a frame church so little and old and quaint that Lincoln himself might have spoken from its pulpit in his Free Soil Campaign for Congress. Through its open door came the deep, earnest voice of the clergyman, exhorting powerfully. Lincoln, however, would not have recognized the fringe which surrounded it—by actual count forty-two automobiles, and not a single horse-drawn vehicle. Farther along, that day, we rounded a hill into a hollow and came upon a baseball game. The audience lay at ease on a hill slope above the diamond—except during the exciting intervals, when it sat up to cheer—and on the ridge above, cars were parked in the ratio of a flivver to a family. We drew up to watch the game. As it happened, our stretch of road ran across right field. Just then the local Babe Ruth got a toe hold on the ball and knocked it over us. The fielder, pursuing the ball, had to round our car; as he captured it and threw in too late to catch his man at the plate, his countenance suggested that he regarded me as an accomplice of the umpire.

Five miles farther on we approached the Illinois River over a district where the levees had broken. The narrow temporary road ran over a series of sharp hillocks between steep banks bottomed by deep ponds left by the broken levee. At the top of one hump I encountered another car. It was impossible to pass. Someone had to back out. I consented to be the goat. And I did it badly, so that I ended up with one wheel off the bank and Lizzie emitting a most disturbing hiss from somewhere in the region of her batteries. The individual for whom I had backed out never stopped to help, never even thanked me; I was alone with my problem. Just then arrived the baseball team which I had helped to defeat, in a hurry to reach the four o'clock ferry. It was the fielder himself who sized up the situation, haled his team from their truck and gave the orders that put a dozen young shoulders to the wheel. He forbore to reproach me concerning that home run, but—being about sixteen years old—he gave me considerable sound advice about running a flivver. Every boy of my generation used to know how to manage a horse. We never learned how to ride. It just came through

(Continued on Page 65)

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THE PEOPLE WHO ARE BOSTON

IN BOSTON lives a population never counted in the census list. Through Boston streets, in Boston homes, among her shops and stores move phantom figures from other days. Silent, invisible, still are they part and parcel of Boston's daily life.

Swayed and colored by influences of the past, Boston may be likened unto no other city. Tradition and heredity jog at heel and nudge the elbows of her people in every walk of life. The banker and the laborer, the great lady and her humble sister, each is subject to a constant process of division and selection—each lives within environments whose boundaries are definite and without change.



THE stranger, newly come to Boston, finds it hard to visualize this grouping of the city's population. And it is likely that his first understanding will come from a comparison of the Boston newspapers.

For Boston's newspapers are guided and divided as surely as are her people. Each is edited and printed in the manner calculated to interest and satisfy a certain type of reader. Each serves its clientele faithfully and well—so well, in fact, that no newspaper published for one of Boston's two great groups of population can ever substantially duplicate its circulation in the other.

No national advertiser may hope to win success in the Boston territory until he understands this rigid division of its people. To buy newspaper space in Boston purely on a basis of quantity of circulation precludes the possibility of completely covering the Boston market.

What more emphatic proof of this could there be than the fact that in Boston, the Herald-Traveler, excluding Sundays, while not largest in circulation, leads every other Boston week-day newspaper in national advertising? Only one condition could be responsible for this fact. It is that the Herald-Traveler serves a group of readers that no other Boston paper reaches. More than that—its leadership in national advertising is conclusive proof that experienced advertisers have found in the Herald-Traveler circulation the most responsive and profitable market for their products.

It has been proved that the Herald-Traveler circulation is reached by no other newspaper nor by any other combination of papers in Boston, and that this circulation, as individuals, possesses the largest per capita buying power of the entire Boston market. The Herald-Traveler readers are buyers of bread as well as bonds; of necessities as well as luxuries; of merchandise as well as service. They represent the best outlet of the best retailers in Boston—appreciative of quality and financially able to buy in quantity where quality is found.

The national advertiser who hopes to merchandise Boston successfully should, above all else, keep these facts in mind:—

First, that the people of the Boston territory are divided into two great groups.

Second, that the Boston territory can be completely covered only by reaching both these groups.

Third, that one of these groups may be reached through one or more of several Boston papers.

Finally, that the other group, great in every quality that makes newspaper circulation valuable, can be reached only through the Boston Herald-Traveler.



To the national advertiser interested in Boston, complete information concerning the proper merchandising of this important market is offered in a book entitled "The Road to Boston"—sent upon receipt of a request on business stationery.

THE BOSTON HERALD-TRAVELER

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FOR FORDS

The Right Oil for Fords

It is not the fault of your brake bands if your Ford jars and chatters when you start or stop. It's because you are using the *wrong oil*.

It makes no difference how good an oil you are using—it is not the right oil unless, in addition to giving your engine proper lubrication, *it keeps the gear bands soft and pliable*.

Havoline F—a new grade of Havoline Oil made especially for Fords—will cut the hard, glazed surface of your old bands so that they will take hold firmly and evenly without grabbing or slipping.

Drain your crank case, fill it with Havoline F, and in less than a half mile the chatter will cease.

With Havoline F in your motor, you can forget carbon deposit and overhaul charges. Remember, this is a *Havoline Oil*. It has all the qualities which for nearly twenty years have maintained the high standard of Havoline Oils.

Dealers throughout the country sell Havoline F. Ask for it by the full name—*Havoline F*. It costs no more than ordinary oils. You can get it in the manner you prefer, in a Havoline can or from a quart measure.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, Incorporated, New York

Producers and refiners of petroleum products
Branches in 158 cities

To Dealers:
Write today for full information regarding Havoline F. Let us tell you how to increase your Ford business by selling this new Havoline product.

HAVOLINE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR FORDS F

"stops the chatter"

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(Continued from Page 62)

our pores. Even west of the Mississippi I doubt if one boy out of a hundred in this generation has ever slung his leg over a saddle. But they all know the anatomy of automobiles and are driving surreptitiously long before they reach the legal age. The team made the four-o'clock ferry; then, at the last moment, changed its collective mind and went in for a swim.

Hannibal—Mark Twain's town—thrusts a touch of the smiling, easy South into the more energetic North. It seems by contrast as foreign as Havana. That is the only real Southern touch; from there to the Kansas border this state is just smiling, gentle Missouri. It is the land of the variegated wild rose, the wild dove and the cottontail rabbit. The roses toss in every scrub-oak forest, over every fence. The doves project their soft call from every thicket; you wake of mornings with that incredible under-melancholy song in your ears. This species has an affinity for roads. They wait for you until the last moment of safety, then rise and fly before you. Once, coming through a cut, six doves preceded us all the way, giving the flivver a comic resemblance to the chariot of Venus. The rabbit, who had been making himself conspicuous all the way, here multiplied. It was June, the season when the baby cottontail of the spring crop is making his first venture into the world. He is a poor dodger. All the way, in fact, we were passing the flattened corpses of young rabbits, in a trail of death on the road which included hens, red-headed woodpeckers, squirrels, snakes, turtles, cats and once a woodchuck and once a beautiful collie. A certain kind of motorist takes delight in running down living things on the road. He is the kind of person who leaves his camp fire burning, shoots standing quail with a pump gun and blows up fish with dynamite.

There was a drought in Kansas—the wide checkered prairie landscape rolled away in the blue greens and tawny golds and purple browns under a heat mist. And wherever we stopped to interview an inhabitant his conversation tended to spoil the whole day. Yes, the season had started fine. Then just when the grain was heading up—this durned heat wave. No rain for two weeks. Temperature up to a hundred and three yesterday. Wind wrong. Didn't look as if it would ever rain. Always that way when you're farming. Made a little money in the war and the Government took it away in taxes. Then prices went blooey. Then they came back a little, and then this.

Kansas Pessimism

Our hearts bled for Kansas until we encountered the lady from Boston. She keeps a neat, homelike wayside lunch counter at which we stopped one day. She was discovered embroidering peonies and conversing with her mother, who sat with old-fashioned Yankee stiffness in a comb-back rocker. When, five years before, she came West to seek her fortune, the lady from Boston had imported mother, the rocker, a painting of her grandfather's clipper ship and several other belongin's which smacked of New England. To her we mentioned the horrible calamity that had fallen upon Kansas. She glanced at the Massachusetts number on our car, glanced again about the place to see that no one overheard, and said as one Yankee to another:

"Don't you believe 'em. I've been here five years now, and I've never seen one of these farmers yet that had any hope. Menfolks are kickers anyhow. Especially farmers. Grain's heading up fine, s'far's I can see. If it rained tomorrow they'd come in here and spoil their vittles crying into 'em because it had interfered with harvesting. Yes, they're being ruined all the time. If it isn't one thing it's another. But what I'd like to know is where they get the money to buy all those new automobiles!"

And somewhere here began the West. It came gradually. One morning the garage man, making change, handed me for my bill three great, honest open-faced silver cart wheels. A fellow traveler, stuck on the road and desirous of borrowing a wrench, hailed me as "partner." Here and there the fields were broken by the gray mark of an arroyo. The meadow lark, whose cheerful, bubbling, piercing note had sung us all the way from the Great River, became ever more numerous and insistent on being heard. From his perch on the top of a fence post he dominated all day long the whir of the motor. A gigantic rabbit crossed the trail. He moved with the gait of a kangaroo and he was two-thirds ears—a jack rabbit, not a cottontail. Down the road loped an individual on a wiry little horse, astride a man-sized Texas saddle, wearing worn and greasy leather chaps and a flopping gray hat. When you asked at a garage if you might have some water, the native answered "You bet." The restaurants and hotels sported mounted elk or deer or antelope heads as chief bits of decoration. And, finally, we rounded a corner into a town with a broad main street bordered by raised sidewalks, by stores with wooden awnings. Down its center stood parked long rows of automobiles; at hitching rails along the sidewalks stood lean broncos, saddled and caparisoned. The male inhabitants rolled down the sidewalk with the cramped, side-footed gait of horsemen forced onto their own legs. They wore high-crowned broad hats; they dispensed with all preliminary advances toward acquaintance as they asked how we left the weather in Beanville. Even if you had never been West before, you would have identified it all from the movies.

Beautiful Jacksonville

So much—or so little—for the countryside. As for towns—spontaneously there arose a competition to name the best town in each class along our route. Lest I stir up human hate and sinful local pride, I shall mention only the winners. For an Eastern town with the kind of distinction which age alone can give, the verdict went unanimously to Geneva, New York. In contrast to most other cities of the lake region, Geneva has laid her fine residence street along the lake front. A wide elm-bordered drive projects green forest gardens down to the edge of the waves, and even the new houses have an air of old and settled cultivation. However, this feature has perhaps less to do with the distinction of Geneva than two or three hill streets of houses, shops and offices built apparently early in the nineteenth century and still untouched, externally, by modern improvement. Henry James, revisiting America, described old Park Street, Boston, as the most worthwhile thoroughfare in the country. He did not see Geneva; else he might not have broken his rule and indulged himself in a positive statement.

On small Middle-Western towns opinion was divided. The passenger chose Painesville, Ohio, and I became an aggressive partisan of Jacksonville, Illinois. I shall—meanly—set forth only the claims of my own pet town. I had never heard of the place before; and it was a revelation. It stands among elm-bordered and gardened avenues. Yet it is not too much gardened—not enough to destroy the homelike quality. There must be considerable wealth in Jacksonville; else its succession of fine houses, each set on a little estate, were impossible. I state only an axiom among the widely traveled and open-minded when I say that American architecture of the past twenty-five years—especially American domestic architecture—is the best in the world. Like all great peoples, we are great builders. Before we were a nation we had domesticated, humanized the stiff Georgian building of contemporary England into the homelike New England farmhouse, the hospitable colonial mansions. After the blight of the arts, the period of excrescences and gem gowns in the middle nineteenth century, we revived this tendency. Our domestic building may go down in the history of architecture as of equal merit with the creation of the skyscraper—our great achievement, now coming to the tardy recognition of scoffing Europe.

These houses of Jacksonville are beautiful, and yet homes. They have grown old enough to settle into the landscape. They suggest moderate wealth and reasonable luxury; they suggest also the girls of late afternoons making splotches of color on the piazza, the children of winter evenings reading or getting their lessons round the living-room lamp, the boys of summer mornings tinkering with the machine in the garage. And Jacksonville centers a country of undulating fields, coal black where the plow has just finished, peacock blue where the new crop is springing, burnished gold where the wheat awaits the reaper. The country folds into a thousand undulating hills. The road, as it leaves Jacksonville, runs along a crest, giving panoramic glimpses which, what with the



Your Teeth
Are What You Keep Them---
Lyonized or Otherwise

You can quickly see the good results of Dr. Lyon's—clean, white, attractive teeth, openly admired.

And there need be no misgivings on the other important question—safety. It contains nothing to cause apprehension. It is unmedicated. Lyonized teeth are a great satisfaction.

Dr. Lyon's has preserved teeth a lifetime—the only dentifrice long enough on the market to have the proof.

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder Cream

Approved by the best dental authorities for over fifty years



I. W. LYON & SONS, INC.
530 West 27th Street, New York

Canadian Distributors: Lymans, Limited
344 St. Paul Street, West, Montreal

FREE SAMPLE—Powder or Cream—Sent to Anyone

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TRUSCON
STANDARD
BUILDINGS

Types, Kinds and Sizes For All Needs

You can get at very low cost a fireproof, permanent building of standardized units to fit your individual needs—a building of any size, any type of roof, any arrangement of windows and doors and any amount of daylight and ventilation. In addition a Truscon Standard Building has 100 per cent salvage value when re-erected elsewhere. Some of the types are here illustrated:

SAWTOOTH ROOF



MONITOR ROOF



PITCHED ROOF



PITCHED ROOF
WITH LANTERN



COMBINED TYPES



Over ten million square feet of Truscon Standard Buildings are daily serving leading industries and business men for the widest variety of uses, including factories, shops, warehouses, foundries, oil buildings and railroad buildings.

Tell Us Your Problem

And we will quote you price on a building to meet your needs exactly. Write now while prices are low.

Remember you pay only our factory cost plus one overhead, plus one profit.

TRUSCON STEEL CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Memo

to write to Truscon Steel Co., Youngstown, O., Dept. S-13, about building problem.

mystery of prairie skies, seem more visions than vistas.

After some debate, Dayton, Ohio, won the prize for the big Middle-West city where one would prefer to live. It seemed to score high on all counts—modern conveniences plus the apparatus of culture, beauty plus the wideness of efficiency. The passenger remarked that she had never before seen a city which had window boxes full of flowers on its bridges. Perhaps this verdict was not wholly a matter of cool reason; perhaps it was biased by a tinge of emotion. For as we came into town we glimpsed a sign which read "Bicycles repaired." And that recalled the glory of Dayton, the two plain, common-sense, sterling Middle-Western boys who in their little shop built a new dimension for mankind.

There were, though, other towns, not to be named here. What starts a town right is a mystery. Here would be one little city with all evidences of progress and sanitation and the go-ahead spirit, and not twenty miles away another bearing all the stigmata of shiftlessness. To the casual eye of the tourist the two would seem equally favored in site and resources—yet there you were. I remembered two successive stops in the West. It was the eve of harvesttime, when the roving agricultural laborers were just beginning to float into the district. Town Number One was that night brilliantly, warmly lighted. It had an air of innocent holiday. A canvas-covered roller-skating rink invited to exercise, gayety and harmless flirtation. Signs everywhere advertised free municipal baths. In the fire house the town band was practicing for Fourth of July. Down the cement sidewalk floated comfortable-looking family groups, bound for the movies or the strawberry sociable. The boys on the street corners did not give the appearance of loafers. They looked simply like upright young citizens, talking things over in their out-of-doors club. Through the crowd strode tall Western girls in smart summer dresses or in riding breeches, with the air of women willing to look any man in the eye and meet him on equal terms. As we drove in at sunset we passed a golf links, struggling to maintain a fairway in a land where lawns do not grow readily. It was sprinkled with men in sombreros and heavy boots. Indeed, one young man whom I observed in the act of making a two-hundred-yard drive wore overalls and had let his suspenders down in order to facilitate his swing. There were farmers, getting a little recreation between the day's work and chores. I asked the hotel clerk if this was a public links.

The Banker's Influence

"Nope!" he said. "But anyone can get in who has the price. Have you heard about our man Beesley? He's good, that bird. We're training him for the Western Championships."

Town Number Two welcomed us with a stale scent. For down the gutters below the board sidewalks ran a sluggish stream, floating refuse like that of last week's picnic. The steps of the hotel were crowded with boys and young men smoking cigarettes and lolling back on their elbows. As we approached they stopped what was undoubtedly an improper conversation, to stare. When we emerged, looking for a place to eat, the lady of the party had to step over their legs. That place to eat was dingy, streaked, flyspecked. At the tables men of the same stamp as the loafers before the hotel exchanged loud, imprudent conversation. As the waiter slapped down before us our soggy ration a stage drove up and the driver entered to get a cup of coffee. He wore on his hip two guns. Doubtless he needed them. On the dimly lighted street outside no woman appeared without an escort. It was a spiritual soil which, you felt, might bring forth at any time a lynching, a burning or a brutal riot.

As I got my car out of the garage next morning an inhabitant noted her Massachusetts license number.

"Come quite a ways, haven't you?" he said. "How does it feel to get into a regular town in a regular country?"

I have believed always that the country editor had most to do with giving cast and complexion to a small community—that such a man as William Allen White is the greatest of municipal blessings. But a certain resident of an interior city, on whom I unloaded this view, disagreed. His experience and his native acuteness are such that his opinion is worth having.

"The editor helps," he said, "but the banker's the main influence. If he's a decent, square, progressive fellow, out for the town as well as for himself and his stockholders, the community will take his cast within fifteen years. If he's a born usurer it goes to seed. If he's a trickster it goes crooked. Take me blindfolded into any new town, give me half an hour alone with the banker, and I can tell without looking what kind of a place it is."

However, I suppose another prominent citizen cannot be left out of this reckoning—the hotel keeper. A little of the town's moral cast proceeds from him, and very much of its approximation to civilized standards of living. Those small communities between village and city, in which 25 per cent of our citizens live, cannot generally support two real hotels. The proprietor is without direct competition. You have to stay there whether you like it or no. Among all business men he is the least responsible to his patrons, the most to his sense of professional decency. I stayed last winter in a hotel built about ten years ago in the most approved style, with all modern frills. At present the plant is streaked, soiled, filthy; and it gives the accommodations of a water-front lodging house. The manager has a long lease and they say he makes money because it is a choice for the chance traveler between staying with him and walking the streets.

Hotel Hardships

I have read somewhere the account of a recent tourist who says that he motored from coast to coast along our pioneer automobile highway and never but once failed to get a room with bath. But this of ours was a new highway just beginning to accommodate itself to the finicky ways of the tourist. Had we stuck to the terminal towns of the various routes as set down by the guide book, I have no doubt we should have done very well. But a loafing tourist without any special driving technic cannot always accomplish that. One day, for example, we struck a rainstorm on a humpy clay surface. All day she skidded on low speed until she boiled to the danger point; a stop, and five miles more of boiling and skidding. We made only seventy miles that day, and thereafter the schedule was broken. So we encountered two atrociously bad hotels.

The first had no outstanding points except general squalor, but the second—this happened to be in that same town of criminal aspect which I have mentioned already. The negro porter was also the hotel clerk. He registered us and consented to carry part of our baggage up a streaked staircase, through a pitch-dark corridor into a room of stale odors, broken furniture, torn wallpaper, incrusted woodwork. The washbowl was half full of dirty water. The porter turned it into the slop jar and without washing or wiping it restored it to its place. Beside it stood the pitcher, empty and reversed. I turned it over. There was a permanent rim of dirt. Insect powder had some time ago been sprinkled in all the cracks and crannies of the bed and walls, its odor implanting a suggestion which made little areas of your skin crawl.

Upon preparing for bed we found two more faults which constrained this hotel from perfection. First, the door would not lock; second, the sheets had been used before. I went downstairs and summoned the porter-clerk—for there was no bell. After much walking, muttering and puffing in the halls he found two clean sheets. These we put on my wife's bed. I stripped off the sheets on mine and slept in my underclothing—which I left behind next morning.

And that very day at the far end of a small city rose a new hotel of gray cement with geraniums tossing from boxes under the broad windows, with a fountain cooling the air in the courtyard, with a long inviting-looking dining room shaded by the hedges and gardens outside, with every real comfort one could find in New York or Chicago or San Francisco. I am told that prosperous farmers of this region come from fifty miles round to have dinner now and then at this hotel, and it is already enjoying a moderate fame among tourists. As I think this over, I realize that the days when the country innkeeper was responsible only to his professional conscience and his God have passed forever. The traveling salesman is no longer the staple of the country innkeeper. During six months of the year, from a quarter to a half of his trade consists of automobile tourists. An extra ten or fifteen miles at the end of the day's run is nothing to the tourist beside the prospect of a clean bed and a good dinner. The country hotel of the slovenly class has been caught up with, at last, and we may expect its gradual disappearance.

Not every town, of course, can support a modern hotel plant, no matter how small. But this is not necessary. In Kansas I encountered one small establishment very unpromising from the outside. It promised still less when a stout middle-aged woman, evidently the proprietress, met us at the door and informed us genially but firmly that she was out of male help on account of harvest, and we'd have to carry in our things ourselves. But the place, when we entered, was scrubbed, dusted, waxed—as hygienically clean as an operating room. The wide, soft, stainless beds invited to sleep. Between them an electric fan was dissipating the heat of the drought. The hostess apologized again when we asked about a bath. She hadn't any private baths, she said—hadn't got round to that yet. But she guessed the regular bath was pretty good. It certainly was—speckless cleanliness plus very hot water. Next morning the coffee was hot, strong, genuine, and the toast had been made with the home touch. As might probably be expected, whenever we found a hotel, a restaurant or a lunch counter kept by a woman, we found the same cleanliness and efficiency in housekeeping. The passenger acquired the habit on alighting at any new town of asking for a place with a woman in charge.

The towns along the way are beginning to see all this, I suppose; whereof the symbol is the signs sprinkled from Atlantic to Pacific begging you to make your night's stop at the perfect tourist camps of Bivyville or Bifton or beautiful Bohunkus-on-the-Lake. The chamber of commerce or the board of trade almost commands you to linger. A few years ago, when the automobile vacation was in its infancy, a public free camp was just some unused pasture or strip of woods where you might pitch your tent and find running water. Now the signs lure you with promises of electric lights, dancing floors, canvas-inclosed movie houses, even hot and cold shower baths. Competition, indeed, seems to be growing so fierce that it reaches down to the roots of the affair. Wherever our trail crossed one of the other main highways there was a great sign advertising the rival attraction—its good roads, its scenery, its hotel and camp facilities, and any other special inducement like Indian villages or cliff dwellings. One grows to hold the same loyalty for his route that he has for his car; I found myself resenting these signs as an attempt to put over an inferior article by unfair advertising methods. Retail trade, of course, has generated all this energy. Wise tourists, who avoid overloading the car, buy their coffee and meat and sugar in small quantities; where the camp is, there their trade goes.

The Tourists' Debates

Camping takes energy; yet I acknowledge it the best way to tour, if for nothing else because of the contact it gives with the diverse sorts of people from all corners of the United States who have taken to the new vacationing. Once or twice I strolled into tourists' camps, passing myself off as one of them, and listened to the symposium about the camp fire, wherein New York laid down a proposition, Kansas took it up, Ohio came back with rebuttal and Virginia and Wisconsin clamored to be heard. Whoever seeks public opinion in the United States will find it in these discussions round the camp fires.

And still the hotel-faring tourist has his entertaining contacts. Once, on a hot day during the aforementioned drought, I grew nervous about water. A pump beside a country schoolhouse gave promise of relief. I found a large canvas shelter pitched against the side of the school. Beneath it stood a very battered car, on whose step a comely young woman was washing dishes. Surely I might have water, she said; there was the bucket. She didn't have anything to do with the schoolhouse anyway. They were just letting her camp there a spell. She and her husband came up from Arizona a couple of weeks ago. He was working now.

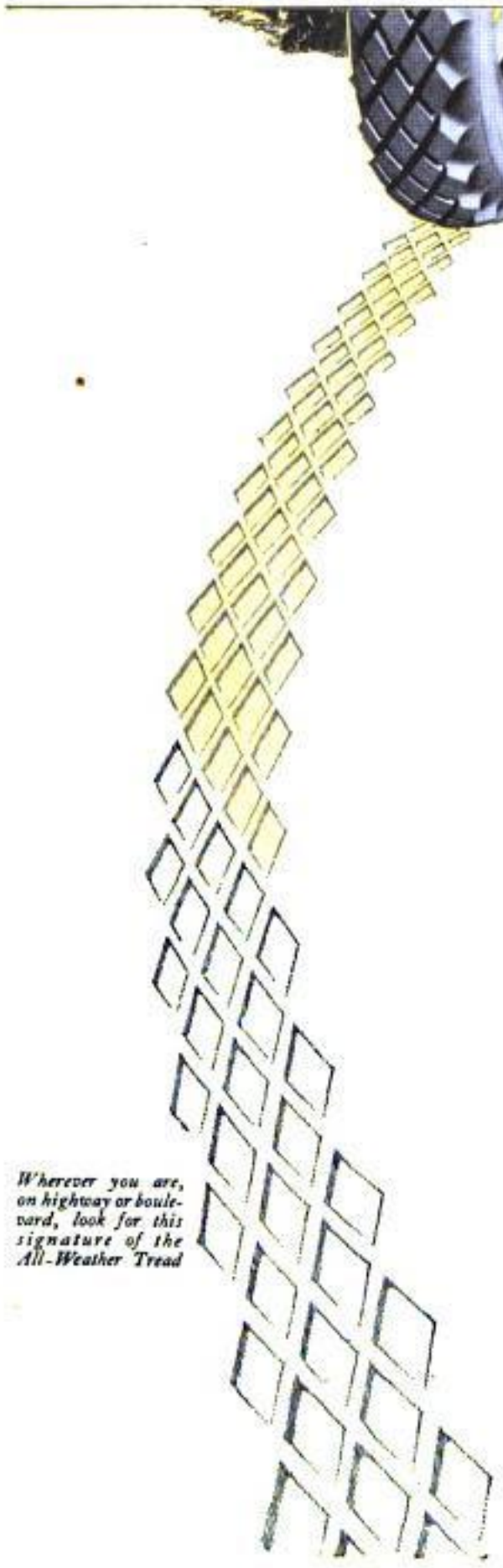
When I carried the pail back to the machine a farm wagon drawn by two mules had pulled up alongside. From its seat a

(Continued on Page 69)

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THE TREAD THAT WRITES "GOOD WEAR"



Wherever you are, on highway or boulevard, look for this signature of the All-Weather Tread

Spread before men's eyes, on the roads of all the world, is the record of Goodyear popularity.

You will find it on city pavements, in country lanes, on mountain passes and in the trails of far places.

In clear, familiar characters the All-Weather Tread has written it there.

And with it, it has written also a story of extremely efficient service.

No one can look at that deep, clean-cut Goodyear imprint and not realize what great traction and security it affords.

No one, seeing it far-scattered over the earth, can mistake in what overwhelming regard the Goodyear Tire is held.

Only a tire that consistently delivers profound satisfaction to its users can win and hold such regard.

Only a tire that gives great and economical mileage, and performs reliably always, can deliver such satisfaction.

When you buy tires, buy the tire that through its excellence has won more users than any other kind.

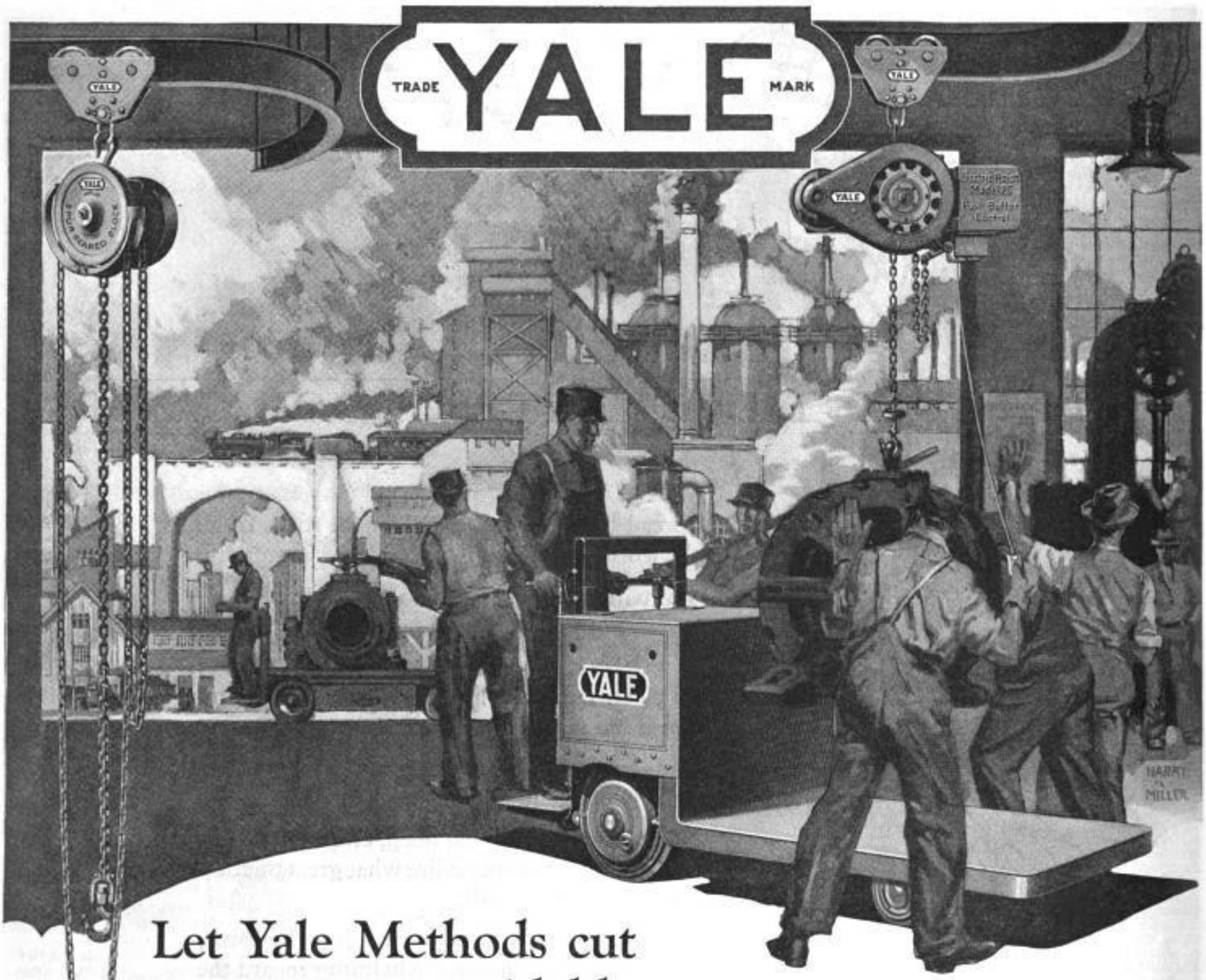
Buy the tire with the tread that writes "Good Wear."

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

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Let Yale Methods cut *your* avoidable waste

Management, according to a report of The Federated Engineering Societies on the elimination of waste in industry, is responsible for the unnecessary expenditure of billions of dollars annually.

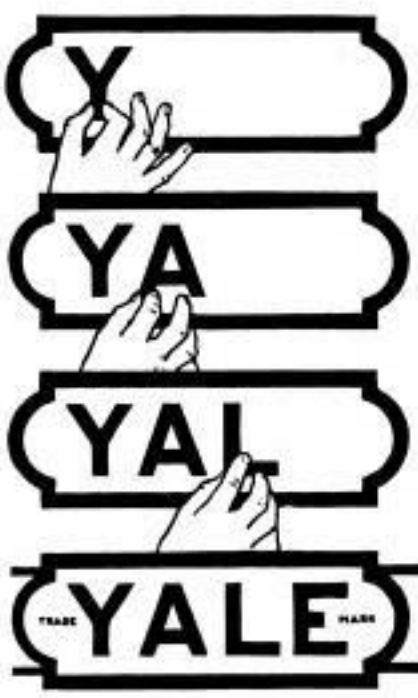
It is estimated that in the manufacture of textiles alone avoidable waste adds $1,400,000,000 each year to the price consumers must pay for clothing, carpets, etc. Figures of equally startling import are shown for many other industries.

Part of this tremendous total is due to the wasteful use of labor for unproductive work—the handling of materials.

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(Continued from Page 66)

young man with an engaging smile held conversation with my passenger. He wore a pair of army breeches, a high-crowned, wide-brimmed hat with a band decorated by silver spangles, and an insouciant air.

"I'm the husband of the outfit up there," he said, introducing himself. "Bought that boat secondhand and drove up from Phœnix. It's a ——" The car he named is notoriously fast, stylish and comfortable for city driving, notoriously frail for the hard grind of touring. "She went blooey on me up here. I'm waiting for parts from St. Louis, and I'm working to pay for 'em." Here he laughed. "I'll get the parts and the price in about two weeks. Then I'm on my way."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Guess I'll try Colorado until the money gives out," he said. "Then I'll get a job harvesting till I get some more money to go somewheres else. And so forth and so on. This is the life. Giddap!"

Well, they are both very young and comely, and, I suspect, just married. There will be plenty of time, yet, to think about the future. In the meantime they are gypsying and paying as they go; and I for one think they are displaying the higher common sense.

Other bridal cars, some of them more pretentious, chugged joy and tooted bliss along our way. One of them, a very small, very new coupé, even proclaimed itself by ruffled white-lace curtains at the windows. This couple shamelessly admitted their state. They had been married only three days before, and were going on to the Coast and back, the bride taking turns with the driving.

The typical tourist car, however, is driven by a family man with his wife beside him, from two to six children in the back seat, and the fillings of a whole junk shop strung along the running board, spilling out of the tonneau, festooned along the top. Probably there is also a dog. The 1922-model touring dog must know how to ride on the running board. I saw one wise-looking old Airedale so confident of his technic that he trailed one paw within two inches of the ground and went to sleep while the car was making thirty-five miles an hour. Building a pen for the dog in the luggage carrier is, I believe, considered an admission of an old-model or used dog.

The touring women as you break into the West have long ago dropped the skirt from their wardrobes. One and all, they wear knickers or riding breeches—sometimes prettily, sometimes coquettishly and sometimes grotesquely. One pair of girls whom I met in Colorado wore with their breeches filmy silk stockings, shoes with high French heels and ruffled blouses. By the time you cross the Missouri, too, all other millinery yields to the boudoir cap. A surprising proportion of the cars, in fact, carry only women. Sometimes they are two or three young girls, looking very self-reliant as they bowl along, untrammeled by men or chaperons. Just as often they are elderly women, driving with a look of grim determination to get somewhere. Again, there is a surprising representation of boys from fourteen up, touring on their own in very ancient ears.

The Hobomobiles

Humanity loves a pilgrimage—going together down the great highways in expectation of gentle adventure with new places and new people. Satisfaction of that pleasant desire is perhaps the secret of the fascination in motor touring. We become comrades to Chaucer's people of the Canterbury Highway, to Kipling's travelers of the long straight way through India, to the caravans winding toward Mecca. And like the Canterbury road, the Delhi road, the Mecca road, these automobile trails of ours are become little shifting worlds. Down them pass our lords and ladies and warriors and burghers; down them go, too, our mountebanks and cutpurses and picaroons. As we traversed the great plains between the Missouri and the mountains, specimens of the oldest pattern of the cheapest car that is would cut now and then across our route. They carried four or five men in the rough garments of common labor, and a pile of nondescript bundles. Most of these, the experienced informed me, were hobomobiles, making for the harvest fields of interior Kansas or Missouri. Scion and heir of the old-time hobo of the empty freight car or the brake beam, the hobomobile works intermittently and lives the rest of the time by other devices. At some time in his career he acquires—usually by devious means—a secondhand flivver. This he maintains in gasoline, oil and tires by purchase when he has the price, by fraud, chicanery and theft when he has not. Against him towns with tourist camps are forced to maintain watchmen and guards, else he will smuggle his car up to yours at night and siphon out a tank of gasoline, or will remove a nut or bolt of which he has pressing need, or will even rip an unlocked spare tire from your carrier.

A druggist at a wayside stop sharpened my eyes for another type of illegal character when he remarked of tourists: "Don't think they're all just touring. Some of them are bootlegging. They work from the Mississippi towns; and there's a regular system. About thirty miles apart on all the main roads are garages which can be depended upon to make repairs in a hurry or to store the car if the outfit's watched, and ask no questions. The bootlegger gets himself up for a tourist. The stuff's inside of the canvas rolls in the back seat or in a fake tent carrier on the running board. A good man who knows how can stow seven or eight cases that way and never show a sign of anything suspicious. They never stop at camps, though. Having no real camping outfit would give them away. They travel usually at night and most of 'em make a point of taking a woman along so's it will all look like a family party."

The Bashful Yegg Man

Finally, one morning, having stopped at a country grocery store for a soft drink, I marked at the door an antique rusted flivver which appeared stripped for action. The top was gone long ago, and the cushions seemed to be rotting from exposure to the weather. Within, the passengers of that car had just bought a small loaf of bread and half a pound of bologna, and lolling against the counter had begun to eat. One was a middle-aged man with a nose that peaked like a fox's and jaws that bulged like a squirrel's. For all those animal resemblances, he had the general cut of a small but evil bird. The other was a slouchy boy perhaps fifteen years old, with a pair of weak shifty eyes. Though I recognized the type I had real need of information about the road farther on. I addressed the man. He made monosyllabic answers to my first three questions. My fourth he did not answer at all. He caught the eye of the boy.

"Let's go eat outside," he said; "too much talkin' here." But they did not stop outside. A half minute later I heard the whir of a flivver in low, and looked out to see them departing. The man was throwing at me a glance from the corner of his eye. By all the marks and brands of the profession the man was a yegg and the other his apprentice. It seemed equally likely that they had just pulled off a job, and that any curious person they met on their travels might be a bull in disguise.

Came finally a morning of high, pure bracing airs, wherein Lizzie boiled at the slightest exertion on a hill. Though fields of half-ripe crops rippled horizon-wide on both sides of the view, green did not dominate the landscape. The vista was all splashes of yellows, oranges, mauves, low blues. The road before us was a ribbon of vivid salmon-pink. Although the meadow lark still sang us on, the wild rose was no longer queen of the fields; in its place the shooting star spread carpets of reddish purple. Prairie dogs hurried their grotesque, potbellied figures away from before our wheels or sat up at the doors of their sod houses in comic postures of suspicion and alarm. Little gray owls, blinking at the early morning light, flopped from fence posts to fields. Finally a thick saddle-colored serpent wriggled rapidly from the road to a hiding place in the gutter—the rattlesnake, sinister member of that famous prairie partnership.

And now a little streak of cloud appeared through the mists of the western horizon. Or was it a cloud? At every hilltop we looked; it was always there, but always of the same shape. We stopped; got out the glasses. Behind that streak, like a chalk mark on the edge of the western sky, rose the blue-black immensity of a mountain, the advance guard of the Rockies. Beyond that lay two hundred miles of peaks, tangled range on range, and five thousand miles of motor roads upon which driving is to ordinary motoring what bronco busting or fox hunting is to ordinary park riding.

Sewell

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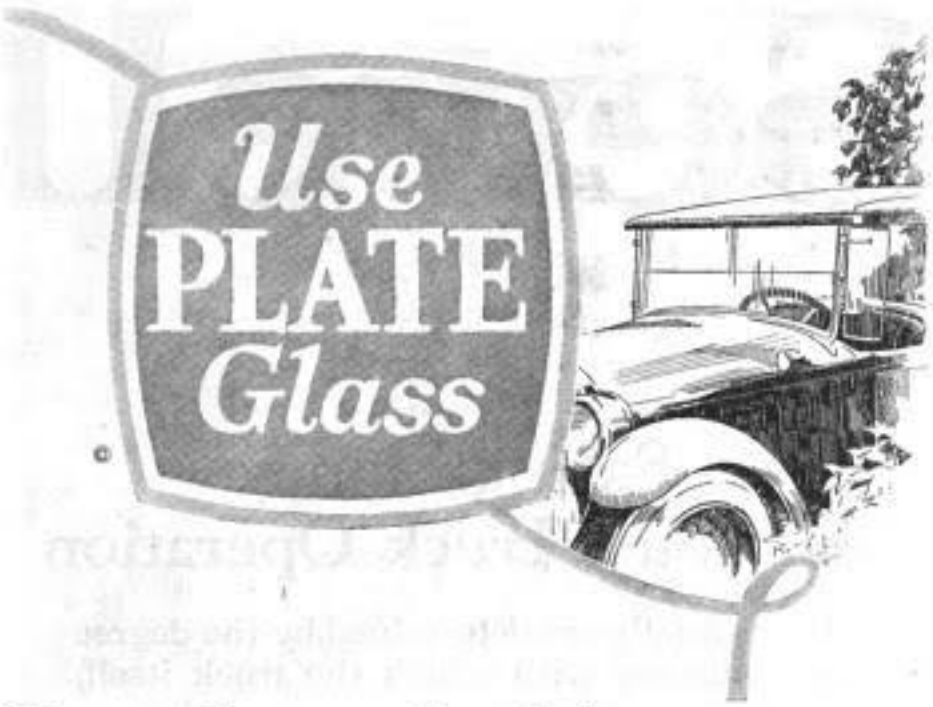
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Nothing Else is Like it

OCEAN MAGIC

(Continued from Page 27)

this voyage. Now you stick by me, Towhead. I'll take you along with me and make you my foreman. I tell you we'll make farming a new business the way we'll work it. Not a word, not a word! I want no thanks. Get along to your work now and don't forget what I tell you."

Towhead had not wanted to utter thanks. He wanted very much to express his total disinclination for further farming; but the skipper urged him to the door, and there was nothing to do but go on deck. He found the watches just being changed, and Spud joined him coming forward.

He told the Irishman what the skipper had said.

"He will shurely make ut a different business the way he'll work ut!" grinned Spud. He jerked a hand with a sharp gesture towards the creeping fog and nodded at the same time to leeward.

"Ye'd ha' done betther f'r us all, me boy, if ye'd ha' towld the ould fool to lave farmin' be until his ship was clear av the Horn. C'm on, lad, me mouth's droughty f'r a bit av a smoke."

IX

O, whisky is the life of man,
Whisky . . . Johnny!
O, whisky is the life of man,
Whisky for me Johnny!

O, whisky killed my sister Sue,
Whisky . . . Johnny!
O, whisky killed my sister Sue,
Whisky for me Johnny!

THAT was a cracked and broken-kneed song the topgallant sails went up to. With Spud Murphy roaring out the chantey, and Towhead helping lustily with the chorus, the rest of the weary, spineless hands yelped half-heartedly, pulling at the wet, cold ropes without interest. They had been wet for weeks; coming on deck they had to worry swollen feet into sea boots soggy with salt water; the makeshift galley could never guarantee them a daily hot meal; and with a sudden cessation of wind the fog had come down thick as pea soup.

Captain Wandless evinced uneasiness then; he ordered the canvas piled on, and personally took the wheel to nurse the ship to her best windward work.

"Oh, sing out, you worsted men!" bawled the mate in despair of ever getting the yards up.

"*Whisky makes me pawn my clo'es,*" howled Spud.

"*Whisky . . . Johnny!*" bellowed loyal Towhead.

"*O, whisky makes me pawn my clo'es*——"

"*Visky for me Yohnny!*" piped a lone, hopeless voice.

"Oh, that'll do! Belay that!" yelled Mr. Adams. "Get a pull on the foretopgallant brace there!"

The ship slipped silently through the invisible sea. Somewhere out there in the fog a murmurous sound hinted of mystery.

"D'ye think it can be surf?" the skipper asked as Mr. Adams came up.

Towhead stood at the helm half scared out of his wits. While working with the rest, keeping close at Murphy's capable back, he had seen nothing alarming in the dropping wind, the enveloping fog, the long, steep, unbroken swell that came up around the ship, clucking under her counter with hungry chuckles, whooshing in through scuppers with a sound like the sucking of titanic teeth. At the wheel it seemed so different. He had steered many a trick in most sorts of weather, but never in a falling calm blinded by cold, drifting fog with phantom voices all around him. Every creak of the steering gear shocked him; each jerk of the wheel, each lessening jar and thud of the rudder beneath him brought a bead of chilly sweat to his forehead. He started when the skipper spoke, and gaped for the mate's answer.

"Shouldn't wonder, sir," said Mr. Adams. "Murphy thought he saw the Ramirez long ago, and ——"

"Curse Murphy for the worst Jonah I ever sailed with!" retorted the skipper hotly. "The man's made a hurrah's nest o' the ship!"

"He's no fool as a seaman though," the mate flung back as he walked to the rail to listen.

"Keep eyes and ears working, Towhead," the skipper said.

He stood beside the wheel, watching the lubber point swing wider of the compass point with every surge of swell.

"She don't steer very well, sir," Towhead complained.

"Do your best, my son. But listen with all your ears, and sing out if you hear anything like breaking seas."

Before his watch was up Towhead had learned many things about the sea. He did not understand the multitude of voices he heard, but it was given to him at least to hear them and to give each a note of its own. He grew to expect the saucy slap following that ghoulish gurgle around the rudder; he knew, though he could not see, that the brine seethed and creamed in through the scuppers across the decks a half second after a moaning sea had whipped along the under edge of the top strake of side plates with a snapping as of mocking fingers. He got to expect, a few seconds after the stern had risen on an underrunning surge, to hear the sibilant swish of the jib-boom rigging dipped deeply into the sea as the sharp stem settled, and following that in a lightning breath came the weirdly suggestive streaming of water pouring back into the ocean from the back ropes, chain bobstays and brine-caked figurehead. Yet he had heard nothing that conveyed solid land to his brain.

Captain Wandless remained on deck all through the next watch, and even the mate came up from time to time, much to the outward disgust but inward relief of the acting second mate.

Spud Murphy sat like a second figurehead forward, sucking hard at his inch of clay pipe, scowling into the fog with the intensity of his mental effort. Towhead forwent his bunk, too, sitting beside Spud in respectful silence. On going off watch he had given the Irishman a vivid account of the voices he had heard, and for once Spud was morose and unresponsive.

"Kape y'r ears unstuffed f'r ivry sound y' hear, an' kape y'r yapper shut ontil y'r shure y' hear somethin' different. Thin yell ut to th' wor-rld, me son!" he had growled, and Towhead had imbibed a vague and growing uneasiness from his manner.

Half an hour passed. The ship barely moved. Out of the gray murk abaft the masts the skipper's voice could be heard frequently asking if anybody heard anything. There was a note of anxiety in his voice which made it sound more ghastly than the fog and invisibility rendered it. Overhead the drenched sails dripped icy drops like dead fingers touching all in reach. Groaning, whimpering, sobbing, shrieking, the parrels of the yards, the chain sheets, the iron quarter blocks, the courses hollowly slamming against the masts, the chafing heel of a loosely stayed topgallant mast, pealed a devils' symphony. And the sea heaved unbrokenly; the ship rolled dizzily; no ripple left her sharp cutwater.

"Can't somebody hear something?" yelled the skipper peevishly. The silence that answered him was shivery, evil.

"Me son, can ye catch thot hollow sound?" Spud asked, gripping Towhead's arm fiercely. "There! Now! Git ut?"

Somewhere out there in the gray shroud a regular throb seemed to grow louder. It was like the deep roar of a gale-driven sea that passes without striking. It was distant, or seemed so, and growing, although the ship was apparently motionless so far as forward impulse was concerned.

"Sounds like the sea hitting against something, don't it?" Towhead suggested.

"Howly mither! Coorse it does, y' bleedin' poll parrot!" Spud growled. "What is ut hittin'? Thot's th' quistion. Is ut another ship thot's driftin' down on us or is ut ——"

"I can smell something like a sour cow yard."

"Thot's it!" yelled Spud, and leaped to the break of the forecastle. "Kelp, it is, an' thot means rocky shores. Poop ahoy, sir!" he bawled. "Oi smell th' land!"

And from far up aloft a shrill boyish voice piped unseen, "Land close aboard to starboard, sir!"

"Down hellum! Down with it!" roared the skipper, running to the rail and peering blindly into the impenetrable pall. "Sing out what ye see, boy!" he shouted to the apprentice aloft. Up there a man might get above the fog at intervals while still the deck was blanketed.

(Continued on Page 72)

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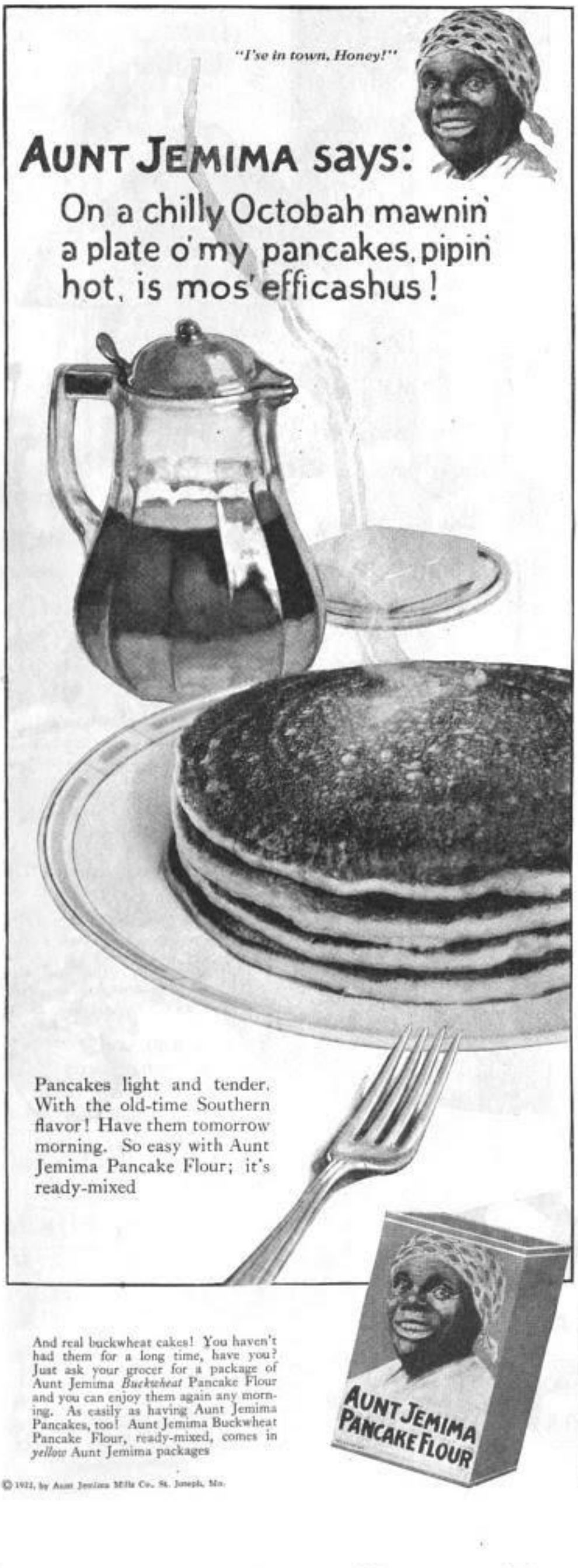


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(Continued from Page 70)

"I don't see ——" The boy answered; then the voice ended in a broken cry of alarm.

The ship rose on the breast of a smooth swell that was a sea in all except broken crest; she leaned steeply to port as her bows soared, and as the stem sank to the rising of the stern in the next instant something seemed to thrust upwards and crash against her starboard bilge. The sea subsided, she listed further, the crash of ripping plates far below sent a shiver through her, and down from the maintopmast head hurtled the boy who had hailed.

"Oh, damn you all for bat-eyed wooden men!" yelled Wandless, furiously shoving the helmsman away from the wheel and twirling it futilely. It had been useless before the ship struck, from sheer windlessness; it was doubly useless now, with the ship to all appearances as fast aground as when she was built.

"Where are ye, Mr. Adams? Can ye see nothing?"

The mate was groping in the maindeck fog for the boy's body.

"He wint overboord, sor, hittin' th' rail be th' way. I misdoubt he's done f'r, poor lad," said Murphy.

"Mr. Adams!" roared the skipper angrily.

Forward uproar broke out with the striking of the ship. Led by the boatswain, the hands flocked aft, clambering up on the gallows, fumbling at the gripes of the boats. The sick men and malingerers in the forecastle poured out, amazingly healed. Chips burst through the crowd about the boats, ax in hand, frothing and jabbering in a frenzy of terror.

"Come with me, you two," the mate said to Towhead and Spud. "You're down to take a boat trip, I'm thinking."

"If thot's th' wor-rst, it's aisy!" retorted Spud, staggering to a sudden lurch.

"What's that?" the skipper's voice demanded as they mounted the poop ladder. "Who's at the boats? Hold on there! Mr. Adams, she's afloat, isn't she?"

"Better get out the boats, sir," the mate yelled back as he led the way along the monkey bridge.

"Hold on, all, I say!" roared the skipper, and burst through the three of them to dash among the crowd at the boats. "Drop that ax, Chips. Sound the well, and let me know what water she is making. I tell you the ship'll float, Mr. Adams!"

"Got to give him credit for sticking," muttered the mate. He reluctantly charged the men away from the boats; then grew suddenly alert, for unmistakably he felt the motion of a free ship underfoot, although the decks still leaned giddily.

"By the Lord, she's off!" he bawled. He gripped Chips by the collar and hustled him down the ladder in a rush, driving him forward for the sounding rod by prodding him in the back with the head of his own ax.

"I tell you der ship iss sinking!" screamed Chips, crying blubberingly as he ran.

"Sound, blast you!" retorted Mr. Adams.

"Well, what have you got?" demanded the skipper impatiently.

"Sound!" urged Adams.

Chips dropped the rod into the well with a whimper of rage.

"What have you got?" came the demand again from aft.

For answer the ship righted as she rolled upon another great swell, leaned as far the other side, and crashed, bows first, into a cleft rock under water which held her as in a vise while her jib boom flew up in splinters, and her foretopgallant and royal mast, with yards and gear and sails, tore loose aloft and javelined down until brought up short by the involved rigging.

"You may get the boats out, Mr. Adams," Wandless cried brokenly.

x

THE first boat away was lost in the fog before she touched the shore, and only three men went with her. Their voices diminished with distance; shipmates on board the ship anxiously waited for a report of the landing possibilities. Then the voices ceased, and the waiting seamen moved towards the remaining boat, muttering polyglot oaths.

Captain Wandless stood gloomily by the gallows, apparently without further interest in the matter. The mate and boatswain cleared the boat away, saw it ready for hoisting out, and then the skipper came to life. He pulled a revolver from his pocket and fired a shot overhead. Men who had begun to mill and hustle about the boat started back in fear.

"Hoist away, and let no man dare enter the boat until I call his name!" the skipper ordered without heat. The tackles squealed, the boat rose from the chocks, and men glared red-eyed at one another, jealous of him whose name should be called first. Chips licked his dry lips feverishly, crouching about and fingering the boat as if engaged upon his duties of seeing the craft ready; actually getting a grip in case his name came perilously down the list. He had picked up his maul after knocking out the gripe links, and the heavy thump of it sounded evilly above the shrill of the tackles as he dragged it about after him, its iron head lumbering over the planks.

"Mr. Adams, ye'll take charge. Now the boys first, hurry up!" The skipper called over the names of the apprentices. The boat hung at the rail, only three feet from the water, lapped by the swells whenever they rose alongside.

"Tompson!"

A murmur went up at the call of the name.

"It was Tompson that fell from aloft," growled the mate. The skipper choked down something that sounded like a self-condemnatory curse.

"In with you, lads!" he ordered, naming no more. The boys tumbled into the boat; the men surged at the rail restlessly. "Now the ordinary seamen!"

Like a mad dog Chips charged through the gang, mouthing horribly. He swung his maul with awful effect. The skipper's pistol spat, and Chips' cap flew into the air; a red streak ran down his leathern cheek. He stopped with ludicrous abruptness, looking after his cap, blood dripping from his face down on the gnarled hand which gripped the maul.

Then the seaman at the after tackle let his rope go in fright at the shot. The mate yelled, boys cried out as they tumbled down to the low end of the boat, and the other tackle was let go with a run, in defiance now of anything the skipper could do. Like a panic-stricken herd of cattle the men surged over the rail into the boat, hurling the mate aside before he could stem their rush and get his back against something solid. Captain Wandless fired again, then held his fire, for in the thick of the mob the mate and Towhead and Spud Murphy were hopelessly involved, as open to his shot as the rest.

It seemed a matter of seconds before the boat vanished into the fog, laden to the gunwales, water slopping knee deep about the half-crazed men. On the ship Wandless stood alone on the poop. The mate and Murphy and Towhead caught breath and clambered to the bulwarks to peer into the murk. Of the rest, not even the second mate had stayed by his duty, nor the boatswain, nor Chips. Only one slobbering, pop-eyed, dungaree-clad figure clawed hopelessly at the rail and whimpered into the grayness that hid the boat. It was the ordinary seaman who had told his shipmate that he knew Spud Murphy was no murderer, that another hand had stuck the cook's knife in the chest of Mr. Jones.

He gabbled incessantly, and the mate angrily bade him be still.

Out there where the boat had gone some grim play was unfolding, to judge from the voices that came from behind the pall.

"Bli'me, cawn't yuh git no foot'old, Bill?" bleated a cockney.

"It's as up an' down as a bloody light'-'ouse!" yelled another voice; and the ring of a boathook on smooth rock punctuated the sentence. Other voices came to the listeners on the ship, left there to survive or perish as Fate directed. Voices cursing, singing, bleating; laughing, too, horribly.

"Wictorier, Wictorier, werry well done Jim
Cro-o-ow;
Wictorier, Wictorier, werry well done Jim
Crow!"

"Thot's ould Bob Stafford," chuckled Murphy. "He used to sail in thim Aist Injymen half a cintury ago. Nobody else iver heard thim chanteys he sings."

Another voice cursed the singer. Yet another roared crazily, breaking into that most ribald of all chanteys, Abel Brown, the Sailor.

"'Who's that knockin' at my door?' said the
fair young lady.
'Who's that knockin' at my door?' said the
fair young lady.
'Ho, it's me meself an' nobody else,' says
Abel Brown, the sailor;
'It's me meself an' nobody else,' says Abel
Brown, the sailor."

(Continued on Page 75)

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In Almost Any Business

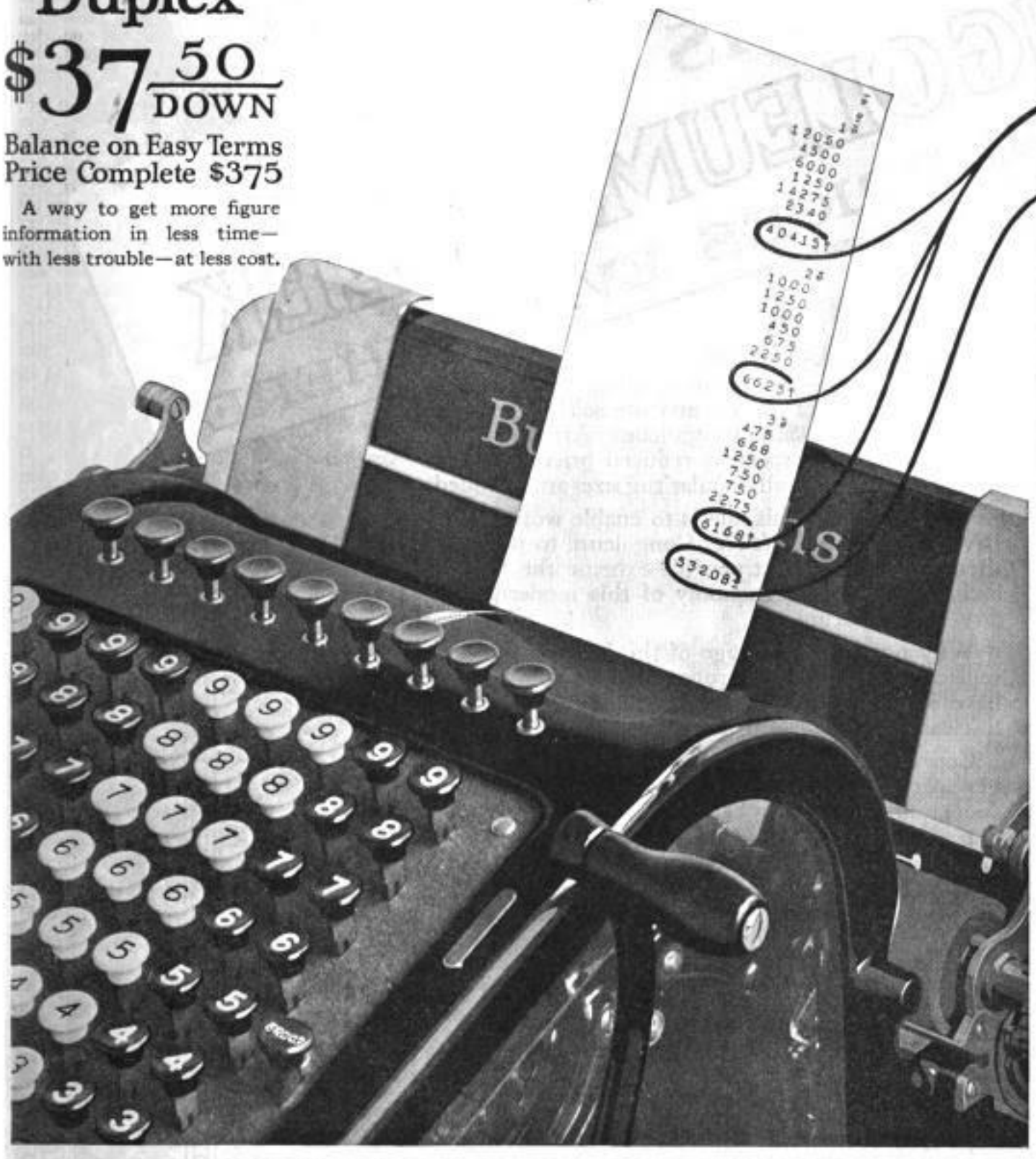
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(Continued from Page 72)

"Gimme the bailer! I'll bust 'is dirty yapper!" yelled a sobbing voice, and there followed the sound of a blow and a fall. Abel Brown's adventures remained unsung.

"They're fighting. They'll drown!" cried the skipper. "Mr. Adams, we'll make a raft o' sorts. If only this fog would lift!"

The mate moved towards the hatch, Murphy at his heels. The ordinary seaman uttered a snarl of frenzy, climbed into the rigging, and plunged into the sea, floundering inexpertly in the direction of the boat.

"We need ivry man!" Murphy muttered, and vaulted over after the panic-stricken seaman.

"Don't let Murphy get away!" bawled the skipper. "He's a prisoner!" He whipped up his pistol and aimed to shoot as soon as Murphy's head appeared above the water. Before he could shoot another swimmer took the water, for Towhead, shivering at the mention of Murphy's state as he had never shivered through danger, went over after him with a clean dive learned at the old swimming hole, and reached his friend in half a dozen powerful strokes.

"Come back!" gasped Towhead, seizing Spud by the shoulder. "Don't run away and desert the ship. The Old Man will see ——"

"Who th' divil 's desartin'? Oi'm bringin' back thot swab yander. We need him to help wi' the raft."

"I thought you were escapin'," Towhead replied simply, and turned to help Spud collar and guide back the floundering sailor.

They got him back, and Murphy whimsically regarded Captain Wandless as they met at the gangway.

"Didn't ye git my promise, sor?" he grinned.

"I did, Murphy," was the retort; "but I'd try to run myself in such a situation if I were in your shoes. When you land I shall land you myself. Get to work on the raft now."

In an hour they had a floatable raft built up of hatch covers and spars. Water and biscuit and oars were fastened to the lashings, and the structure raised to the level of the rail.

"The ship's stuck fast enough, sir," remarked the mate. "As well to wait for the fog to clear a bit, I should say."

"I don't understand the stillness," the skipper rejoined. "I was on Ramirez only once, but I remember no place where the rock is so smooth that a swell doesn't break on it, except on one side of Boat Cove. If we're there, why haven't we heard anything of the boats' getting ashore safely?"

"Maybe they took the wrong side, sir. Anyhow, I caught the loom of the land a while back. It's gone again; but the fog must be thinning."

From a point above and in front of the ship's raised bows a shriek of mad laughter pealed out, running off and dying away in a succession of ghoulish chuckles. Another shriek started at the same time; but it died suddenly, without chuckles.

"My God, Mr. Adams!" whispered Wandless, white and shaking.

His fat hung on him like unset plaster; his eyes were sunk in folds of pasty flesh. The mate met his look, and turned away a face as pallid as the skipper's.

A great albatross wheeled across between the masts, raising a wind, ruffling men's hair; two amorous mollymawks settled on the foreyard, squawking raucous love; Towhead gripped Spud's arm nervously; the mate collared the ordinary seaman just in time to prevent that slobbering craven going overboard again.

Overside a whispering swell raised the ship gently, letting her down again with a scarcely perceptible thud. And Murphy's sly remark reached the skipper's ears jarringly in the tensity of the moment.

"Anither felly gone west, sounds loike, an' Spud Murphy's nowhere nearst him. How kin thot be, Towhead? Y'r th' Ould Man's darlint. Go ask him."

Wandless colored and was about to answer for himself when Towhead pointed aloft.

"There's the sky, sir ——"

"And the shore, sir!" Mr. Adams cut in.

But the skipper had seen the position. He stood staring out to port, at a frowning edge of cliff and past it to a snug little boat harbor where the sea seemed to breathe peacefully, where tiny little wavelets lapped the shore so prettily that one almost forgot the grayness of the water, the chill of the air, the desolation of the fine clipper ship pinned fast upon the rocky fangs guarding the haven.

"Boat Cove!" the skipper ejaculated. "Then why didn't the boats get ashore and hail us?"

"That's partly answered," replied the mate.

He had been scanning the forbidding shore, and now pointed to the farthest rim of the little cove visible from the ship.

In the middle of the haven a boat floated, bottom up, and a man lay across the keel motionless, his hands and feet immersed in the cold waters on either side. The other boat lay on the shore, smashed, and dotting the water edge were bodies as motionless as the lone man afloat. The sun shone through sullenly, scarcely powerful enough to disperse the writhing scarfs of fog that floated about the black shore like wraiths.

"Float the raft! We'll get over there and see what's up," snapped the skipper. He went below and brought up his papers, cash box and instruments. "If the ship stays here we can return to her, and if she slips off we'll be ready for a boat voyage, my lads," he said. He handed his things down and slid a rope after them. "Shove off," he ordered.

Spud and Towhead gave the ship's side a thrust with their oars, and the raft careered in giddy circles towards the cove.

The amorous mollymawks fluttered from the foreyard, screaming ribald adieus, and went back to their love-making. A vagrant air sang among the ship's rigging like a dirge. The lordly albatross swept around and down close to the raft, regarding it and its occupants with an eye brimful of evil humor.

"Great Cæsar! What a spot!" growled the mate.

Towhead looked scared; he worked his oar almost unconsciously, mechanically following Spud Murphy's motions. That tough old shellback kept one eye on his own work and the other on the ordinary seaman, who showed every likelihood of taking another plunge out of stark terror.

Within ten fathoms of the floating upturned boat the raft stopped short, two of the four oars dropped from nerveless hands. From the summit of the nearest cliff a piercing howl volleyed, and a chunk of rock whizzed down and hit the water with a resounding whack. A grotesque figure showed for an instant up there, dancing in what might have been either madness or hideous mirth.

"That's Chips!" Towhead chattered, his keen eyes catching a clear glimpse before the figure disappeared.

"Crazy as a bedbug!" the mate said. There was a splash close by. "And there's another!" he added with a hard laugh.

The ordinary seaman was already well on his way to shore, babbling incoherent nonsense as he floundered.

"'Twill be aisy to git him," Spud decided, repressing the inclination to go after him again. "No need to swim after him now."

XI

THEY found half the ship's company drowned on the shore. The boat lay stove in across a sharp peak of rock. One man who still breathed was revived and told them of the water-logged boat being rolled over by a swell while Chips and the Doctor were fighting each other. Swimmers reached shore; some of those who couldn't swim reached shore too; and there they lay.

The upturned boat in midcove came in sluggishly, bearing its freight. When it came within reach Murphy and Towhead swam to it and dragged it in. The unconscious man lay face downward. They hauled him ashore and emptied the water from him. It was the other ordinary seaman of the watch, who had caused Spud's imprisonment.

"Mr. Adams, take these men with you and find if you can how many of us are alive," said the skipper. "Stay with me, Murphy." The mate led his party away to search the land back of the cove, and Captain Wandless took Spud off to a point from which they could examine the ship's situation and the surrounding prospect of ocean at the same time.

Towhead started at the mate's heels, but soon scampered ahead in sheer joy of stretching his legs. The men spread out as the island rose, and two of them, the pair of ordinary seamen from Towhead's own watch, speedily chose a soft spot to stay in. Neither was remarkable for guts; both had come through dire hours recently that had shaken them to the roots of their soul anchorage.

Mr. Adams shouted to the men to keep within hail, and he followed Towhead. Soon they could see the southern ocean; then a rocky ledge opened out immediately above the stranded Combermere. Towhead peered around the edge of the cliff, shivering a little from the sensation of immense height. At what seemed to be miles below where he stood he saw the trucks of the ship—those lofty trucks which had towered so inaccessibly above him from the ship's decks; and it made him feel as if he were perched insecurely on some unstable bit of cloud. In reality the ship's mastheads were barely below his level; heights were entirely relative in the wonderful clearness of atmosphere following the fog. And distorted in the contrary way were two moving figures far below. They seemed so big that they could scarcely be ten feet down; yet they scrambled along the rocks abreast of the ship almost at water's edge.

"It's Murphy and the captain," Towhead remarked. The mate was scrutinizing the rock face, the peak, and the trend of the ledge on which they stood. He glanced upwards sharply as a piece of rock bounded past him, flicking his face with dust. There was a queer human sound, too, not readily placed, accompanying the flight of the rock. Towhead's exclamation informed him of the missile's landing.

"Look out, captain! Stand from under, Spud!" the farmer yelled. Then: "That nearly hit 'em, Mr. Adams!"

From above their heads a crazy laugh rang out, and another rock flew downwards before the mate had crouched beside Towhead. The lad leaped up, tried to discover the source of the missiles from their direction, and was hit full in the face by a bit of rotten stone to the accompaniment of another crazy laugh. He shook his head to get the dust from his eyes, bellowed a good old farm swear, and swarmed the cliff like a boy after green apples. The mate followed him.

They reached another ledge, wide and level, and in the middle of it something lay.

"Gee-rus'lum!" gasped Towhead.

Mr. Adams peered down at the thing with dark horror in his face.

"The Doctor!" he said.

The Doctor lay as dead as the sheep he had killed on the night of Mr. Jones' death. He was recognizable only by his greasy shirt and overalls, both water-soaked in patches where the grease lay thinnest. Where his face would have been only a red smear remained, and in it was buried the head of Chips' maul. The handle stuck out straight like a stick in a red lollypop.

Towhead and the mate crouched over the ghastly figure in shocked silence. Then came another crazy laugh, and in between them charged the carpenter, chuckling like a drunken raven. The impetus of his rush knocked them sideways; when they secured balance again Chips was facing them, swinging the great hammer just plucked from its other victim, spraying them with red drops.

"Look out, sir!" roared Towhead, and darted aside as the carpenter rushed. The hammer swept over in an arc, missed the mate by the six inches he managed to draw back, and the weight of it pulled the madman half to his knees. Then Towhead acted on impulse. He leaped on the carpenter's bowed back, drove him to the ground, burying his face in the soft rock débris, and wrastled him with the joyous boisterousness of the farm.

Possessed with double strength through his craziness, the carpenter dropped his hammer and fought back like a wolf. The mate dodged around warily, seeking to find room to help. Once he saw a chance he put his weight to the job and Chips was secured, crying discordantly.

They reached the cove with their captive as Captain Wandless and Murphy returned with a tale of having been bombarded with rocks. Mr. Adams briefly indicated Chips, told of the Doctor, and of having seen no other living man.

"D'you suppose it was Chips killed Mr. Jones, sir?"

"Looks possible," the skipper replied with a side glance at Spud Murphy. "Anyhow, he killed the cook for sure. Only thing not sure is how it was the cook's knife that killed the mate. Those are things to be cleared up when we get away from here. First let's see what's to be done."

"The ship looked to have deep water all around the one peak of rock she's spiked

(Continued on Page 77)

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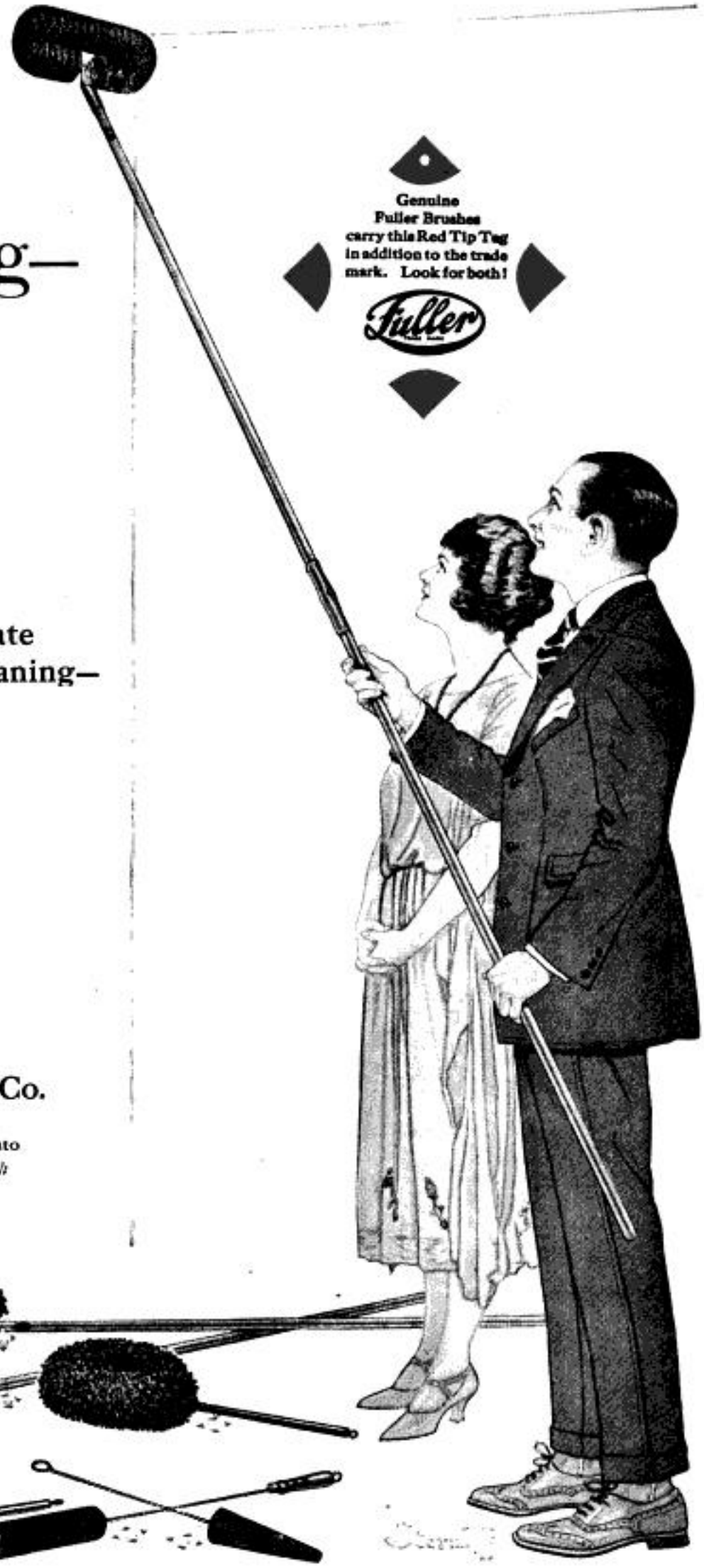
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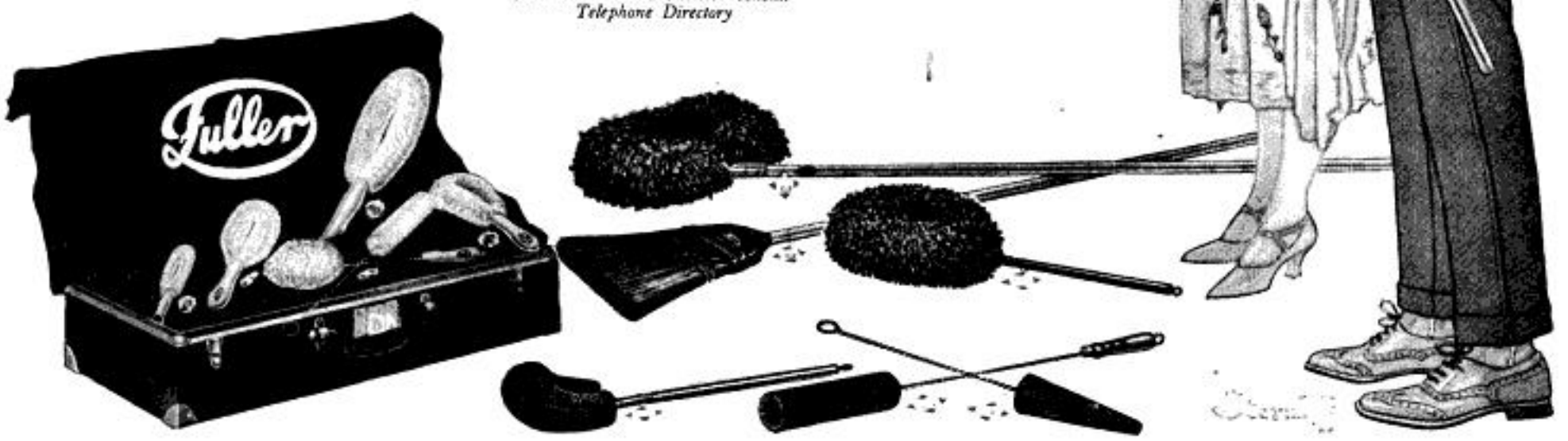
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on," said Mr. Adams. "The sea was very clear as we looked down from the cliff."

"Aye, so I thought. But she's three thousand ton deadweight, mister, and how are we to free her from that one small peak? Better look to the boat. Maybe ye can patch her up for a voyage as far as Punta Arenas."

The survivors clustering around, shivering with the clear chill of the air in their wet clothes, grumbled deep in their chests. They were not of the self-reliant sort; they had passed several mealtimes, and missed their nondescript rations and unspeakable coffee, seeing little prospect of hearing a mess call, hearing no word from their officers but suggestions of more work.

"The sooner ye make the boat ready, my lads, the sooner ye'll draw rations, such as they are," said Wandless. "No man eats until the work's done, and ye'll all work till dark. Mr. Adams, I'd advise ye to get the smaller boat ready first and go to the ship for what ye want in gear. Maybe ye'll find stores at hand too. Come with me, Towhead. There's a bit of grass farther back that looks as if sheep might thrive on it."

As they moved past that part of the shore where the drowned seamen lay, Towhead walked near enough to identify each one. He rejoined the skipper at the end of the row.

"Funny if the second mate got drowned, sir. He always bragged about his swimmin'," remarked Towhead. The second mate was the old boatswain, who had been promoted on Mr. Jones' death. "I can't see him anywhere."

"Good swimmers get drowned sometimes," the skipper retorted. Turning along the cliff foot he led Towhead upwards until a level bit of ground opened into view, covered with coarse spidery grass. "Look at that. Wouldn't it be a good idea to turn some sheep loose here and let them breed? It would be a good thing for any other poor devils who got wrecked here."

"That grass wouldn't keep goats fat," Towhead stated with conviction. "Did you count us, sir? Since we got ashore, I mean?"

"Two men missing—second mate and one other who went in the first boat. What d'ye mean, this grass wouldn't fatten goats?"

"'Tain't grass, it's weeds; and salt as Lot's wife too. Was that other man ——"

"Never mind him," the skipper interrupted sharply. "Sit down here and listen to me."

Captain Wandless got Towhead into a position from which escape seemed impossible, and stuffed him full of farming plans. At first Towhead felt and looked impatient, he was preoccupied with the happenings of the shipwreck, with his friend Spud's case, and with the madness of Chips, the death of the cook, and the strange behavior of one at least of the pair of ordinary seamen. Also he felt curious regarding that other man not accounted for. It was only vaguely that he understood the skipper was talking at him.

"Yes, my son, I'm full fed o' the sea," the skipper said. "This business will about finish me. Why should I wait to have my ticket taken from me? I'll carry my crew to safety if it is possible for man to do it. But I'll go no farther myself than Punta Arenas. I have heard much o' the sheep-raising Scots about that region. They do say wool grows fine there. And I'll cable home my resignation. If they need me for any inquiry they must send for me. You'd better ship with me, as shoregoing shepherd, Towhead. Ye'll not think so much o' the sea as a living now, I'm thinking."

"The sea's all right, sir, it's the men," returned Towhead. "I like the sea fine. It's madmen like Chips, and liars like them two or'nary seamen, and men as deserts the ship like the second mate and the other man as is missing ——"

"You're right, my lad. Dead right. You'll find a few men going to sea that are splendid. They get to be officers if they stick. The rest are the scrapings of hell, Hull and Newgate. They're not your kind at all. So ye'll go farming with me. Good!"

Towhead caught a glimpse of the skipper's face as he got up, and shuddered at the change. The sallow fat hung in thick folds, like dewlaps; the eyes were sunken, the fleshy lips pendent and slack. It was as if the pitiless light of Cape Horn winter, cold and clear, had photographed for the tyro's education a terrible picture of a shipmaster broken morally by disaster. Wandless turned and caught him staring, and forced a smile that was the very ghost of mirth, mirth dead and putrid.

"Farming's the only life for a man, Towhead," he said. "Old sailors say, sarcastically, 'Who wouldn't sell his farm and go to sea?' I say, after thirty-five years at sea, 'To hell with the sea! Give me a farm!'"

They walked along the cliff, past the ship, and the skipper glowered down at the beautiful clipper lying there helpless, like a fair maiden tied to a stake.

"In thirty-five years I never lost a spar, now this!" Wandless muttered as they passed.

And when they reached the cove shore again he still turned and gazed at his ship, muttering incessantly.

Towhead caught the tragedy of it all. He was ready enough to consider a return to the farm, but he was frank enough with himself to admit that he saw little chance of anybody going farming just then; also he felt guilty every time his eye fell upon Spud Murphy going cheerily about his work, helping everywhere, doing two men's shares, still with the shadow of that murder charge over him.

The night was drawing on, and the small boat had made its trip to the ship, bringing away rope, boat sails, stores and water. The mate worked hard putting the longboat in shape, patching the rent and raising the gunwales with canvas in readiness for stormy seas. The apprentices labored with him gleefully, youthful enough, in spite of the recent death of their shipmate, Tompson, to see the romance of boyhood dreams realized in shipwreck. One of them, a boy of more than ordinary polish, perhaps, had composed a clever musical chantey from Shakspere, which made the saltiest seaman grimace with disgust at the old ones.

"Oh, a great while ago the world begun,
Hey, ho, the wind and the rain!
And they builded the Ark for the West Coast run;
Hey, ho, it raineth every day!"

The boyish voices shrilled the whimsical lines to the sky, and the frowning face of Ramirez caught them and flung them back in mellow echo. The boat was rolled to the water edge, and stores were stowed while Captain Wandless checked off the men and calculated the available space. He had to decide whether he would better care for his men by taking them in the longboat or by dividing them and taking the small boat too. He concluded the small boat to be a frail bark in such uncertain seas. He tallied numbers again, and shook his head.

"Can't understand where the stored boat can be," he said to the mate. "I always believed the government had put a cache of stores and a good boat here for just such an emergency. Can't be helped, though. Blow yer whistle, Mr. Adams. Two men are adrift yet. We'll shove off as soon as they come."

The mate's whistle shrilled out; the boys started their rousing chantey again as they stepped the boat's two short masts.

"Oh, Noah struck a calm forty days on the Line,
Hey, ho, the wind and the rain!
Jonah's whale gave him a tow to the coast of Palestine,
Hey, ho, it raineth every day!"

"Here they come!" announced the mate, putting up his whistle. "Get a move on, my sons."

The two ordinary seamen dashed helter-skelter down the rocks to the boat and their faces were convulsed with mingled fright and fury.

"Get in the boat! What's biting you men?" snapped the skipper angrily. "Tumble in. Shove off there. What have you two yahoos been doing to look that way?"

The men glanced at each other uncertainly, gulped, and one of them blurted out rapidly: "Boatswain and Lamps got off in a boat they found hid in the rocks! 'Twas him, th' boatswain, as stuck the Doctor's knife into the mate, sir!"

Wandless glared at the man in amazement. A glance at the other suggested that there was truth in the unexpected statement.

"Even so, what's gnawing at you Flemish-eyed yaps?" he demanded.

"I knowed he done it, sir. He knew I knowed. Chips and the Doctor both thought each other done it. But the boatswain—I mean him as was made second mate," the man hastily explained, catching a red eye glaring at him out of the scowling face of the new boatswain—"the old boatswain 'ad a second mate's ticket, y' see, sir, wot he never could git to use because o' drinkin' up all his paydays every v'yage. He knowed as Murphy and Chips both owed Mr. Jones a black eye; so he ——"

"Yes, yes," the skipper cut in irritably, "but what has that to do with you two getting adrift and tumbling down here half paralyzed with funk?"

"He told us Murphy'd murder us for sayin' 'twas him, if we passed the night here along with him, and he said we could go in his boat. But when we went to git aboard —— 'S trewth! His eyes! Bli'me, sir, I'll take my charnce along o' Spud Murphy!"

Spud grinned just to make the precious pair feel at ease, and the boat sailed out beyond the cove, taking the fresh cold night breeze, heading up for Magellan entrance.

A dancing speck on the waste of waters, dead ahead, speeding fast, another boat sailed, manned by two men who believed the Combermere's boats too badly damaged to be safe for sea that night.

XII

THE calm that had succeeded the fog in which the Combermere struck on the Ramirez culminated in a starker calm that lasted all night until red dawn. Then a rolling sea began to yeast, in between whiles a tremendous sigh came from the southwest, and full daylight flooded sea and sky, bringing black running shadows to the sea and hard, greasy, cold gray clouds to the sky.

Far ahead of the longboat the other boat fled fast. Already she felt the borning breeze; farther from the lee of Ramirez she felt the weight of the gray seas sooner than did the Combermere's boat.

All through the night crazy Chips had muttered and moaned and howled. At dawn they stood him up to stretch his legs, propping him against the foremast. He saw the dancing speck of the boat ahead and broke into a gale of mad merriment.

"Dance mit you, dance!" he yelled, and rattled his irons on the mast until the boat shook with the vibration. "I bet you dance to goot tune pretty quick. Old Stiff gets you. He gets us. He gets everybody. Dance, leetle boats!"

"He'll git you, av ye don't sit still!" growled Spud Murphy, dragging the crazy man down and forcing him under a thwart. The comparative cheerfulness that had come over the shivering men with dawn was all dissipated by the weird ravings of Chips. And Captain Wandless tried in vain to arouse it again by a judicious ration of rum.

Until midforenoon the boats sped over a sea rapidly becoming too steep for safety. The wind began to shriek, and the leading boat staggered perilously. Ramirez slipped out of sight astern, and sky and sea took on the aspect of utter stark chill desolation, which is the prevailing complexion of Cape Horn seas. Icy spray stung faces and hands, water poured over the low gunwales of the deeply laden boat.

"She would do better with less sail, sir," the mate said, frowning as his canvas gunwale extensions ripped away all along one side under the weight of a chuckling comber.

"She must sail," the skipper returned.

He steered himself. No man could do more with a boat than he was doing. Mr. Adams knew it, but he was uneasy. Few square-rigger men ever became clever small-boat men, except whalers and man-o'-war's men. Spud Murphy crouched forward, keeping an eye on the jib and foresail gear, with ever a calculating glance for the staggering boat ahead.

"She would be easier off the wind, sir," the mate said. In the boat ahead water was being flung out in bucketfuls; and she had but two men for freight, half the sail the longboat bore.

"She must follow that boat," the skipper replied.

Wandless was lumped in a corner by the tiller. His eyes were deeply sunk in his flabby face. Every line of his body seemed to bear out his avowal to Towhead that the sea had sickened him; that his heart was in the land, in sheep, in cows, in anything that could exist far away from salt water. Still in those deep-sunk cloudy eyes fires flashed now and then. There were moments when the loose mouth seemed to lose its flabbiness and settle into stern purposeful lines.

Ten minutes after he had answered Mr. Adams, ten minutes in which no man had uttered a sound, all gloomily watching the racing seas, waiting for the cold gray fingers of it to reach up for them, the skipper



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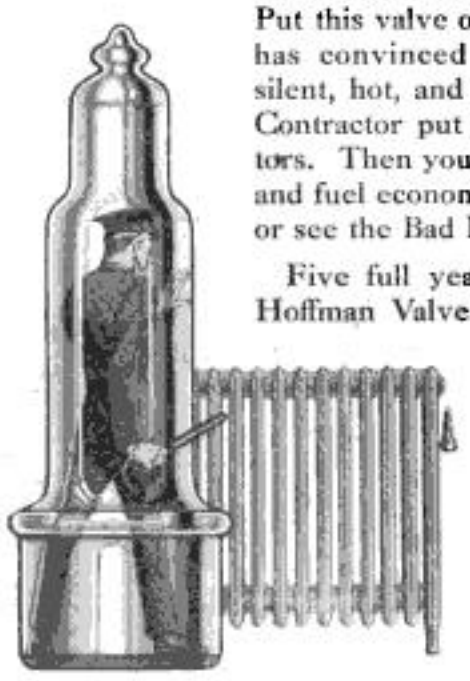
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exclaimed as if continuing an unbroken speech: "Murder's been done in my ship, Mr. Adams. That boat has one o' the murderers. I want him. No man murders in my ship and escapes if I am man enough to carry him to justice."

"Ha, ha!" howled Chips, struggling out from under his thwart and trying to rise. Murphy shoved him down, but the madman's strength was terrific; had he been on his legs while his frenzy was fiercest upon him Spud never would have handled him; being on one knee it needed a struggle, but only a struggle.

"Ha, ha! Murderers!" Chips laughed, fighting with Murphy while rocking with evil mirth. "In his greasy face der hammer I stuck it. Shoosh! it went, like dot. He killed der mate, und said it vos me. Ja! Murderers! Der Old Man, too, is murderer! Ouf a fine ship he is der murderer! Ha, ha, ha! Soon old Cape Stiff murders all ouf us!"

Wandless went ashen again; the fires in his eyes leaped up to sudden intensity, then died down to black embers. He avoided Chips as he peered ahead, concentrating his gaze on the laboring boat he followed.

Before the light gray of day began to turn slaty towards the night the longboat was kept afloat only by incessant bailing. Two men whimpered in the water, stretched on the floor boards, complaining that they were freezing. Men reached down between motions of bailing to thump the whimperers with bitter cursing. Mr. Adams took off his boots and stockings to rub his chilled feet, anxiously glaring from the stolid figure at the helm to the windward sky and the ever-reaching seas.

"Give the men a tot o' rum, Mr. Adams," Wandless said.

The rum stopped much of the muttering for a time. Night came; the mate took the tiller, calling Spud Murphy aft. He tried to persuade the skipper to curl up on a thwart and sleep. Wandless shook his head stubbornly, peering out from under drawn brows for sight of the boat ahead. At midnight two more men sprawled in the bottom of the boat, crying with sheer stark misery. Snowflakes began to fall; something in the hiss of the sweeping seas seemed to say it was madness to sail a boat as the longboat was sailed.

"Shall Murphy tuck a reef in the fores'l, sir?" the mate asked again, trying to conceal his anxiety.

"When I have the second mate aboard this boat, Mr. Adams!"

The skipper lay back, his head against the mizzenmast, and folded his white hands across his stomach. Little by little his tired eyes closed. The mate glanced down at him continually.

After a while he nudged Spud and whispered closely in his ear: "Rouse Towhead and stick a reef in the fores'l. He'll never notice it. He's half demented over losing his ship."

"I won't do ut!" retorted Murphy. "Yander's th' man as done th' killin' Ou'm char-rged wid, an' 'tis meself as wants to have him wid me here."

"You're right, Murphy," said the skipper, opening his eyes wide. "I'll take in sail when that boat's overtaken, Mr. Adams. Obey orders if ye want to benefit by my misfortune later on. At present I hold command."

Mr. Adams steered on. He was abashed by the suggestion that he was seeking to set aside the captain's authority. He was far too fine a seaman to possess that fault. Only out of the wisdom of that very seamanship had he thought to take in sail against the skipper's orders.

An hour after midnight a snow squall blotted out the dark sea. Men bailed like automatons, insensible to cold and wet, numbed beyond feeling so long as they kept moving. When a man dropped his bailer or bucket he dropped, too, and lay in the icy water. Some lay with clenched teeth, silent as frozen corpses; others cursed the sea; some cursed the skipper, the mate, the crazy carpenter; one of the boys raised a wavering voice in shivering song, oblivious of the beating of his young mates:

"Oh, Noah took a sight just to find where he was at,
Hey, ho, the wind and the rain!
And he stuck his ship ashore on the rocks of Ararat,
Hey, ho, it raineth every day!"

"Mr. Adams, please stop that boy," the skipper said.

The song ceased.

When the snow squall passed, Spud Murphy stood up on a thwart to look around. The snow, slowly flying in the wake of the squall, rendered the night less black for a few moments.

"Look!" he shouted. "Port beam, sor! 'Tis the boat, capsized, cap'n."

Captain Wandless stood up in the staggering boat, holding by the mizzen runner, peering at the dark blur which Murphy said was an upturned boat. To identify it required sharp vision, for the snow was passing, the night growing dark again.

"Run down towards her," he said, and the mate put the helm up. The seas hurled the capsized craft across the longboat's bows; the mate sheered away to avoid collision; the longboat soared on a crest, rushed down before the wind, and fell hopelessly to leeward of her objective.

"We can't beat up to her against this, sir!" shouted the mate. He had felt the attempt was madness at first.

"Bring her to the wind. Try her," retorted the skipper, hauling in the mizzen sheet himself.

A sea curled over the gunwale, floating the men lying in the bottom. One man stayed where the sea left him, in a queer position, face downwards. A boy put a hand to him to help him up, and drew back with a piercing cry of fear.

"He's dead, sir!"

The man had drowned as he lay asleep.

"Won't she lie closer than that?" the skipper cried impatiently.

"Try her yourself, sir," retorted the mate.

Wandless took the tiller. The boat came near the wind, leaned dizzily, and took in a ton of water.

"Bail her!" he snapped, and brushed the spray from his eyes.

The boat drifted away from the upturned craft, but every waking eye had seen two men clinging desperately to the keel. Towhead shivered as he sat, but there was a speculative gleam in his eyes as he heard his pal, old Spud Murphy, praying vehemently that those men be secured and brought into safety.

"Hee, hee!" snickered Towhead in spite of his chattering teeth. "Passon used t' tell us t' forgive our enemies. Ain't gettin' pious, are ye, Spud?"

"Hell an' red-hot brickbats!" growled Spud savagely. "Oi'm thot pious Oi won't even see an inimy drowned—if he ought t' be hung!"

"Keep your eye on the boat," the skipper shouted above a fresh squall. "Can you see her? Oh, damn the snow! Can't you see her?"

"Y' won't in a minit or two, sor," roared Spud. "Hey, where y' goin'?"

Towhead was standing up, groping around the gear box by the foremast. Without answering he seized a heaving line, took an end in his teeth, and dived cleanly into the roaring seas in the direction of the other boat. The line whizzed out, so powerfully did he swim. Spud Murphy caught the meaning of Towhead's seemingly mad act the instant he recalled those few words just spoken. With a lusty shout to the skipper to look out for them, he plunged after Towhead and struck out into the teeth of the cold black seas.

Breathless they reached the two clinging men, Towhead's rope out to its bitter end.

"Send one av thim in on th' line, an' we'll tow th' other," gasped Spud. They tied the line about the lamp trimmer. He made no protest. Their shouts went hurtling down the wind to the boat, and the line was drawn in, dragging the lamp trimmer. They turned to the second mate.

"Leave me! Let me alone!" he snarled as soon as he recognized his would-be rescuers by their voices.

"Aisy now," Spud soothed him, tugging at his hands to get him free from the hard-gripped keel. "Shure, we won't let ye drown."

"I want to drown! Leave me, Murphy!"

"'Tis cowld to drown here," Spud persisted. He freed one cold hand and let Towhead grip it while he pulled at the other. "I wouldn't see ye drown, me son. Oi'll save yer loife whither ye want ut or not."

"Then you'll drown along with me!" yelled the shivering wretch, wrenching free and rolling into the sea. Towhead was after him and got a grip before the man went under; Spud rolled after them, joining up on the other side. Fighting every inch of the way, they went down the wind to where they could hear voices hailing them.

(Continued on Page 80)

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Dallas	Hope
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Des Moines	Des Moines
Duluth	Garrick
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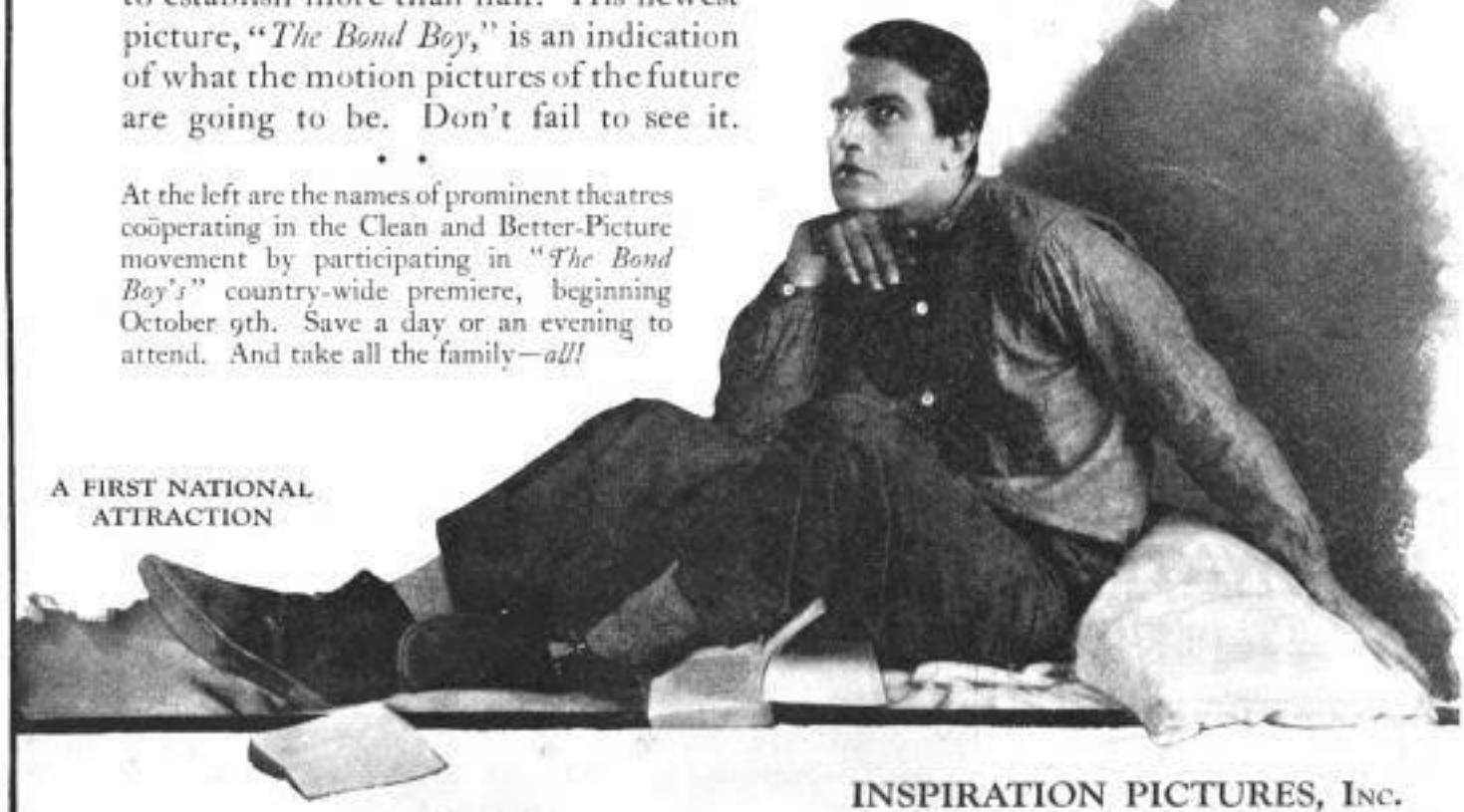
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• •

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(Continued from Page 78)

"Niver fear, me son. Ye'll niver drown this trip," Murphy said as they battled with the obstinate man and the hungry seas. "'Tis an iligant hangin' was fixed fer Spud Murphy. 'Tis yerself'll be guest av honor at the same now. Come on wid ye!"

XIII

A WATER-LOGGED, ice-covered longboat sailed sluggishly up to the wharf in Punta Arenas and came to rest. The boat was half full of mushy ice; across the thwarts lay seven frost-bitten, sea-scarred men. A crazy man, ironed by the wrists to the foremast, cackled incessantly, shaking his irons. Two crouching figures in the bows dragged down the jib. Another figure, recumbent in the mush ice, cursed and wept and babbled of red decks and a drunken cook's knife. A gaunt ghost of a man smothered the foresail with wrists that were frozen and deeply cut with icy gear. Beside the tiller a hollow-eyed man with a baggy blue face stolidly rolled up the mizzen, unshipped the tiller, and then opened a locker under his seat. From a small rum keg he poured a pannikin of rum; from a tin box he took hardtack.

"Feed the sick lads," said Captain Wandless to the gaunt ghost. "Prisoners first."

Mr. Adams took the hardtack and rum, soaked the biscuit in the liquor before giving it to the nearest prisoner, and held the cup for the man to drink. Then he passed the ration along to Spud Murphy, who again passed it on.

"Here, take ut. Ye need ut more'n thim louse-bound sojers," Spud urged Towhead. Towhead looked as if he needed something. The cold bitterness of the Horn had eaten into his being until little remained of the carefree farmer boy. He was gazing at the skipper, and a light danced in his eyes in spite of his suffering.

"Go on, pass it along," he said. "I'll not eat until the skipper is fed. Everybody has called him a fat sow, a barge sailor, a pasty-faced cowson, but if he's the sort o' man the sea makes ——"

"He'll be a farmer soon, me son," retorted Spud. "Howiver, av ye won't ate ——"

He fed crazy Chips, drawing back his hand barely soon enough to escape a savagely playful bite. The others were fed, and he had to pass back the pannikin for more rum.

"Wan more stiff, sor," he reported. "'Tis th' young boy as made th' purty songs." He hesitated before taking the pannikin. "Will ye not ate an' drink yerself, sor?" he said. "Towhead'll not bite nor sup ontil ye do."

Wandless shook his head irritably.

"Get the meal over," he ordered.

He saw the mate busy on his ration, then painfully hauled himself to his feet, staggered up to the dock, and tottered on his frozen feet into the arms of a curious Scotsman hurrying to the wharf to see what the icebound craft was.

In two minutes a braw Scottish yell went up. In ten minutes more the longboat was taken under the crane, slung, and hoisted up on the dock with all her gruesome freight. Police took care of two raving men; the hospital received the rest, some for burial, some for healing.

Bits leaked out from one and another, though not a word would Captain Wandless say except that he had cast away his ship on the Ramirez; but before night the town buzzed with the breathless story of a bitter boat voyage, and of a skipper, full-fed of the sea, soft and incapable to the eye, who had brought his boat and his men through a frozen hell to harbor.

Towhead was first able to get about, and he found amazing interest in the town at the tip of the continent. Dugal McCleod, the Scot who first greeted the boat, carried the farmer around with him, showing him the place, filling him full of stories of the riches to be made.

"Sheep, lad, that's the game," said Dugal. "Back yonder I ha' nigh a meelion acre o' grass, an' the sheep thrive fine. Twa hoonderd bale o' wool I shipped last steamer. I can gi' ye war-rk, if ye ha' done wi' the sea. Didn't ye say ye were a far-rmer? Then ye ha' no business wi' square riggin', I tell ye. Wisn'a I a full-rigged secon' mate mesel'? Ye ha' no gear t' bother aboot. Ask th' Old Mon f'r yer wages an' go sheep far-rmin' wi' me."

"I ain't so sure I want to," said Towhead thoughtfully. "I've seen things lately. I'll talk to Captain Wandless, though. He wants to go farmin'. Maybe he'll go partners with you."

It was some time later that Captain Wandless was able to see about business. He had advised Towhead to take a temporary job on McCleod's sheep range until he could attend to the matter of wages for the survivors. He cabled to his owners, and on the day his instructions arrived Towhead went to sound him regarding the future. He found him paying off the men, and marveled to see the faces of them as they came away from the table counting over their money. He waited until last, conning over in his mind the little speech he had decided upon. He was not quite clear about his own preference for sheep raising now, but recalling everything that had passed he knew beyond doubt that Captain Wandless would rush into partnership with Dugal McCleod and his woolly sheep. No man as weary of the sea as the skipper was, with such a bitter memory to nurse as that boat voyage from the Ramirez to the Straits, would think twice about it. Besides, there was the home inquiry to face.

The last seaman was leaving the table. The first, Spud Murphy, had already liquidated part of his wages, and now returned, merry of face with a rolling eye, to whack Towhead smartly on the back.

"G'wan, me lad, go git y'r money an' buy ye a bloody far-rum," said Spud. "Th' Ould Man's waitin' fer t' talk far-rmin' wid ye."

Towhead faced the skipper across the little table, and marveled as he had marveled at the faces of the men. Haggard and wan he certainly was, the skipper; his clothes, mended and pressed, hung from his shoulders and hips like sacks half empty; but there was a light in the eyes that Towhead remembered seeing there only once before, a firm line at the mouth that utterly changed it from a loose, unstable feature to a mark of real strength. The firm line softened in a smile as Towhead came to a stand. Outside the door the last man could be heard voicing some still inexplicable surprise.

"Give me a hextry three mont's' wages, the Old Man did, an' sez, sez he, 'Ow 'd y' like to sail wiv me nex' ship?' Bli'me, he ain't gorn loony, is he? I thought he wos going to grow little baa lambs."

Towhead took the handful of money Captain Wandless was holding out to him.

"There's a bit extra for all hands, Towhead," the skipper remarked. "It's not from the owners. I want to as far as I can make up to the men who stood by me for the hardships I brought on them. What do you intend doing, my son? Thought any more about staying with me?"

"I wanted to, sir. Will you come with me now and see Dugal McCleod? He has a fine sheep farm. You'd want to go partners if you saw it."

Towhead's words failed to accord with his tone. The skipper followed him outside, through the still-wondering seamen, and along the waterside street to an office building. The day was cold and clear; the sky had that rare gleam of sword steel seen through silk; out in the Straits the sea tide swept in forceful yet tranquil grandeur, brown over the shore kelp, vivid green on the shallows, blue as a summer sky in the channel. There was tang enough in the crisp breeze to set the blood of a sailor tingling.

"So you have made up your mind to go back to farming?" the skipper queried at the office entrance. "Well, no doubt you're right. The sea life is a hard life. It's bitter as hell; it demands all of a man, and pays back ——"

"But ain't you goin' farmin', sir?" Towhead wanted to know, and his tone brightened a bit.

"Me?" Captain Wandless uttered the single word in such a note and with such a raising of the heavy brows as to suggest that never in his life had he considered such heresy.

"I thought—from what you said ——" Towhead stammered.

"I have a fine ship lying aground, my son," the skipper said. "She can be floated. I told the owners so in my cable. They say I am to go ahead. Mr. Adams is standing by me, Murphy goes boatswain, and the men say they want to stand by me. I can't blame you for being fed up with the sea, though. I've often thought I'd like to go farming ——"

"Blow farmin'!" shouted Towhead. "Ain't nothin' in tendin' pigs and cows and pitchin' hay. Ain't you got a job f'r me, sir?"

So far had the sea's magic entered into the bones and blood of Towhead. Forgotten were the dark cruel nights, the red horror of murder, the menace of the frozen seas, the stark grim threat of eternal Cape Stiff.

Only the glory of the wide ocean remained, the pride of the clipper, the thrill that went with the hope of floating her and yet sailing her proudly into her destined port.

Captain Wandless glanced up at the farmer's eloquent face.

"Glad to have ye, my son," he said as they entered the office of the people who were to attempt floating the Combermere. "Glad to sign ye on, able seaman. 'Twill be fine to have somebody aboard who knows oats from hay. Be at the consul's office with the others at four, my lad."

Towhead strode off with a nautical swagger, and challenged the world of sea, sky and shore with his first independent effort as a chanteyman:

"Oh, a great while ago the world was begun,
Hey, ho, the wind and the rain!
And they builded a ship for the West Coast run,
Hey, ho, it raineth every day!"

Far along shore Combermere sailors gathered, drank, parted, and sang too:

"She's a Liverpool ship wiv a Liverpool crew,
Leave 'er, Johnny, leave 'er!"

They sang of leaving her. Tomorrow they would sail to rejoin her. Spud Murphy, peacefully inebriated in solitary state, waiting for his chum, Towhead, chuckled at both songs, adding his own to the harmony:

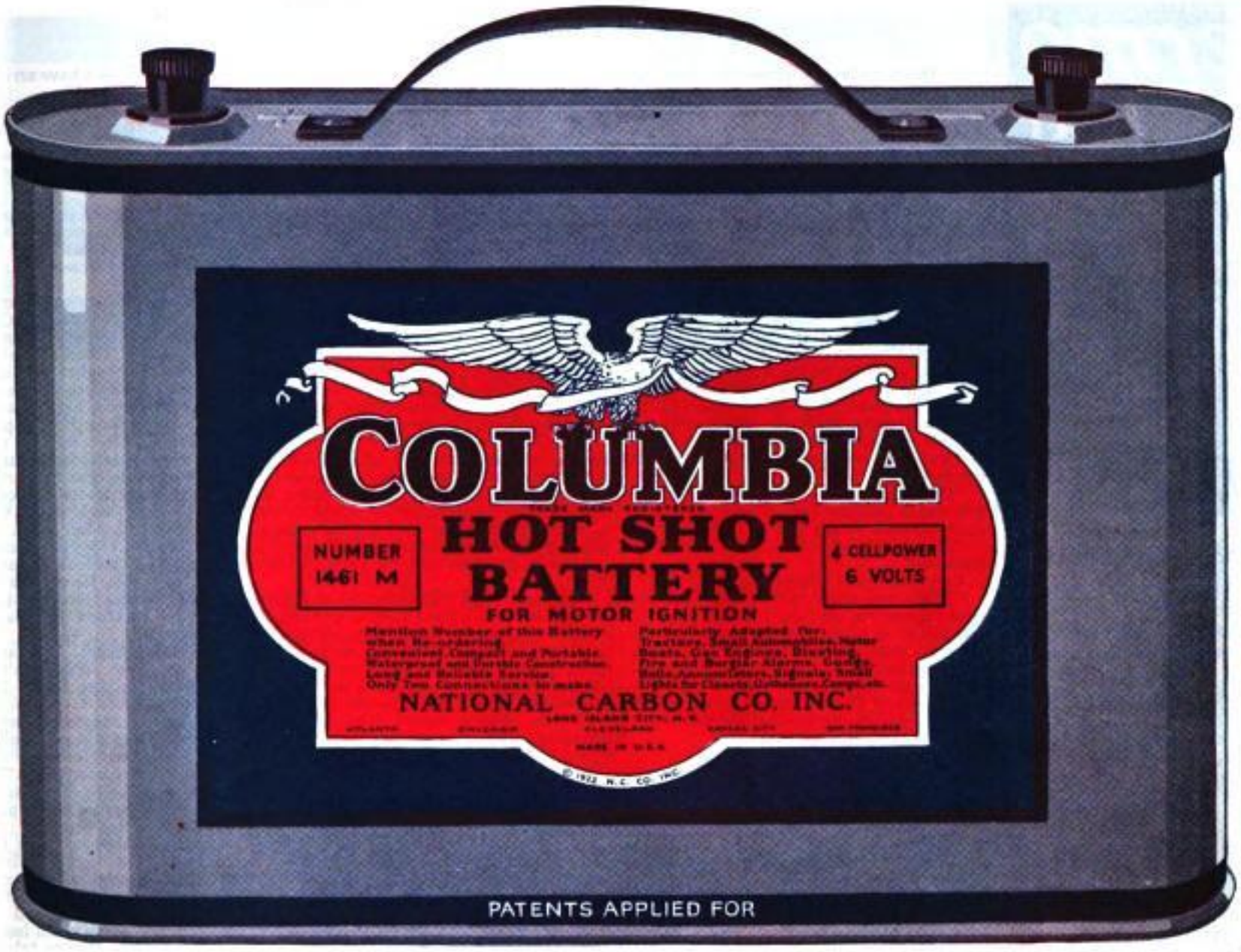
"Oh, Shanadore, Oi long to hear you,
Away you rollin' river,
F'r you Oi'd cross th' stor-rmy wather,
Ho-ho, we're bound away,
'Cross th' wide Missourv!"

Dugal McCleod—waiting in vain for Towhead to bring along his prospective partner—heard, and shrugged his shoulders. He uttered a forceful "Bah!" and went back to his farm and his sheep.

(THE END)



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BURNED FINGERS

(Continued from Page 19)

At the very best of times the shipping game, with the ancillary lines of importing and exporting, is as full of holes as a cheese and as full of pits for the feet of the unwary as a prairie-dog village. In other business endeavors the ignorant, the ill-advised or the reckless can stop when they find things going wrong, but in the shipping line the victim finds himself presently with a tight hold on the bear's tail which, by the very nature of the struggle, he is precluded from letting go.

Stephen sought his old-time friend and bitter commercial rival, George S. Willing, in the premises.

"It amounts to this, captain," he said. "If we don't make it mercifully swift Mayhew will go down in the wreckage, taking with him his restaurants, his apartment houses, his hotel, his first and second mortgages, his stocks, his bonds, his manservant and his maidservant, his ox and his ass!"

"Not to mention his good-looking daughter."

"Oh, Benda could take care of herself! She was in business during the war and she could go back at any time."

"She might, of course, even marry a business."

Kane flushed and laughed.

"When you come to that, and just between ourselves, captain, I'm in a jam. If her father is allowed to go on with this financial suicide of his Miss Benda would be too proud to marry anyone with even a little—er—money, for instance; on the other hand, if I throw a monkey wrench in his gears she assures me that she will never speak to me again."

Captain Willing chuckled.

"As long as Lloyd's won't insure you on either risk your best course to steer is to keep your name out of it. Put the old man on the reef, but let it seem to be me that shifted the buoys on him."

"Would you do that much for me, captain?"

"I'm not thinking of you, my boy. I'm thinking of that mule-headed old landsman breaking into my business, that's what! I advised him to keep out and he slammed my door on me, my own door! If you don't scuttle his ship for him I'll have to, and you can be sure of that!"

The conspiracy thus hatched matured with time. Some two months after its inception the captain spied Matt Mayhew on the floor of the Merchants Exchange. The new shipowner was standing importantly before a blackboard on which were chronicled the positions of all the ships bound from or to the port of San Francisco, and even from a distance it was plain to be seen that the line engaging his attention was the one beginning:

"Schooner—Matt M. Mayhew; Bound—Sydney; Cargo—lumber; Position ——"

"Well, Matt," Captain Willing said quietly in the other's ear, "I understand you're looking for a loan on that new Post Street apartment house of yours."

Mayhew whirled about, his face red.

"Nothing to it!" he snapped angrily. "Out-and-out lie! Don't need any loans!"

"Yet, eh? Well, you will. In the meantime, you don't want to consider another schooner, do you?"

"Schooner? I might. If business continues to pick up the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company will need more bottoms. What have you got?"

"A first-class four-master, about two thousand tons dead weight, new copper, two new sails, and hot and cold running water in the cabins. She's a bargain."

"How much?"

"Call it twelve dollars a ton. Twenty-four thousand."

Mayhew looked at him suspiciously.

"I paid more than that for the Matthew M. Mayhew."

"You what? Ah, Matt, Matt, I was afraid of this! If you had only consulted me now ——"

"Confound you! What's the matter with the price I paid?"

"I'm telling you. I can turn the Agatha Teller over to you tomorrow, at your own dock, for 20 per cent less than you were stung for. And she's a better schooner than your old hulk ever was."

Mayhew flushed and wriggled uncomfortably.

"See here, Willing, are you telling me the truth? What's the matter with this Agatha thing that they want to give her away?"

"There isn't anything the matter with her. It's the market that's wrong. It's going lower, too; in a month you can buy a fleet at seven or eight dollars a ton."

"Nonsense!" Mayhew cried pompously. "You're all bears here on the Street. That's what Atcheson says is the trouble."

"'A spaniel come to judgment!'" Willing misquoted. "Or was it spaniel? How is your child-prodigy partner anyway?"

"Very busy, of course," Mayhew snapped. "Buying more ships for you at marked-up figures?"

Mayhew was studying the board again; pretended not to hear.

"Our schooner is reported two hundred miles off Sydney, I see," he remarked. "So I guess it's safe to tell you what Atcheson is up to. We're cleaning up on the biggest lumber deal Australia has seen for years."

"It must be quite a deal then."

"You'll agree that it is. Atcheson—oh, he's a wonder, that boy is!—discovered that the Australian lumber business is hogged by a cutthroat gang operating in the big cities and shutting out competition. So Atcheson rigged up a scheme for getting all the independents together."

"You're going to bust the trust, is that it?"

"We are. The Matthew M. Mayhew carried out two million feet of merchantable Oregon pine for immediate delivery to the little fellows. Next trip Atcheson is going down to attend to the details in person, and inside sixty days we'll be shipping around five million feet a month."

Captain Willing looked down his nose, restraining his raucous laughter with an effort.

"That's a start anyway," he admitted. "By the way, Matt, who sold you your pine?"

"That was slick, too," the other chuckled. "I know something about Coast lumber markets, of course, with my apartment-house experience, and I put that over. Happened to run across a young fellow who was peddling three million feet of first-class stuff for a song. Boy named Whims."

Captain Willing started. This was news to him.

"Not Jimmy Whims?"

"I think that's his name."

Willing roared, then sobered and shook his head sadly. Mayhew glowered at him.

"What's the joke? What's wrong anyway?"

"Nothing but this, Matt: Whims has been working both sides of the Street for thirty days trying to saw that lumber off on someone. It was odd-length and odd-size material nobody would take for a gift. But, of course, in Australia, where they don't know any better, it may go great."

Mayhew hemmed, hawed and blustered, but it was apparent that he was hard hit. Captain Willing chose to let the iron sink in of its own weight.

"Well, let me know if you want any more schooners at a fair price, Matt," he said. "I'll be moving along."

He moved, seeking a quiet corner where he could release the pent-up laughter within. Jimmy Whims, the lad who had sold the Mayhew Company its lumber, was a junior clerk for Mardewell & Kane, of which firm Stephen Kane was the active head. The Australian lumber trust was a leak-proof association of dealers who imported and exported for themselves, on a wholesale scale, but who had no interest in fixing prices. What they did have an interest in —— Well, the chuckling captain said to himself, there was about as much chance of young Nestor Atcheson's organizing a combine of the fly-by-night and shoestring speculators for a *coup* as there would have been of organizing the Irish to break the grip of the street-organ monopoly. What was coming to Matt Mayhew through his plausible young partner was going to be, Willing saw clearly, more than plenty. He felt entitled to his laugh, and he had it.

Two days later, having made careful calculations, he decided that it was time to check up on his surmises. Not to be selfish about it he dropped into the offices of Mardewell & Kane and took Stephen along with him. They entered the small, somewhat dingy suite occupied by the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company; Matthew Mayhew greeted them effusively.

"Come on in, knockers!" he cried enthusiastically. "Welcome to our city! Thought you'd drop in to a live house, eh? Well, you couldn't have arrived at a better minute. Look here!"

He handed them a telephone-message pad, on which a stenographer had penciled:

Merchants Exchange reports schooner Chimes of Normandy off the Farallones. Due Pier 47 at 2 P.M.

"That's your second vessel, isn't it, Mr. Mayhew?" Stephen inquired.

"It is. She will sail out of here registered as the Nestor Atcheson. And now look at this."

The second item was a long, single-sheet document headed "Grain Charter—Form 7A—Barley." Stephen glanced at it with practiced eye. There was set forth in it the fact that the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company, as owners of the schooner Nestor Atcheson, agreed with the Sacramento River G. & R. Company "to carry in the said vessel a full and complete cargo of barley in sacks from San Francisco to Hamburg or as near thereto as said vessel may safely get," at a rate of freight which would insure the Mayhew Company, Stephen reckoned, a fair profit on the voyage. He ran down the page and among the fine-print clauses found what he hoped and expected to see. He made a mental note of a date therein; glanced at the calendar. Then he returned the papers to Matt Mayhew.

"Well," he said, "you certainly are a live bunch here. Why didn't I handle that grain deal for you if you had to have a broker?"

"Broker?" Mayhew snorted. "Broker, me eye! I was my own broker."

"I see Elmer Newhouse's name on the corner of the charter party."

"Just a matter of form. I swung the deal, and if Newhouse was paid anything it was by the grain people."

"I see," Kane said.

He did, too, because Elmer Newhouse had been put up to the grain business with Mayhew by Stephen himself, and had been enabled thus to rid himself of a white elephant with only a small loss when he had been fully expecting to take a heavy one. So Kane said "I see," and kicked Captain Willing on the shins for revealing the premonitory symptoms of a hearty laugh. "Well, you do seem to be doing yourself plenty of good, Mr. Mayhew, and I'm surprised and pleased."

"You're as disappointed as a wife cut out of a will, you mean!" Mayhew growled, punching his young friend in the ribs with his short thumb. "You told me I was going to fizzle out—all of you—and now you're sick because I haven't. Wait a minute."

A girl entered with a cablegram, to which was attached a long typewritten translation of the code. Mayhew snatched at it. Captain Willing looked at Stephen Kane and winked. The expectant grin on the face of the amateur shipping man froze as he read. Weakly then he passed the decoded message to Willing.

"Just when everything was going good too!" he groaned. "My Lord, what'll I do?"

The two conspirators, with their countenances held straight and their straining mirth leashed, read this:

Per orders delivered half million feet cargo Matthew M. Mayhew to Sporgel, Sydney. Balance of cargo on hand because Sydney and Suburban Lumber Dealers' Association refuses touch it account our delivery to Sporgel and no other market here. Cable orders immediately.

BALCOME, Master.

"H'm-m!" Captain Willing mused, stroking his nose to conceal twitching lips. "Sporgel, eh? That name has been mishandled in transmission, probably. It's Spragle. Remember Spragle, Kane?"

"Wasn't he the Dutchman who had to leave Tahiti?"

"That's the bird. And Hong-Kong before that, and probably other places. I hope you got cash money from him for your half million feet, Mayhew."

"I don't think we did. Nestor handled that end of it. What's wrong with him?"

"Except that he's a liar, a crook, a swindler, a second-story man and a bunco artist, not a thing in the world. If you've consigned your cargo to him you might as well write that five hundred thousand feet O. P. off to profit and loss, mostly loss, now as any time." It was Steve Kane who replied. (Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 82)

"What's more," Willing said, coming up with a rush, "the balance of your cargo is deader than your skipper suspects. Not only Sydney is closed to him but the rest of the Australian ports, because the association there has a rule that if part of a cargo of lumber is delivered to one of the independents in the business there they will not take the remainder themselves, even as a gift. It's their way of protecting themselves, you see, Mayhew."

"Of course," Kane said thoughtfully, "he might take it to any of the South Sea Island ports if he wants to be laughed to death, because the market is glutted when a two-masted steamer arrives there with a bunch of laths and nine pieces of scantling. Or there's Java, or Sumatra, or Timbuctoo, I suppose ——"

"Not for those odd sizes," Willing interrupted. "My advice to you is to get someone in Sydney to burn the stuff for you, Mayhew."

"About your second schooner, too, Mr. Mayhew," Stephen put in. "If I'm not mistaken she is reported coming in by way of Guayaquil. Is that correct?"

"Yes. She stopped there to deliver a jag of cargo for the account of the Shipping Board."

"Well, it might be worse if she had gone on a reef or burned to the water line," Stephen said, looking out the window and beginning to whistle.

"What the devil do you mean?" Mayhew roared. He was coming to the end of his rope. "How better? Better than what?"

"Nothing much," Kane replied soothingly. "Only there happens to be a quarantine here against Guayaquil—bubonic, or yellow fever, or something. It's odd your paragon of all the shipping virtues—this Hector Ashburton, or whatever his name is—didn't know of it. He seems to know everything."

"Oh, dry up!" Mayhew spluttered. "Let Atcheson go, and tell me what the quarantine has to do with us."

"Simply this: I notice that you have a canceling date in your barley charter. If you aren't ready to load by a certain day —— When is it, exactly?"

"Wednesday. Go on."

"Ah, Wednesday; and today is Friday. Pretty narrow margin even without inspection and fumigation and getting your pratique over from Angel Island to the Customs House. No, Mr. Mayhew, I'm afraid you won't quite make anything on your barley deal."

Mayhew was purple and perspiring. He could stand no more bush beating.

"Drat it, I'll punch your head in another minute, you imp!" he bellowed. "Tell me what you're driving at or I'm going to commit murder."

Kane turned from him to George Willing.

"I hate to do it, captain," he said. "You hit him; he's your friend!"

"Well, I guess I see what Kane is driving at, Matt," the dean of shipping men observed slowly. "It's too bad you didn't hook up with a man who knew this game instead of with your child wonder. The point is that your schooner probably won't be able to take on a pound of barley until she's fumigated, and fumigation and all the red tape that goes with it is a slow process. I wouldn't leave it to the starry-eyed blond child of the shop now; if I were in your place I'd get out and hump myself. The chances are you can't make it anyhow, but a man can always try. And I've got to be running along now. Coming, Steve?"

III

BENDA MAYHEW had been noticing symptoms of worry and irritation in her father for some days, but when she overheard him one morning telling Mrs. Van Riven, that charming hostess and society leader, over the telephone that if she did not like the way his apartments were run she could move, Benda became alarmed. Once really aroused Benda Mayhew could cover a good deal of ground, and she was really aroused now. She canceled an engagement with the hairdresser and had herself driven directly downtown.

Quite suddenly she remembered that her sire had been about to engage, a few weeks since, in a new enterprise, against which Stephen Kane had warned him. It was something about shipping, that was it! That young Atcheson, who had made a favorable impression on her at first, and whom she had seen once or twice since, had been involved. It couldn't be, of course, that anything had gone wrong. Stephen had threatened ——

The girl's lips tightened. Stephen, interrogated, had told her that, as far as he knew, her father was getting along swimmingly. But certainly now her father was not himself!

He was not in his handsomely appointed uptown offices; and she was a good deal shocked at the ramshackle den to which she finally traced him. It didn't look prosperous or even healthy. It was all very strange. But she would certainly make short work of finding out all ——

A roar that she recognized as emanating from her paternal ancestor in a rage suddenly filled the building. With her hand almost on the knob of the door blazoned with the sign of his navigation and commercial company she drew back appalled.

"Didn't know it!" Matt Mayhew was bellowing. "Didn't know it! Do you know your perishing name? Do you know straight up, you ivory-headed walking stick, you? You ought to have known about this fumigation business! You ought to have known about that cancellation clause in the charter from those infernal barley people! You ought to have known what day it was! You ought to know enough to pound sand in a rat hole, if somebody showed you the hole, but you don't! Get out of here before I throw you through a window!"

There was a rush of feet within; the door was jerked open violently and through it sped Nestor Atcheson. He made for the head of the street stairs and disappeared.

Benda Mayhew entered the office.

"Such language, dad!" she exclaimed, interrupting.

Mayhew wheeled.

"What the —— I beg your pardon, my dear! But that four-ply jackass ——"

She took his arm and led him across the room to a seat.

"You sit down and cool off, dad," she said imperiously. "You're too old to make such a scene and too fat to get so angry. Hush; not a word, my dear! . . . That's better. . . . So this is your cave! Now, when you get your breath you may tell me what it's all about, please."

He tried to bluster through with it, but she was cool, clear-eyed, inexorable. As much as he knew, and he only knew the half, he told her. When he had finished Benda Mayhew's cheeks were flaming.

"So far, then, as I understand it, these wolves on California Street have completely checkmated you. Tell me one thing more—is Stephen Kane in the conspiracy?"

"Not that I know of. Of course he's quite superior, and he will have his little joke about my enterprise ——"

"I'll make him dance for that."

"Oh, I don't mind Steve. He—he has given me some good advice, at least. But Willing and Newhouse and the rest! And now this barley business is driving me mad!"

"You say your boat has to be fumigated?"

"Before we can take on the grain, yes. It was only yesterday we had official notice of it. And since then this blockhead of an Atcheson has bungled everything he has touched. He didn't know about this, and he forgot that, and he thought he could sidestep the other, and now—oh, Lord!"

"What now?"

"When we finally get her over there so they can put the stikerinium, or whatever it is, in her insides, the quarantine office calls up to tell us that there are twelve vessels there for fumigation and that they can't get to ours until tomorrow. That means we won't be ready to load tomorrow noon."

"But what of that? What difference would a day or so make?"

Mayhew groaned.

"It makes all the difference between a profit and the everlasting dump heap for this firm, my dear. If we are five seconds late at the pier at noon the charterers can cancel."

"But if you explained to them?"

"Explain? On California Street? You might as well try to explain to a bear that had just come out from a winter's sleep! Freights have dropped eight shillings a ton, as they say here, and it's a lovely excuse for them to leave me high and dry. So there you are!"

The girl contemplated the situation swiftly.

"Isn't Doctor Glavis the head of the government quarantine service here?"

"I think that's the name."

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CLARK



GRAVE VAULT

"I know it is. I've met him, at the Presidio and several places. Now listen, dad. Get me a launch and have it ready to take me to Angel Island. While I'm gone find Ray Benjamin and see what influence will do. Tell Ray I asked you to—I believe he is the United States Government in California when the Republicans are in office. Go to your barley people and offer to come down on your freight rate if they will extend your time a few hours. And move fast, dad. I'm going to take a hand in this myself and show California Street a few things!"

"But, Benda ——"

"You save it, dad," she interrupted from the doorway. "I can't stop for you to but around now. Telephone for the launch. Good-by!"

Half an hour later she sat in the stern seat of a powerful launch as it rounded the southern point of Angel Island and carried her into view of the immigration and quarantine stations located on the eastern side of the island. Anchored just off shore were eleven ugly, half-painted, dreary-looking hulks that gave the little cove the appearance of a ships' graveyard. Such names as they bore were so faded and scratched as to be undecipherable; apparently there was not a living soul on any one of them. Then she saw, tied up at a little wharf, a four-masted schooner the stern of which bore the legend, brightly painted: Nestor Atcheson, San Francisco.

She landed, hurried up to the office. The young officer on duty jumped up with beaming face.

"Miss Mayhew! This is an unexpected delight!"

"Hello, Doctor Winchell. It may be unexpected, but it isn't any delight. Where is Doctor Glavis?"

"He is on a leave of absence."

"Oh, really? And are you in charge?"

"Of the quarantine office? I am."

Benda favored the young doctor with a melting smile.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said. "There's a little thing I want someone here to do for me."

"I can't think what it might be. But if it isn't absolutely forbidden ——"

"Oh, I'm sure it isn't. You see, my father is head of the shipping company that owns the Nestor Atcheson."

"I didn't know that."

"And he has a contract or a constitution, or whatever it's called, to take a load of barley ——"

"Yes, I know that. But we have to fumigate because this schooner just came in from Guayaquil, and there is a quarantine against that port. The trouble is that some lunatic has suddenly discovered that he wants those old hulks out there fumigated and he had them towed over in a fleet. The last of them arrived day before yesterday—before your father's schooner came in."

"But you could surely let them wait until the Atcheson was released."

"I don't see how we can. Our orders are positive to take these jobs as they come."

Her face fell.

"If I knew whose boats they were, perhaps I could induce the owners to wait."

"You might try, of course. But as I understand it Mardewell & Kane ——"

She caught him up.

"Did they send these boats to you?"

"They are the agents."

"Stephen Kane? I knew it! Oh, the coward! Will you let me use your telephone?"

"Of course. May I get your number for you?"

"Please. I want to speak to Mr. Kane personally."

But Mr. Kane was not in. He was nowhere to be located. An hour passed. Benda Mayhew fretted and chafed. Another hour, and no success. Doctor Winchell glanced up as the ship's clock rang eight bells.

"Twelve o'clock," he said. "I'm afraid it's too late to do anything more, Miss Mayhew. The fumigation requires twelve hours at least and it would be the middle of tomorrow afternoon before anyone could get into the hold of the Atcheson to line her, let alone to load barley."

Benda stamped her foot.

"Please try Mardewell & Kane once more," she said rather sharply. "It will be some satisfaction to tell Mr. Kane what I think of him."

This time the connection was made; Kane's voice came over the wire.

"Who? Oh, yes! Hello, Benda!"

Her tones were cold.

"I have been trying for two hours to reach you, Mr. Kane. I wanted to ask whether you won't let the quarantine officers fumigate father's ship ahead of yours? It means a good deal to dad, therefore to me."

"I'm sorry I can't, Benda."

"Don't call me that, if you please. I see your whole plot now, Mr. Kane. You heard about father's barley business, and you had these miserable old scows sent over here to delay him purposely. I might have known you were capable of that sort of—of cleverness! Hereafter I wish you would not speak to me when we meet, if some bad fortune brings that about. I think you're perfectly hateful and—oh, Steve, please don't be a business man, just for this once! Be my friend and dad's! He's terribly worried and I'm sick about him!"

Stephen Kane's voice was sympathetic and tender enough, but his words were as businesslike as a mortgage foreclosure.

"I'm really sorry, Benda," he said, "but it can't be done. And it wouldn't do any good now if it could. The Atcheson couldn't be at her pier for loading by noon tomorrow, and as barley has gone up three points in the last few days Elmer Newhouse has just given me an option on that grain your father was to handle and I am making arrangements to ship it to Liverpool by one of Captain Willing's steamers."

"You brute!"

"I suppose I seem to be, Benda. But, my dear, this shipping game is a hard one unless a man knows it from the ground up, and your father would be much better off, as I told him at first ——"

Benda Mayhew did a most unladylike thing. She hung up on Steve Kane!

Ten days later Captain George S. Willing walked into the office of the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company and saluted the head of the firm with his usual slow smile.

"Morning, Matt! How's the life on the rolling deep by now?"

Mayhew, drawn, irritable, lined, looked up at him crossly.

"None of your business!" he snapped. "What do you want this time? Come to gloat, I suppose."

"Me, gloat? Why, Matt, you never heard me gloat a gloat in your whole life, man! I came by to tell you that sailing ships have dropped about three dollars more a ton and that I could get you a first-class brigantine of two thousand tons deadweight for about half what you paid for any of yours. Of course, if you're not in a hurry they'll go lower. They haven't reached bottom yet by a long ways. But if you must have a ship ——"

"Oh, dry up!"

"What's wrong, Matt? I thought you were going strong."

"Wrong? Everything's wrong. The harpies and bloodsuckers on this street would break the Bank of England! They'd knock a man down for the matches he carried, and they'd murder him for a telephone slug! I wish this was the early fifties; there would be about four of your fellows in the coroner's hands by night!"

"Oh, come now, Matt, you surely don't mean that!"

"I mean more than that! Look what you've done to me! My first schooner is on her way to Tahiti carrying the lumber Kane sawed off on me as ballast. For a wonder you knew what you were talking about when you said I couldn't sell it in the South Pacific. I net a dead loss on that trip to date."

"What's she going to Tahiti for?"

"Atcheson thinks he can get her a cargo of copra."

"Well, he can't. But there's no use telling you anything, Matt. As long as that Atcheson barnacle hangs on you're down by the head with your towline parted."

"I'm giving him just this one more chance, but if he doesn't get us something from the South Seas, out he goes from here for good!"

"It's all very sad, Matt. What's the rest of the story?"

"All of a piece. The Nestor Atcheson, ever since Steve Kane stole that barley from me two weeks ago, has been tied up at Alameda with nothing to do, and now they tell me she's developed a leak. Let her leak! I don't care if she sinks."

(Continued on Page 89)

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Clean Cuffs!

How a man dreads to face critical eyes with desk-soiled cuffs! Think how many times you have wished for a shirt with "turn-back" cuffs which could be turned neatly and smoothly! Wilson Bro's shirts have cuffs* that solve your problem. Just regular cuffs with the unique advantage that they can be turned smartly

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* . . . the cuff isn't the only feature. The neckband, for example, will hold its shape without starching and will not develop a "saw tooth" edge. Finally, the signature, Wilson Bro's, whether on shirts, garters, belts, underwear, hosiery, cravats, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc., is your guarantee of satisfaction. *Patent applied for.

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

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The Lady With the Lamp

SHE was the kindest thing—
that war-stricken men had ever known.
She always made the last nightly round of the wards herself. The bitterly wounded soldiers who watched for the light that shed its halo about her gave her the loving title: "*The Lady With the Lamp.*"

"The Lady" was Florence Nightingale.



From the far-off day—
of the Crimea—down through the years—her beautiful spirit has shone undimmed. It was the light that illumined the way for the first training school for nurses. It was in the glow of her inspiration that the Red Cross was founded.

And it is to Florence Nightingale—
that the world owes the knowledge that in terms of national power, prestige and wealth it pays to nurse men in times of war. But even with that knowledge it was not fully realized until a few years ago that it would pay to nurse men, women and children in times of peace.

Then came the Great Light—
what the world needed was to make health, instead of disease, *catching*. The Light pointed the way—the visiting nurse.

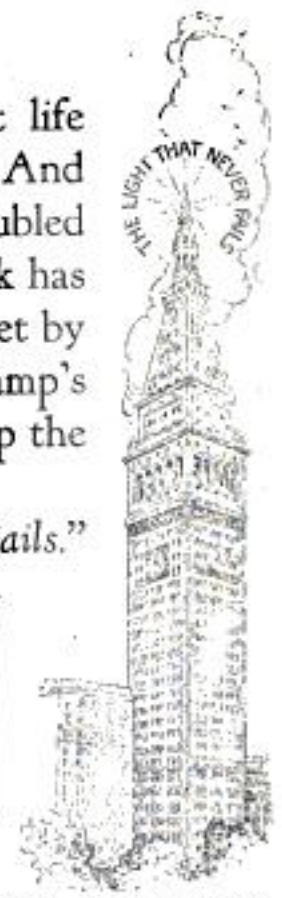
For who could take health into the home as she could? Who could come into such sympathetic relations with the family? Who else could so completely gain a mother's confidence? Who could win such love and respect that big men obeyed her as little children? Who could bring such a sense of security as this self-reliant woman in her trim uniform—a badge of service that even the lowest criminal respects?
And in whom else could be found the tenderness of a woman and the courage of a man? Often in rural districts where the doctor is miles away—she fights alone through the long night. In the slums of the city she hurries through darkened streets and up foreboding stairways on her errands of mercy.

10,000 Public Health Nurses—
are at work today, in towns, in cities and in rural districts. Still there are not enough to go round, for there are few business, educational, civic or religious bodies that do not *now* recognize that it pays to nurse people—few that do not recognize the need for extending the service.

And the Home Cry for Help—
comes from every quarter. From the lonely mountain cabin, from the factory settlement, from the crowded tenement; wherever there is sickness—they are calling for the visiting nurse.

"Angels"—
the president of the world's greatest life insurance company calls these nurses. And angels they are in thousands of troubled homes—ministering angels whose work has come about because of the example set by "The Lady With the Lamp." The Lamp's symbol today is the great lantern atop the Metropolitan Tower—

"*The Light That Never Fails.*"



The Metropolitan began active efforts to prolong human life many years ago.

The mass of evidence piled up by Metropolitan agents unmistakably proved the *need* for nursing, while carefully conducted surveys indicated that if wisely managed it could be made to pay Metropolitan policy holders.
As proof rolled in, nursing service was established and rapidly expanded. Today it covers 3,500 towns.
Last year nurses made 2,116,875 free visits to Metropolitan policy holders; in eleven years they have made 14,000,000. Their reports are carefully compiled.

They show many instances where lives have been saved by timely calls of visiting nurses and cases without number where their instruction should prevent recurrences of disease in the future. A request will bring to you, without charge, our booklet entitled:—"The Lady With the Lamp."

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

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(Continued from Page 86)

"That comes of buying through anyone but the George S. Willing Company. How about your third schooner?"

Mayhew groaned.

"Did you ever hear of buying ships 'as is and where is'?" he countered.

Willing nodded, with a grin he tried to conceal by stroking his nose.

"Atcheson bought that way. He took on the Lester Leeds 'as is and where is.'"

"Well, how and where is she?"

"I've just heard. She's a thousand miles off Manila, en route to Portland, Oregon, with sugar, and she's got nine feet of water in her hold. A Dollar boat sent a wireless reporting her this morning."

"Um-m-m!" Captain Willing decided that the moment was unpropitious for laughter. "Too bad, Matt; too bad! Of course, she may come in all right. I wouldn't worry if I were you. But wait a minute. What did you say this sponge of yours is called?"

"The Lester Leeds; and you don't need to strain yourself any being funny about it!"

"Excuse me! The Lester Leeds. Let's see. Have you a copy of the Guide here. Oh, yes!"

He picked up the huge blanket of a newspaper which is the maritime and water-front Bible of San Francisco and ran his eye down the page.

"I thought so. Maybe you didn't happen to see this."

He pointed to a brief item, dated Portland, Oregon, and Mayhew read:

Barlow & Barlow, fir exporters, are awaiting the arrival of the schooner Lester Leeds, from Manila, to ship to Barcelona, Spain, 1,500,000 feet fir and a deckload of heavy timbers. Since this charter was made the Lester Leeds has been sold to a San Francisco shipping firm to which she will be delivered after completion of the charter.

He looked up, rather hopefully.

"Well, that won't be so bad," he said. "Atcheson was a little hazy about details on that buy; but if she's due to take a cargo for us to Spain ——"

"For you? Man alive, she isn't going to take it for you. She's going to take it for the old owners, and they will be paid in full for the voyage three months before you ever see your new vessel. You took her 'as is and where is,' which means with all her previous charters and undertakings to be carried out before you can as much as go aboard her."

"Then I won't get that freight money?"

"You will not. What's more, you will have to refit her for the trip, and if she is running with nine feet of water in her hold you'll have a pretty job discharging the sirup that's left from the sugar your skipper hasn't already heaved overboard to keep himself afloat."

"Oh-h-h!" Matt Mayhew groaned in agony. "I won't do it! She can go to the bottom of the sea for all I care. I won't give her as much as a coat of paint!"

"Exactly what I would advise, Matt," Captain Willing replied, unmoved. "How much did you pay for her?"

"Forty thousand, I think."

"Well, that's twice what she'd bring today, even without her seams opened and her hold full. But forty thousand is less than the seventy-five thousand she will cost you if you don't give her to the Salvation Army in Portland."

Matt Mayhew was vitally hurt this time, and Captain Willing went from him straight to Stephen Kane.

"The old man's going fast, Steve," he reported. "One more smash and he's through."

"Well, we'll give him a good one when the time comes," Kane said savagely. "It's costing me a lot besides money. Miss Benda won't let me see her, she won't read my letters, she won't answer the telephone. I can't convince her it's for the old man's own good. And if I don't make it swift and certain now the project will cost me more than can be put down on a ledger."

Captain Willing grunted.

"Don't let it ride you too hard, son," he advised. "If I know that breed they'll recover quickly. Now what's the next move?"

"I'm going to Portland tonight to have words in the ear of Jim Barlow, the fir man. While I'm gone you can do whatever occurs to you; but scuttling Mayhew's Nestor Atcheson, with the man she is named for in irons in the hold of her, is what I would suggest!"

Stephen went to Portland, saw his old friend, Jim Barlow, spent two hours in earnest conversation with him, interrupted by an occasional guffaw of laughter from Barlow, and returned to San Francisco on the second morning. On the train Steve composed what he thought was an effective speech, and from the station was driven directly to the Mayhew home, where he proposed to deliver it.

At the door the maid informed him that Miss Benda Mayhew was not at home to visitors.

He insisted; the girl left him in the library and went upstairs. Presently she returned to inform him, at Miss Mayhew's request, that she was not at home to him at any time, nor under any circumstances, and never again would be.

With his ears red Steve Kane walked out and drove away.

Benda Mayhew watched him go. Her face was white and her little fists were clenched. But when he was gone and she was sure of it, she threw herself on her bed and burst into a fit of weeping, and they were not altogether tears of rage. Not by any means!

IV

THE Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company had been in business less than six months, and the whole Street was watching for its collapse, when Stephen Kane one morning received the surprise of his life. Into his private office walked Benda Mayhew, with wan cheeks and circles under her beautiful eyes. Instead of reproaching Kane she held out a hand, as though beseechingly, and a big tear rolled down her face.

Kane leaped to greet her.

"Benda, darling!" he cried, "what's wrong? Sit down! Why didn't you send for me? Don't cry. Do you want a glass of water? Or a little finger of very best private stock? Or won't you let me telephone for Doctor Terry?"

Through her tears she laughed at him.

"Don't be extravagant, Steve," she cried, shaking herself slightly. "I'm all right. It's father."

"Oh! Will you let me explain ——"

"You don't need to, Steve. I've just come from talking with Captain Willing."

"What did he say?"

"He told me everything. He convinced me that you were right. Dad had no business coming down here, and if I hadn't been an obstinate little fool I would have understood from the first. Only you made me cross when you threatened father, and I believed him and that rascal, Atcheson, when they said you only feared their competition."

"I could have proved to you ——"

"I know. But Steve!"

"Yes, dear."

"Can't you let up on dad now? He's actually sick. He's in so deep that he can't very well quit ——"

"That's where you're mistaken, Benda. Excuse me, darling, but that's just what he isn't. He is in deep, but every minute he stays in this game is going to get him in deeper. I know it hurts to drop money, but it would hurt worse to drop his whole roll. I give you my solemn word of honor, honey girl, that if he doesn't break off short this enterprise of his will take everything he has in the world."

"I'm afraid he won't be willing to quit now. You know how father is just as well as I do."

"He's stubborn; but he must be cured. Heroic treatment is the only kind he will respond to. Will you stand by and not whimper when it hurts him?"

"Does it have to be that way, Steve?"

"It has to be exactly that way."

"All right, I'll trust you. But make it as easy as you can—Dad's an old man, Steve."

"Do you want to be there during the operation?"

"I'd feel better about it, I think."

"Then be at your father's office in an hour."

"I will, Stephen. And I'm sorry I've been such a fool!"

"You've been loyal and true to him, and that's why I love you more than ever I did, Benda. I wish I had had these partitions of mine fitted with ground glass, because I want ——"

"They are very admirable partitions as they stand," Benda interrupted with great dignity, but she threw him a kiss as she swept out.

At the appointed moment Steve and Captain Willing climbed the dusty stairs to the offices of the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company and entered its dingy portals. The place was heavy with gloom and apprehension. In his inner sanctum sat Matthew M. Mayhew, looking weakened, worn and broken. He greeted the visitors listlessly; kept his eyes turned away from those of his daughter, who sat beyond his desk, holding herself tightly.

"Job's friends!" Matt Mayhew bleated. "You scent trouble as buzzards do a dying coyote! Come in and enjoy yourselves, if you must."

"You have us wrong, Matt," Captain Willing objected. "All I came for was to tell you that I can get you eight schooners, if you act quick, for about one-half ——"

"You can take your perishing schooners to the bottom of the sea and go down with them!" old Matt blazed. "I never want to hear of a schooner again!"

Stephen Kane interrupted.

"I'm afraid I've come on an unfortunate errand then, Mr. Mayhew," he observed. "My business is connected with all three of your schooners."

Mayhew squawked.

"I knew it!" he cried. "I said so all the time! You've been behind this whole plot, and I've got you to thank for ruining me, Steve Kane! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Why couldn't you pick on somebody your own age?"

"I'll tell you why, sir. A man of my own age could go as far as he liked in this game and burn his hands off at the wrists in it, for all me. But you are not only too old to be starting out in a strange business, you are also a friend of mine."

"If you are a friend, then give me enemies!"

"You won't feel that way about it when the smoke has cleared away, Mr. Mayhew. I have tried from the beginning to keep you out of the game. You came in at the wrong time, you had bad luck, you had bad advice and assistance that was to say the least a liability."

"If you are talking about Atcheson, I'm through with him. I told him last night that he could pack up and git."

"That's something, Mr. Mayhew. But I want you to pack up too and git, as you call it. If you don't ——"

"Oh, you think you can dictate to me, do you? You imagine that I'm flat; but I want to tell you, young man ——"

"Read that!" Steve interrupted, and he laid a cablegram and its translation on Mayhew's desk. The old restaurant man read:

From Papeete, Tahiti,
To Mardewell & Kane, San Francisco.
Answering your inquiry Schooner Matthew M. Mayhew beached Tae o Hue. Can be salvaged at reasonable figure. No cargo here for her unless you care buy her for part cargo vanilla beans and send Mary Lee on to Calcutta in ballast. If interested I advise offering Mayhew owners maximum of six thousand for her as is where is. RITTENHOUSE.

"Beached?" Mayhew exclaimed. "Why haven't I heard of it then?"

"I suspect that your master was drunk when he beached her and has stayed so since," Steve said. "But before we go into details on that matter do you care to read this one?"

He extended a telegram. It was from Barlow & Barlow, the Oregon fir exporters, and read thus:

Mardewell & Kane,
San Francisco.
Acting as our agents please see Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company and advise them their schooner Lester Leeds under charter to us for Barcelona is docked here from Manila and now reported in unseaworthy condition stop surveyor refuses certificate until recaulked waterways topsides and decks stop surveyor orders two new masts and master agrees but includes foremast rotten and broken in deck stop must insist immediate action as cargo must go forward at once.

"You see, Mr. Mayhew," Stephen observed, "there are some of the results arising from buying a pig in a poke. Do you want us to order the Leeds refitted in Portland?"

"How much would it cost?" Matt asked weakly.

"I can only guess. From the telegram I'd say $20,000."

"Too conservative, Steve," Captain Willing objected.

"Twenty thousand dollars?" Mayhew shouted. "I wouldn't put twenty thousand cents into her. Would you in my place, George?"

"Matt," Willing responded, "in your place I'd trade that schooner for five pounds of niggerhead tobacco."

"Perhaps I could sell her up there," Mayhew suggested hopefully.

"Yes," Willing said, "I think I noticed the other day that the Prince of Wales or some place is looking for a new yacht. Matt, I've got twenty schooners and barkentines and brigs on my list right now that could be bought for about what it would cost you to give this hulk of yours three good coats of paint!"

Mayhew knotted his hands in his lap and his shoulders sagged. Steve Kane gave him the final barrel.

"Speaking of schooners," he said, "reminds me that the water-front authorities of Alameda are going to notify you today that you must have the Nestor Atcheson towed out into the stream, because they consider her too much of a fire risk. That will mean towage, permits, a watchman, probably a new anchor chain."

Mayhew almost sobbed.

"I'm through, gentlemen," he said. "Sell me out, and make it quick! I guess I owe money to everybody on the water front and the Street. If I could just lay my hands on Nestor Atcheson ——"

A clerk, apparently summoned by a nod from Stephen Kane, entered the office.

"Mr. Mayhew," he said innocently, "do you know where Mr. Atcheson can be located?"

"I do not. I wish I did. Why do you ask?"

"There's an officer outside wants to speak to him."

"What kind of officer?"

"I think he's a private detective."

"What the perishing sons of men ——! Pardon me, my dear! Wait a minute."

As though impelled by a sudden thought Matt Mayhew jumped up and crossed to a safe in the corner. He twirled the combination knob and flung open the door.

The safe was empty.

Without a word he returned, took up the telephone and called his bank.

"Hello! Mr. Durand, please. . . . This is Matt Mayhew, Durand. Will you tell me how the balance of the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company stands? . . . What? . . . You mean twenty-one thousand, don't you? . . . Oh! . . . No, don't bother. When you do look you'll find that the last check was drawn by one Nestor Atcheson, I imagine. G'by. Thanks!"

He walked towards the outer office, his eyes averted from those of his daughter and his friends. They heard him address the waiting caller:

"You want Nestor, eh? Well, so do I. The Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company goes out of existence at noon today, but Matthew M. Mayhew, apartment house and hotel builder and owner of restaurants, is offering a five-thousand-dollar reward for Nestor's arrest. So if you'll hump yourself, my friend, you may make a good thing out of it."

In the inner room Benda Mayhew, whose eyes were full of tears but whose lips were smiling, reached across and caught the hand of Stephen Kane. Captain George S. Willing became intensely absorbed in a chart of the Pacific Ocean that hung on the wall.

Possibly he had never seen anything like it before. At any rate, with his back squarely to the young people, he studied it with profound interest. There came a sound, as of the pulling of a cork, but it did not cause Captain Willing to look around. Instead he searched the map, stroking his nose in order to conceal a smile.

Outside a door banged and a curtain was pulled down. Matthew M. Mayhew addressed the employes of the navigation company.

"You heard the news, I suppose, folks," he was saying, and in his voice was a new note, almost of joy. "We're through here! You'll each get an extra month's pay and this excellent advice: When taking a new job look for one in the undertaking business or somewhere where they manufacture the holes in bone buttons, and keep out of the shipping game. It's no better than it should be, but it costs money to find that out!"

He was evidently doing some sort of barbaric dance, for his feet shuffled and his breath began to come fast.

"By golly, it's good to be loose again!" he cried. "Whoops, my dear! Ra-la-ai-a-dee! Steve! Benda! George Willing, you old thug! Come on, you mourners! We're going to the funeral of the Mayhew Navigation & Commercial Company! It's to be held at Tait's Restaurant. Let's go!"

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HART SCHAFFNER



From the Painting by Samuel Nelson Abbott

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These overcoats will give you a new respect for clothes; the quality is as fine as money can buy You'll be proud of the fabrics and needlework You'll enjoy the style



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VENTURES AND ADVENTURES IN DRESS REFORM

(Continued from Page 15)

robbed the animal kingdom to serve fashion, using everything they could think of from leg-of-mutton sleeves to elephant's-breath gray, had now picked on the horse and produced the hobble skirt. It was this cramping of my style which awoke me to an appreciation of the ridiculousness of women's clothes. I had borne with equanimity, even with interest, the advent of the straight-front corset. I had looked calmly upon row after row of tiny hooks and eyes outlining the spinal columns of thousands of women, and clawed with stolid patience at such a row down my own back when there was nobody home to help me in or, as the case might be, out, of the confounded dress. The torture of tottering around on a pair of three-inch heels which were lashed to my masts by eighteen inches of lacings, nine to a boot, had up to now appeared as merely one of the inevitable difficulties of living.

Hatpins, which sometimes missed the hair and met the head, but in either case went right through and stuck out on both sides of the crown of every feminine hat, were, to me, an everyday danger of modern civilization, like those dreadful new horseless carriages. You ran the risk of being rammed by one or the other every time you went out on the street. Why, girls, do you remember that but a few short years ago the blinding of male passengers on cable cars through encounters with unsheathed hatpin ends was so common as to have recognized status as a gag on the vaudeville circuits? And that, after hundreds of fatalities, the terrible question of what to give mommer for Christmas was greatly alleviated by the introduction of hatpin guards? They came in pairs, didn't they, huh? Little button things that you slipped on the sharp end of the hatpin when it came out on the far side of your skull.

Well, anyway, I had accepted all these outrages without protest. But when they tried to force me into a hobble skirt, to deprive me of what, although, of course, I was not yet a voter, was nevertheless considered to be my inalienable rights under the Constitution—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—I revolted. For believe me, my life was most certainly in danger while I wore that crippling garment; I was by the mere donning of it automatically deprived of my liberty, and as far as the pursuit of happiness goes, say, listen, I couldn't have pursued a lame snail with any success while wearing what the dressmaker had cynically termed my new fall walking suit.

A Lone Revolutionist

Tying up my legs like that certainly did affect my mind. I suppose forcing them to be inactive sent all the blood to the brain, see, so that I thought more clearly than usual. At any rate, I for the first time in my life took a good look at my wardrobe with a cold fishy eye—even fishier and colder than if it had belonged to another woman. The sum and substance of my conclusions regarding what I saw was that I'd be darned if I'd wear 'em just because They did!

Of course you must realize that such a decision in a woman is as radical as a Democratic leader supporting the tariff. It was a momentous step, my determining to ignore what They wore, because everybody knows that They have a strangle hold on the styles. And They don't stop at styles either. What They will say worries a whole bunch of people out of acting natural on three hundred and sixty-five days of every year. Personally I hope sometime to meet They in a convenient dark spot and crown Them with a meat ax, so's to put a stop to all this nonsense about They say forcing the populace into all kinds of foolishness just because They are doing it this year.

Well, you get the idea. And once having decided that They was in the same class with the x of algebra I felt better.

Now if a woman starts in to be really reasonable about clothes and determines to carry the matter to a logical conclusion the censors had better sit up and take notice, for there is no telling what will be left, if anything, by the time she has come all the way down to brass tacks. And so, when I determined to clothe myself in reason, for a while it looked to me as though reason would be all I'd have left, and I wasn't a bit sure that the police would be able to see it. Also, though I sincerely believe that a lot of this mind-over-matter stuff is absolutely sound, still and all winter was coming along.

So, first of all, it was necessary to decide just what constituted reasonable logical clothing. Upon doping out the sheet I came to the following rash conclusions:

First—that corsets were all wrong for the average healthy female. If a corset around my feet, even when called a hobble skirt, so congested my system that I couldn't breathe properly while wearing it, what on earth was a regular corset in the regular place doing to my innards? It seemed a cinch that a certain amount of stoppage must be occurring somewhere, and I, as a brain worker, was consequently penalizing myself by wearing said alleged garment. I tried going without it, and the utter relaxation resulting was adorable. For many years previous to this I had of course said "Uh-huh!" to my doctor whenever he explained the same thing, and endeavored to make me look at pictures of sweetbreads and such, which he claimed I possessed duplicates of, insisting that I ought not to serve them *à la mode*. But not until I actually went without a corset did I get what he meant. After a week of perfect comfort I abjured the curse of the corset forever, but this forswearing necessitated an entirely new brand of outer dress. The corset had been the molder of my fate where gowns were concerned, and in abandoning it I had temporarily forgotten that the annual convention of the Dress Manufacturers' Association used always in those days to be opened with the singing of that grand old hymn, How Firm a Foundation.

A Dress Reform Pioneer

Even though I now considered myself an intellectual I wanted to look attractive. And one difficulty about accomplishing such a result lay in the fact that there was a good deal of me to look at. I was, as the saying goes, an eyeful, for if I happened to be standing in front of it I completely hid the landscape. And so in order to show myself to the greatest possible advantage I had to conceal myself as much as possible, if you gather the idea. And thus it came about that I invented the first chemise-model gown worn in America.

Like the original of most epoch-making inventions it was a trifle crude. Just think of Fulton's first steamboat as compared to the Mauretania! Or think of the early chain-driven, handle-guided so-called automobiles, and now lookit the darn things! Consider, I beg of you, the feeble nasal lisping of the infant phonograph and the flickering flyspecks of the cindery young cinema! And then gaze upon me in my 1914 one-cylinder hookless model, so palpably the forerunner of our latest, most lengthy, sleeveless gowns! Doesn't it bear exactly the same relation to the 1923 stuff that those other great inventions of the early part of the century do to the newest factory showings? I ask you! Note the sandal on the modestly protruding toe, and consider the flights of the modern flapper as she flops along in her sally-sandals! Yes, sir, I beat her to it, although in those days I couldn't walk into a Fifth Avenue store and buy sandals. I had to keep a puppy especially to bite 'em up for me! Nowadays, I am given to understand, there has been a great exodus of Swiss cheese manufacturers who have left their native Alps flat and come over here to enter our shoe factories, where their special line of open-work commands a high salary. And I claim I started it. At least things have turned out so's I can throw a line about it, and photographs cannot lie. Those sandals of mine had low heels. For once I had abandoned the corset an uncorseted dress had to follow, and with draperies high-heeled shoes looked too much like Mary Anderson as Cleopatra. Beside, if I was going to be a dress reformer I couldn't afford to leave any weak points. So I evolved a low-heeled sandal identical with some of those now retailing at something around fourteen dollars a pair.

When it came to hooks and eyes—why, for me they were out. Of course on the old styles of dress they used frequently to be out—sometimes embarrassingly so. But once I began to perceive how funny women's clothes were I couldn't help but notice that the comic supplements which throve on the husband-and-the-dress-to-hook joke were perfectly safe from libel suits. I wonder if you men readers realize that the modern dresses are practically devoid of hooks and eyes. Snappers, possibly one to a shoulder, where the woman herself can easily reach them, are about the only fastenings to the average modern gown, while literally hundreds of models slip on over the head and have no fastenings of any sort. Now I don't claim I did it, but I can and will insist that I was probably the first woman in the country actually to wear such a garment in public, and everybody thought I was cuckoo for doing it. But such has ever been the fate of those who suffer for an ideal. I won't say my early Wilsonian model was ideal, but I'll say I suffered for it just the same, because no woman likes to be laughed at even when she knows she's right. I was the first of my generation to have a dress slip on over the head without any fastening, and now when I look around me at the millions of gowns fashioned with the same idea I feel very much like the man who could have bought that lot down where the drug store is for twelve dollars, twenty years ago, yes, sir, that's a fact—and didn't buy it. If only I could have known how the demand for hookless, buttonless dresses was going to increase I might have cornered the market. Well, no, I suppose not, but I might have unloaded a lot of hook stock and got out of buttons without being left in a hole. Apparently the only use for buttons nowadays is to sew a line of 'em around the edge of an eyeless pocket or to tack them on men's soft shirts just under the points of the collar, or in some other equally absurd place.

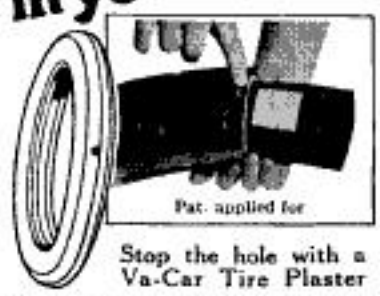
Since I was determined to be logical about clothes these new garments of mine had to be washable and easily ironed. One of the unpleasant truths which now presented themselves with all the push of a parvenu was the fact that germs inhabited most conventional garments. They beat one to it, in fact, and actually wore the ulster, skirt or muff long before it was ever palmed off on me as new. If I was to develop a sensible form of clothing, especially a loose floppy one, it must wash physically as well as intellectually, or be no more than a rank pretense. Well, I wasn't going to have my things rank, not even though they trailed on the ground, and finding a line of goods that would wash was no cinch, because, as you can see by again looking at the pictures, portières made up so tastily, and portières don't generally come in wash goods.

Making a Dress in Half an Hour

Another of my ideas about reforming the mold of fashion was to refrain from wasting hours and hours shopping, but instead, to get hold of some simple fine piece of cloth, and then cut only such holes in it as were absolutely necessary. In my case one was the sum total of said holes. I took a piece of cloth twice my own length, preferably with a complete design upon it, folded it once and cut a slit in the fold long enough for my head to come through—much as the Mexicans punch their ponchos. Next I sewed up the sides of this laboriously cut-out pattern, as far from the bottom upwards as was proper, leaving unsewn spaces at the top for my arms to come through. At this rate it took me fully half an hour to make myself a dress, and all the try-on I had was slipping it over my head once to see if the slit was big enough. Hems were as a rule unnecessary, because portières generally come with the hem already in them. As for how the dress hung—well, hanging didn't worry me, except now and then when the idea flitted through my brain that perhaps the neighbors might resort to it. How the skirt hung and why bothered me not at all, because it didn't—it simply lay where it fell. And that is all there was to my invention. Certainly simple, if nothing else! But its effect was not in the least what I had anticipated.

By the wearing of this dress I seriously believed that I had annihilated man's chief source of caustic humor; that I had crippled the comic sections of the Sunday papers, or would have, had they not for the most part been crippled at birth, and that I had deprived my husband of his greatest

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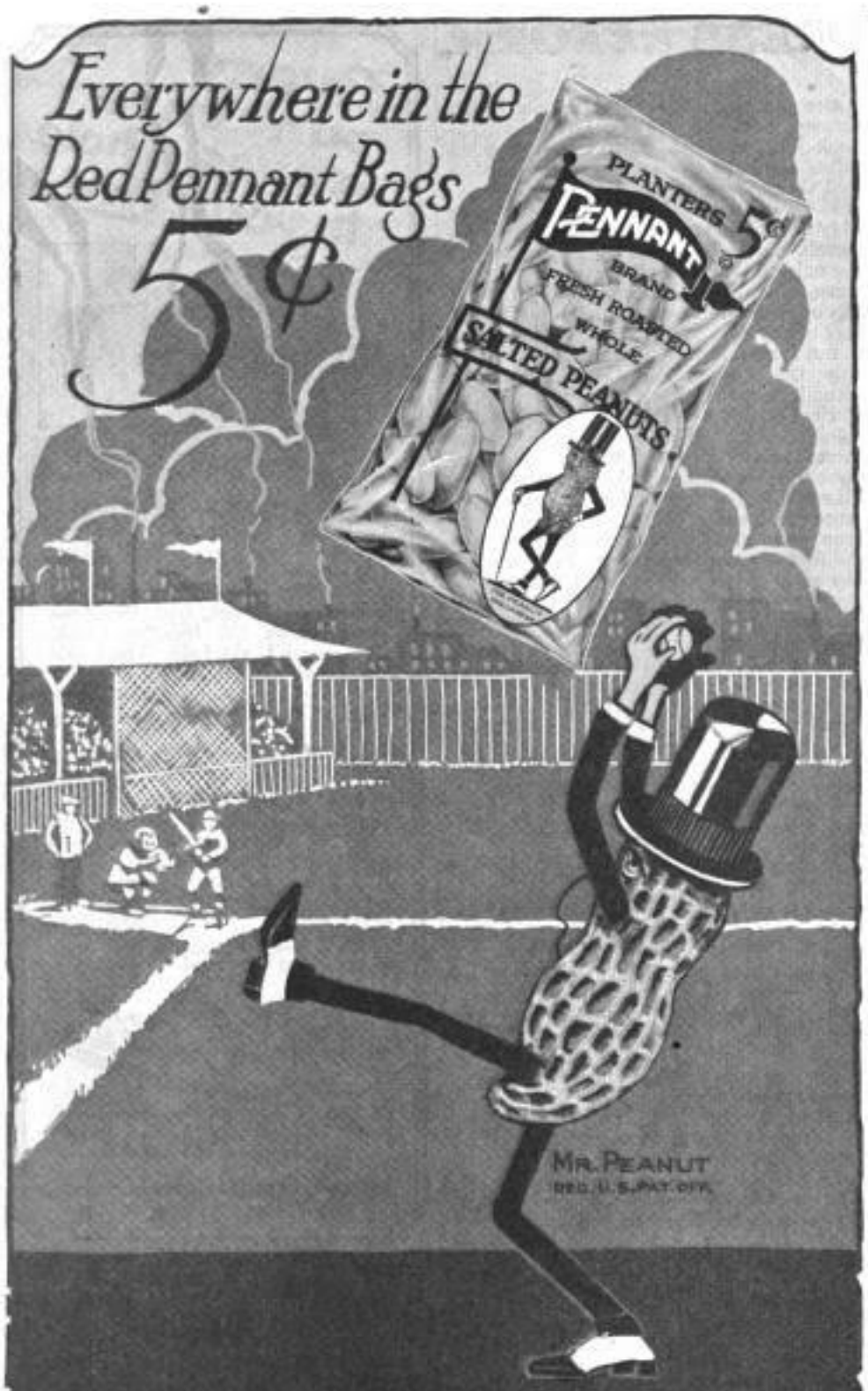
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grounds for kidding. Here I was, dressed intellectually in a washable garment which took half an hour to make, whose cost was the lowest possible, and which was not, like most garments, the result of several intrinsically beautiful sound lengths of cloth being ruthlessly cut up into silly little odd-shaped pieces and laboriously sewed together again as unreasonably as a crazy quilt. My garment had those classic lines put on the map to stay by ancient Greece, than which the most daring vandal must admit there is no whicher; it was comfortable, healthy and sane, because the one thing you couldn't do in it was the modern dances! It was colorful and not unbecoming, and man, that much-advertised as reasoning creature, should have approved. But did he? I had rid myself of every feminine idiosyncrasy except hairpins and a dislike of spiders, and all it got me was shrieks of mirth.

Where the commercial garments known to every husband's charge account had merely provided a convenient subject for masculine gibes, my obliteration of these same foolish conventions of dress now appeared to my particular husband almost as grounds for divorce. According to George my costume, to put it mildly, was a fool idea; it was ridiculous, it wasn't done, it was too unusual, and therefore practically indecent.

Now I was a mighty serious-minded young radical in those days, and made the mistake, common to such, of believing I could force the world to face about on any subject where I had the right of the matter, provided I shouted aloud about it sufficiently and was given the chance to be a martyr to the cause. You know how it is with radicals and children both—give 'em half a chance to be a martyr and won't they jump at it, though! My form of martyrdom was to wear those portières of mine in spite of everybody. No one was with me—not even the intellectual females of my acquaintance who in those days numbered among them even such bold bad women as equal-suffrage advocates. When it came to reform they all drew the line somewhere, and dress was the line. When it came to free speech, that was O. K. But free waistlines were unthinkable. One might be dowdy, but never artistic!

In vain I presented horrid truths about dress manufacturers who ruthlessly sent out new styles each year in the selfish interests of their business. Uselessly I called attention to the waste in hats of yesteryear or the madness of abandoning sound boots at the command of the trade. I might be reasonable, but I was a freak, and if I wanted to be crazy enough to be that monstrosity, a logically dressed woman, why, it was plainly a field in which I should never be crowded. I was welcome to play alone and take all the glory.

Our Debt to the Flapper

Now it's not much fun being a leader in any movement unless somebody follows you, and all the following I ever got was a few bad-mannered small boys. I knew I was right about the silliness of female dress, but there was something wrong with my method of reform. I had got hold of a profound truth, but I had caught it by the tail and it had turned around and bitten me. Darius Green had a sound farsighted hunch about aëroplanes, but when he insisted upon putting the thing to a test he was in wrong immediately. I had hit upon a real discovery concerning a fact of importance to society with a capital S. But I was in the same class with D. Green, inasmuch as society was not yet ready for our dope. I'm afraid old Greenie passed out before they got around to the place where he could say aha, I told you so! But from certain signs and portents I believe that I am to have better luck.

For in the dress of the overcriticized flapper I see much that is good. Not only has she had courage to do what I merely dreamed but she has got away with it in spite of clacking tongues and censorious writings. Even They, the indomitable, unconquerable, all-governing They, have ended by accepting her costume, which in so many ways embodies my general principle of sartorial sanity; accepted it with a shrug, perhaps, but the thing has gone over, nevertheless. They are now wearing what her desire for freedom has decreed, and Dame Fashion, that unreasonable but extremely powerful dowager, has backed her up, until many of the critical matrons are turning out uncorseted, in low heels, their heads adorned by hats that stay on without hatpins and dresses that drape, hookless, in comfortable semiclassic lines. And for the comparative hygiene and good sense of modern dress our dubious debs are undoubtedly largely responsible. Their impatience of sound social forms we may sincerely deplore, but we are greatly indebted to their impatience of silly irrational clothing. If I am not mistaken their dress reform is the one recent revolution that will have a permanent effect upon society at large. Society that is not at large will doubtless continue to wear stripes as heretofore.

There is another development in modern clothing, also directly traceable to the younger set, which I had abandoned all hope of ever beholding, and that is the strange new habit of dressing for bad weather in bad weather. The lady Eskimos, and even nearer at home, the Canadians, have developed charming and distinctive costumes in which they can face the rain or cold confident that their appearance is all that it should be. But down around New York we have always hitherto acted as though bad weather was a personal insult, not likely to be repeated with impunity. We refuse to recognize that occasionally, dog-gone, it will rain or snow, and that the streets will consequently be wet and mucky and the atmosphere damp, sooty and hard on white shoes, gray stockings and pastel clothes. On any bad day the women of Manhattan might have been seen soggily sopping about in thin shoes, damp clothing, bedraggled hats and occasionally an umbrella—carried under protest.

Mere Woman's Cravings

Then along comes the flip flapper, who has too much pep to stay in when it rains, or maybe not sense enough to go in when, etc. Anyhow she appears in short skirts, strong gay tweeds, bright knitted muffler, and high arctic overshoes, prettily and successfully defying inclement weather, and the only penalty she pays is receiving the ha-ha because she simply won't hook up those galoshes!

On the other hand I will admit there are certain disadvantages incident to some of our modern styles, and I personally know of a case where a young girl suffered agonies all one afternoon because she needed to scratch her eyebrow and couldn't because she had her hat on.

But take it by and large, women are getting mighty sensible about their clothes—almost as sensible as modern man, who, outside of wearing hot, germ-collecting woolen suits all summer, and a type of straw hat that is only fit for use as a letter basket on his desk; who voluntarily fastens a cast-linen band around his tortured throat, calling it a collar, and puts on his heaviest suit to dance in—well, outside of those and a few other things, we will admit he is sensible, and that modern woman is now, where her clothes are concerned, only a very little more foolish. We as a nation have certainly come a long way from the bungalow aprons of Babylon, which I believe were so called because, owing to their heavy metal construction, one could easily make a bungalow out of them in an emergency. The Elizabethan ruff is a thing of the past, thank goodness, and nowadays when you get it in the neck it is usually from a rough who can be turned over to the cops. Things are undoubtedly a lot better in our sartorial world of today, and I am proud to remember I was a pioneer in the great movement for better clothes and fewer of them, even if I did abandon the battle ere 'twas well begun.

Yet I am not so completely cuckoo that I think the millennium in dress has arrived. Nor do I hope to live to see it. Quite to the contrary, I hope most sincerely to be dead before any such awful thing occurs. I am quite weak-minded enough to consider gauze fans as practical and bead necklaces as necessary garments. As for chiffon underwear, tulle hats, georgette opera cloaks and fur-trimmed bathing suits—these arouse in me a mad instinctive longing, an avaricious ecstasy, a wild desire beyond the power of my feeble typewriter to describe. Indeed that instrument shakes and trembles like a secondhand jitney with eight passengers at my impassioned attempt to convey my delight in such frivolities. But I realize that it is the mere woman in me who is victim to these cravings. May she never—in the language of our well-known juvenile authoress—may she never grow less mere!

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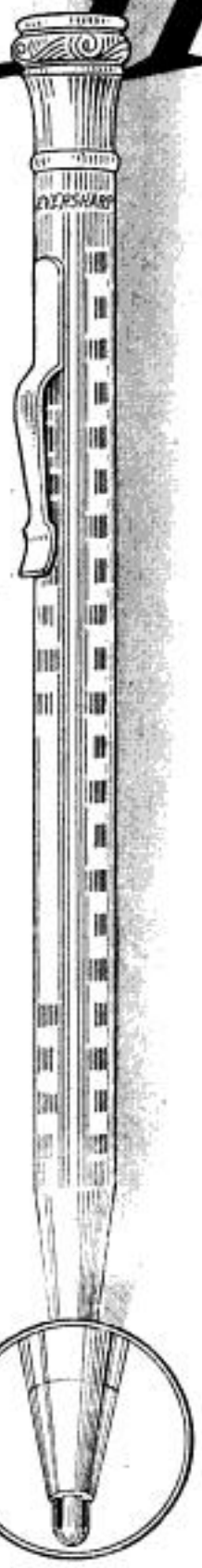
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USUAL

(Continued from Page 10)

to take in the situation; looking from one face to another for some clew to the De Chaillevois attitude toward Jim. I gathered little. The De Chaillevois were nothing if not correct.

The talk went on, and then Jim lit a candle and took me to my room. As we turned in from the passage the man I had seen in the garden was depositing my bag on the floor. He went out without speaking and I heard his heavy boots clattering down some back stairway. I looked at Jim inquiringly.

"That's Jake." He touched his head significantly. "Shell shocked. He's got a bug about restoring the land. He'd work all night if we didn't tie him up. While we're on bugs," he added, "don't say anything about the photograph on the table when the old lady's around—the guy in the French uniform."

"A son?"

He nodded.

"André. He was killed. She thinks he's coming back some night. You'll see her jump if the door opens. Two or three times during the evening she'll sneak over and look out. Nobody takes any notice of it."

"I understand."

Jim looked about the room solicitously. "There's hot water in that pitcher," he said. He drifted toward the door and paused. "If you brought one of these dinner coats you'd better get into it. We glad up for supper."

"I understand," I said. "Jim," I went on after a pause, "where did you meet your wife?"

He smiled.

"Remember the time she came to see you at Neuilly?"

"Yes."

"Remember what she said about soldiering with a broom?"

"In a way."

"Well, that was the beginning. When I got hit with the French she was nursing in the hospital they took me to."

"When did you get married?

"Last spring."

"So you went home and stayed two years?"

"Yes."

I waited for details, but he was silent.

"She's a wonderful woman," I said vaguely.

"That's right."

"Well," I said, "I'm glad you're happy. It's a great thing to be happily married."

He stood for a moment, gazing at me. There was a wistful look in his eyes, something new. I felt that he wanted to talk, but he turned suddenly and went out. I stood staring at the doorway through which he had passed, half expecting his return, half resolved to call after him. But the moment slipped away and he was gone. I went on with my unpacking, washed, and hurried into a dinner jacket, pondering on that look in his eyes.

Had his marriage gone wrong already? It would not be surprising. The surprising thing was that Yvonne de Chaillevois had married him in the first place. It is all very well to talk about love and war and hospital psychology, but Yvonne de Chaillevois was not that kind. She was the last thing in civilization. And she had not married him on the spur of the moment. It was two years since she had nursed him. He had gone home and come back for her. This meant something big working in Jim, doubt and uncertainty in the girl. His social status would not have meant very much, nor the fact that he had been a private. Any French swell may serve in the ranks, and it was an asset that he wore the Medaille Militaire. But he was penniless, and that did matter. The De Chaillevois were broke or they wouldn't be living on this farm. Under such conditions it was doubly up to the girl to marry money. As she hadn't done so, the only other theory was love—love that amounted to something like a grand passion; and if that were so, why had it burned itself out so soon? Well, I should see what I should see. I was glad I had come. If Jim needed a friend, I was glad to be on hand.

I finished dressing, and putting out my candle went down. The stairway led into the living room, and for a moment I stood unobserved. They were all there, waiting in silence for dinner; Madame de Chaillevois in her chair, her hands folded, her haunted, melancholy eyes gazing into the fire; Jean at the card table with his interminable solitaire; Jim idly looking over his shoulder. But it was his wife that challenged my attention. She was standing to the right of the fire, her shoulder against the mantel, her head bowed, her mouth, habitually a little hard and disdainful, drooping pitifully at the corners. If ever there was a woman whose face and pose proclaimed her defeated, hopeless, numbed by some inward war of spiritual forces, it was Yvonne de Chaillevois.

The scene I had stepped into vanished with my footfall. Yvonne started into the mask that she habitually wore. As I came forward she smiled. Madame de Chaillevois shook off her abstraction. Then a white-haired maître d'hôtel announced dinner and we went into the little dining room.

At dinner and during the evening more and more I felt the effort that was made for me. Under some brooding shadow each member of this strange household seemed oppressed. Was it this marriage? Was it something else, or was it various things? I could not say. There seemed to be no restraint, no resentment in their attitude toward Jim or in his toward them. They seemed to like him, rely upon him. Even Yvonne was uniformly civil to him, kind at times, affectionate almost, as a sister might have been; but never a word or a look that would have told what the bride of a few months might be feeling. It was a perplexing atmosphere. And the thing that did not seem strange was the one thing I should have expected to marvel at—that the raw, spiritless youth who had gorged peppermint drops and played the mouth organ in the open country of Wyoming should be sitting there at home in the family circle of one of the great families of France.

The next morning when Jim was showing me about I had my chance to talk to him. We were in the cobbled courtyard surrounded by the quadrangle of huge stone barns and buildings.

"I'm putting in two silos for a starter," he began. "This is a wheat-and-sugar-beet proposition, but we've got to carry stock to build up the land. Nobody's ever raised silage corn in this country, but it can be done and I'm going to show 'em."

"Jim," I said, "why are these people living here?"

"It's all they got. The old lady had a château and a farm over to the westward. The Heinies blew them up when they went out in '18. They blew Yvonne's house too. Nobody knows how this dump got by. It's Yvonne's. There's about four thousand acres with it, and there's another three of the old lady's to the west. We're trying to run it all with this set of buildings."

"And they're all broke?"

"Nothing but this land and the taxes. The tenants got killed and their families moved south at the beginning, so it's up to us."

My eyes wandered to the little town car that was parked under one of the great sheds.

"Building silos and getting a dairy herd cost money. Have you placed a mortgage?"

He shook his head.

"You didn't hear about me?"

"Hear what?"

"I'm rich."

"Rich?"

"Remember that Texas land I tried to sell you?"

"The worst in Texas."

"It was poor on top," he said slowly, "but there's a heap of oil underneath. There's sixty producing wells on it now, and they're still drilling."

So this was it! Usual Jim Sinclair married by Yvonne de Chaillevois for his money! This was what he had waked up for! Could the irony of the gods go further?

Then Jean came out and the three of us climbed into a flivver and drove out over the plateau to inspect a working party that was filling in trenches and taking down wire. As we went down the lane I caught a glimpse of Jacques digging furiously in the garden.

We saw the work party and went on to the ruins of the Château Chaillevois. Jim and I got out, leaving Jean in the car, wrapped in an old poilu's blue overcoat.

"Ruins don't amuse him much," said Jim.

We climbed over the heaps of stone and came out upon what had been a terrace giving on the bank of a wooded ravine.

"You see that piece of timber?" Jim pointed to a little woodland a few hundred yards to the west. "That's where André got touched off. Funny, wasn't it?—right within a stone's throw of where he was born and raised. Still, things like that happened right along, artillery officers having to shell their own homes.

"But that wasn't the funniest part of it. Jean and that digging fellow, Jake, were in the same class, as they call it. They were both poilus in the same platoon. Their lieutenant got killed in the course of time, and who should be sent up to take his place but Brother André, who was a regular? Well, one night, as I get the story, there was a hell of a barrage laid down on that bit of timber where the company was in trenches, and Jean and Jake were the guys that saw André go west. Can you beat it?"

"If they saw him killed," I said, "how is it that his mother thinks he's coming back? She isn't crazy."

"She holds to that because they never found a button of him. Of course there was lots like that. A smoke box dropped on him and he vanished. Over in the Argonne I saw a captain and two men go up that way just at noon. They say it was that night that put the wheels in Jake's nut. He went on till the show was over, but he was queer, and when he got back it took this form of digging and getting the *patrie* cleaned up. 'Removing the pollution of the boche,' he calls it. He dug one up in the garden a while back, and I'd hate to tell you what he did with it."

Jim moved off, but I stood there contemplating the mangled woodland, the ruins of the house of Chaillevois and the strange web that fate had woven about the place and the family that had lived there for five hundred years.

We got into the car again and drove eastward over the brown plateau, bleak and forbidding under November skies. They took me as far as Laffaux and I saw the Devil's Mile again, the great tract at the westward end of the Chemin des Dames so churned by shell fire that the torn earth seems to roar like the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara. Then we went back a few miles and entered another park whose great trees had been torn by shrapnel. The fallen branches had been cleared from the drive, and we came out upon the ruins of another great house.

"The Château Bellegarde," said Jean laconically. "Jeem's house."

"This was where your cousin lived?" I found it hard to call her Mrs. Sinclair.

"Yes. It is fitting that it should come back to Jeem," he went on, "for it was a house of the De Sainte Claires that came to us by marriage."

"When?"

"About three hundred years ago."

"Do you hear that?" I said to Jim.

He grinned.

"The Sainte Claires were from Normandy in the beginning," Jean went on. "Look at Jeem. He is Norman. He might have stood by the side of Guillaume le Conquerant."

Jim grinned again.

"Way back my people were French," he said apologetically. "Now I'm becoming French again."

"Getting naturalized?"

"Yes."

"I think you're sensible," I said. "If you're going to live here you ought to be a citizen."

"That's right," he said gravely; "but there's more than that to it. My people went to Texas because it was the frontier; well, it ain't the frontier any more. Mexico's nothin'. This strip of country is the frontier now. This is where the trouble will begin."

"You're not looking for more war?"

"I'm fed up for the time being. But look here! You and I know the boches are coming back. It'll be Russia and Deutschland against us next time. They's got to be some folks here with two hands." He nodded toward Jean. "If we had about a hundred thousand he-boys from the West there'd be nothin' to it."

"That's your solution of the European question?"

"Sure!"

"Well, there might be worse," I said. "The trouble would be to get 'em to come."

"There aren't many Yvonnes," he said thoughtfully.

I looked at him in surprise, but either he failed to note it or ignored it.

"But this is the country to farm in," he went on. "You get modern methods in here and there isn't anything you can't do. And, after all, why shouldn't some of us come back? We all come from over here in the beginning."

"That's true," I assented; but I was thinking of his remark about Yvonne. He was hooked hard.

They say the novelists overemphasize the theme of sex. How can it be overemphasized? What else but this woman could have waked him into life and planted him body and soul on the Ferme Bellegarde? Not all the world's kings and parliaments and armies and wise men. And what would be the end of it? I couldn't get away from that.

Jean rejoined us and I fell to speculating on what he thought about it all. Doubtless it amused him. He had a cynical humor under his grave, repressed manner. He could never understand the tragedy, the pathos of the thing. Men of his kind and class may love, but they also gather the flowers by the way. He could see no reason why a smash was inevitable. It would seem natural to him that Jim should console himself, and Yvonne likewise. He didn't understand our West.

"Jeem says he is going to rebuild this place," he observed presently.

"We're going to rebuild them both," said Jim.

"The Germans are supposed to pay for it," I put in.

Jean shrugged his shoulders and an ironic smile parted his lips.

We got into the car and drove home. After lunch Jim went out to superintend the work on his silos. Jean began his everlasting game of solitaire. Yvonne was standing before the fire. She yawned idly.

"Can you walk?" she said to me. "I must get some exercise. It is a great mistake, but I got the habit in England."

"I should like to walk," I said.

She disappeared and came back in a tweed skirt and a sweater. We struck off across the barren fields, and presently I realized that she was bearing toward Château Bellegarde. She seemed not to want to talk and we went on in silence. In twenty minutes we entered the park. She left the driveway, struck through the woods by a footpath and presently we came out on the ruined house.

"Jim says he is going to rebuild," I said.

She seemed not to hear, and leading me around the tumbled masonry seated herself on a bit of balustrade fencing the terrace that gave upon the little valley.

"This is a rotten world," she said suddenly in English.

"You people in the north have reason to think so."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't mean that. I was born there"—she pointed to an imaginary room. "This was a beautiful place and it was my home. Now it is gone, yet it means nothing to me—nothing."

"You were unhappy here?"

"I was very happy here."

"You miss the war," I said; "your nursing. A great many do."

"I hated it all," she answered. She sat in silence, poking her stick into a crevice of the stone pavement.

"Tell me," I said, "why did you marry Jim?"

"He seemed to want it," she answered.

"It began in the hospital?"

"Yes; he had no money then, but that was not all."

"I can understand," I said.

She flashed a look at me.

"You misunderstand entirely!" she cried fiercely. "Weren't you in this war with us long enough to know that our old values have changed? Is there anything finer than a man who could fight and kill like Jim? Would a French woman forget that? You Americans call him a roughneck. I tell you he is a great man, a great soul; such a man as founded the great families of France. And he is a De Sainte Claire. You can see that. There was a dead crusader carved in the church there who might

(Continued on Page 101)

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Illustrated at the left is the Garland Furnace used in connection with the popular Multiple Heating System. Other types of Garland are the Ready-to-Install and the Pipeless Furnace. There is a Garland Warm Air Heating System built for every home, large or small. If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer, or if you have any heating or cooking problems, write direct to us, because there is a Garland heating and cooking device for every purpose.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

Makers of the Famous Garland Line of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, and Pipeless Furnaces, for Coal, Wood, Gas, and Electricity

GARLAND
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(Continued from Page 97)

have been his father. But if he had not been it would have made no difference. In my set we did what we pleased. We were rotten, but we married whom we pleased."

I looked at her in amazement. I had expected nothing like this.

"Then why do you not love him?" I blurted out.

"Can one love whom one wishes?" she answered.

"But if you admire him," I said, "perhaps in time ——"

She shook her head.

"No," she answered. "I thought it might be so once; that's why I did it; but I know better now. It is a ghost that divides us."

"A ghost?"

She nodded.

"Is De Caze-Fernay dead?"

"There was no truth in that silly story," she answered. "I never would have married him even if he had not been an *embusqué* and a coward."

"Then what can be done?"

"What can be done?" she echoed. "It is terrible! This man who has fought for France, who has defended this soil, who has avenged us, he is in the ruins with me because of me."

"He knows about the ghost?"

"I told him at the beginning, but that does not cure the trouble. He is very fine, he is very patient, very gentle; but a man like him cannot go on mated to a dead woman. Some day something will happen. Perhaps he will kill me. It would be the best way."

"If he kills you he will kill himself also."

"Yes," she said, "he probably would do that, and that ought not to be. France needs him; needs her strong sons."

"Have you ever thought of going away with him?"

"Where can one go?"

I made no reply, for I knew what she meant. There is no country so far away that ghosts will not follow.

"Besides," she went on, "this we can do and must—put these lands in order, make these farms produce food again for France. You see underneath we are all like Jacques."

"And you never go to Paris?"

"It is a dead place for me. Besides, you saw the car. I wept when he brought it home to me." She shook with laughter. "How could I ever explain to him? And if I drove in it, which I should not mind for myself, and some man bowed to me Jim would kill him."

"I might clear that up," I ventured. "We could exchange it."

"No! No!" she cried. "It is his gift to me. He is proud of it."

She rose and started along the terrace toward the graveled court where the drive came in. Her color had heightened as she laughed. She was superb.

I went back across the fields by the side of a different woman from the one with whom I had come. Whether she had brought me out there to reveal herself I could not tell. But I could never see her again as first I saw her. All hardness had gone. I knew now what that world-weary mask of discontent was hiding. But that a great and unhappy nature was there beneath it did not help matters so far as I could see. If she had been nothing but what she appeared, Jim might have accepted disillusionment as other men have done. He was still young and sane beyond the average. But things being as they were, it was a dark outlook.

One thing I resolved to know—the identity of the ghost. Presumably Jim knew. When the moment favored I would ask him. It was possible that if he would talk frankly, as Yvonne had done, the pressure under which he was living might be eased. But sooner than I expected and in a different manner the information came to me.

Tea was served in the living room at five, in the English fashion. Yvonne was in her room changing. The two men had not come in and I found myself alone with Madame de Chaillevois.

"You are a friend of Monsieur de Sainte Claire?" she said abruptly. This is what she always called him.

"Yes."

"You knew his parents?"

I said no, that they had been dead for some time; and added, "You know, I come from a different part of the country."

"But he has some uncle or aunt that I could write to?"

"Really, I don't know."

She seemed at a loss.

"This has all been very irregular from our point of view," she went on. "Of course, the war has changed things; but in this case something terrible has happened which might have been avoided if the *convenances* had been observed."

"You mean this marriage should never have taken place?"

"Exactly."

"But if Sinclair's parents had been alive there is nothing they could have done to prevent it. He knew what he was doing."

"He did not know," she said vehemently. "Understand me, I do not blame him. It was natural enough for him. My own son Jean is most to blame, for he counseled Yvonne to accept him. If only they would have listened to me! But now—what can be done?"

"Pardon me, Madame de Chaillevois, if I fail to understand. All that I know is that my friend married your niece, knowing that he possessed only her respect, her friendship; knowing that she still loved a man who was dead."

"But he is not dead!" she cried. "What will happen when he comes back?"

"Comes back?"

"Exactly! André is not dead."

I knew then that I was talking with a mad woman, but the ghost was identified.

"You do not know André," she went on. "When he comes back he will not break this marriage. He will not understand why the woman he loved would not wait for him when he was a prisoner, fighting for France."

"I don't think we need worry about that," I said sympathetically. "All Sinclair wants is to make Yvonne happy. If she loves your son, as no doubt she does, and he comes back—why, then I am sure that Sinclair will give her up and go home."

"You think so?" she said eagerly.

"I do." I spoke, humoring her as one might a child and arranging Jim's conduct with an airy confidence. "I am sure it could be arranged," I said.

She looked at me gratefully, and then Yvonne's step was heard on the stair and she urged a second cup of tea upon me. Except for this delusion about her son, she was as sane as anyone.

Yvonne came without speaking and seated herself by the fire. I handed her the tea that Madame de Chaillevois poured and she took it in silence. I suspected that the ghost was very near and her battle raging. Except to the mother, how little it mattered that André was but in fact a ghost. If he had been there in the room, warm and full of bodily life, he could not have more completely stood between Jim and his wife. And it seemed to me that as a ghost there was less hope of removing him than had he been flesh.

I had intended to leave next morning, but during the evening Yvonne drew me aside and urged me to stay on.

"You do us all good," she said. "We are here so alone, and Jim—he needs you. You must cheer him up."

"But what can I tell him?" I answered. "He is not a child. Can I tell him that time and patience and gentleness ——"

"No," she interrupted. "Everything in me tells me that would be false. Tell him to go back with you, to make a new life, to find the woman that he believes I am."

I looked at her blankly.

"I mean it," she said. "You must try."

I stayed the next day. In the afternoon Jean went off to Soissons to shop. Jim and I drove out over the land alone. We visited the working party that was gathering up the wire and filling trenches and shell holes.

"It goes slow," I said.

"Blamed slow," said Jim. He seemed moody and depressed as he turned the flivver homeward. For a couple of miles we drove in silence. The rain had set in with the twilight and he switched on the lights.

"I wonder if I'm a fool," he said suddenly.

"We're all fools most of the time," I answered. "But, Jim, I'm afraid you've bitten off more than any man can chew."

"Perhaps you're right." He knew what I meant. Perhaps Yvonne had talked with him.

"Why don't you take your loss like a sensible man and come back with me?"

He squared around and looked me in the eyes.

"I would," he said; "honest to God I would if I thought it would make that girl happy. But it wouldn't. Nobody can do that but me. She needs me," he went on. "She doesn't know it, but she does."

I had heard that kind of thing before.

"There's just one way to help her find out," I said. "Come home and leave her to herself."

It was a full minute before he answered. Then he said quietly, "No, I'm a lot of things, but I'm no quitter. Besides, think what I owe her!"

"Think it over. It's for her sake as well as yours. I'll wait for you two weeks in Paris."

"I'll think it over," he said, and laughed.

As we drove into the farm courtyard I had made up my mind to be off in the morning. There was nothing I could do.

"If I can get a lantern," I said, "I'd like to look over my car a bit. I suspect I've got some dirty plugs."

"Going to leave us?"

"Yes, if you won't come with me."

He put up the flivver and led me toward the old tower that stood in the center of the court. Originally it had been a keep, a last stronghold of the defenders. In later years shelving had been put up on the interior and it had been used to store apples and pears. Now that there were no fruit trees, it served as the farm tool house. Jim struck a match, found a lantern and lighted it.

"Can't I help you?" he asked.

I said no and he went off to the house.

Perhaps twenty minutes passed with my tinkering and I started across the court with the lantern. As I neared the house I glanced into the living-room window. Madame de Chaillevois was sitting in her accustomed place, dressed for dinner, her hands folded in her lap. I cleaned my boots on the scraper and went in.

"They have all gone to dress?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, "André is here."

It was rather startling, for she seemed normal.

"Indeed!" I said. "When did he arrive?"

"Soon after you and Monsieur de Sainte Claire went out. He came by train from Paris."

I could see now that her calm was assumed, for her voice grew tremulous.

"You must get De Sainte Claire away."

"Hardly before dinner," I said.

"Naturally, not till after dinner. We shall dine together; but at once afterwards. André intends to kill him if he does not go. You have a car; you must make some excuse."

"I'll manage that," I said confidently. "I must go up and dress now."

I started upstairs with the idea of stopping in at Jean's room to apprise him of the acute phase his mother's delusion had taken. Obviously something had to be done. I knocked; no answer. I looked in; there was no one there. He had not got back yet. As I went down the passage a door on the right that had always been closed stood half open. There was a light in the room and I heard a man's voice humming a music-hall tune. I must have slowed my step unconsciously, for the song stopped and a man appeared in the half-open doorway.

"Ah," he said, "you are the friend of Monsieur de Sainte Claire. I am André de Chaillevois." He held out his hand and I took it dumbly.

"Won't you come in?" he said.

It was, of course, a politeness merely, the veiled Gallic manner of speeding me to my own quarters; but I was too startled to heed *nuances*. I stood a moment trying to realize the situation. Then I mumbled a clumsy thank you and went in.

The room was a litter of clothes that De Chaillevois had been unpacking. A gold-mounted toilet set was dumped upon the dressing table, together with gold-mounted toilet bottles, all marked with the De Chaillevois crest.

"This is hardly a place to receive one," he said apologetically. "I collected some necessaries from my apartment in Paris; and as I have no servant, I must needs be my own *valet de chambre*. *C'est la guerre*," he added gayly.

It took but one glance to confirm what I knew of André de Chaillevois. Handsome he undoubtedly was, with his violet eyes against a swarthy skin, and blue-black hair. Hardly one could have found a better type of the prewar Frenchman of fashion—a pigeon shot, duelist, gambler, polo player, and, of course, redoubtable with women.

"You must forgive me," I said, "for blundering into this situation."

"Situation?" he repeated.

"Let us be direct. I have had the confidence of your family extended to me and I am the only fellow countryman at present in a position to represent my friend Sinclair."

"Ah, if you represent Monsieur de Sainte Claire," he said quickly, and his manner changed, "that, of course, is a different matter. You are entirely correct."

I caught his meaning, but ignored it.

"A painful and extraordinary situation has arisen," I continued, "for which no one can be held to blame. Now, the obvious thing to do is to exercise what in English we call common sense."

"And, according to your ideas, monsieur, what would common sense dictate?"

"Frankly, I don't know; but some reasonable solution must be worked out. Perhaps the thing should be left to Madame Sinclair. After all, it is her decision which should control."

"Possibly," he said. "And yet with equal frankness I must tell you that in principle I am opposed to bringing a lady into a matter which, after all, primarily concerns two men."

I wanted to tell him that was old stuff, but thought better of it. After all, I was in no position to suggest a solution, for I had no authority to speak for Jim.

"Have you a solution?" I asked.

"It is very simple," he said. "I am told that Monsieur de Sainte Claire is a soldier and has fought for France. That in the present day and under the existing circumstances would satisfy me. The thing can be arranged correctly. My brother will act for me and you for your friend."

"But why should you kill each other?" I demanded. "What would it prove? What good would it do? Neither of you has wronged the other."

André smiled.

"Pardon me," he said, "but is there no sex in America?" He laughed as if the idea was too funny for self-control. "Forgive me," he went on. "I do not mean to be rude; but how could two men wrong each other more fundamentally? So naturally there is only one solution. And," he added, "you must agree that the sooner it is reached the better."

There was nothing more to say. Until I had had time to think, until I had seen Jim, I could frame no plan.

"Well," I said, "we shall see."

"Excellent!" he said. "Permit me to say that I appreciate your evident honesty and right-mindedness."

We bowed to each other and I withdrew. With my candle, I continued down the passage to my room. As I pushed open the door I saw Jim sitting on the bed.

"You've heard?" he said.

I nodded.

"Do you know how he happens to be alive?"

"No; it doesn't much matter. Well," he went on after a pause, "there's hell to pay now."

"How is Yvonne?"

"All to the bad."

"We've got to keep our heads, Jim, you and I."

"Sure!"

"It's up to you to do the big thing, old man. This afternoon I was telling you that a live man didn't have a chance against a ghost, but I'm afraid this André living is a harder proposition than dead."

He nodded.

"What you want most, as I understand it, is to make this woman happy."

He nodded again.

"Well, you've got your chance. She loves this man."

"It isn't as simple as that," he said moodily.

"You mean she doesn't want you to go?"

"Hanged if I know what she wants," he answered. "I can't make out."

"There are women," I said, "who love two men at once, and want to hold both. And it's possible that she cares for you more than she thinks; but there is only one way of finding out."

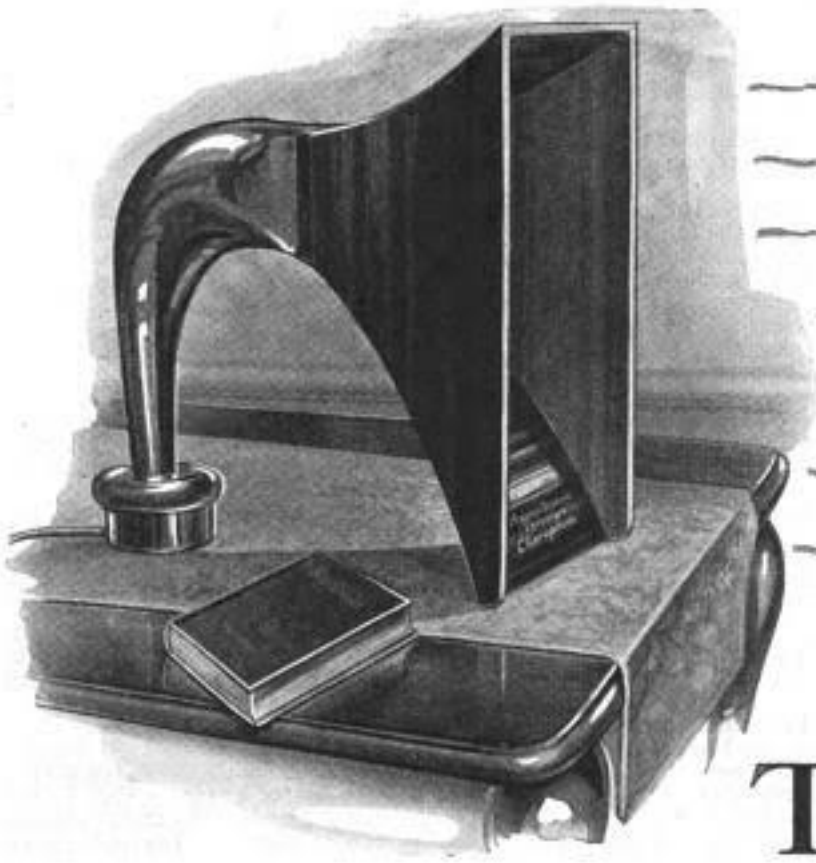
"How?"

"Clearing out. If it's you that's it she'll come after you. If it isn't, why, then you're well out of it and she will be happy with André."

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The Master-Baldwin



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NOW this amazing phone at an amazingly low price is available (to everyone owning a radio set) in the Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone, which enables a *roomful* of people instead of merely one person at a time *to hear the radio as they have never heard it heretofore.*



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—hear every sound more clearly, every intonation and modulation of the voice, every intaking of the breath, every note of music, including the harmonics and the overtones, the lowest bass-drum notes and the highest pitch of Galli-Curci's voice.

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—hear no rasping, buzzing, breaking or any other noise, save that which your receiving set may cause.

—hear any broadcasting in this way that your receiving set is capable of getting clearly. And hear it more perfectly than with any other type of phone.

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SO sure are we of its immediate appeal to you that we are making you the final judge of the merits of the Master-Baldwin Clarophone, although there is ample evidence of its success.

Make a 10-day, unrestricted test of it at home on your receiving set. If not satisfactory in every way, return it within that period to the dealer of whom you purchased it and get your money back.

Our responsibility will be verified by the First National Bank of Los Angeles, one of the strongest financial institutions on the Pacific Coast.

So don't hesitate to try one. The Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone must sell itself to you.

It will do it by providing features that are unobtainable in any other radio equipment.

We know that. That is why we can afford to make this unrestricted guarantee.

A *Clear*speaker

THE Master-Baldwin is not a so-called "loud" but rather a *clear*speaker.

It "speaks" or "sings" or "plays" more *clearly* so the sounds, just as they are broadcasted, are *heard* clearly throughout the average size room by as many people as the room will hold.

No changing of the head-set from one person to another. No one misses any part of the program.

The whole family or a roomful of friends enjoy it all—concerts, lectures, the latest news from your home town or city, or from Seattle, New York, Los Angeles, or New Orleans, and even messages from ships at sea, if your receiving set is powerful enough.

You who are not yet enjoying radio should get a set at once and attach the Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone, especially since now each receiving set with this equipment can entertain a roomful at a time.

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A Horn Like a Throat

THE secret of this instrument—protected by basic patents—is a vibrating mica diaphragm, unaffected by heat or cold or electric currents, which is actuated at the same speed in both directions by an armature tone arm superimposed in a magnetic field.

This disc is the "vocal chord" of the Master-Baldwin Clarophone.

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"Throatype" Clarophone

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$22.50 An Amazing Price —Due to simplicity and large-scale production

THE *price* of the Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone is not the least of its uniqueness. Compare its cost with other radio equipment of the kind.

Hear any instrument of this type at any price and make your own comparisons. The Clarophone will be selected by you on its merits.

Expensive power amplifiers are not needed with a *clarifier* such as this which will fill the average room.

A Standard Phone

HERE'S the reason for the low price. The main part of the Clarophone is the famous Master-Baldwin Phone, a standard article widely used for years and already in large-scale production.

Manufacturing, therefore, has been brought down to a basis of real cost.

Then the Master-Baldwin Phone is simple in construction, which saves expense.

Simplicity and large production due to widespread demand are the sole reasons for this wide difference in price.

For Baldwin products are the highest quality that the world affords—as attested by U. S. Government selection of Baldwin Head-Set Phones.

Those who seek effective service buy, regardless of a price, what experts recommend. Where the most exacting work is required from radio there you invariably find a Baldwin Phone.

Thus Baldwin effectiveness has been proved *for* you; and prices have been made on the basis of actual cost and a fair profit, which is all you need to pay.

Make It *Everybody's* Radio

SO we suggest the Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone for *all* radio sets. The most expensive and the cheapest sets are made better by it. And *all* can afford it.

But best of all the Clarophone makes it possible for whole families to enjoy the radio—groups to hear entire programs instead of snatches by one person at a time.

It's *everybody's* radio with the Clarophone attached.

Run a wire from your receiving set and use the Clarophone in the living room, the dining room, the sick room, or anywhere you wish. One receiving set will operate one Clarophone or twenty in the same house. Several rooms, therefore, can receive radio simultaneously from one set.

Secure One Now

THIS announcement of these features means an immediate demand of large proportions. For hundreds of thousands have been waiting for the Master-Baldwin Phone.

As these phones are sold separately as well as in connection with the Master-Baldwin Clarophone, our production of the latter may be comparatively limited for several months.

No dealer probably will have enough to supply all who want them. So we urge an early purchase if you want one right away.

Try it at our risk, remember, and get your money back if not completely satisfied.

Ask your dealer. If he has not secured his stock of Master-Baldwin "Throatype" Clarophones by the time you call, send price to us and we'll ship one direct by parcel post, prepaid, insured.

Above all, don't miss getting one. Get one now and begin enjoying it this week. Don't wait several months.

Be sure to get the *Master-Baldwin "Throatype" Clarophone.* Not an amplifier but a *clarifier*, and not the genuine Clarophone unless a *Master-Baldwin*, so look for that name.

Unequalled Low-priced Offer

$22.50 *The Master-Baldwin "Throatype" Clarophone,* described in the main announcement on the opposite page.

$ 9.00 *The Master-Baldwin Head Phone.* A single *improved* Baldwin Phone, called "The Master-Baldwin," which now does for ordinary radio what the double head-set has done heretofore, yet costing $7.00 less.

$16.00 *The Baldwin Head-Set.* The standard supersensitive head-set for those who want the double phone.

To Retailers of Radio

IN the Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone, the Master-Baldwin Head Phone and the Baldwin Head-Set, we now offer all dealers handling radio equipment the greatest retail opportunity in radio since the beginning of its use.

You know the demand for Baldwin Head-Sets. Hundreds of thousands of home-radio operators have been unable to secure these sets.

Now increased manufacturing facilities permit supplying others besides official stations. And the demand is going to be active in great volume and at once.

We are supplying this equipment to retailers direct, not through wholesalers, and in restricted allotments for the present to insure even distribution.

If not already supplied, get in touch with us as early as you can and secure your stock. We are now completing 250,000 unfilled orders and probably will be forced behind again as the result of this announcement.

Therefore, if you want your profit on this business order your supplies at once. All orders received henceforth to be filled in the order of their coming. Telegrams save several days from most parts of the United States.

MASTER RADIO CORPORATION, Address Dept. 109, 631 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Master Radio Corporation
Dept. 109, 631 So. Spring St.,
Los Angeles, California.

Send this if your dealer cannot supply you.

Enclosed is $22.50 for one Master-Baldwin "*Throatype*" Clarophone, charges prepaid. My money will be refunded if I return the instrument within 10 days to you, in case I am not satisfied.

I buy my radio equipment from

(DEALER'S NAME) _____

(Address) _____

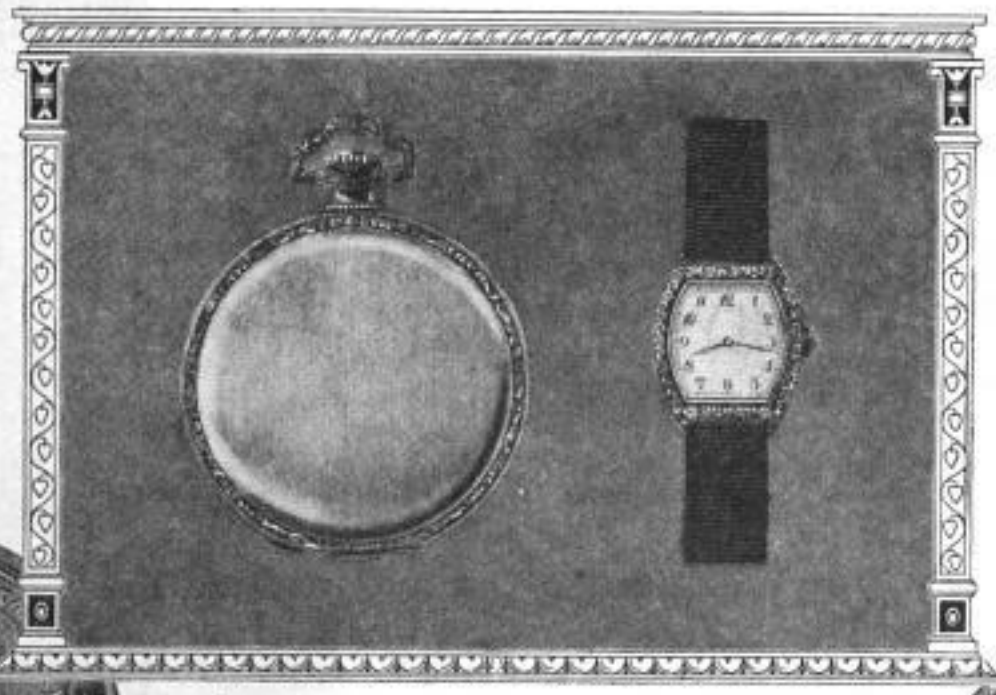
(YOUR NAME) _____

(Address) _____

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Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL





An Old Key Winder



An Early Stem Winder

Ladies Watch Civil War Period





Ladies Chatelaine Watch

Modern Examples of Watch Case Artistry *by* WADSWORTH

What a half century has done *to beautify the watch*

LITTLE more than a half-century has passed since the old key-winder watch burdened your grandfather's pocket—since your grandmother wore on a chain around her neck a timepiece as large as a man's watch of today.

Heavy, ornate, cumbersome, they were the height of style and convenience in their day.

With the Civil War came the man's stem-winder, still of unwieldy proportions, and then the woman's chatelaine watch. Gradually, toward the dawn of the present century, the modern thin watch was evolved, together with the smaller movements which made the strap watch and the woman's wrist watch possible.

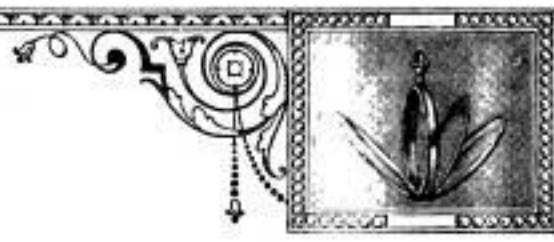
In the phenomenal development since the early stem-winder, movement makers have achieved thinness, small size, dependability and lower cost for their timepieces.

But for the protection of these movements and the creation of style and beautiful design in the dress of the watch, Wadsworth has played a most important part.

For more than thirty years Wadsworth Cases have dressed and protected the leading watch movements. Wadsworth white gold and green gold cases, now the popular vogue, are accepted among jewelers as the standard by which others are measured.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and see that it is dressed in a Wadsworth Case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance of correct design, finest material and perfect workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky, suburb of Cincinnati, O.
Case makers for the leading watch movements



© The Wadsworth Watch Case Co.

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(Continued from Page 101)

"No," he said. "If I go away she'll marry him and stick to it."

"What if she does, as long as she doesn't care for you?"

"The trouble is," he said shortly, "he won't do."

"Won't do?"

"I've seen him. He was downstairs when I came in. He's a counterfeit."

"You can't tell about a man you don't like in ten-minutes' talk about the weather."

"I can tell counterfeits as far as I can see 'em, and this guy's one. And what I ought to do," he went on as if talking to himself, "is to take him out behind the barn and wring his neck and put him in a hole."

"But you can't do that."

"No," he said, "I can't do that, not exactly." He was silent for a time. Then he said, "Do you suppose this André knows gun fightin'?"

I tried to escape an answer.

"You're crazy," I said. "Don't you know that if you killed him that would finish you with Yvonne?"

"Not if it was a fair fight."

"That would make no difference. If he stood between you when she believed he was dead, what would it be after you'd killed him?"

"He might get me," he said shortly. "It would be a fair fight."

"Look here," I said, "we've got to stick to the main proposition. You want to make this woman happy if it's a possible thing. Surely you can see that murder, whoever is the corpse, isn't going to help."

He sat a long time, staring at his boots. Then he got up and began to pace the floor. Finally he squared about and faced me.

"This is all bunk," he said. "I don't know much about women, but I know this one. Underneath she's a roughneck, like me, and this giving-up pulpit stuff won't do. This fellow and I have to settle it and what comes she's got to take."

"Then you won't go?"

"No."

"Well," I said, "it's your affair. I wish you'd promise me, though, that you won't do anything hasty."

"I won't promise anything," he said.

He went out and I heard his heavy tread on the hewn oak flooring of the passage, disappearing in the direction of the rooms that he and Yvonne occupied in the wing. What Yvonne had waked up was still fundamentally a savage. He had not gone on as far as I thought. I had no hypersensitive objection to his dueling with André and killing him if he could, but as I pointed out to him it could only bind Yvonne irrevocably to her ghost. When a woman has to decide between two men let her make the decision. It is one of those responsibilities which no one else can assume. She may decide wrong, but the consequences are more endurable than if someone else decides and decides right. But Jim couldn't understand. He hadn't got that far. Probably he never would. Not many men do. Only exceptional character, the intuitive wisdom that belongs to great spirits could successfully solve the situation that confronted him. He would have to take his bumps, lose and learn, like the rest of us.

I heard a clock strike and knew it was seven. I dressed hurriedly and went down. André and his mother were in the living room. As she greeted me I read the question in her eyes, Had I seen Jim? Would he go with me? And I think she divined the answer, for her mouth tightened and a shade of anxiety crossed her face. André began making conversation, plying me with questions about America.

Motor lights flashed outside. Presently the door opened and Jean limped in, his greatcoat sodden with rain. For a moment he stood motionless, gazing at André; then swishing the water from his dripping hat, without speaking, he turned toward the door leading to the rear of the house.

"Jean," cried Madame de Chaillevois, "do you not see your brother?"

He made no answer, but kept on through the doorway. There was a tense moment. Then André said, "He takes me for a ghost."

"It must be that," said his mother, but I knew that she did not believe what she said. She looked sharply at André as if to say, "What is this between you and your brother?"

He answered with an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders.

What might have come next I do not know, for Jim came in. Then the maître d'hôtel appeared and announced that madame was served. As we started for the dining room Yvonne stalked in. She was white but collected, and carried herself proudly. As the soup was served Jean appeared and took his place without speaking.

It was a strange dinner. An old champagne was served from the beginning in the English fashion, and after the roast we had partridges that Jim had shot earlier in the week. The prodigal was being fêted. He drank freely, and after his tongue was loosened he told the story of his capture in a boche *coup de main* that eventful night hard by the Château de Chaillevois; how he had escaped into Russia and had been held there by the Bolsheviks after the revolution; how, a few months before, he had made his way across the border into Latvia and had eventually reached a Swedish port.

All during the narrative Jean sat with his deep-set eyes fixed on his plate. That there was some strange quarrel between him and André only the four of us knew. The tension for Jim and Yvonne lay only in the fact that André was alive and had returned. But if André had been taken in a German raid, why had Jean and the demented Jacques reported that they had seen him blown to bits? The conviction grew upon me that it was a fabrication, not an honest mistake. What then was the motive? What was the nature of the quarrel? Whatever it was, it was something which had taken André by surprise, for he had spoken confidently of Jean acting as his second in the proposed duel. Whatever it was, it would at least postpone such a meeting, for now André had no one to act for him. For this I was grateful.

The impression André made in the recounting of his adventures was distinctly favorable. Such a narrative could not have been told more simply. Certainly the man was both brave and modest. That he had much heart or depth of character I doubted, but these qualities do not weigh with women when they are young. I could understand the hold that he had upon Yvonne. How Jim saw him as a counterfeit I could not figure out except through an antipathy that blinded his judgment.

But if Jim misjudged André, as far as I could judge, André failed utterly to perceive the formidable character of the man pitted against him. His patronizing politeness, his air of confidence may have been a pose, but certainly he misread Jim's mild and somewhat absorbed manner. If anything disturbed him it was Jean. Twice I caught him glancing at his brother, perplexity and something like apprehension in his eyes. What were Yvonne's thoughts and emotions throughout the meal I could surmise but could not read. She sat pale and inscrutable behind a mask of pride and self-repression. As the dinner came to an end Madame de Chaillevois rose and we filed back into the living room. For another hour, at least until the ladies went to their rooms, we must go through the farce of making conversation. What would happen after that was on the knees of the gods. The tension was getting on my nerves.

Jean was the last to come in, dragging his maimed leg, his deep-set eyes sunk even deeper in their sockets, his sallow face paler. He closed the door behind him and stood facing us. My pulses quickened. Something I knew was coming, but who could have been prepared for what came with such crude, undramatic abruptness?

"My mother," he said harshly, "we must have an end of this. If André is dead to shame he must take the consequences."

Madame de Chaillevois started.

"Shame? Consequences?"

André stepped forward.

"You are a cripple," he said, "but you presume too much."

"My advice to you," Jean retorted, "is to disappear before the police come."

"Police?" Yvonne echoed.

"What he has told you is lies," Jean answered. "He was never captured. He deserted to the German lines during the drum fire on the wood. There is no doubt about it, for Jacques and I saw him go. For the honor of the family we said he was dead. But the government has known, even before the armistice. He was seen in Russia by French agents. He had become a German spy."

"This is impossible!" said Madame de Chaillevois.

André turned ashen. He seemed to shrivel, to age visibly before us. No one spoke. Yvonne clutched the mantelshelf. A moment passed, then Madame de Chaillevois drew herself up. "Is this true?" she demanded. André made no reply. His features began to work. He began to cry noiselessly. Another dreadful moment and Madame de Chaillevois crossed to the door and flung it open. André made no move, but Jim had followed her. With an air of authority he closed the door.

"You couldn't turn a dog out into a night like this," he said quietly. He turned to André. "Come," he said, and led the broken creature up the stair. Then without a sound Madame de Chaillevois fainted. We put her upon the couch; Jean hobbled to the dining room for brandy. Yvonne stood by, dazed and unsteady. Before Jean came with the brandy Jim came down again.

"Go up to him," he said to Yvonne.

She looked at him dumbly, and then like one walking in sleep began to mount the stairway.

Brandy failed to revive Madame de Chaillevois. Ten minutes later I was on my way to Soissons for a doctor. It was a wild drive through the rain and wind and darkness, but the engine ran sweet, my lights were bright and there was peace in my heart. Jim had made good.

Many besides him knew what concentrated shell fire meant; had seen men go mad, break for enemy lines, grovel in the mud. They could have understood and felt pity for André's breaking. After all, it was a matter of nerves. But for what followed—the yielding of a soft, pampered nature to the hardship of prison camps, the moral degradation that offered escape and comfort—they could have had no pity. Only Jim, who felt that he had once been capable of everything ignoble, could understand and pity that. And it was that, I think, rather than any conscious gesture of renunciation, that had bid him send Yvonne to André. She had given him his soul; she could do as much for the wretch who had cast his away.

But it seemed to me probable that his sending her had been in fact his renunciation of her. The probabilities were that with her passionate nature she would cling the closer to André, now that he was an outcast, pressing his disgrace like a thorn against her heart. But what did it really matter? Jim had found himself. Not all the fates and furies could crush or embitter him now.

It was past midnight when I drove into the farm with the Soissons doctor. The house was still lit and I noticed luminous spots on the old tower. Evidently there was a light inside that trickled through the ground-floor embrasures. I thought nothing of it and drew up before the living-room door.

Jim met us. Madame de Chaillevois had come to, he said, but was still very low. He led the doctor upstairs. I took off my wet coat and was warming myself before the fire when he came down again.

"Don't you want something to drink?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, and we went into the dining room. "Jim," I said, "I want to shake you by the hand. You did a big thing."

"Shucks!" he answered. "You couldn't turn the poor devil out into the rain."

"His own mother was for doing it."

"That's their way of looking at it. For hundreds of years they've had to fight for their lives."

"Where is he now?" I said. "Has he quieted down?"

"He's dead," Jim answered.

"Dead!"

Jim nodded.

"Did he kill himself?"

"I reckon so."

"Don't you know?"

There was a troubled look in Jim's eyes. Then he told what had happened. For nearly an hour after I had started for Soissons, Yvonne had been with André in his room. They were heard talking. Then Yvonne came out and went to her room. A few minutes later André came downstairs with overcoat and hat, lit a lantern and went out. From the window of his mother's room Jean had seen him cross the courtyard to the tower. The *bidons* of gasoline were kept there, and Jean inferred that he was going to take a car and go away. Ten minutes passed, and Jim was in the living room putting wood on the fire when he heard a shot and its echo or two shots. He was not sure. He dashed out and ran into Jacques, carrying a rifle. He was much excited; said that he had avenged France and the honor of the De Chaillevois family. He had fired from the outside through one of the embrasures and had killed André.

Jim went on to the tower and found André dead on the floor with an automatic pistol beside him and Yvonne standing there gazing at him. She had a golf cape about her, but no hat. As Jim came in she passed him without speaking and went out. The body had two wounds in the breast and a rifle and a pistol bullet were found on the floor at the foot of the wall.

"He shot himself, of course," I said; "the one decent thing he ever did. Jacques' part in it was incidental."

"Well, it's all fixed that way," said Jim. "There's two pistol bullets on the floor and two empty shells. The rifle bullet is in my pocket. There's only one phony thing about it."

"What's that?"

"It's my gun on the floor."

"Good God!" I cried. For an instant my heart stopped beating.

"They can't trace it," Jim said quietly. "It's a Lueger I got from a German."

But it was not that, of course, that startled me. My mind was flashing pictures of Yvonne crossing the dark rain-swept courtyard with Jim's gun. What had she gone through before she reached this decision? What things had been said in the room overhead and then in that dim-lighted, ancient keep? France and honor had been stronger than love, but how had it come about? I fancied that the blundering fool had made love to her, touched a false note. And then what was the end? Had André taken the proffered weapon, or what?

It was probable that I should never know. After all, it was unimportant compared to what would follow. I could understand her coming through the storm of her emotions to the view of Jacques that even the mother took. This passion for country was elemental, but could there be any place now in her racked life for Jim? In spite of anything that reason might dictate, would he not be always linked with the tragedy? I sat looking at him, wondering at his calm.

"Jim," I said, "have you thought where all this brings us?"

He nodded.

"It's pull out, I reckon, as soon as it's decent."

He saw it as I did.

"We'll take a trip," I said. "We'll go home by China and Japan."

"Could you spare the time?"

"I can spare the time."

As I answered the door opened. Yvonne came in. She made a despairing gesture and put her hands to her head.

"I can't sleep," she said. "Such dreams!"

Jim rose. "Do you want me to come?"

"Yes."

He went toward her. Suddenly she began to tremble as if a chill had seized her.

"Such dreams!" she muttered. She looked at him piteously. "Save me!" she whispered, and threw herself into his arms, pressing closer and closer to him.

I slipped out through the pantry, up the back stairs to my room, but not to sleep. There was little sleep that night for any of us, but I did not care. Yvonne had gone to Jim at last.

The police came toward three. We were all interrogated, but there was no trouble. A hint was dropped to them that a motive for the suicide could be found at the war ministry.

The weather cleared toward dawn and the day broke clear and bright and bracing. The world seemed made over and new. Madame de Chaillevois was better. The day after André was buried she came downstairs again. She looked very old, but was unbroken.

The morning I left, Yvonne and Jim said good-by to me together. As I took her hand our eyes met. She read the question in mine and answered it with her lips.

"There is no ghost," she said. "It is as if there had never been one."

"You will come back?" Jim said.

"I usually do," I answered.

He smiled; I started the car. My last glimpse of him was as he waved to me, standing beside his wife. The memory of our first meeting flashed back. That first radiant impression of him had been prophetic. Had it been chance? Or had I been clairvoyant for the instant? Were these high possibilities in all of us? Did it need only the right stimulus to make them germinate? And the stimulus—was it war, or the right woman, or the genius of America? I had no answer. I drove through the gate, turned into the lane, and as I passed the garden I saw Jacques still digging, but I noted that he dug less feverishly.

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UPSON



America's love for beautiful homes has built this world-wide business

Surpassing quality has made Upson Board the acknowledged leader among all wall-boards

IN NEARLY EVERY INDUSTRY some one product stands pre-eminent. Day after day, the public rejects that which is cheap, shoddy or selfish—and selects that which is *good*. Thus the product which serves *better* rises above its contemporaries.

Upson Board is now unquestionably the dominant wall-board.

Its leadership is best evidenced by the new Upson Plant built by the buyers of Upson Board — the largest and most completely equipped factory in the world under one roof devoted exclusively to the manufacture of wall-board.

Its leadership is likewise evidenced by a wide-spread imitation of appearance and quality, for every *successful* product is the target of an envious few.

As "every great enterprise is but the lengthened shadow of a man," so the enviable position of Upson Board is simply a reflection of the ideals of its creators, who said when it was first conceived—"Our Board *must* be *better*."

So today, Upson Board is harder, stiffer and *stronger* than ordinary wall-board. The new pebbled *Super*-Surface also makes it more beautiful and saves the user several dollars per room in cost of painting as compared with plaster or average absorbent wall-board. With this thought of better quality always uppermost, new and original qualities have been added to Upson Board from year to year. In fact, practically every improvement made in wall-board in the past ten years was *first* incorporated in Upson Board—the board with the famous *Blue*-Center.

As each new home, store or factory has been Upsonized—as old walls and ceilings with their shabby plaster have been made new and permanently beautiful with the big, stiff panels of Upson Board—the demand has steadily grown—and *grown*—and GROWN until Upson Board is known to thousands as the nearest-perfect wall material.

Even during the abnormal years of 1920 and 1921 the demand for Upson Board continued to expand.

To have perfected a product which from the very first gained and held its place as *the* quality board—

To have grown not too rapidly but steadily and solidly—

And finally, to have had the leadership of the industry conferred upon it, is an achievement of which any organization can feel proud.

The dealer who sells Upson Board has the distinction of handling the most dependable board on the market, and the user who buys it enjoys the satisfaction of a time-tested material.

UPSON PROCESS BOARD

By Invitation Member

Rice Leaders of the World Association

Representative High Standing in NAME · PRODUCT · POLICY

UPSON

You can identify genuine Upson Board by the famous Blue-center

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BOARD



Fittingly Used in the Finest of Homes

For the costly residence or modest cottage Upson Board gives walls of enduring charm

NEARLY EVERYONE is thinking of building or repairing these days—and the question of walls and ceilings is always a vexing one.

For there are so many unsatisfactory wall materials—plaster which cracks and falls and must be repaired; boards which are brittle, costly to paint and must be applied with large-headed nails; soft spongy wall-boards which drink paint and sometimes pull from the nails.

Rising above these, Upson Board has proven itself the nearest perfect lining for walls and ceilings, new or old. Once up, it stays up, regardless of vibration or jars.

Your carpenter can apply the big wood-like panels of Upson Board direct to the studs or joists in new construction, or over shabby broken plaster, in a third of the time required for plastering or re-plastering.

Upson Board should be applied with Upson Self-Clinching Fasteners, obtainable through your Upson dealer. These fasteners hold the board securely from the back, giving a smooth unbroken surface, and eliminating all nail marks, the one objection to wall-board in the past.

Let us send you a portfolio of Upsonized interiors, finished samples of Upson Board, and other interesting information.

THE UPSON COMPANY
Fibre Board Authorities
1020 UPSON POINT LOCKPORT, N.Y.

UPSON Protects BOARD

BOARD

You can identify genuine Upson Board by the famous Blue-center

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Left, ordinary shade, shows cracks and pinholes; right, Brenlin, smooth and unbroken after same service

Cracks and pinholes —but not in Brenlin

—Brenlin KEEPS its beauty

LONG after the ordinary window shade has become ugly with cracks and pinholes, wrinkled and sagging, Brenlin retains its smooth, unmarred beauty. It outwears the ordinary window shade two or three times.

There is long wear in the finer, stronger material from which Brenlin is made. In every bolt the number of threads to the inch is counted to insure its being closely woven enough, fine and strong enough, for Brenlin shades.

Such material needs none of the chalk or clay "filling" that crumbles and causes cracks and pinholes in ordinary shades.

There is lasting beauty in the high-grade colors applied to Brenlin *by hand*. Colors that resist fading and will not show water spots.

And rich and beautiful in a wide range of colorings is Brenlin. It is supple, not stiff, yet always hangs straight and smooth. Its endurance will surprise you.

See Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.



Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling

Look for the name Brenlin perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade material, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

"How to Shade and Decorate Your Windows Correctly"—Free

We have your copy of this very readable and instructive booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Send for it. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY, INC., CINCINNATI, OHIO
"The oldest window shade house in America"

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Dallas, Texas, and Portland, Ore. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

HAND MADE Brenlin
the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

THE YANKEE KILLER

(Continued from Page 13)

the luckily rare type which used to act as a drag on the rest of us Southerners when we began to build up our section and make it the banner region of this country. And he's quite capable of carrying out his threat. He relies on his better relations, as usual, to help him out for the sake of the family name. We're a clannish lot, we Southerners, and we're still too prone to divide the whole world into cousins and non-cousins. He'll try to bully you or nag you or shame you into fighting him. Failing that, he'll seek occasion to shoot you. He is a crack shot, of course. He won't kill you. Homicide is too risky even for the sake of so-called honor. But he'll plant a .32-caliber ball in your shoulder or in your leg and trust to luck that the jury will call it by some mild name and let him off with a suspended sentence. That will satisfy honor and ——"

"Honor!" blazed Mrs. Hilyer. "To maim a man old enough to be his father! Honor!"

"And I'm either to stay cooped up in my rooms or else be turned into a target?" asked Hilyer as coolly as might be. "I came down here for outdoor exercise. I came ——"

"Oh, if Mrs. Hilyer goes walking with you," explained the bank president, "he won't attack you in her presence!"

"I suppose that's another phase of Southern honor!" put in Mrs. Hilyer.

Dandridge winced.

"Don't call it Southern honor," he pleaded. "That is a sacred term with us. The real article, I mean; not the Marcus Farquhar brand of it. His kind of Southerner has become as rare as the dodo bird. He's not representative of the South or of Paignton or of anything at all, except his worthless self. His own family detest him. He has kept his head above water in this patient community by dint of bullying and by his gun-fighting tactics. But we ——"

"Well," complained Doctor Hilyer, "if I can't stir outdoors without hiding behind my wife's skirts, or else without getting potted—that finishes Paignton as far as I am concerned. I'm not going to have my wife worried into a nervous breakdown. We'll go back to civilization and to the twentieth century."

The following morning the Hilyers left town, bag and baggage. They declared they were through with Paignton forever. They were not.

Their antiques were shipped to Philadelphia in their wake. Their half-renovated house was put up for sale. The goodly sum on deposit in the Paignton bank was withdrawn. An option on a seventy-acre timber tract was allowed to lapse. The tract had been designed for a residence park for certain of the Philadelphia friends of the doctor and his wife.

Three other Northerners—intimates of the Hilyers—left Paignton a few days later; nor did they return.

Hiram A. Dandridge would have torn his hair had he had any left to tear. His financial associates stormed. Like all decent Southerners, they abhorred the rare Marcus Farquhar type. They were trying to make Paignton a second Asheville; and, further, to interest Northern capital in the town's infant commercial enterprises. Now one of the richest and most enthusiastic and most influential of the Northern residents had departed, taking with him his well-to-do and interested friends—all because of a bully whose own townsmen despised him.

But joy was in the heart of Marcus; joy and a calm triumph. He had been affronted. He had punished the affront by driving his insulter out of town and out of the state. He had put a Yankee in his right place. He had vindicated his own honor and that of the historic Southland by forcing a Northern interloper to turn tail and run. He had upheld what he considered the traditions of the ancient Farquhar clan.

The adulation of the two less advanced kinsmen who had acted as his seconds, and a few of his plantation servants, was bliss to him. He reveled even more in the grave reproaches of his other relatives and of all the better element of Paignton. He reveled in them as might a mischievous child in the disapproving frown of a nurse. And—also like a mischievous child—he was not content with one escapade. He yearned for a repetition of the thrill that went with the praise and the blame of his fellows.

His quadroon overseer spoke of him jubilantly as "Mark, the Yankee Killer." Marcus warmed to this. He was resolved not to let such a nickname die out for lack of foundation.

The Hilyer exploit had occurred during the second week of the five-month tourist season. A fortnight later Marcus took up his wonted lounging place one hot morning on a marble bench in the corridor of the bank. It was cool there, and the shimmer of the sun on yellow dust did not tease the eye. In addition to this, all sorts and conditions of folk drifted in and out—scores of them—every few minutes. It was a pleasant and interesting place for a man of contemplative or curious or sedentary taste to while away a bright morning.

A tourist of middle age stepped briskly past Marcus' post of observation and made his way toward the president's room. With him was a fourteen-year-old girl in gay sport clothes. The two chanced to be passing the bench at a moment when Marcus' quid of chewing tobacco had reached its 100 per cent climax of humidity. Precipitation was due. Marcus alleviated the quid's surplus moisture in characteristic fashion. He had not observed the oncoming man and girl. They passed in direct range between him and the nearest cuspidor.

The girl gave an exclamation of disgust as she looked down at the splotch upon the rough white silk of her skirt. Marcus sprang to his feet with exquisite Old World courtesy.

"Madam," he declared, bowing low, "most profoundly I regret that I should have been the innocent cause of your mishap. If you will accept my contrite amends ——"

"You—you pig!" cried the girl, surveying half tearfully the wreck of her beloved new sport skirt.

In a flash the chivalric demeanor of Marcus Farquhar changed. His florid face darkened to magenta.

Wheeling on the man at the girl's side, he demanded, "Are you any kin to this young—this young lady, sir?"

"This is my daughter," said the man shortly, and in an unquestionable New England accent. "You've ruined her dress. If you've got to chew tobacco—a filthy habit at best—look out next time where you ——"

"That'll do, sir!" interrupted Marcus sternly. "You admit you are her father. Therefore you are responsible for her words and actions. She has insulted me most grossly. She has referred to me, here in public, as a swine. I am waiting, sir, with commendable patience to hear her apology—and yours."

"I like that!" shrilled the half hysterical girl. "Why, dad, he ——"

"Quiet, dear!" interposed the New Englander as people glanced about, drawn by the high-pitched voice. "I'll attend to this. Look here, you!" turning to Marcus. "You spoiled my daughter's dress, and now you ask for an apology! I like your nerve! For two cents I'd pitch you out of this bank on your head!"

Marcus bristled. Then a closer look at the Northerner made plain to him something he had not at first noticed. The tourist's left sleeve was pinned neatly across the breast of his coat.

"I cannot thrash a one-armed man—a cripple!" announced Marcus. "That, and the presence of this young person, will enable you to leave this bank with a whole skin. But you can hold a pistol in your right hand. My seconds shall call on you within the hour. Your card, please. And where are you stopping?"

The one-armed man made as though to fly at him. Then, checking himself in response to a tearful appeal from his daughter, he turned on his heel and continued his way to Hiram A. Dandridge's private office.

"We're touring through—Mavis and I," he told Dandridge without further greeting, "on our way to Aiken. I stopped off to sign those contracts that you wrote were all ready for me. Well, I've just dropped in to tell you I'm not going to sign them. Neither will my partner when I've told him what's happened. I don't care to have any financial interest in a town like this. We'll let the option lapse and we'll look for another site for our factory."

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About Player Pianos

—and the New Q·R·S EDUCATOR

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The continuity or progression on which the course is constructed makes it imperative that each roll be thoroughly mastered before the next one is undertaken. The rolls must be used in sequence—one following another from Roll No. 1 to Roll No. 6 without a break. Too much stress cannot be laid on this point. The child learns to walk only one step at a time; the towering structure is erected, a single stone upon another.

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"But, my dear sir!" cried the flustered Dandridge. "I can't understand this sudden change. You will find everything is as we represented it. We ——"

"No, it isn't!" snapped the one-armed man. "You people didn't represent that a hulking hog would be sitting in the bank, spitting tobacco juice on the white clothes of passing women, or that he'd demand that I fight a duel with him. Since that's a sample of your townsmen, I'm going to look for a factory site in some civilized region. I thought that that type of fire-eating Southerner was extinct. Good-by."

"But," wailed Dandridge, "that down-st-the-heel bully is no representative of Paignton or of any other place! He's ——"

"Good-by!" snapped the New Englander.

Followed by the eagerly expostulating Dandridge, the visitor and his daughter retraced their steps streetward. In the corridor Marcus Farquhar was waiting for them.

"Sir," he addressed the New Englander, making as though to bar his egress, "you've omitted to tell me where my seconds may find you. They ——"

"Oh, go to hell!" snarled the one-armed man, pushing past him and to the street.

Marcus followed, ragingly, to see the man and the girl climb into a huge touring car. By the time the pursuer reached the sidewalk the car was in rapid motion.

"The coward!" fumed Marcus for the benefit of all and sundry within hearing. "Watch his dust! Well, I've driven another of 'em out of this town, anyhow. That's one consolation. I'll wager something pretty he'll never dare set foot in Paignton again."

"Yes, Marcus," sighed Dandridge to himself, starting wearily back toward his private office, "you've driven another of 'em out of this town—and something like six million dollars along with him. Miss Vane," he continued aloud, crumpling into his desk chair, "please phone Davidson and Grimes that I can't act as toastmaster at the dinner tonight. I'm going to hop Number Forty-two for New York this evening. I won't be back for a week. If I stay on here just now I'm liable to do something foolish."

Marcus Farquhar glowed with renewed glory. The tale of his clash with the Yankee spread through town and county. Marcus saw to that—all except the items of the tobacco juice and the one arm. Marcus saw to that too. There was a new and brighter halo around the title of Yankee Killer. The New Englander's hurried departure took on the panic aspects of the retreat from the Marne. Great was Marcus Farquhar, and greatly to be feared!

On another warm morning, perhaps ten days afterward, Marcus strolled as usual into the bank's cool corridor and seated himself with majestic grace in the exact middle of his accustomed marble bench. The bench was intended to accommodate two good-sized men. But Marcus left scarce enough leeway on either side for a child to find perching space.

There was a goodly crowd in the bank that morning. A few persons, like Marcus, had come thither to loaf. But most were awaiting their turn at one or another of the windows. It was Saturday, always the busiest time at the Paignton bank.

Out from his private office fared Hiram A. Dandridge. In his hand he carried a card, and he looked about him nearsightedly for its owner. Marcus Farquhar sneered. It always sickened him to see the servile way in which old Dandridge came frisking out of his office to greet Northern callers. It savored of cringing. Dandridge had followed the lamentable example of the new South by sinking to a career of money changing and to the other sordidnesses of trade. But he came of true Southern stock, and it did not befit him to trot out at the behest of every mudsill who might choose to send in a card. Instead of coming forth in person and escorting the visitor into the office, why couldn't he send a boy out to pilot the guest? Marcus decided that he would speak to him about it sometime.

As Dandridge advanced, doubtfully scanning the faces around, a young man stepped forward and hailed him. The newcomer was dressed in meticulously fashionable attire. He was short and painfully thin. His face was pallid. There was a drawn aspect to it. Twice or thrice during the past few minutes he had annoyed Marcus vaguely by spasms of coughing and by his pitiful efforts to check them.

"This Mr. Dandridge?" he asked as he encountered the president only a few feet from Marcus' bench. "I'm Clive Herrick. I just hit town last night. My uncle, Doctor Hilyer, gave me a letter to you, but I've left it in my trunk at the Tarleton Hotel. I thought I had it with me."

"Howdy do!" beamed Dandridge. "Nephew of Doctor Hilyer, eh? I'm delighted to see any kinsman of the doctor's. I—I miss him. Stopping here long?"

"For the rest of the winter, anyhow," answered Herrick. "That is, if I last—and if I like it. Pretty quiet after Philadelphia, of course. But a man in my shape must put up with anything that'll pull him back to another inch or so of life."

He spoke jauntily, but the jaunty effect of his words was marred by another bravely strangled fit of coughing. Dandridge peered at him from eyes that puckered with worried sympathy.

"You're—you're surely not the same nephew that Doctor Hilyer was expecting to visit him here later in the season, are you? Not the one that's—that's ——"

"That's dying of consumption?" finished Herrick with forced flippancy. "I'm the one. Don't look so shocked over it, man! They say I've only a year, at most, to live. But a lot of husky condemned men in cells haven't anywhere near as long as that. Uncle Dick thought a winter here might help. So here I came. He told me to call to see you first thing. So I did. If you're busy ——"

"Not a bit!" cheerily lied Dandridge. "I want you to come for a drive with me and then to lunch at the country club. I've one or two things to clear up on my desk, but they won't take me five minutes. Won't you come in and wait?"

"No, thanks," declined the youth, strangling back another coughing fit. "There's a nice sweep of air out here, and I'll bet it's close in your office. Until you lose all of one lung and most of another you don't realize what an extra bit of air can mean. Chase along and finish your work. I'll wait here."

He looked toward the bench where he had been sitting. Two people had preempted it while he stood talking with the president. All except one of the five other benches had a double load. The exception was Marcus Farquhar's bench, just behind him. Marcus still occupied the middle of that, having disregarded several persons who had loitered hintingly as they moved past.

As Dandridge prepared to return to his office the breezy youth strode up to this bench. Slapping Marcus on the back with resounding good-fellowship, he exhorted loudly, "Now then, Fatty, suppose you shift a point to starboard and let me come to anchor."

The familiarity and the decided sting of the slap, the coarsely worded command, the publicity attending the whole thing, set Marcus ablaze.

"You damn Yankee!" he roared, leaping threateningly to his feet. "If you weren't a consumptive I'd ——"

"Thanks, old Beef-and-Bellow!" said Herrick gratefully as he disposed himself upon the vacated bench. "You hop real lively for such a flabby cuss."

A gasp of warning and of horror from Dandridge caught Herrick's attention. The president was eying the empurpled Marcus with piteous appeal. Moreover, the back slap and the loud voices had centered the attention of everyone in the place.

Marcus Farquhar, through his rage mist, was aware of the sudden hush and the focusing of all eyes. His repute as Mark the Yankee Killer was at stake. These people had not heard that the presumptuous young Yankee was an invalid. He proceeded to apprise them.

"If you weren't a down-and-outer—a mangy sick man," he roared, "I'd break you in three pieces, and then I'd chase those pieces North, same as I chased your uncle."

The flippant grin was wiped from Clive Herrick's pert face. He got up in leisurely fashion and faced the giant.

"Marcus!" Dandridge was pleading. "Marcus! He's only ——"

"If he is too sickly to fight with his hands," boomed Marcus, "he isn't too sickly to hold a pistol. He's staying at the Tarleton, he told you. In an hour my seconds shall wait on him there. It is not on

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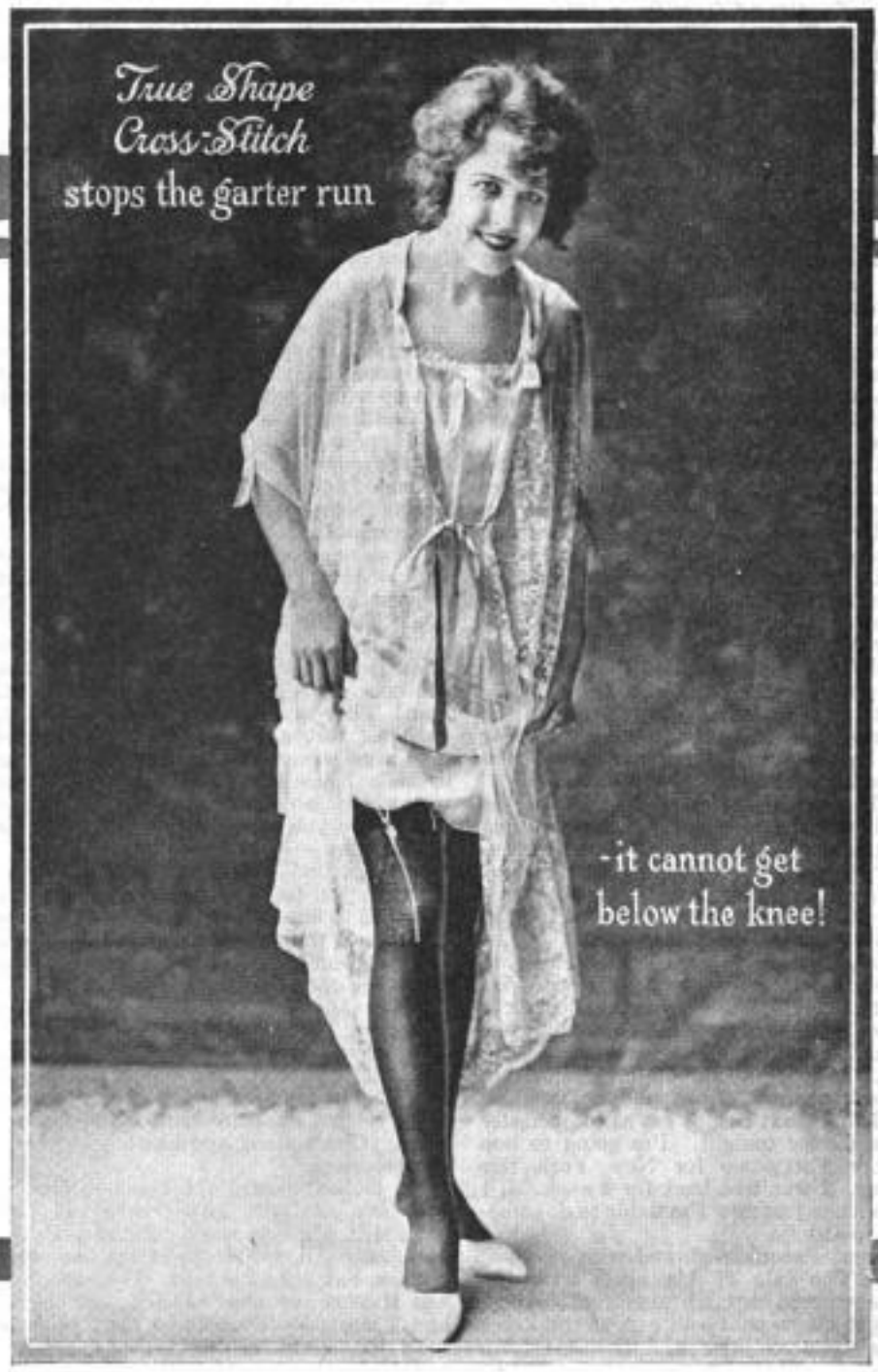
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the free list for a Yankee stranger to slap a Carolina gentleman on the back and call him opprobrious names. He ——"

"Cut that out!" vociferated Herrick. "Stop bellowing like an apoplectic cow and answer me! You say you drove my uncle out of Paignton. Are you Marcus Farquhar? Are you the man who bullied that kindly, feeble little old gentleman, twice your age and half your size, and frightened his invalid wife half to death? Are you? Because I'm their nephew, and the only fun I looked forward to in coming down here was the chance of meeting you. But I was afraid the decent element had run you out of town before now."

"Mr. Herrick!" begged Dandridge.

"Are you Farquhar?" Herrick insisted. "Because if you are you needn't beef about my being sick. I'm not sick. My lungs are gone, but my muscles aren't. And I used to box a bit. Are you Marcus Farquhar?"

"I am," stormed Marcus, feeling ridiculously like an enraged bull that is stung repeatedly by a hornet he cannot crush. "And my seconds ——"

He got no further. Clive Herrick's open palm caught him resonantly across the thick lips with a report like a torpedo's and with a skilled force which set the underlip a-bleeding.

There was a multiple murmur and a surging forward among the spectators. Before Marcus could do more than fling up his big hands with instinctive defense, Herrick's left fist had slipped past his guard and caught him flush on the fleshy jaw point. The giant rocked back on his heels under the impact. Before he could recover himself the same fist smote him thuddingly in mid-stomach.

With a sound like an exhausted siphon, Marcus Farquhar, Yankee Killer, sat down extremely hard on the marble floor.

Herrick stood over him, laughing. The crowd was in an uproar. Dandridge babbled and begged and dodged in and out of the front rank. Someone bawled for the police. But someone else yelled "Shut up!"

In an instant Marcus had reeled to his feet. Black with fury, he whipped one hand behind him. As the pistol flashed into view—before it could be leveled, before the forward-pressing crowd could shrink back—Herrick had flung himself like a mad cat at the other's right arm. Gripping the forearm and wrist, he drove all his meager weight and trained strength into a dextrous jiujitsu twist, a twist that numbed Marcus' arm to the elbow and sent the pistol clattering harmless to the floor, where the babblingly tremulous Dandridge retrieved and pocketed it.

In practically the same set of gestures Herrick was at the giant, fighting ferociously with both hands, ducking under lumbering swings and eluding the flailing smashes of his clumsy foe. Mercilessly he tore into Marcus, landing with scientific force and skill. He played indiscriminately for heart and for wind and for face.

Marcus was breathless and in anguish. He strove to clinch. Herrick ducked under the outflung arms and danced aside, first slugging murderously to the wind.

"It's always that way!" he panted for the benefit of the hypnotized onlookers. "I never yet heard of a gunman who knew how to use his hands. This lump of tainted lard has had about enough for today. We'll try the next dose tomorrow."

As he spoke he dodged another blind swing, stepped in, set himself and struck. His left fist crashed again into the fat jaw, and his right fist followed it thither to telling effect. Once more the half-stunned giant rocked dizzily back on his heels. This time he rocked a fraction of an inch too far, and he fell sprawling.

Without waiting for him to stagger up, Herrick darted in again. He did not strike. Stooping, he seized Farquhar's coat collar and vest at the back of the neck. Then, straining with the effort, he ran across the glassy marble pavement toward the open front doors of the bank. The crowd made way for him. The squirming body of Marcus Farquhar slid along readily enough over the smooth surface, once it was fairly in motion; nor could his clawing hands find anything wherewith to stay his progress.

On the threshold Herrick once more put forth all his wiry strength and his science. With a mighty heave he hoisted Marcus to his feet, still keeping behind the giant, whom he had lifted in such way that Farquhar faced the steps leading to the street.

There was another instinctive burst of sound from the crowd—a sound this time with a tinge of unbelieving awe in it. For Herrick had released his victim and had taken a swift step back. In the same moment he swung his right foot forward with all the tremendous impetus of a fullback's. His whizzing boot toe collided with the most obvious part of the Yankee Killer's anatomy.

Forward shot Marcus Farquhar under that irresistible impact. His balance had not yet established itself from the unceremonious lifting of his great body from its prone position. In spread-eagle fashion he flew, bellowing, across the threshold and down the broad flight of steps.

He came to an involuntary halt as his head plowed its way into the soft recesses of an overturned garbage can on the curb.

The invincible Marcus Farquhar had been thrashed right ignominiously, and had been twice knocked down. Worse, he had been slid along the floor like a sack of meal. Worst and most incredible of all, he had been kicked downstairs! This in the presence of the multitude and in the town of his fathers.

Folk stared at one another in dumb amaze. They could not believe.

Clive Herrick stepped back into the corridor, picked up his hat, and, with a panted word of apology to Dandridge, made his own way out of the building, once more strangling back a terrific coughing fit. The people on the steps made silent way for him to pass. Several men were gathered about the dazed Marcus, helping him to his staggering feet. Without a look at his opponent, Herrick strolled unconcernedly toward the hotel.

That afternoon he was waited upon in his room by two grim and lanky men. They introduced themselves, with studied formality, as Hancey Farquhar and Josephus Carter, and they added the solemn information that they represented their cousin, Mr. Marcus Farquhar.

"Oh, yes," said Herrick genially, "I remember your names. You were the two jolly pallbearers who called on Uncle Dick, weren't you? He told me about you. Only he didn't make you out half as funny as you really are. You're Marcus Farquhar's seconds, aren't you? Sort of perpetual seconds—with a retaining fee, I suppose. He seems to keep you pretty wakeful; on the jump all the time. You've come to bring me a challenge from him, eh? I've read about such things—in back-number books. Well, go ahead with the game. It's your move."

Hancey Farquhar glanced in disapproving query at Josephus Carter as the ribald chatter ended. Josephus Carter returned the glance. Then, clearing his throat, he said:

"We prefer to ignore your insolent tone, sir, for the present; without prejudice to our future course in regard to it, either jointly or singly. For the time we are Mr. Marcus Farquhar's mouthpieces."

He cleared his throat a second time. While he was doing so Hancey Farquhar took up the tale.

"You have insulted our principal, sir," he said with judicial sternness. "You have insulted him grossly; first by word of mouth and then by physical assault. Therefore ——"

"You mean, first I told him what a futile old windbag he was and then I licked him? But don't forget I kicked him downstairs into a garbage can after all that. I admit those sins. What next?"

"Nothing but blood, sir," solemnly answered Josephus Carter, "can wipe out so damnable an affront to a Southern gentleman. Our principal refuses to accept an apology. He ——"

"Apology?" echoed Herrick. "I haven't heard myself make one yet."

"He deems this has passed beyond the province of apologies," chimed in Hancey Farquhar. "He demands a duel, *à outrance*."

"Sounds like a French dish," commented Herrick.

Then his manner changed suddenly and completely.

"Look here!" he said. "You two murderer's assistants expect me to say I don't believe in dueling, and that it went out of fashion as long ago as those frock coats and Populist hats and white vests of yours and Marcus Farquhar's. Then you plan to tell me Farquhar will shoot me on sight and you expect to see me slink out of town. Well, you're wrong on every guess!"

"Excuse me, sir," began Josephus Carter in wounded dignity; "but you have no right to impute ——"

"You're wrong on every guess," reiterated Herrick. "My uncle told me about the deal you sawed off on him down here. That's the reason I'm here, though I didn't tell him so. A rotten thing done to the grand little old gentleman is a rottener thing done to me. He's the only father I ever knew. He loves the South and the Southerners. All of us do. But one misrepresentative Southerner drove him away from here. That's to be paid for. Before I came here I went to a library and read up on this sweet dueling code of yours. I know it backward. For one thing the challenged party has the privilege of naming the weapons and the conditions of the duel. Am I right?"

"You are," gravely acceded Josephus Carter. "And ——"

"If," amended Hancey Farquhar, "the weapons chosen are those recognized by the dueling code."

"Quite so," agreed Herrick. "Now, then, I'm accepting this fool challenge you've brought. The code permits a man to fight without seconds if he so chooses. I make that choice for myself. I'm not going to drag anybody else into this idiocy if I can help it."

A coughing fit made him pause. Presently, panting a little, he went on: "I accept the challenge, and I shall name the weapons and the conditions. The weapons are .45-caliber six-shooter revolvers."

The two men looked slightly surprised. Josephus Carter asked, "And the distance, sir?"

"That comes into the naming of the conditions," replied Herrick. "The conditions are these: Marcus Farquhar and I are to be stood up, face to face. Our left hands are to be lashed together at the wrists; lashed together so firmly that neither of us can wrench free. Then a .45 six-shooter is to be placed in the right hand of each of us. Each is to press the muzzle against his opponent's body at any vital spot he may choose—except the head. Then the word is to be given, and we are to fire at will until one or both shall be dead. With luck and nerve, each of us ought to be able to pump at least three bullets into the other before death. We can even keep on firing from the ground after we fall. That is why I excepted the head. . . . Well, gentlemen, there are my conditions. You will repeat them to your principal. I waive the naming of any special place, and I waive the question of time—so long as the duel takes place before six o'clock this evening."

He stopped, to cough again. The seconds stared agape. Then Hancey Farquhar said stiffly, "We did not come here to joke, sir."

"I'm not joking," retorted Herrick through his coughs. "I'm in earnest. I have named my conditions. They are according to the code. Your man will accept them or I'll brand him a coward—I think that's the set phrase, though I'm a bit hazy as to how the branding is done—and I shall thrash him or kick him every time he ventures out-of-doors. That's final. Now go to him and arrange time and place."

"It isn't a duel you're proposing!" gasped Hancey Farquhar. "It's certain murder! It ——"

"What else is a duel supposed to be?" queried Herrick. "It isn't a game of ping-pong. If you think I'm bluffing, call me!"

"But ——"

"Here!" said Herrick impatiently. "I'm not fond of talking about myself to strangers, and you can't be interested in what I'm going to tell you. But it'll prove I'm in earnest. I've got to die, anyhow. I hate the idea of coughing myself into eternity. I had about made up my mind to take the pistol short cut, when my uncle and aunt came home with the story of how Marcus Farquhar had browbeaten the two dear old folks, and how he had shamed the white name of 'Southerner.' Then I saw my way. If I could die in this silly duel I'd not leave them with the disgrace of knowing I'd killed myself. They'd believe I'd died to punish the cur who had treated them so, and I'd be ridding the long-suffering world of him at the same time. That's why I'm here. That's why I'm going to make Farquhar kill me. That's how I'm going to kill him while he's doing it. Neither one of us has a possible chance to survive. Get the idea? Now go tell him, and come back here and let me know when and where we're to fight."

Scared, mumbling, almost cringing, the two seconds obeyed the invitation of his wide-flung door and dismissing gesture.

An hour later they were back again—to say their principal had reconsidered, and that he could not bring himself to fight a doomed invalid.

Herrick called on Hiram A. Dandridge. The same evening Dandridge's two nephews waited on the badly battered and worse frightened Marcus and informed him they were acting as Herrick's seconds. They explained to him that he must fight or be known forever as a poltroon. They interrupted his first blustered words, about not wishing to fight a consumptive, by reminding him he had known of Herrick's physical state when first the challenge was sent, and that even earlier he had attempted physical violence on Herrick, knowing him to be an invalid.

For two days Marcus Farquhar kept his room, nursing his bruises. On the morning of the third day he saw Herrick walk stationward, past his window, carrying a heavy suitcase. Waiting only for the whistle of the departing train, the Yankee Killer issued forth from his home.

It was going to be a struggle to meet his old acquaintances, but it must be done some day. He nerved himself to the ordeal, devising the while a pleasantly dramatic tale of having forced Herrick to leave town through fear of him. By the time he reached the bank he was outwardly his ponderous self-possessed self once more. There was a good-sized gathering in the street in front of the building, but by common consent the people made way for Marcus to mount the steps.

As he reached the top he glanced back. All eyes were on him, and with an expression unflatteringly new to Marcus. Then all eyes shifted to a spot just behind him. He looked about. Clive Herrick had stepped out of the building. Nonchalantly Herrick smiled upon his foe.

"If you shoot me from ambush," said he pleasantly, "or turn some of your moonshining friends loose on me, I'll get the same results, so far as I'm concerned, as if you'd consented to my duel conditions. Meanwhile ——"

He completed the sentence by snatching off Marcus' broad-leaf felt hat with the speed of light and slapping him sharply across the eyes with it. While Marcus was still clawing at him, momentarily blinded by the swashingly stinging blow, he felt himself whirled about. He heard a howl of derision from the group below. Then came a cyclonic shock at the base of his spine. And once again the Yankee Killer catapulted down the bank steps!

Even as he floundered through the air he noted subconsciously the difference in timbre between the crowd's voice today and on his former encounter with Herrick. Then there had been a note of scared wonder in it, as at sight of some sacrilege. Now the sound was of pure mirth, the laugh a circus audience accords to the clown when the trick donkey upsets him.

And Marcus Farquhar's spiritual knell was jingling in the Homeric laughter.

"Dear Uncle Dick," wrote Herrick that evening: "You and Aunt Lavinia can come down here as soon as you like. You'll get quite an ovation. Pop Dandridge will see to that. The ogre is gone—gone for good—for everyone's good. Left town this afternoon, bag and baggage. No one seems to know where he's gone to, and it's a cinch that nobody cares. His bubble is smashed. Every time anyone mentions him there's a guffaw.

"I knew it would work out that way. It always does. Paignton is rejoicing. He was deadwood—an extinct species—and they're rid of him.

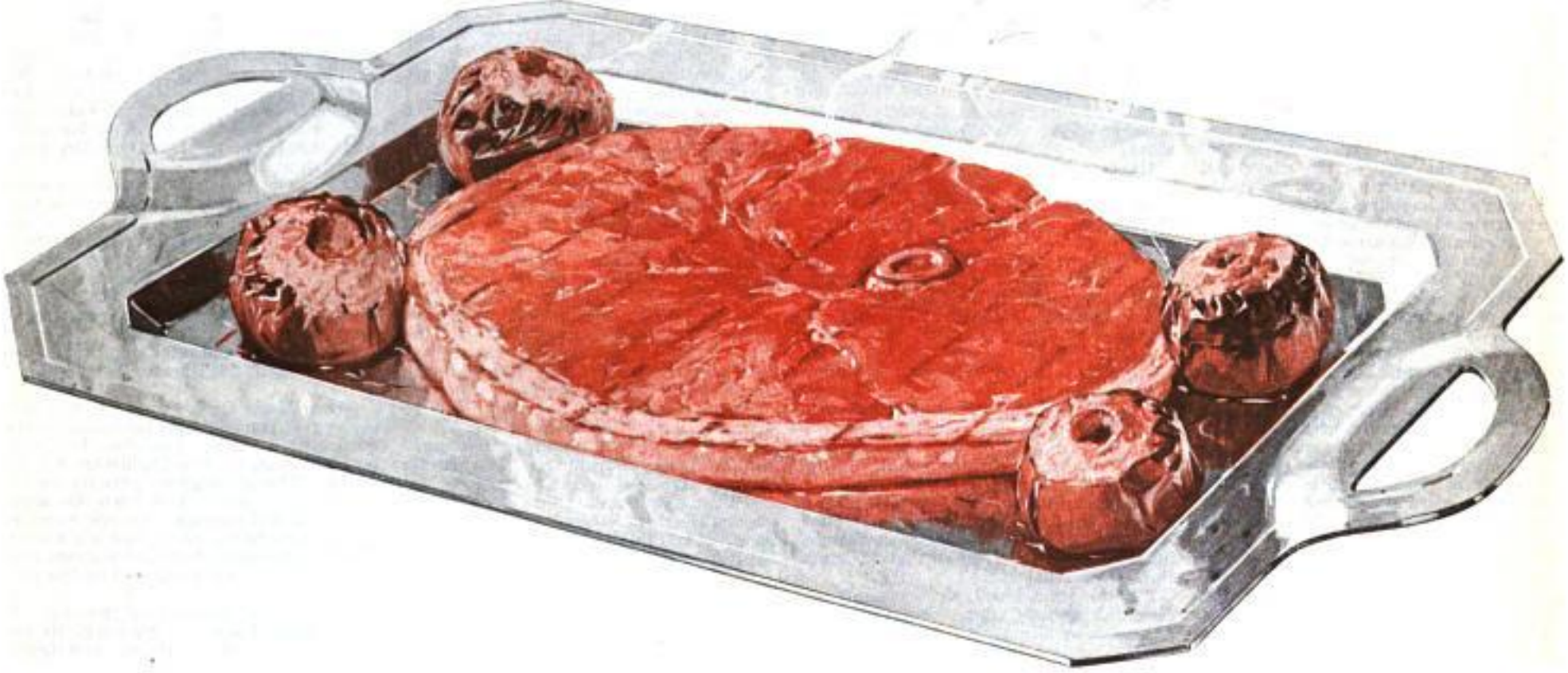
"Now perhaps you're glad you took your kid nephew's advice when Pop Dandridge came lamenting up to see you last month, and maybe you've forgiven me for all the sad notoriety it brought on the family when I won the amateur lightweight belt last year. But, at that, it wouldn't have worked out but for the consumption. The fact that a poor dying invalid licked the terrible Yankee Killer and chased him out of town—that's what really turned the trick.

"Folks, I'm a dead failure as a consumptive. I'm always forgetting when to cough. Either I forget it all the while, or else I do it so hard it roughs my throat up. Next time I think I'll be a hopeless alcoholic instead. It's pleasanter and not so noisy. Anyhow, it's time this balmy air began to cure me. So by next week I can stop coughing altogether. Another victory for the life-giving mountain air of the beautiful Southland!"

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BACKBONE

(Continued from Page 34)

sides with her against Bracken and her grandfather? She could not lay her finger upon a living being that would answer.

VII

"THE condition of people like myself," said Colonel Tip in his heaviest and most impressive manner, "has improved remarkably during the centuries. Five hundred years ago I would have been a mere dwarf. Today what am I?" He paused dramatically. "I am a Lilliputian, a person of distinction."

"It must be very gratifying," said John Thorne.

"Five hundred years ago I would have been a court jester perhaps—a butt of the aristocracy. But what a change do we behold! I, in my own person, have met kings and queens face to face. I have shaken their hands as an equal."

"It was a gracious condescension on your part," said Thorne gravely.

"In this community I am a person of position, not to say of distinction. Far from being derided, I am looked up to."

"A tribute," said Thorne, "to your excellent qualities."

Colonel Tip bowed graciously. "Half a dozen centuries ago," he said, pursuing his subject with gusto, "the young woman who arrived in St. Croix the other day would have been a duchess, perhaps a queen. I am speaking of Miss Yvonne de Marsay."

"Without doubt," said Thorne.

"And I—I would have worn cap and bells. I would have been grotesque, tolerated in her court. Today I am her friend."

"That, I should say, requires genius. I tried to become a mere acquaintance and failed."

"Um." Colonel Tip eyed the young man questioningly. "Do I understand you have an unreasonable prejudice against her—for it could be nothing but unreasonable?"

"None whatever. Quite the contrary."

The colonel nodded. "I like you," he said. "I took a liking to you the night you arrived. I am glad I do not have to revise my estimate. May I ask you a question?"

"Of course; bearing in mind that your asking a question does not bind me to answer it."

"Very well, then. Do the interests which brought you here lie on the side of Anthony Bracken or of Yvonne de Marsay?"

"I was not aware," said Thorne, "that there were sides."

"Um. Oil and water; cat and dog; daylight and darkness; Yvonne and Anthony," Colonel Tip replied sententiously.

"My business," said Thorne, "was with old André."

"Who," said the colonel, "does not seem to be transacting business." His keen eyes peered into Thorne's intently, as if, by willing it, he could penetrate to the young man's thoughts. He paused. "I believe Yvonne de Marsay stands in need of friends," he said.

For the first time John Thorne manifested interest. He leaned forward and returned the colonel's gaze in kind. "Why?" he asked shortly.

"The principal reason," said the colonel, "is because Doc Roper is buying two-for-a-quarter cigars—after smoking stogies all his life."

"You will have to make that clear."

"When a man of dubious character shows signs of a sudden prosperity," said the colonel, "thinking men grow suspicious."

"Go on," said Thorne.

"He talks largely of retiring from practice and moving to California," said the colonel, "when, six months ago, Bagley, down at the grocery, had to let his wife go through a run of typhoid to trade out his bill with Doc."

"That was very ingenious of Mr. Bagley," said Thorne. "What else?"

"There's only one source from which Roper could have derived his prosperity—and that is Anthony Bracken."

"Why not from De Marsay himself? Roper is his physician."

"André de Marsay would pay Doc's bill to the penny, but not a cent more—in any circumstances. Doc makes two calls a day on him—four dollars. Couldn't retire and live in California on that."

"What do you think Bracken is paying him for, then?" Thorne asked directly.

"For keeping his mouth shut."

"About what?"

The colonel waggled his head. "Something about De Marsay's illness." He leaned forward and tapped Thorne's knee, while his round baby face did its best to take on an expression of granite sternness. "I don't believe De Marsay is sick—not in his body. I believe his mind has given out—and Bracken is hiding it."

"What good would that do him?"

"Yvonne despises him," said the colonel. "She has never concealed it. If she came into control of the properties Bracken would go."

"In that case he is only putting off the day. She is certain to come into the fortune sooner or later."

"If," said Colonel Tip, "there remains a fortune to come into."

"But why," asked John, "do you come to me with these suspicions—to a complete stranger?"

"Are you well off?" countered the colonel.

"I am reasonably sure of my next meal."

"Um. Are you married?"

"Not," said John, "to my knowledge."

The colonel sighed his relief. "You didn't look married," he said; "but one can never tell. There are men who never show the effects of it."

"I fancy it would modify me profoundly," said John.

The colonel nodded. "Do you realize," he asked, "that there isn't a young man in St. Croix that Yvonne de Marsay would marry?"

"It seems possible."

"Excepting yourself," said the colonel, and leaned back in his chair with the satisfied expression of a man who has sprung a devastating surprise. "And that's why I'm talking to you."

Thorne's face maintained its habitual gravity, almost heaviness. If one could judge by his eyes he had not the remotest idea of the colonel's destination; in fact, he appeared puzzled, almost nonplused.

"What do you think of Yvonne?" asked the colonel.

"I think she is exquisite," said John.

"Good. That was emphatic. Now"—the colonel paused again like an orator about to astound with an unexpected major premise—"my idea is for you to marry her."

"What!"

The colonel was complaisant. "You'll get accustomed to the idea," he said. "It would be a splendid arrangement. As her husband you would have the right to interfere in this thing that is going on."

"I once knew a man," said John, "who bought a house with a lien on it. It entitled him to a lawsuit."

"Well," demanded the colonel, "what do you think of it?"

John shook his head. "I've never been proposed to before," he said; "it's rather new and startling. Have you made other matches, or is this your first experiment?"

"Wouldn't you like to marry Yvonne de Marsay!" the colonel said in the exclamatory mood, much as if it were contrary to nature for any man not to desire the young woman for his wife.

"Not," said John, "if the general stock of her disposition comes up to the sample she showed me yesterday."

The colonel sprang to his feet and endeavored to tower over John, which was difficult, owing to the fact that John, sitting, was a head taller than the colonel on tiptoe.

"I'm disappointed in you," he said scathingly, his round pink cheeks flushing with righteous anger. "I offer you the loveliest wife in the state, and you go complaining of defects. I—I withdraw my offer. You may consider it was never made."

"Sit down, colonel, sit down." John regarded the little man not at all quizzically, but with the utmost sobriety. "Do you recall the New Testament story in which Satan took the Saviour to the top of a high mountain and offered him the kingdoms of the earth?"

"I do," said the colonel, still bristling.

"There's a catch in it," said John. "The point is that Satan didn't own an acre of a single kingdom."

(Continued on Page 119)

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(Continued from Page 116)

The colonel sat down abruptly and stared; his tiny mouth dropped open and his baby blue eyes widened as he grasped the significance of John's parable. Then he relaxed and shriveled; the wind was out of him. There was a silence awkward for him, but seemingly unnoticeable to John, who sat looking placidly out of the window of the hotel at St. Croix's almost deserted street.

"I guess," said the colonel, "that I'll be moving along."

"No," said John. That was all. He gave no explanation of his monosyllable, nor did he enlarge upon it, but the colonel remained.

"Thorne," said the colonel presently, when he had recovered something of his usual bearing, "there are too many mysteries going on. You're a mystery. What are you doing in St. Croix anyhow?"

"I came," said John, "to speculate."

"I'm sorry to hear it. It contradicts my impression of you. I read your character as conservative."

"The most hazardous speculation," said John, "in which a man ever allowed himself to become involved."

"Timber?"

"Colonel, the wildest timber speculation ever imagined is tame and conservative beside what brought me here."

The colonel waited, but John added nothing to this information. "You observe," said the colonel, "that I'm not asking you what the speculation is?"

"And you," said John, "will observe that I'm not telling you."

Few men could have made this rejoinder without giving offense, and without desiring to give offense. John possessed this ability. He made the statement simply as a fact, implying no rebuke. The colonel accepted it as offered.

The colonel rested his head on his hands, a picture of discouragement. "It's too much for me," he said. "I'm worried, and I don't know where to turn. You don't know what store I set by that little girl! When she was a baby and nobody else could do anything with her, they used to send for me. I have canceled engagements of my company at great expense just to come back to see her. And now something's wrong. Something's threatening. If it was just her grandfather's money—but I'm afraid. Something tells me more than money may be involved. I had to talk to somebody, so I came to you—hoping."

Thorne extended his hand and shook the colonel's. "You wanted help and advice, didn't you? Well, here's the advice: Go on being Miss de Marsay's friend; be it as hard as you can. Maybe I've disappointed you, colonel, but you haven't disappointed me. I am proud to be your friend."

"And the help?" asked the colonel, blinking his eyes a number of times to hide certain tokens of emotion.

"Why," said John, "we don't really know she needs any help."

"But if it proves that she does?"

"Then," said John, "will be a splendid time to talk about it."

At this he got up himself, for he recognized a figure which had turned the corner and was walking lackadaisically toward the hotel.

John timed his exit to coincide with the entrance of this individual, who was none other than Dustin Maxwell, bookkeeper in the office of the De Marsay Mills.

"Good afternoon, Maxwell," said Thorne.

"Afternoon."

"By the way, Maxwell, I've been wanting to ask you, do you keep books to earn money or do you do it for love of the art?"

"If a hundred a month is money, that's what I do it for."

"Then, I take it that, discounting love of your artistry in the ledger, you would prefer to keep books at a hundred and fifty a month to keeping them for a hundred?"

"What are you getting at, Mr. Thorne? Are you offering me a job at fifty dollars better?"

"If I were," said Thorne, "and it had to be filled tomorrow, making it necessary for you to leave on the train tonight, how would you react?"

"I'd react on my trunk, and set a world's record packing it," said Maxwell.

"In this envelope," said John, "is your first month's salary, and the address of the firm you are going to work for. If nobody noticed you leaving St. Croix it might avoid complications."

"It might," said Maxwell, pocketing the envelope, "and much obliged."

Thorne passed out and walked up the street, apparently lost in thought. His rather finely shaped head was sunk between his shoulders and his eyes searched the ground. Three distinct times he passed individuals he knew without seeing them, and they stared after him with mild curiosity. He walked very slowly, obviously without destination. At the corner he paused, evidently bogged in some troublesome thought, and then passed on. It was on the bridge that he was startled to a consciousness of events—startled by an emphatic sneeze.

Automatically he spoke, and spoke in colloquial French of the provinces—such French as children are apt to pick up from their *bonnes*. "May God bless you, the devil roast you, and the angels eat you made up into little sausages," he said. It is the formula pronounced by the peasantry upon hearing such a sneeze as had just assailed John's ears.

Then, absent-mindedness and concentration banished, he turned. It would have been excusable had he blushed and stammered and burned with a fire of embarrassment, for there, staring at him with a combination of surprise and resentment, was Yvonne de Marsay! Embarrassment seemed not to touch him, however. He stood, big, serene, imperturbable, and then he lifted his hat.

"I'm afraid I spoke instinctively," he said. "I beg your pardon."

"Where did you hear that saying?" she asked.

"In France."

"It must be very familiar to you—to come out like that—automatically."

"Many queer things—not necessarily familiar—come to the surface of one's mind unexpectedly," he said.

"Not things like that." She paused and her eyes studied him with awakened interest. "I"—she hesitated—"I have wanted to offer you an apology," she said. "It is not customary for the De Marsays to be so ungracious to people who come to their door as I was to you yesterday."

"Neither," said he, "is it customary for the Thornes to present themselves where they are not sure of a welcome. We both seem to have discarded family traits."

For once, perhaps for the first time in her not ample contact with young men, Yvonne de Marsay was at a loss. She could not take offense, because there was nothing in his manner or tone to give offense. She felt he had deliberately matched her De Marsays with his Thornes, but, nevertheless, in no disagreeable manner. She did not understand just what manner it was, and it aroused her curiosity. It was not to be satisfied, however, for Thorne lifted his hat again, bowed and walked away—not abruptly, but casually, placidly, as any gentleman would walk away from a chance encounter on the street. She was not satisfied, and she was irritated. She had a feeling something more was required of the occasion; that more should have been said. She stared after him with frank curiosity. Young men were not prone to give up her society with such frank lack of interest. Or was it lack of interest?

"I wonder," she said to herself, "who he is, and what he is, and what he's doing in St. Croix." Then as a sort of tonic to her self-esteem she added, "He's a dull-looking person."

Which, as a matter of strict fact, was not her conclusion at all.

VIII

THE De Marsay principality was the valley of the West Branch of the river, and St. Croix, its stronghold, was set at a strategic point some three miles to the northward of the junction of the East and West branches, where they tumbled together their waters to form the main river. There had been good reason for this. The West Branch was amenable to the needs of the riverman; its course was less abrupt, its current less tumultuous, it ran more deeply and smoothly, uninterrupted by falls and rips. The first De Marsay had selected it wisely, and down it he had driven his logs in the springtime with a minimum of improvement to the river.

The timber up the reaches of the East Branch was as desirable; riches lay there, but, to the eyes of the lumberman, were inaccessible because of the turbulence of the stream down which they must be driven to the mill. The course of this branch was tortuous; great bowlders reared themselves in midstream, white water lashed its spray into the air, and a half mile before it reached the main river itself the valley closed in upon it, and frowned over it, allowing it to escape only by a spectacular rushing leap down a series of falls, to shoot through a bottle neck with pent-up violence into a broad gravelly shallow. It was a river to give your riverman nightmare.



He Pushed Back His Chair and Stood Up, Face Red, Lips Trembling

So that ancient De Marsay had chosen well, and erected his stronghold, and predatory successors had enlarged the boundaries of the domain until all the West Branch was theirs. But though they sent no invading forces up the East Branch they regarded it with jealous eye, and exercised over it a sort of protectorate. It was a sort of appanage, to become theirs in due process of time. More than one De Marsay had sat before his fire smoking his pipe and uttering the phrase, "When we move over to the East Branch." It prevented the De Marsays from realizing Alexander's plight. It remained to them another world to conquer.

Between the East and West branches was a steep-sloped, irregular hill, reaching toward the sky here and there with crests and peaks, the highest of which was confidently believed to reach an altitude of four thousand feet. This mountain died away abruptly in the angle of the two streams, and there, in the apex of the angle, left a meadow in the shape of a tailor's goose, an arable and sightly farm.

The railroad, twisting up from the southward, clung perilously to the shoulder of the range which paralleled the river on its westerly side. It veered with the West Branch until it reached St. Croix, where it leaped the stream with a trestle, to touch the village and thrust a side track into the mill yards of the De Marsays before it continued onward toward the Canadian border.

There you have the lay of the land, a map of the principality, and the key to its diplomacy. For generations nobody had questioned the suzerainty of the ruling family.

In his numerous fishing excursions John Thorne had chosen the East Branch, which was eminently sensible if his object was to catch fish. He had not always fished, however. Indeed, his reputation as a fisherman reached a very low level in St. Croix, and became the subject of apt and pointed humor, which Thorne endured with placidity and quiet enjoyment. Jocularity would have been transmuted to curiosity if the table in Pop Peake's dining room could have followed and watched one of these fishing trips. The curiosity would have become acute if they could have known that a party of sports, camped up the stream, were as inefficient with the trout rod as was Thorne. What they lacked with the fly and the landing net they made up with other equipment—brass instruments set on straddling tripods and tall rods with movable targets. Although John Thorne returned to town with a paucity of fish he did acquire an accurate survey of the lower portion of the East Branch, an estimate of the volume of water discharged, and an especially minute knowledge of levels.

When, however, on the same day, Thorne recorded with the register of deeds the transfer of four parcels of property to himself, St. Croix could not be kept in ignorance of the fact. He had purchased, it seemed, the triangular fifty-acre farm at the union of the two branches of the river. He had acquired a ten-acre piece opposite and on the bank of the East Branch, and a mile upstream he became the owner of two twenty-acre pieces, one at either jaw of The Devil's Stairway, as the falls had been christened.

Peddy, the stage driver, carried the news from Ghent to Aix. He made daily trips to the county seat carrying passengers and parcels. It was not an inviting career, especially as it involved shopping errands for the goodwives of St. Croix, and Peddy would have abandoned it long since for something more thrilling and lucrative had it not been for the fact that it enabled him to present the first ear to the gossip of the county's capital. His daily dividend of gossip elevated him to the station of a sought-for personage in his own village.

He waited until the entire company was seated at Pop Peake's table before he shot his arrow into the air. Then he cleared his throat as one does who wishes to command undivided attention, and bugged his eyes at John Thorne.

"Gittin' to be quite a landowner, hain't ye?" he said.

"I don't like trespassing," said John gravely.

"Trespassin'? What d'ye mean, trespassin'?"

"Why," said John, "I fish a great deal, you know. I've been walking up and down the river on somebody's property, and it's very embarrassing. Some day the owners might order me off."

"What ye talkin' about?" Peddy demanded.

"So," continued John, "I bought me some land to fish from. I think"—he paused and looked from face to face politely—"I own the best places for trout along the river, and you gentlemen are welcome to come and cast a line off my property whenever you're in the mind."

"You bought them four hunks of land jest to fish off of?" Peddy's astonishment was colossal. He turned to the rest of the company. "Why, he's up and bought the Flatiron, and a strip across from it, and he owns both jaws of The Devil's Stairway. Fishin'? My Gawd!"

Pop Peake gave the matter expert consideration. "Them spots is good fishin'," he said, "for them that kin ketch fish. But, John, if you calc'late to pay taxes

(Continued on Page 122)

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(Continued from Page 119)

and int'rest onto your investment you better hire a boy to do your anglin'." He narrowed his shrewd old eyes and pursed his lips as only your ancient New Englander can do. "A feller that puts in more'n a month pickin' out fishin' sites to buy is what I'd call dog-gone enthusiastic," he said.

"Hain't calc'latin' to farm nor nothin'?" asked Tom Dover.

"I don't know the difference between a string bean and a cucumber," said John; "and the only squash I'm acquainted with isn't a vegetable—it's a game."

Pop Peake closed the conversation cryptically. "I hope," he said, regarding John steadily, "you hain't averse to trouble."

John pushed back his chair and moved away from the table, but he paused to answer. "Trouble," he said, "is the maple sirup we pour over the flapjacks of life. Gives them a flavor."

"Wa-al," said Pop, "if I'm any prophet you're goin' to git ample flavorin'."

Pop Peake's guests were not the only inhabitants to be intrigued by Thorne's investment in land. Anthony Bracken, who imagined all men were motivated by antagonism to himself and his interests, received the news as one receives a declaration of war. He verified the facts by telephone and then addressed himself to the county atlas, marking carefully in red ink the boundaries of Thorne's purchases, and studying them with the eye of a business man and a strategist.

It has happened frequently in history that a regent is more zealous than an authentic king. Now, whatever defects of character Bracken might have possessed, he did not lack shrewdness or a knowledge of the business which occupied his life. He saw at a glance that any man who was ambitious to control the East Branch must first establish himself as John Thorne had done. If the river was to be improved for the driving of logs The Devil's Stairway was the only location for the major dam. There was also the item of water power. The Flatiron was constructed by Nature for a mill site and log yard, and obviously the strip of land across from it was the anchorage for the far end of the boom inclosing the sorting gap. An alien enemy had invaded the domain of the De Marsays.

From the beginning he had suspected John Thorne of some concealed purpose. Thorne had been altogether too purposeless in his goings and comings. In the start he had affronted Bracken by refusing to state to him his business with old André de Marsay. When one adds to this the feeling Bracken had that Thorne had been watching him—peering at him, as it were, from behind the arras—it is not difficult to understand how this overt move disturbed De Marsay's general manager.

The thing came at an inopportune moment. De Marsay was incapacitated. Bracken had quite enough on his mind without engaging in a war with anybody for any reason. But war was upon him. There was no loophole of escape except by bulldozing or diplomacy. Bracken was a poor diplomat, but a bulldozer of parts.

In the morning he stopped at the hotel to ask for Thorne, who was sitting on the piazza.

"Good morning, Thorne," said Bracken. "I wonder if you have time to step over to the office a moment. Something I'd like to discuss with you."

"Time," said John, "is something I hope to have a great deal of. I come of a long-lived family." He paused and smiled pleasantly. "So, having a quantity of it on hand, I'll be glad to loan you an hour of it."

They walked the short distance to the mill, and Bracken led the way into his office and closed the door.

"You have bought four pieces of land on the East Branch," he said.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I'm a fisherman ——" John began innocently.

"Save that cock-and-bull story for the hotel loafers!" Bracken snapped. "Who do you represent?"

"John Thorne."

"Who are your backers?"

"John Thorne."

"You expect me to believe you're in this alone?"

"I don't know that I've expected you to believe anything," said John. "As a matter of fact, I can't recall thinking about you at all."

"I will take those parcels off your hands," said Bracken, "allowing you a reasonable profit."

"I'm not speculating in land," said John. "What will you take for what you hold?"

John considered, then lifted his eyes gravely to Bracken's face. "I think one million dollars would tempt me."

Bracken committed the indiscretion of losing his temper. This is a fault for either a diplomatist or a bulldozer.

"It's a holdup. You've snooped around here until you got the idea you can blackmail the De Marsay interests by grabbing a site for a dam on the East Branch. You've found out that we intend opening up that section within ten years, and you've bought with the idea of being bought out."

"The Constitution of the United States," said John placidly, "doesn't forbid a man to use his brains to make money."

"Will you sell?"

"For a million dollars."

Bracken studied his antagonist with narrowed business man's eyes. He was not a good judge of character, and his ability to estimate the potentialities of another human being were limited by his knowledge of himself. Bracken was unimaginative, therefore he could not believe such a quality existed in another; he was suspicious, therefore all men must be suspicious; details were more important than major policies.

He was not a hypocrite, because to be hypocritical requires a rather high order of play-acting, and play-acting is imagination. He was rather timid, as all dollar anglers are timid. The dollar was his object, not the joy of fighting for the dollar. His eyes, which regarded humanity, were color-blind. They saw all human beings as dull gray and cut from a single pattern. He was incapable of a big love or a big hate, but he was skilled in petty vindictiveness and in inconsequential jealousies. And yet, with these singular defects, he was not a little man—he reached middle size, and had his moments when his stature was noteworthy. Now he talked to John Thorne in a manner that would have impressed himself, falling upon Thorne with words that would have taken the wind out of the sails of Bracken.

"For that," he said, "you won't get a cent. We won't need your holdings for ten years. By that time you'll be sick of hanging on."

"By that time," said John, "I'll have made my million."

"How?"

John seemed to ponder his answer cautiously. "Hardly a fair question," he said. "You don't generally ask the enemy for his plan of campaign. But I've a simple, confiding nature, so I'm going to take you into my confidence. I'm going to build a summer resort. Lake and everything."

"What?"

"Yes. I'm going to have a dam—maybe a hundred feet high. That'll back the water up for fifteen miles and make a pond as much as a mile wide in places. I'm going to have gondolas on it, and goldfish. That's the big idea. I'm going to stock my lake with goldfish, and advertise." He paused and regarded Bracken speculatively. "Do you know another summer resort in the world that can offer first-class goldfishing? I'm quite sure I shall make my million."

Bracken was a tenacious man. The idea that Thorne was planning to log the East Branch had seated itself in his mind, and nothing could dislodge it. Also he did not understand humor. It irritated him and made him vaguely uncomfortable. When anybody joked he felt like a man who has come down to dinner without his necktie. Besides, Thorne was not joking; he was daring to poke fun at him—at Anthony Bracken. Vanity is a painful disease; no drug can bring ease to the sufferer.

"You're going to log," he said furiously. "You're planning to improve the river. That'll take money. Where are you going to get it?"

"I'll even tell you that. I'm going to catch trout for the market. They pay the best prices for fresh brook trout in Boston. I'll hire half a dozen good fishermen, and in a year I ought to show enough profit to go ahead with my scheme. Don't you think so?"

"I think," said Bracken, "that you'll never set a stone in that dam nor float a log down the stream."

"Well," said John, "every man is entitled to an opinion on every subject."

"Is this what you've been trying to see Mr. de Marsay about?"

Bracken asked this question not as if he wanted to ask it, but as if it were wrung from him. The expression of his face changed, not to fear, but to apprehensive waiting. It was as if he had dropped a plumb line into some depth and held his breath while he listened for it to reach bottom.

"Now we come to the point," said John. "When can I discuss this with Mr. de Marsay?"

"The doctor says ——"

Thorne interrupted him with a smile. He looked straight into Bracken's eyes, and his smile burned its way into Bracken's secret mind and lodged there. Somehow Bracken was conscious of the unpleasant, the disturbing sensation that Thorne's smile was a sentient thing which groped among his secrets, picking them up one by one, handling them, turning them over in its hands.

"I'll be fair with you, Mr. Bracken. If Mr. de Marsay in person will make the proposition to me I will sell him the land I have bought at the exact price I paid for it. In person, you understand. Face to face. That's fair, isn't it?"

Bracken grew pale even to the lips, and he pushed his body back in his chair to get as much distance as possible between him and this incomprehensible young man. He felt cornered, and his mental processes and physical reactions were those of a rat in the same situation. He waggled a furious finger at Thorne.

"Get out of here!" he said shrilly. "Get out of this office!"

Thorne got up slowly and put on his hat. He moved toward the door, where he paused and seemed to reflect. Then he said in a voice which was casual, almost nonchalant: "By the way, Bracken, one illness in the château is quite enough, don't you think? Two sick people would be overdoing it. I hope Miss de Marsay continues in good health."

"Get out of here!" Bracken repeated. "Get out of this town!" Then he so far forgot himself as to utter a threat: "If you stay—if you try to buck the De Marsay interests—we'll smash you flat."

IX

DOC ROPER had been constructed by Nature to be the bully of a lumber camp. It had given him shoulders and arms and legs calculated nicely for the business of battering other men to a pulp. Having finished this edifice Nature then played a trick on Doc by moving in the furniture, the chief piece of which was the brain it set inside a skull well reënforced to sustain hostile attack. This piece of furniture did not harmonize with the general architecture, and consequently Roper turned out to be something of a botch job.

Doc's brain was too intelligent in a devious way for his body, and was antagonistic to it, so there was constant strife between them. It was the sort of brain that wishes to dominate the body. It rather looked down upon bone and muscle, and felt itself capable of supporting Doc in comfort without the aid of physical exertion. It made of Doc an individual whose chief ambition was to live without perspiration, and it might have carried him far along winding and perhaps subterranean paths had it not been handicapped by his burliness.

The demands of his blood made him direct at times when his intelligence counseled him to be circuitous, a thing manifestly fatal to ambitious cunning; on the other hand, when direction might have induced gratifying results the brain became officious, and by introducing guile brought the opportunity to miscarriage. Clearly Doc Roper's formula was not one to attract wide copying.

"Some day," Doc had said to himself in privacy many times during the years, "I'll get my teeth into something juicy." It was this he lived for, his teeth constantly on edge, his eye vigilantly on the outlook for juiciness.

He walked down the street now, stepping heavily and decisively, as if at every step he trod upon and crushed some obnoxious insect. He was feeling jovial, even jocular, so that when he encountered Colonel Tip in front of the post office a ponderous humor moved him to stretch out a huge hand, and seizing the little man by the scruff of his coat, to lift him into the air as one would pick up a kitten. The colonel essayed once to kick Doc in the face, and then subsided into such dignity as one may muster dangling in midair.

(Continued on Page 125)

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"It Was Worth $2,000! —and I tossed it in the drawer"

"It was in the fall of 1918 that I first began to realize what I was up against in business. I could see that I wasn't getting anywhere, plugging along at a routine desk, and I had a feeling that I ought to put myself in line for something better.

"About this time I ran across a LaSalle advertisement—it interested me—I figured I'd better answer it.

"I cut out the coupon, but instead of mailing it I tossed it in the drawer. I don't know exactly why, but it was two years before I sent it in and got the facts.

"To make a long story short, I finally enrolled, sent in my papers, finished the training. And already it has boosted my income twenty dollars a week.

"When I think that I might just as well have had that 'raise' two years ago, it makes me sick! Mailing that coupon when I first saw it, instead of tossing it in the drawer, would have saved me $2,000 in cash."

* * *

Fortunate thing for that man that he finally woke up! Some men pay an even costlier price for their delay. Recently a LaSalle member, a man of forty-nine, confessed that he had first considered specialized training eleven years previously. He figured up what his delay had cost him—assuming that he would have held his own with the average LaSalle-trained man—and his loss was $19,000.

Such experiences are not mere fiction—they're the bitterest reality. Thousands of splendid fellows starting out in life with every promise of success grow gray while waiting for their ship to come to harbor. At the critical moment they listen to their weaker selves—and go down to defeat.

On the other hand, thousands of men in whom the seeds of success are deeply planted need but to be shown the path to promotion and they are quick to take it. The reward of their initiative is reflected in such statements as the following:

"LaSalle training has taken me from the $65-a-month class to a present earning power of over $7,000 per annum."

"Just received another raise of $600. This makes a total gain of 400 per cent since I started training. Can either you or I ask more?"

"Passed bar examination with second highest honors in a class of seventy-one."

"Three years ago I was occupying a bookkeeper's high stool and drawing $22 a week. Today, I am comptroller of a good-size corporation, with a salary to start of $4,500."

"I was Mill Superintendent, with no practical experience in a business way when I started home-study training. Within one year I was promoted to General Superintendent. Within a period of three years LaSalle training has increased my income from $250 a month to $6,000 a year."

"I have your course in Business Management to thank for the position I now hold. When I took up your work I was barely making a living. Today I sit in the manager's chair of one of the largest financial institutions in the United States and Canada. My earnings this year will be in the neighborhood of $10,000, and I have the greatest opportunity that any man could wish for in the way of promotion to bigger things."

"In the last six months I have had an increase of nearly 50% as a result of LaSalle training under the Problem Method—but it is the *foundation which I am building for something better* that gives me the greatest satisfaction."



When one takes into account the foregoing evidence, together with the fact that during only three months' time as many as 1,089 LaSalle members reported definite salary increases as a result of their training *averaging 56 per cent per man*, one begins to appreciate the tremendous money value of initiative—*and decision*.

* * *

You have read from time to time how LaSalle training is conducted—how the member learns by solving actual business problems, right in his own home, under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. You have read how training under the LaSalle Problem Method quickly brings promotion.

The time has now arrived for *your* decision.

You can wait one year—two years—eleven years, if you like, and take your loss—a loss, remember, affecting not you alone, but those whose happiness and welfare are most dear to you. Or you can sign and mail the coupon now—and make today your starting point toward bigger things.

That little slip of paper just below this text will bring you complete information about the training you are interested in, together with details of our *convenient-payment plan*; also your free copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Mailing the coupon does not obligate you in any way.

Incidentally, the man who *wins* promotion is the man who *acts*.

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This shows the great ink capacity and the simple powerful self cleaning pump action of the Dunn-Pen ~



CAMEL "TATTLER"
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The Fountain Pen with the Little Red Pump-Handle

INK is all there is in the marvelous self-filling Dunn-Pen; no rubber sac, but just *ink*—ink for writing thousands and thousands of words. The Dunn-Pen actually holds several times more ink than any rubber sac self-filling pen of the same size.

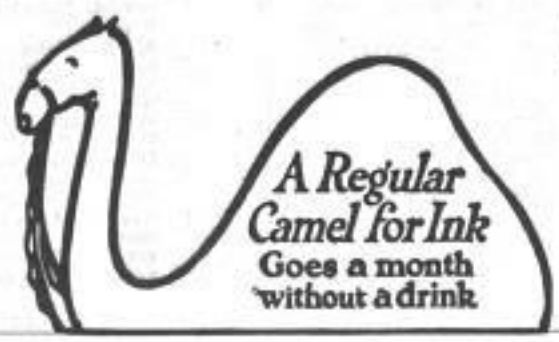
The Dunn-Pen *can't* leak—it has no seams. There is literally nothing about it to go wrong. It has only four major parts—all sturdy, and all machine-finished like parts of a fine rifle.

To fill the Dunn-Pen, simply pump it full with the Little Red Pump-Handle. It cleans itself as it fills.

Its comfortable shape—its handy balance—its gliding smoothness—makes writing with the Dunn-Pen a pleasure. It never clogs, sputters, nor stutters, and it's a self-starter which does not require shaking and jiggling.

27 styles, including Black Hard Rubber, and Transparent barrels as illustrated. A pen for every hand and pocketbook—$2.75 up.

THE DUNN-PEN COMPANY - - - NEW YORK



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(Continued from Page 122)

"Aha, little microbe," said the doctor, and he shook the colonel playfully—"little typhus germ."

The colonel's round baby-pink cheeks flamed scarlet with rage and mortification, but he did not speak, he only glared at Doc Roper with Lilliputian hatred, not the less deadly because of its apparent absurdity. Doc tapped him under the chin and replaced him on the sidewalk, chuckling. The colonel smoothed his ruffled plumage, set straight his silk hat and then, with tiny legs widespread, he addressed his tormentor.

"You have taken a liberty with me which I would not have tolerated from the King of England, with whom I have shaken hands," he said. "You hog doctor, smelling of the sty! For years you have presumed upon your possession of pounds of meat to torment me, you cow-physicking ruffian! Go attend to what you're fit for—pick fleas off cur dogs and leave your betters alone! You mange specialist! You valet to a horse!"

Doc Roper stretched out a hand for the colonel again and seized him. He was irritated. Any reference to his veterinary days was calculated to ruffle him. "For that, little rooster, I'm going to spank you. I'm going to take you across my knee and lather you plenty."

At the moment when Doc was about to make historical fact of his threat John Thorne came out of the post office. He stopped and peered gravely at the scene a moment before he approached. Then he touched Roper on the shoulder.

"I wouldn't do that," he said, as one who advises against a matter of small importance—with the voice of indifference.

"Why?" said Roper, his eyes narrowing and his bulky shoulders hunching forward.

"Because Friday is an unlucky day," said Thorne.

Doc jerked the colonel toward him and lifted a knee across which to stretch the little man.

"Before you go ahead," said Thorne, "I want to tell you I think you are making a mistake."

"What mistake?"

"It is always a mistake to humiliate a gentleman."

"You call this molecule a gentleman!"

"Decidedly," said John, "and my friend. If you will add up those facts and multiply by the unluckiness of Fridays I'm sure you will see a great light." His face broke into a genial smile.

Doc Roper hesitated a moment, his cold eyes estimating Thorne, then he shrugged his shoulders and released Colonel Tip.

"There are luckier days than Friday," he said with meaning.

"Six in each week," John answered placidly.

Doc Roper was fighting down the blood which mounted from his burly frame to his head. His thews and sinews urged him to action, but, as so commonly occurred, his crafty brain intervened with counsel to bide his time. He pushed the colonel roughly out of his way and strode down the street. Thorne looked after him quizzically.

"*Au bout du quai—les ballots,*" he said to himself, which being set down in the vernacular signifies "At the end of the wharf—the rubbish!" and is not a phrase one makes use of when he wishes to be courteous.

He turned to the colonel, and perceived Yvonne de Marsay with her hand in consolatory friendship on the midget's shoulder.

"That," she said, "was well done."

"Many incidents make up the day's work," he said.

"This was a gracious incident." Her curiosity asserted itself again. "You show an intimate knowledge of the French language," she said tentatively. "It is rather surprising to hear one speak the argot of the boulevards in St. Croix."

"If it were not for surprises," he said, "the future would not be worth waiting for."

She wondered if this contained double meaning; it seemed to have a significance beyond the mere words of it. She contented herself, however, by extending a dainty gloved hand. "The friends of my friends," she said, "are welcome at my house."

"I thank you," he said formally. "And at Anthony Bracken's house?"

"Mr. Bracken," she said with compressed lips, "has no house."

"Your grandfather—may one inquire of him?"

"He remains—unchanged," she said in a low tone. Then her manner altered, her face became vivid, her eyes flashed as Thorne had never seen them flash before. "Oh, I wish," she said impetuously, "you had smashed him!"

"I should rather have enjoyed it myself," he said whimsically.

Colonel Tip had assumed again his grand manner; now with the dignity of courts he intervened in the conversation, a self-appointed diplomat with a mission.

"Miss Yvonne," he said, "Mr. Thorne is worthy to be your friend. I am not inexperienced in mankind. I have studied the nobility of five continents, and have frequented the best society of the antipodes, so I speak not without authority. I vouch for him."

"Colonel," said Yvonne, her eyes twinkling impishly, "whatever you say will always have great weight with me."

"He called me a gentleman—and his friend," said the colonel.

"He is fortunate," said Yvonne gently, "to have so true a gentleman for his friend."

Then for the first time during their short acquaintance John Thorne looked into her eyes and smiled. As she walked away the smile stayed with her, for it was not the sort of smile that vanishes from the mind. She read approval in it, and somehow his approval gratified her even while she resented it. She felt, and rightly, that the smile erased any lingering disapproval of her from his thoughts—a disapproval that had its inception in their first encounter.

Doc Roper moved ponderously down the street in perverse humor. There is a type of human animal which, baffled at one point, cannot rest content until it works off its chagrin upon someone who cannot defend himself.

Doc belonged to this class. He had started from his office to make a business call upon Anthony Bracken. Now his appetite was sharp for this call. His subconscious determination was to cloud the sunlight of Anthony's day.

He rather despised Bracken, conceived himself immeasurably Bracken's superior. It tickled his fancy, this thought. Here was a man, powerful, master over many workmen, whose word was the law of great enterprises; and yet he, a country doctor, could dominate, tyrannize this important individual. Bracken was afraid of him. Indeed Bracken was afraid of many things. Whatever faults Roper may have possessed, timidity was not catalogued among them. He could not understand fear. It was his custom to sneer at the terrors of his fellow men, and to underestimate those who exhibited tokens of this weakness. So, besides despising, he underestimated Anthony Bracken.

In the office he nodded to the new bookkeeper, a young man whose appearance was more prepossessing than that of his predecessor. There was a capable look about him, an expression of shrewd alertness and efficiency. Doc noted this in passing and wondered where Bracken had picked him up. He did not ask to be announced but pushed open the door of Bracken's private office as one who has unquestioned right of audience at all times. Bracken was alone.

"Well, how does the watch tick today?" he asked, dropping solidly into a chair.

Bracken made no reply but reached into a drawer of his desk with a hand which shook noticeably for a cigar. He wore a sleepless, harassed look and his eyes rested upon Doc Roper without affection. Roper fumbled in a bulging pocket and produced a carrot, to which dry earth still clung. This he rubbed off deliberately on Bracken's rug, and then, peeling the titbit leisurely, he began slicing it into thin disks which he transferred to his mouth on the blade of his knife.

"Puts iron in the blood," he said. "Better try one. Emergency rations. Better than chocolate or tinned beef. Next war I'm going to recommend them. Every soldier carry a pocketful of carrots. Two birds with one stone—satisfy appetite and promote agriculture."

He wiped his knife blade on the knee of his trousers with a whetting movement and replaced it in his pocket. He was in no hurry. It pleased him to keep Bracken wriggling on the pin.

"Comfortable room," he said appreciatively. "Some day I'm going to have an office like this."

"What do you want?" Bracken snapped back.

"Number of things. Friendly chat. Oh, yes, need a little money too. Bill for professional services. Two calls a day."

"How much?"

"Wa-al, in the circumstances I figure about ten dollars a call will cover it. Oh, say a thousand dollars flat."

"How will I ever account for such a doctor's bill?"

"That," said Doc with elaborate negligence, "is up to you."

Out of the pocket from which had come the carrot Doc Roper extracted a piece of pine, white and straight of grain, an inch square and some six inches long. "Kick over the wastebasket," he said, "unless you want whittlin's on the floor. Can't be sociable without I whittle. Um! Now I don't know whether to start in on a chain with a ball in a cage on the end of it, or a pair of scissors, or a fan. Which 'ud you whittle if you was me?"

"Yvonne," said Bracken, "is hunting trouble."

"Worried, eh?"

"Who wouldn't be worried? Why the devil didn't she stay in Europe?"

"I had her in mind when I dropped in. Just saw her up the street. Dog-gone pretty girl. Solve all our difficulties if she was to take a shine to me."

Bracken laughed involuntarily at the idea. It was not a mirthful laugh.

"What's the matter? Got the usual number of arms and legs, ain't I? Forty-five ain't so old. Got all my hair." Doc stretched out his ponderous legs and gazed at them with approval.

"Yvonne might consider the Crown Prince of Spain," said Bracken. "Why, she treats me as if I were the dirt under her feet."

"Yes, but we were talking about me," said Doc.

"How long can we keep this up?" said Bracken wearily. "It can't go on forever." He dismissed Roper's suggestion as negligible.

"Kept it up so far all right, ain't we? Keep it up forever if need be. Remember Dunk Green's sister over at Brookville? Bedridden more'n ten years and nobody ever saw her. Laid in her bed and made a mystery out of herself, and could 'a' kept it up fifty years. Folks got to doubt if Dunk had a sister at all—till she up and died and come to be buried. And then nobody see her on account of the casket being sealed. Everybody was kind of proud of it. Give the town something to talk about."

"But Dunk Green's sister wasn't André de Marsay. And there wasn't Yvonne de Marsay snooping around with a devil's temper, and a will like a steel trap."

"Your Injun's competent to keep her out of his room, ain't he? And I'm health officer here. Nothing can happen as long as I'm health officer. Hell, I'll placard the house for smallpox if I have to."

"Who's this Thorne fellow? I'd like to know that, and what he's got to do with old André."

"What's he got to do with it? I'll tell you who Thorne is. He's the feller that's going to step on a banana peel one of these days and come down ker-slap on the sidewalk. Quit dodging shadows. You're losing your nerve—such as it is."

"I can't sleep."

"I'll give you something to make you sleep. Wish you were out of the whole business, don't you? Wriggle out of it now if you saw an opening—and leave me on the flat of my back?"

"It's your doing," Bracken said morosely.

"You fell in with it quick enough. Who gets most of the profit? Say!"

"It came so suddenly. You had me up to my knees in mire before I knew what was happening."

"And now you've got to wade through the swamp if I have to jerk you through by the collar." He paused and leaned forward to scrutinize Bracken. "You got a color like the under side of a toad."

"It's getting me," Bracken said, and he wiped his dry lips with a hand that quivered.

"It will get you if you don't keep a stiff upper lip. You're rocking the boat, and don't forget I'm a passenger. Listen, Bracken: we're in this boat, there's no place to get out of it except across the river. From now on you pull the oars, but I steer. Write that down on your desk pad."

"What if Yvonne gets past the Indian?"

"Then," said Doc Roper—and he leaned forward aggressively as he spoke—"she stays past him."

"What? What d'you mean?" Bracken's voice was unsteady.

"I mean," said Doc, "that instead of a sporadic case we have an epidemic."

Bracken leaned back in his swivel chair and eyed Doc. He was struggling for self-mastery, trying to sort his thoughts and file them away in his habitual orderly manner. He was shaken. Worry of an unaccustomed sort had held sleep from his eyes and grated in his ear so that his nerve ends were raw, but he was not so near the sinking point as Doc Roper imagined. The malignant growth of fear had established itself in his body, but it had not yet reached proportions where it became a menace to vitality. It was growing, slowly, insidiously—more rapidly, perhaps, than Bracken appreciated, but he was still his own man.

"Look here, Roper," he said presently, and Roper stared at the tone. "Don't set down the wrong foot, and don't outgrow your bigness." He was again Anthony Bracken, important in business, regent of the De Marsay principality. "First off, you don't get a thousand dollars—you get five hundred. Second, don't mistake a bobcat for a household tabby. Maybe I'm worried. Maybe I have moments when I wish I was well out of this thing, but I haven't got to the point where I take back talk from a reformed horse doctor." He drew a check book from a drawer and filled out a check. "There you are, and now get out. I'm busy."

"Um!" Doc was surprised, but rather more gratified than astonished. He was relieved to find such evidences of backbone in Bracken, even if it manifested itself in operation against himself. He felt confident of the mastery when he required it. Meantime it was better to bolster up his partner by acquiescence. "Um!" he repeated. "Just as you say. But turn down the page at this paragraph: I've got nothing to lose and everything to gain; you've got everything to lose and something to gain. So don't let's put poison in the dish we're both eating from."

He was interrupted in his placatory remarks by an insistent rapping at the door.

"Come in," said Bracken.

A man, patently a lumberjack, entered. "You told me to git here quick if anythin' happened," he said.

"Well?"

"About a hundred men with tents and wagonloads of tools and sichlike jest come over the mountain from the east. They're layin' out a camp alongside The Devil's Stairway."

"All right!" snapped Bracken. "Get back and keep watch!"

The man went out, and Roper found himself facing a new Bracken altogether, a man aggressive, with outthrust jaw and masterful eyes. "Clear out," he said to Doc. "Thorne's moved in a construction gang to start work on his East Branch dam."

Roper did not move. He sat back and regarded the ceiling thoughtfully. The devious brain which animated and sometimes checkmated his burly body was turning and twisting through an idea like some boring worm.

"Maybe," he said presently, "this is the chance we've been looking for."

"What d'you mean, Roper?"

"I'll have to squeeze the juice out of the notion," said Doc, "but it looks like there was money in it. In the meantime go ahead on your own lines."

Bracken showed his teeth sarcastically. "I rather intended to," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Is vacuum cleaning

ALTHOUGH electric vacuum cleaners are now used in millions of homes, and are regarded as indispensable by their owners, occasionally the question still arises whether this method of cleaning is injurious to rugs.

Statements that it is, sometimes have gained wide circulation. Traced down, however, these statements have proved to be groundless. Prejudice, misunderstanding, imagination — and in certain instances, pure maliciousness — have been their inspiration.

Unfortunately, many people have been influenced by these rumors. As a consequence they have been deprived of time, labor, economic and other benefits that would otherwise have been theirs long ago.

It is often difficult for truth to overtake rumor, but on these pages we intend to present some incontrovertible evidence which we hope will set at rest forever all doubt concerning vacuum cleaners.

As the oldest and largest makers of electric vacuum cleaners, and in view of the fact that more people use our cleaners than use any other kind, we feel it incumbent upon ourselves to assume this responsibility.

While the testimony here set forth deals with The Hoover, other makers are in position to produce individual proofs that their cleaners also are beneficial rather than harmful to rugs.

We have grouped the evidence under three heads, so that you may feel wholly assured from all angles of the situation.

What Users Say

"We were unable to find an electric cleaner that would meet our needs until we secured The Hoover, which eliminated the wear (in rugs) entirely and saved three-fourths of the expense. We now have 29 Hoovers. Because of their satisfactory service, and the fact that our rugs wear from three to five years longer than formerly, I say without the slightest hesitation that The Hoover produces the best results in cleaning and is more economical (from viewpoint of rug and cleaner) than any machine which I have ever seen demonstrated."

Mrs. Eliz. C. Grider, House Director, Cornell Univ., *Ithaca, N. Y.*

"My Hoover has been in continuous use for eleven years and is still doing good work. The excellent condition of my Oriental Rugs is due largely to the efficient cleaning principles of The Hoover."

Mrs. James McMurray, *Marion, Ohio*

What Carpet Makers Say

"In our opinion, the (Beating-Sweeping) brush — a feature of the Hoover Sweeper — *is not injurious for use on fine Velvet, Axminster, Body Brussels or Wilton rugs.* We have used a large Hoover in our showrooms for over six years with entire satisfaction. Several of our employes use Hoovers in their homes. We consider a brush a very important feature of a Suction Sweeper, and we fail to see how any valid objection can be raised against the (Beating-Sweeping) brush used in The Hoover."

Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Company, *New York City*

"The Hoover Suction Sweeper purchased from you about ten years ago has been used ever since and given excellent service. Recently overhauled, it is practically as good as new. We always recommend The Hoover to inquiring customers."

Hardwick & Magee Company, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

The HOOVER

It Beats.... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

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really hard on rugs?

What Oriental Rug Experts Say

"In our search for a cleaning device which will clean thoroughly and, at the same time, not injure the fabric, we have selected The Hoover Suction Sweeper. We know it to be efficient, durable and effective without destroying the fabric. It gives new life to floor-coverings. We are glad to say a word of praise for The Hoover, and do not hesitate to recommend it to all those desiring to purchase a cleaning machine."

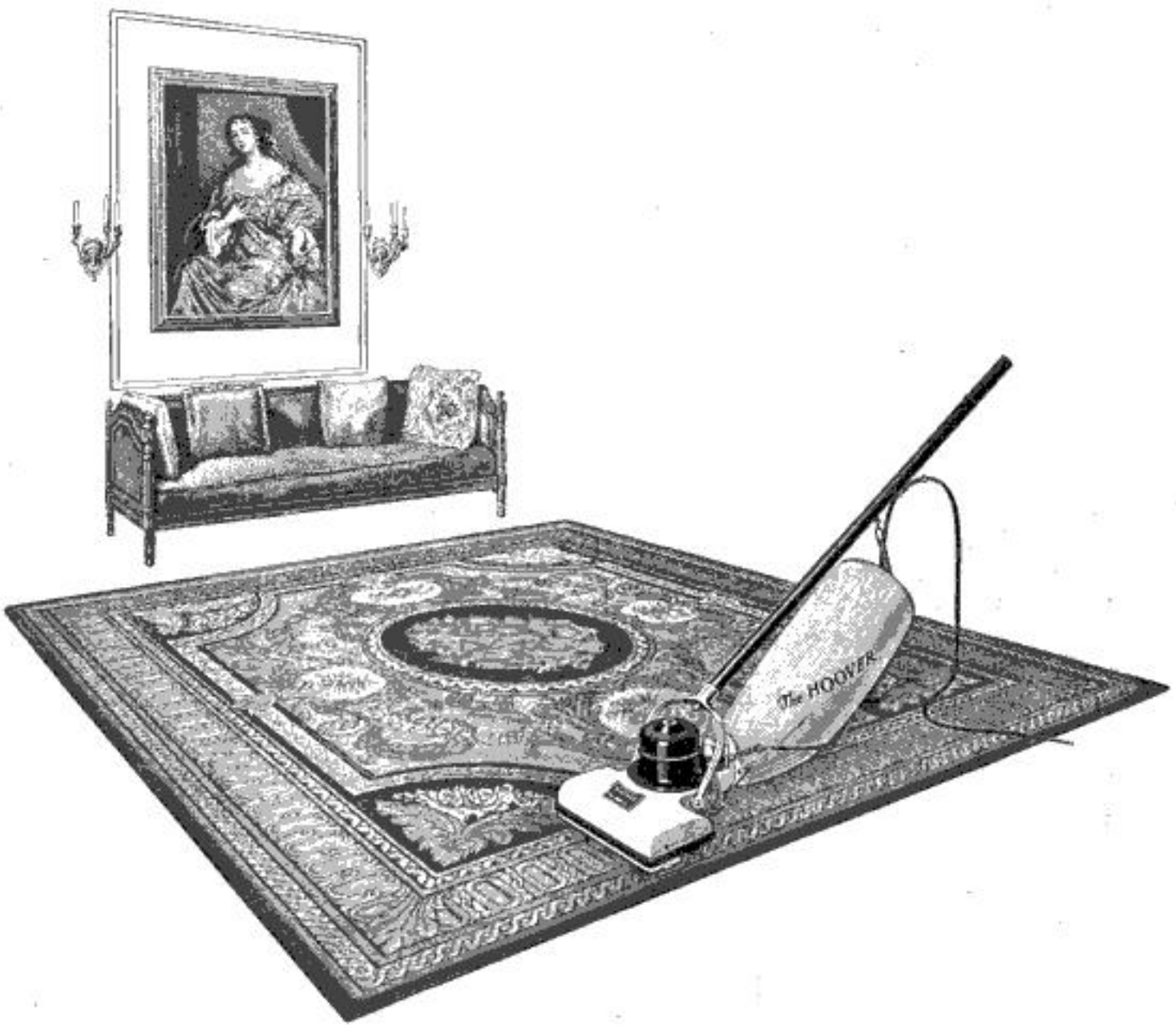
American Rug & Carpet Co., *Chicago, Ill.*

"After a thorough investigation, we do not hesitate to endorse and recommend The Hoover for cleaning Oriental Rugs. The Hoover does not injure the peculiar construction of the Oriental fabric. In fact, it prolongs the life. Oriental Rug dealers could do no better than recommend The Hoover to their patrons for use on Oriental Rugs."

A. Aleon's Son (Oriental Rug Importer), *New York* City

Over fifty thousand additional endorsements are in our possession. Many refer to machines in constant use for ten years or more

The Hoover Suction Sweeper Company, North Canton, Ohio
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario



The HOOVER

It Beats.... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

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Both Are Oats

But just compare the flavor

Oats are oats as food, of coursé, but they are not alike in flavor. Some are puny, unripe and insipid. Some are rich and plump and flavory.

In Quaker Oats we flake the queen grains only. All small grains are discarded. Thus a bushel of choice oats yields us only ten pounds of Quaker Oats.

That makes the dish inviting. It fosters the love of oats. And that is what mothers want. Not to force the food that children need, but to make it a daily joy.



Now Quaker Oats is the favorite brand wherever oat lovers live. For every package, wherever sold, has that quality and flavor.

Quaker Oats

The extra-flavory flakes

The Child's Choice the World Over

Millions of children in every clime now enjoy Quaker Oats. The mothers of fifty nations send to us to get it.

Just because this tempting flavor gives the oat dish a unique delight.

The oat is almost a complete food —nearly the ideal food. It supplies 16 elements required in body-building. It is rich in essential minerals.

It is wise to serve a food like that in its most inviting form.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

BEVERIDGE

(Continued from Page 31)

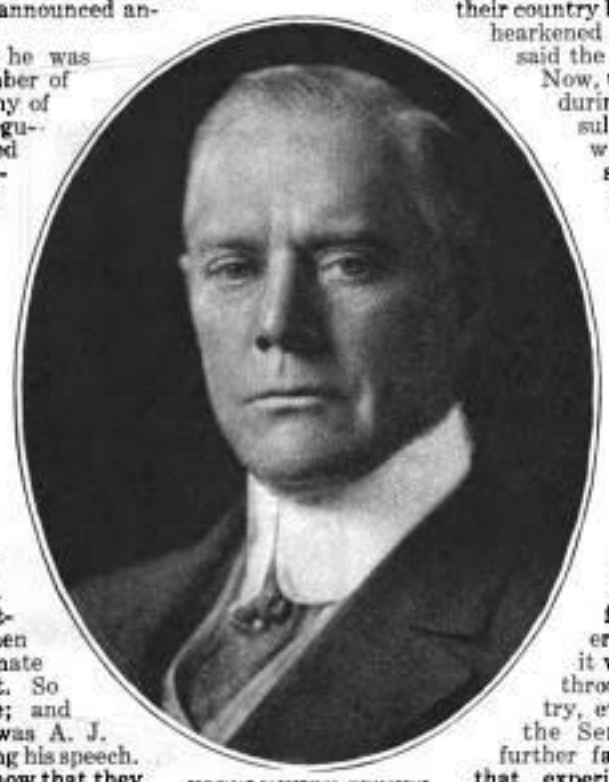
there sat A. J. Beveridge, of Indiana, with a lot of ideas on the subject seething within him, and with full knowledge that he knew how to get said ideas out of him in an excellent oratorical manner—not only knew how to but could do the same.

There he was, supposed to say nothing for two years, perhaps three, because he was so young, and he had enough to say to fill a copy of the Congressional Record. There he was, with full oratorical facilities at his command and a subject for his oratory that was burning like an ignited can of gasoline.

It was too much. His reverence for the traditions, precedents and general fuddy-duddiness of the Senate cracked under the strain. One day he gave notice that he would submit a few remarks on the insular question, and on another day he submitted same.

This was revolutionary, but the Senate, canvassing the matter, decided that the poor boy didn't know any better, and that they would be tolerant with him. So they listened to his speech indulgently, and it had a good press. The Senate hoped that Beveridge would now subside for a couple of years. However, Beveridge was no subsider. He had more ideas on other phases of the question, and they were seething in him. He announced another speech.

Inasmuch as he was as much a member of the Senate as any of those present, regular and accredited and in full standing, entitled to the floor whenever he claimed it as his right, there was no way to stop what the elders held to be this unseemly exhibition of procacity. They couldn't take him off the floor, once he had it, and they couldn't prevent his getting the floor when it was his legitimate time to have it. So there they were; and so, too, there was A. J. Beveridge making his speech. Wherefore, to show that they disapproved of this impertinence, this presumption, this bumptiousness — deprecated it, condemned it and otherwise thought it fresh beyond compare—the esteemed and elderly senators hazed the forensicer by walking out on him. By ones and by twos, as he proceeded to burst into oratorical flame, the patriarchs left the place, proceeding in a dignified and impressive manner to the cloakrooms and elsewhere, until finally about the only auditors who remained were the official stenographer and a couple of pages who slept peacefully on the steps of the president's rostrum.



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Albert J. Beveridge as He Appears Today

The Onset of Pettus

It was a rebuke all right—stunning. The Solons chuckled over it and peeked through the cloakroom to see how the kid was taking it. He took it well enough. They had to give him that. He went through with his speech with as much fire and elocution as if the Senate Chamber was packed to the doors, or the galleries well to the ceilings, and the hazers began to have dim suspicions that perhaps they hadn't hazed him so much as they expected to. So a few days later they set the venerable Pettus on him, and that aged humorist, stroking his chin whiskers and chewing his tobacco, proceeded to have fun with this forward youngster, to josh him, to jape him; and the senators all crowded in and laughed senatorially and showed great glee over the venerable comedian and his line of venerable comedy.

This was discipline. It was designed to put the young man in his place and keep him there. The newspaper correspondents, myself among the number, wrote facetiously about it, and quoted Pettus at length, and made much fun about it. And Beveridge took it all with a smile and without a whimper. Meantime the speech to which the Senate had not listened had been sent out to the newspapers and printed. And simultaneously with the amusing comments on the speech of Pettus there began to come in amazing comments on the speech of Beveridge.

Won Out on Merit

The senatorial hazers read these and rubbed their silvered polls. The thing was preposterous. Here were the hired minions of the press saying that the hazing of Senator Beveridge was in execrable taste, because he was clearly within his rights in making a speech in the Senate at any time and on any topic that suited him; and because, further, the speech he did make was so much better than any speech any of the hazers had made or possibly could make that it would have been far more to the point if the hazers had stayed to listen and learn something instead of going to all this trouble to make apparent a silly senatorial precedent. They would have been serving their constituents and their country better if they had hearkened instead of hazed, said the papers.

Now, the facts are that during that entire insular clamor there were very few speeches of quality equal to the one Beveridge made, and many poorer. That speech was not only an excellent oratorical effort but it was a closely reasoned argument for the point of view of the senator from Indiana. It was eloquent, logical and forceful. It was delivered capitally, and it was well received throughout the country, even if derided in the Senate. And the further fact is that after that experience the elder statesmen, although they took a long time to reconcile themselves to the malfeasance of Beveridge in being born in 1862 instead of in 1842, did not try hazing tactics again, and ultimately awoke to the full knowledge that there had arrived in their midst a man of considerable mental caliber, legal attainments, broad Americanism, oratorical ability and patriotic motives.

Beveridge stayed in the Senate for twelve years, until 1911, created an important position for himself and held his own among these great senators. He was a pioneer in child-labor legislation, in tariff-commission legislation, in the legislation that admitted Arizona and New Mexico to the Union, and was constantly aligned with the progressive forces, as against the reactionaries, who made up a formidable portion of the group of graybeards that deprecated his arrival among them. His Republicanism was the Republicanism of the man who looks ahead, useful, patriotic and democratic, sees a goal and tries to make it, rather than that of the man who roots himself in his tracks on the platform that what was good enough for father is good enough for me. He was no stand-patter, nor was he a wild-eyed radical. His senatorial activities were sanely progressive and based on a forward-looking vision and comprehension, on ideals of real democracy and on protest of domination by class and special interests.

Beveridge was not in sympathy with the reactionary tendencies of the Taft Administration, from March, 1909, to March, 1913, and had been in sympathy with much of the Roosevelt progressivism. Hence, contrary to his best political interests, but

(Continued on Page 131)

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It will sell ANYTHING
and a Multigraph User Tells How

D. ZIMMERMAN

"The Leader Store"

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

REEDSVILLE, WIS.

May 22,1922

The American Multigraph Sales Co.,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen:

When an employee shows good judgement and tact in handling a customer, or when he makes a good sale, we believe in complimenting him.

When the sales results of the enclosed STORE NEWS were shown me, I felt it my duty to give the Multigraph the credit. Therefore decided to write and tell you about it.

As you will note by the enclosed copy of the "NEWS", we used two small samples of Summer Goods from our Dry Goods Department. This proved a great thing and it has shown us that we can do a great deal more with our Multigraph than we at first realized. We mailed out 1700 copies on the different routes to our country customers.

RESULTS .....We sold 732 yards of the two lots of goods that were sampled. The RUNNIE MEAD BATISTE cost us 27½¢ per yard and sold at 50¢ per yard. The CHAMBRAY ROMPER CLOTH cost 9½¢ and sold at 19¢ per yard. We sold about an equal amount of each.

Now you see we did not cut prices but made good returns -- in fact got our regular price. This could not have been done had we used a regular sales circular.

We find that our STORE NEWS is getting new customers and we are not cutting prices in order to get them either. It brings us in closer touch with our customers as the cost of putting out the NEWS is so small that we can place it in their homes every two weeks.

We believe no store is too small or too large to own a Multigraph and if they will use it as it should be used, they will find it is a SALESMAN that gets the business.

With best of wishes, we beg to remain,

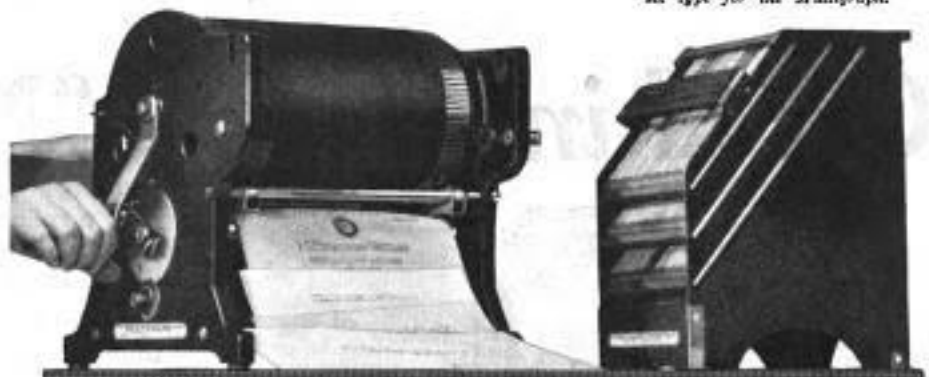
Yours respectfully,
D. ZIMMERMAN STORE

(Signed) H. C. Smith Mgr.



This is the New Multigraph, equipped for turning out typewritten letters, forms, etc.

This is the Multigraph Typesetter, which makes it easy to set type for the Multigraph.



$30.00 Down and Easy Terms

Price $150.00

Prices in Canada:
$41.00 down; total price $205.00
Printing Ink Attachment $50.00

The same good old principle that works for this Multigraph user will work for YOU, no matter what your business, no matter what your selling problem. Because the *fundamentals* are right, and anything else is just a matter of working out the details, as any man of business knows.

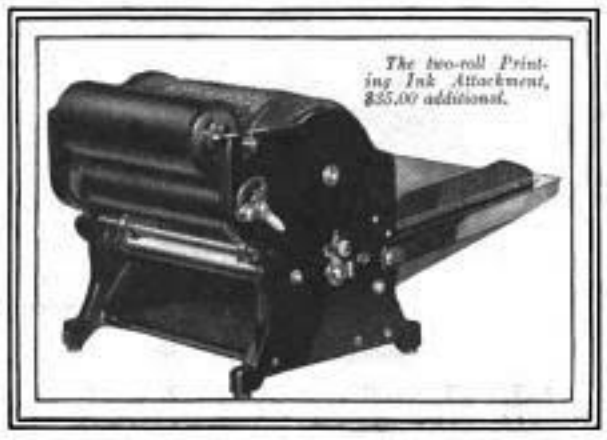
So, whether your business deals in candy, or corsets, or biscuits, or bonds, this story is for you, its moral and its message are for *you* to read and to accept and to do something about. We urge you to use the coupon, that we may show you how, in your *business*, this New Multigraph will "pay for itself faster than you pay for it."

THE NEW $150.00 MULTIGRAPH

The New Multigraph is a real Multigraph, and does a real Multigraph job. It is just as capable and generally useful as our larger power-driven equipments. It not only sells and earns, but it *saves*, because it will do ordinary or confidential printing at much less than printer's prices, and in less time.

For letters and bulletins and sales material of many kinds you need only the simple Multigraph and the Multigraph typesetter, both of which come to you, completely equipped and ready for use, for the price and terms stated above. If you desire to do printing, as well, you need the Printing Ink Attachment, shown at the right, which costs $35.00 additional.

This is the whole story. There are no extras, nor additional devices required. The cost of the whole equipment is so extremely low, and its operating costs are so negligible, that no business need be without it, and *no business can afford to be.* Once more we mention the coupon, which offers a simple and easy method for you to put yourself in the way of information that will mean *real* and *discoverable* profits for you.



The two-roll Printing Ink Attachment, $35.00 additional.

Coupon

The American Multigraph Sales Co.
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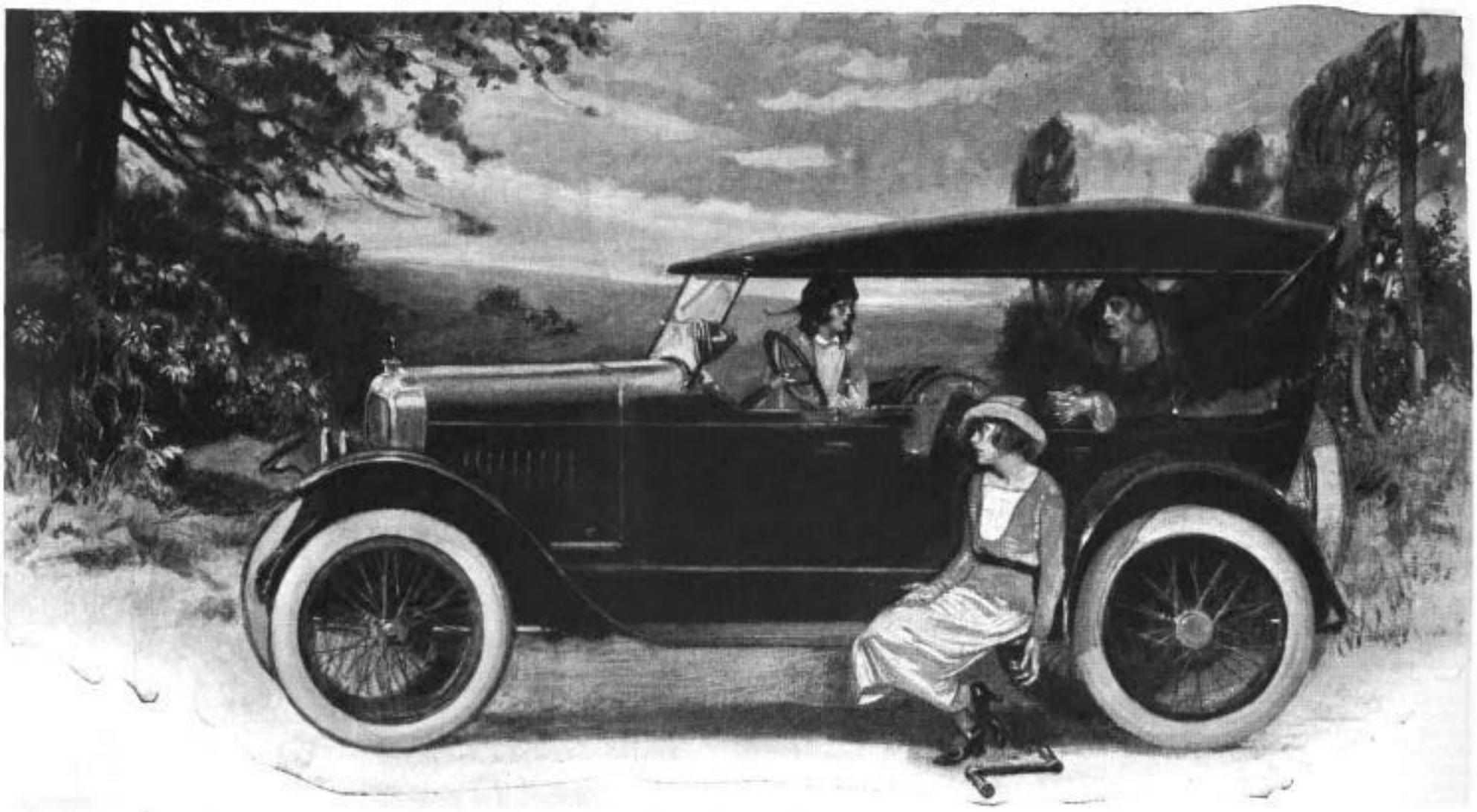
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(Be sure you indicate your business.)

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Cranking a car is "No business for a lady"

—or a man either for that matter. And in tight places—on lonely roads or traffic-jammed streets—safety itself *demands* the never-failing, dependable power of a Philco Battery.

That's why thousands of motorists today are replacing the ordinary batteries that "came with their cars" with long-life, power-packed Philco Batteries.

The Philco Battery is chock-full of pent-up power, fairly itching to crank the stiffest engine; to place a hot, fat spark on the tip of each plug; to project a flood of white light through the lamps; to put the voice of authority in the horn.

Then why worry along with just an ordinary battery? Put a long-life Philco in your car NOW and *avoid* needless trouble and expense. Its first cost will be no more—and you'll be amazed how much less it costs you per month of service.

The Philco Slotted-Retainer Battery, with its famous diamond-grid plates, is guaranteed for two years—both by maker and dealer. But Philco Batteries usually far outlast their guarantees.

Philco Battery Service Stations specialize in long life for batteries. No matter what make of battery is now in your car, a Philco Battery Man will help you keep it going for the longest possible time.

RADIO DEALERS—Philco Drynamic Radio "A" and "B" Batteries let you into the battery business on a package-goods basis, because they are shipped to you *charged but absolutely dry*. To make ready for use, just add conveniently bottled Philco electrolyte. No charging equipment. No acid sloppage. No batteries going bad in stock. Your customers are sure to get fresh, full-powered batteries. Wire or write for details.



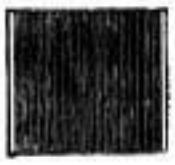
3-Point Superiority



1. The Famous Diamond-Grid—the diagonally braced frame of a Philco plate. Built like a bridge. Can't buckle—can't warp—can't short-circuit. Double latticed to lock active material (power-producing chemical) on the plates. Longer life. Higher efficiency.



2. The Philco Slotted Rubber Retainer—a slotted sheet of hard rubber. Retains the solids on the plates but gives free passage to the current and electrolyte. Prevents plate disintegration. Prolongs battery life 41 per cent.



3. The Quarter-Sawed Hard-Wood Separator—made only from giant trees 1000 years old; quarter-sawed to produce alternating hard and soft grains. Hard grains for perfect insulation of plates. Soft grains for perfect circulation of acid and current—quick delivery of power. Another big reason why Philco is *the* battery for your car.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

of better battery service. Over 5000 stations—all over the United States.

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

The famous Philco Slotted-Retainer Battery is the Standard for electric passenger cars and trucks, mine locomotives and other high-powered, heavy-duty battery service.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

PHILCO

SLOTTED-RETAINER BATTERIES

with the famous shock-resisting Diamond-Grid Plates

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(Continued from Page 128)

in consonance with his convictions, he aligned himself with the Roosevelt movement in 1912. He became a Progressive by political designation. There is no phase of human endeavor where what-might-have-been speculation is as futile as in politics, but it is conceivable that if Beveridge had been political instead of conscientious in 1912, and remained regularly Republican, he would have been President of the United States before now, because his abilities and his position in the party would have made him a most logical candidate for the Republicans in 1916.

However, he went with Roosevelt, and was chairman of the Chicago convention that nominated Roosevelt in 1912. There are many things about that convention that are already forgotten, and more that will be forgotten; but one thing that will be remembered is the speech that Beveridge made when opening that assemblage. That speech was by far the strongest, the most eloquent and the most moving speech of the excited and oratorically surcharged campaign of 1912. It was one of the great convention speeches of our history. It was incomparably the greatest presentation of the Progressive policy.

That speech illustrated the superior qualities of Beveridge, as had numerous senatorial and campaign speeches previously, and as have various speeches since; and those qualities are these: The quality of selection, the quality of correlation, the quality of deduction and the quality of presentation. No man can be a great orator without all these; no man can be a great orator without all these and, in addition, a sense of the dramatic, a personality that can be projected, a conviction that can be impressed and a clearness that is limpid. Now Beveridge has these qualities and attributes, and back of them is a wide and comprehensive understanding of law, of government, of history and of politics. Of course, to say that a man understands government and understands politics is supererogatory, because government is politics in its true sense; but there is a difference between political government and governmental politics. Hence, if a man is a public man he must understand both, to be efficient; and so, too, if he is to be a public speaker.

The twelve years' service of Beveridge in the Senate and his study of national and international affairs, together with his firm grasp not only of the fundamentals of the Constitution but of its applications and relations to the scheme and progress of our Government, gave him the required stimulus and the required foundation for the work he undertook after he left the Senate in 1911. This was the writing of the Life of John Marshall, chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1801 to 1835, during the crucial formative years of our Government. In addition to his other abilities, Beveridge has a writing ability that is of excellent character, and has published several books that have been well received. As he retired from public life he determined to engage in literary work and he selected a most difficult medium, historical biography, for his effort.

Beveridge the Biographer

The writing of an acceptable life of John Marshall was of itself not so great a task as to require exceptional ability. It was work that might easily have been undertaken by any competent historian or biographer with justified expectation of putting forth a work that would take rank with the usual trade goods in such lines. The usual materials were abundantly at hand; the usual sources were prolific. Any hack historian could hammer together a life of the Great Constitutionalist in a few months that would pass muster among the usual series of that sort of thing, and several had.

However, that was not the sort of life of Marshall that Beveridge planned to write. His idea of a life of Marshall was a volume that should not only present the salient features of the life of the man but also interpret the work of the man in its proper historical relation to the formation of our Government and its impress thereupon, and analyze, discuss and correlate that work in its proper perspective as to the constitutional, governmental and national developments since that time. In short, Beveridge knew that his work would be incomplete if it were only biography, and trite if it were mostly historical. His task was to interpret Marshall, the times of Marshall, the issues, politics, governmental theories and practices thereof, and the Marshall view and consideration of the Constitution, the organic law of the land as related to these issues, politics and governmental theories and practices.

He set about the task with an application, a thoroughness, an enthusiasm and a determination that have marked his productive energies. I remember being in his rooms, in Washington, when the work was just beginning, in 1911. The study was crowded, jammed, with books, papers, documents, maps and similar prospects to be mined for information, for leads to be investigated, for references to be examined and for statements to be verified. It looked to me as if there was material enough there for six lives of John Marshall, and I said so.

"Pshaw," said Beveridge, "this isn't one per cent of what I shall have to examine before I can do more than complete my notes!"

He was right. Beveridge spent seven years on that book, traveled many hundreds of miles, discovered many original sources, dug through tons of musty documents, went from end to end in libraries containing material that had to do with the period, consulted leading living authorities, labored incessantly and intensively, checking, rechecking, confirming, comparing, verifying and discovering. He went to every available source. He read all the Marshall decisions. He saturated himself with the contemporary history. He mastered the politics of the period. Then he wrote his book.

A Record of Achievement

The four volumes were completed in seven years. Two were published in 1916 and two in 1919. The four comprise not only the most authoritative life of Marshall, who started the governmental machinery of this country going with his interpretations of the Constitution, but they also are a most authoritative constitutional and legal history of the United States during the first and formative years of its existence—one of the great biographies in the English language. More than that, the book is lucidly written and with great literary skill. To cite one example of many: Beveridge's story of the trial of Aaron Burr, in Volume Three, is a dramatic, finished, eloquent story of that episode that shames the usual stodgy historical writing.

Now, to do a work like this that will successfully pass the scrutiny of historians, lawyers, constitutionalists and students of government and politics as this has, means not only that the man who did it is a capable workman but that he has a power of interpretation, of selection, of analysis and of understanding such complicated times and questions that is based both on a sure knowledge of the law and a sure knowledge of his country and his government.

This Beveridge has, and this makes him notable among the public men of this country; but this alone does not make him exceptional. When you add to this a tireless application, a temperament that demands success, an amazing sense of explication, an ability to interpret causes in the terms of effects and to visualize future contingencies, an abiding sense of responsibility and an energy and vitality that permit the full and constant exercise of these attributes through the medium of a remarkable intelligence, you have the exceptional.

The man has not escaped criticism, and the most frequent of those criticisms is animadversion of his egoism. The world is full of egotists, chockablock; but the difficulty about most of them—nearly all of them—is that their egoisms are based on nothing more substantial than conceit of self. There is another way to look at this tendency of mankind, and that is this: These United States of ours are the products and results of egoism, of individualism, of self-belief. The men who built this country did their work from the primary instinct and conviction that they themselves could do what they eventually did do, and there was not one of them who was not justifiably proud of his achievement and justifiably vocal about it, whatever the line he may have taken. It is the same with the men who are doing the building now.

The conversational egotist, whose self-exaltation is based on claim rather than on performance, is a silly creature; but the egoism that has for its foundation a record of real achievement is entirely another matter. It is primarily the spur that drives to the success necessary for it to feed upon, and it is secondarily the personal pride in that success. No man ever did a great constructive, productive, utilitarian thing, or a real artistic thing, without a great egoism behind it. The modest, shrinking violet is a poetic symbol, but not a prose trope, because life is not poetry, and is hard, rough, angular prose. Why shouldn't a man who has achieved take pride in his achievement, or who feels he can achieve assert his feeling and believe in himself and what he can do as well as what he has done?

Take Beveridge and run over the salient points of his career: He was born on a poverty-stricken farm and began hard slogging labor before he was twelve years old. He plowed and harrowed when he was twelve, swung a pick and used a shovel on railroad-construction work when he was fourteen and did a man's part as a laborer and teamster in a logging camp, where men work like oxen, when he was fifteen. He worked his way through high school and college, studied law in Indianapolis, soon took a leading part in his profession, and went to the United States Senate when he was thirty-seven. He served ably in the Senate for twelve years, retired, wrote a great book between his forty-ninth and his fifty-sixth year, and then went out in a grueling campaign in Indiana and won a nomination for the Senate from the people and against the opposition of a powerful state political machine that had the support of the national political organization and the support of President Harding himself. Meantime, beginning as a youth, he developed himself into one of the great orators of the country.

If that isn't a record of achievement, will someone step forward and cite one?

His latest campaign illustrates the man. It was carefully planned and as carefully carried out. It was no slap-dash, rally-boys-rally affair, although there was no lack of enthusiasm; but a complete and detailed canvass of the state, section by section, county by county and community by community. Beveridge applied himself to the job of getting the nomination, and worked with unremitting application, with unflagging zeal, with ceaseless effort until he got it. He worked at it just as he worked at being senator in his earlier days, and as he worked at his book, with no detail too small for his attention and no problem too large for his endeavors.

An Impressive Figure

Now, at sixty, in the full maturity of his powers; his earlier impetuosity mellowed by experience into a calm and consistent effort; his unremitting study of the theory and practice of our Government ripened into a developed basis for a progressive but also a practical democracy; his convictions on economic, political and sociological questions, as illustrated by his speeches and writings during the harassing period through which we are now passing, sane, workable and in line with the best traditions of Americanism; his courage proved by his advocacy of policies opposed to the dangerous rule by organized minorities that now prevails, he is a candidate for election again to the Senate.

The Beveridge who went into the Senate in 1899, aged thirty-seven, was, of course, the raw material for the Beveridge of today, and it may be the rawness was somewhat pronounced; but that service of twelve years, which began in a Senate of great senators and won to an appreciable position among them, has been molded into the Beveridge of 1922, not only by these contacts and experiences and the developments entailed but by the study and grasp of the theories, practices, fundamentals, history, law, constitutionalism and formative processes during the laborious years that produced his life of John Marshall.

The present-day Beveridge knows explicitly the underlying principles of the Government of the United States, our organic law and its interpretations, which means the underlying and essential principles of our democracy, and has brought that fundamental knowledge down to a present-day understanding and application in sane, practical, useful measure, both politically and economically; and what is more, has a power of statement that is equaled by few of his contemporaries.

Albert J. Beveridge is an impressive and important figure in American public life.

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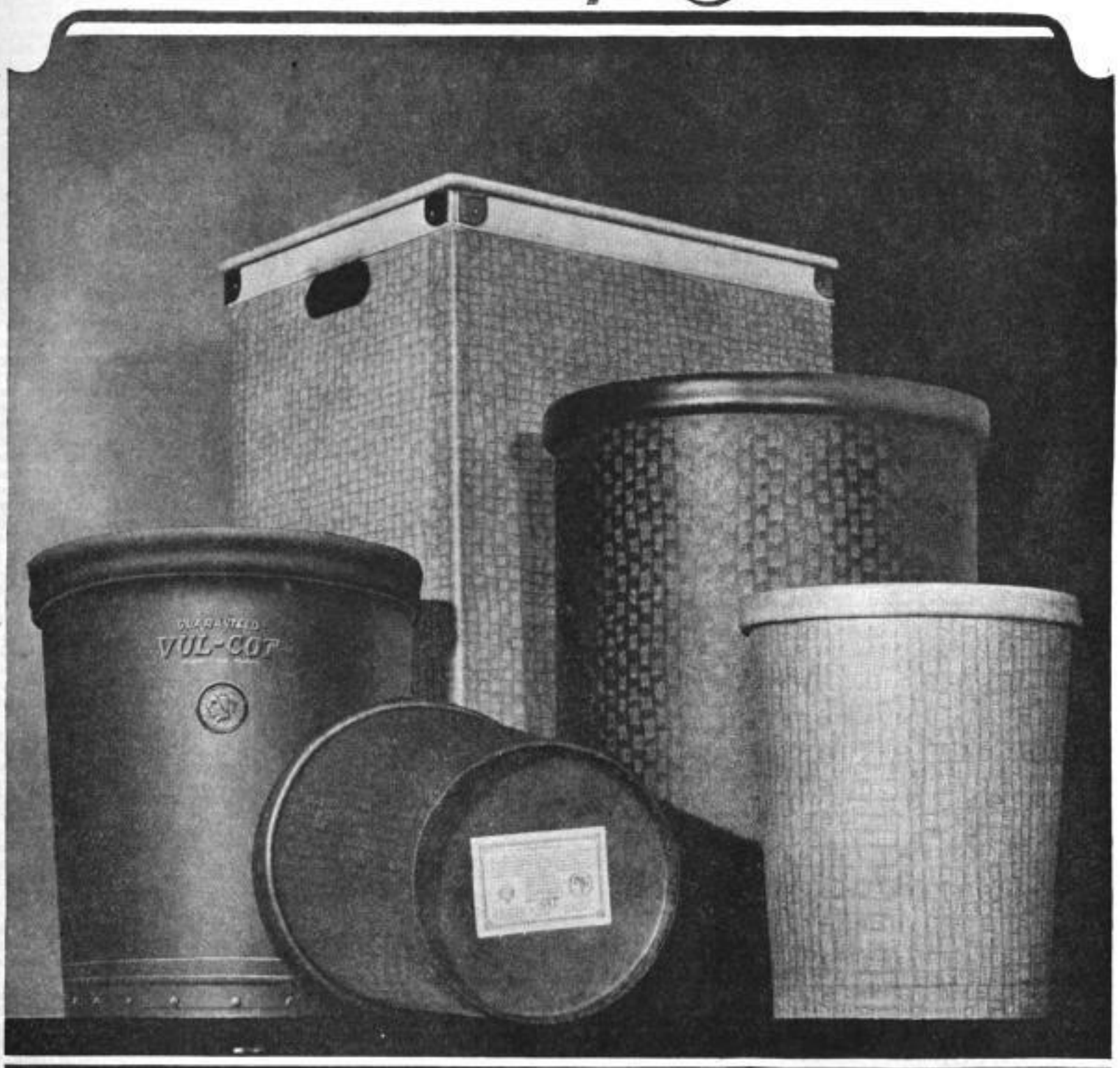


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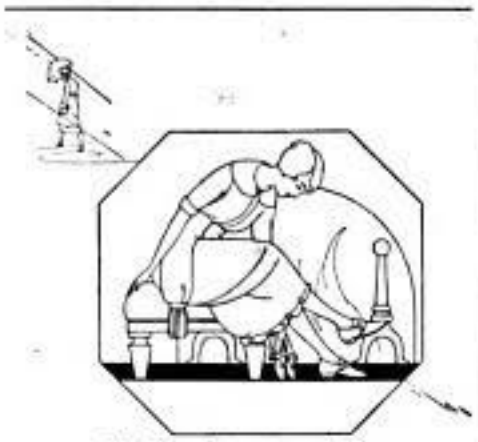
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EUROPE'S BRASS EL DORADO

(Continued from Page 21)

withdrawn. Of all the rich optimism of late 1919, when Lenine promised first the reëstablishment of a commercially normal Russia, nothing now remains except dwindling orders for locomotives and food, and big bills for preparations run up in the faith that the Russian El Dorado was genuine, attainable gold.

Europe's leading commercial powers are escaping their fair share in this big bill. It is the little countries which had the bad good-fortune of lying along the trade routes to Northeastern Europe that are now paying up. The bill dates from 1919, when the dreadful plague of transititis gripped the geographically favored states. The transit mania was plausible enough. War and blockade had left Russia, and indeed most of Europe, hungry for goods. Everywhere east of Switzerland, Europe was breadless, cottonless, copperless; railroads were worn out; industrial plants were in ruin; the normal reserve of commodities—food, clothing, furniture, luxuries—had shrunk to nothing. Only a prolonged trade boom could repair the devastation. Europe's cleverest economists were cocksure. Gustav Cassell, the Swede, whom expert conferences hear with awed respect, proclaimed the age of boom. For a generation, said Cassell, Europe would compete to buy, and shrink from selling. On the experts' assurance that transit would be trumps the favored cities—Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Helsingfors and Reval—rushed their preparations. America, the experts admitted, would supply most of the goods and reap the biggest profits; but Americans, Copenhagen and Helsingfors learned from textbooks, are mere children in Europe; and only smart Danes, Swedes and Finns could show them how to sell. Denmark's transititis temperature was 1000. Copenhagen, said a member of ex-Premier Zahle's cabinet, will play towards resurgent Russia the rôle that medieval Venice played towards the gorgeous East. In twenty years it might double its population. Needed only were quays, free ports, warehouses and an adequate distributing mechanism; lavish America and all-absorbing Russia, Germany and Austria would automatically do the rest.

Free-Port Activities

Free ports are an Italian eighteenth-century invention; but in Hamburg Germany has today the greatest free port in the world. In Scandinavia's new free ports transatlantic goods would be discharged duty free, stored, sorted, reshipped, and sent in smaller vessels to Russia. Intervening Scandinavia would wax rich on the pickings. Copenhagen since 1894 had a capacious free port, but that proved inadequate. The Free Port Corporation, which holds a lease from the municipality, voted 47,000,000 crowns for extensions; eighty acres of piers, docks and warehouses were expanded to 145 acres; new loading plant, warehouses and elevators were set up; and, lest this prove insufficient, a new port was planned for Amager Island, to the south. Other Northern European states were jealous. Swedes and Finns proved incontestably that their ports were better situated, that their business men were the real Russia experts. An American delegation visited all countries, and pronounced for Copenhagen; and Minister of Commerce Hagen promised to spend a million crowns on a school of Russian economics.

When Copenhagen had dulled her prospects by a three months' port strike, which brought a warning from Herbert Hoover, Sweden cut ambitiously in. She built three free ports at Stockholm, Gothenburg and Malmö; and she linked her railroads with Finland's so that Russian goods might pour out to Narvik, on the Atlantic. She planned to establish train-ferry communications all the way from London to Russia; from Hull or Immingham in Eastern England would run 13,000-ton train steamers; English and American goods would cross the Scandinavian Peninsula without reloading; and giant ferryboats from Stockholm would reach Abo, in Western Finland, or Baltic Port, in Esthonia, each a mere night's rail from Petrograd.

Sweden made Denmark tremble. Norway and Finland made Sweden tremble. Even ill-situated Norway planned to share the unmanageably capacious trade. She designed a free port at Christiania; and from a second free port at Laurvig, to the south, would run train ferries to Jutland. Finland's plans were even vaster. Were only our railroads in order, said her Trade Minister Pohjanpalo, America's trade with Russia would go by them; and he calculated that 300 cars taking 3000 tons of American goods per day would do for a time. Pohjanpalo's successor, Vennola, till lately prime minister, went further. He planned free ports at Abo, the old Finnish capital, on the Gulf of Bothnia, at Hangö, a butter-export center in the extreme southwest which is always ice-free, at Helsingfors, the present capital, and at Viborg, far up the Gulf of Finland and only four hours from Petrograd. On railroad extensions Finland resolved to spend 70,000,000 marks; to double-track the road to Petrograd and to build a new road to Kem, on the White Sea, whence goods would go up the Obi and Yenisei rivers into Siberia's heart. Latvia planned a free port at Libau, and Esthonia at Reval. So, for a mere twenty million dollars, Northeastern Europe would have twelve free ports, the cost of which, plain arithmetic demonstrated, would be covered by profits from trade in a couple of years.

A Chapter of Disappointments

This was a small price for El Dorado. But the bill had other entries. Money was spent in improving the technic of transit; more was spent in founding private transit firms; and vast sums went in buying goods for reëxport to the east. Prices were rising, were bound to rise indefinitely, and forethoughtful merchants bought all the goods they could. Nobody foresaw that Copenhagen wits would soon be asking, "What is an ice-free free port?" and answering, "A port which is at all seasons free from ice and trade." Nobody, that is, had troubled to find out how the ware-hungry countries would pay. Goods imported by Copenhagen for transit lay derelict for months; before they could be got rid of the great price slump of 1920–21 set in, and the goods were sold for two-thirds of their cost. Already in 1920 Denmark owed 480,000,000 crowns for transit goods. Scandinavia was thrown into a crisis. During the war the three kingdoms prospered. They imported little, lived hard, forced their sales to the fighters, had active trade balances and high exchanges, and in five years transformed themselves from debtor into creditor lands. Denmark achieved the miracle in three years. Her net debt abroad in 1913 was 877,000,000 crowns; before the end of 1916 she had net credits abroad of 100,000,000 crowns. To impoverished belligerent Europe, "neutral" meant solvent, prosperous, and immune from all the economic burdens of war.

That stage ended long before the present disbelief in the Restoration boom. The mere delay in the boom was enough. Sweden, Denmark and Norway all three parted with their war wealth. Within one year of the armistice trade balances were passive and exchanges were depressed. Having banked mainly on shipping—Bergen merchants actually founded a special steamship line for trade with Russia—Norway suffered most. In 1919 Norway had a passive trade balance of 1,801,000,000 crowns. Denmark's was 1,597,000,000 crowns, and Sweden's 714,000,000 crowns. Before the armistice, Norway's crown, which is worth on parity 26.8 cents, sold for 31 cents; in 1921 it fell to 12 cents. The trade deficits were covered by sacrificing securities, by foreign loans and by selling currency. Denmark, which was a creditor country by the middle of the war, was a debtor country again, to the tune of 825,000,000 crowns at the close of last year. Of her losses, according to a Copenhagen banker's report, between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000 resulted from precipitate plans to exploit the nonappearing Russian recovery boom.

Small Esthonia's ups and downs as transit great power resembled Denmark's—with more comedy and less tragedy, for Esthonia if she ended her experiment without a dollar began it without a cent. Esthonia is model boy among the statelet triplets born of Russia's revolution pains. Latvia and Lithuania are nowhere. Esthonia has the best government, the best finances, and a whole million of hard-headed Finno-Ugrians, who will some day rival the real Finns north of the Gulf of Finland in political wisdom, in respect for professors, statistics and soap. Esthonia proved rather too hard-headed. When no virtuous man would look at bad Russia she turned her back on civilization and made peace with Lenine. She earned opprobrium, but she also earned cash. What small transit trade there was passed immediately into her hand. Her capital, Reval, boomed. Transit firms camped there and brought along fat Scandinavian crowns; goods for Petrograd poured over her railroads; Swedish and German locomotives went the same way; and the bill for laying down new tracks was sent to bounteous Moscow. Her own trade with Russia was profitable. For her size, Esthonia is easily the world's first spirits power; in fact she has 297 distilleries; and as Soviet Russia is a prohibitionist state, naturally Esthonia's liquors poured due east. Demijohns of sulphurous vodka went to speculative prohibitionists in Petrograd Province, and back in exchange came not base *Sovietskiye roubli*, but yellow gold, icons set with gems, frameless pictures from the walls of the Hermitage Gallery, and rings snatched from bourgeois fingers. Sometimes by error the fingers came along with the rings. But the main trade was lawful. Of 55,000,000 poods of goods bought by Russia in 1921, 21,000,000 poods came via Reval.

Esthonia flourished, and her mark today stands higher than Germany's. Optimistic Moscow promised to finance a new transit railroad, but last spring, while Est negotiators were actually on the way to Moscow, the great transit trade ceased. At first Esthonia suspected that goods were going by Petrograd. Inquiry proved that Petrograd was taking little except unpaid-for famine-relief food. When the engineers arrived at Moscow they learned that Russia's cash had given out, and that as there were no exports imports could not be paid for. Thereon the transit boom shrank into nothingness; the Scandinavians went sadly home with what was left of their solid crowns; and the idyl of cash, rolling stock, vodka, icons, stolen rings and misdirected fingers came to a grim end.

The German-Esthonian Idyl

But simultaneously came to an end an equally touching German-Esthonian idyl. In politics Reval is anti-German, for Ests, to a man, are fiercely nationalistic; and they expropriated without paying one cent of compensation their native landowning barons of German blood. But new commercial Germans from Berlin and Düsseldorf made themselves pleasant. They warned Esthonia justly that though she might boast of her transit monopoly, trade is necessary for transit. If nobody sold to Russia there could be no transit, and in the end only Germans would sell. Forty per cent of Russia's purchases via Esthonia came from Germany; and of Russia's imports in 1913 of 1,373,000,000 rubles, 642,800,000 rubles' worth was German. Again putting business before politics, the Ests proved willing; and months of brotherhood followed. Agents of the Deutsche Bank, led by an active Herr Jacobi, gave pleasant tipsy dinners to Esthonian merchants, and negotiated business. German transit firms were founded; the Esthonian Trade and Industrial Bank came under German control; and Germans bought up stock in the Harju Bank, whose chief was the anti-German Premier Paets. German plant for Reval Free Port was offered on credit. But just when really big business was brewing, Russian buying dropped off; and the big Germans returned to Berlin with the tale that Esthonia was intriguing with England.

After this any nation less inhumanly persistent, less indefatigably undiscourageable than Germany would have gone slow. But though all experts, including Germany's own, declared that big business with Russia was an impossibility, Germans proceeded to get ready for impossibilities; and when the magic wand which—as faithful Europe believes—governs Russia's destinies gets to work restoringly, Germany will scoop hopelessly her rivals. She has got, all competently organized and fully equipped, on paper:

A German-Russian transport corporation, formed by contract between the

(Continued on Page 136)

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(Continued from Page 134)

Soviets and the Hamburg-American Line. This gives a practical monopoly in trade with Petrograd by sea;

An eastern syndicate for trade with Russia, run by Herr Mueller, of the Central Board of German Railroads. The member concerns are thirty-nine, all first-class. Headquarters is Breslau;

A joint combine by Krupps, Stinnes—including the Siemens electrical interest—and the late Rathenau's General Electricity Company, commissioned to restore Russia through a corporation in which the three German groups and the Soviet Government will each hold one-fourth of the stock. Impatient Stinnes, says report, intends to withdraw, diverting his energies to Jugo-Slavia, where he lately formed a Siemens Corporation;

A general Russo-German import and export company, with seat at Moscow, sanctioned by the Soviet Supreme Council of industry;

A syndicate, backed by the Deutsche Bank, for restoration of Petrograd's buildings and municipal works;

A bank for Eastern European trade;

The Northern Bank for Trade and Industry, started by the Darmstadter Bank and a Russian group in Berlin;

An agreement with Ukrainia to lend 100,000,000 marks in exchange for concessions;

A Russo-German company for economic initiative in Soviet Central Asia;

A lease of coast land in the Crimea;

A monopoly to export Russian scrap iron. Russia is a wilderness of rusty metal; and Germany, having gone over wholesale to the Siemens-Martin process, badly needs scrap;

An economic institute—at Königsberg, East Prussia—for Russia and the frontier states.

Besides these there are scores of minor concerns, all competent to do vast business and to reap unimaginable wealth. Probably 2,000,000,000 marks are invested. But most of the undertakings so far consist of the mere paper which a Russian proverb says tolerates everything—"*Bumaga tierpit stpo!*" The plans are paper because the Russian plans on which they are based are paper. On paper Russia is again an object of trade, industry and personal enrichment. On paper all necessary facilities for normal economical operations exist. Their restoration began with the abolition of shop control by workmen's committees and the substitution of a centralized nationalization which was pure capitalism, though at first state capitalism. In March, 1921, freedom of home trade was restored. After it was discovered that trade could not be free if the mechanism of trade was lacking capitalistic forms were reëstablished headlong. In outward form Soviet Russia's economical system today does not differ radically from that of any other European state. Russia, true, is still ruled by Bolsheviks, but the persistence of Bolshevik rule has been made possible only by the unqualified abandonment of Bolshevism.

Capitalism Embraced by Bolshevists

Banking in Russia is again lawful. State banking has been in force since the fall of last year; the restoration of private banking is being planned by a commission; banking deposits to unlimited amount are again inviolate. The new bills-of-exchanges law is a copy of the old law of 1906. The stock exchange, which had flourished illicitly since 1920, has been reopened. Fifteen produce exchanges are working. Industrial property is recognized in a veiled form; long leases of mills and workshops are given without consideration to the former owners.

Trusts are everywhere. Russia first became a trust country under the late Sergius Witte; and before the war her Produgol Coal Trust was, after the Rhenish-Westphalian Syndicate, Europe's biggest combine. Today the biggest of nineteen trusts, embracing 989 concerns, is the Jugostahl, wherein are fused the three chief coal and iron concerns on the Donetz.

Up to a limited sum the right of inheritance has been restored. A law of May, 1922, legalized private land ownership. Whereas land seized by the peasants in 1917 was until lately, in law and strict theory, national property, the new law gives the peasant a right to hold his farm in perpetuity, even if the farm is bigger than the average. This revives Premier Stolypin's law of 1906, which, by facilitating the partition among the peasants of communally owned land, favored the development of a conservative rural class. Private ownership of city houses is permitted if only the owner will pay for repairs. Foreigners may found corporations in partnership with the soviet state; and when Moscow discovered that a maximum 49 per cent of foreign-owned stock in a corporation did not attract capital they raised the maximum to 75 per cent. Even the soviet state's continued foreign-trade monopoly is broken by the right given to trusts to import and export directly. Russia with these laws is again a capitalistic country in which business can be carried on quite as efficiently—in theory—as in countries which have not passed through the communist fire.

Russia's Reversion

But business is not carried on. Less home business is done today than two years ago, when communism still stood erect. The reason is that the substance of business does not exist. The new laws are merely the frame. Land, mines, factories, shares are the substance. Anyone who finds them can operate them, but no one can find them. Russia has no money, no raw materials, no fuel, no workable machines, no dependable transport, no habitable houses, no qualified labor, no farms worth the name. She has no buying power. In the spring of this year this final stage of inanition was signalized by a decree ordering reduction of industrial output. In the first soviet years the misfortune was underproduction. But as every citizen wanted solid goods in exchange for his dwindling rubles all the little that was produced was easily sold.

Of late, paper incomes and the enormous accumulations of paper capital have failed to keep pace with paper prices; and the Russian cannot buy what there is to buy. Between late 1917 and the summer of this year soviet note circulation rose 10,000-fold, but prices in the same time rose 390,000-fold. Measured by average Russian earnings, prices have therefore risen fortyfold. Already in April industrial production was only 65 per cent of the production in February; but sales of home goods had fallen to 19½ per cent of the February sales. This brought the order to reduce production. People who cannot buy home goods naturally cannot buy foreign goods. At the present official exchange of 2,500,000 rubles to the dollar, foreign goods cost more than 1,000,000 times as much as they cost in 1914.

This is no mere exchange vagary, to be cured by currency reform. It expresses the fact that Russia has lost the first condition of trade, the ability to exchange something of value for something else of value; or in other words, that Russia has reverted to a permanently deteriorated standard of life.

Germans lately tried to establish banks in Russia. They found that just as there is no substance in trade, there is no substance in banking. Banks deal with money; Soviet Russian banking deals with figures. By decree of October 12, 1921, was reopened the State Bank, at first with capital of 2,000,000,000,000 rubles, since increased to 5,750,000,000,000. The State Bank's function was not to issue notes—another institution's 90,000 printers see to that—but to foster industry and trade. It set actively to work to reintroduce the bill of exchange. But no sane Russian will touch a bill. Though the legal interest rate is 6 per cent a month, which means that at simple interest 1000 rubles becomes 1720 rubles in a year, the doubling of prices every two months means that 1720 rubles a year hence will buy only as much as thirty rubles today. The Russian who lends money at the usurer's 72 per cent loses in a year 97 per cent of his real capital. The State Bank's 18,629,292,000,000 rubles' assets in the last monthly report contain only 16,000,000,000, or at present exchange $6000—in bills. The rest of the 18,629,292,000,000 assets are figures—doles to half-dead nationalized manufactures, loans to the state, and other claims which have nothing to do with real production or commerce, and which have less than no chance of being ever repaid.

The Soviet magnate Rykoff, long president of the Supreme Council of Industry, and Lenine's likeliest successor, himself lately declared that Europe in regard to Russia suffers from a double delusion. The minor half of the delusion is that Russian

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trade, finances and concessions can mean anything important for ages to come. The major and fundamental half is the easy belief that even a full restoration of Russia would make a vast difference to the world. Of late some of Europe's sharper critics of popular crazes have waked up to the latter fact. Italy's former premier, Signor Nitti, has replied on this issue to optimists of the Lloyd George school. Russia, said Nitti, was not at her best a first-class commercial power whose trade was vital to the world. Her prewar trade was smaller than the trade of some minor statelets with a hundredth of her area. The Belgian economist Pierre Forthomme discovered that Russian exports and imports were even smaller than those of his own small country. In 1913, Belgium's turnover both ways was 9,000,000,000 francs, Russia's was 7,000,000,000. Sweden was Russia's near neighbor, and she specialized in the mechanical manufactures which Russia most needed. But less than 4 per cent of her exports, says the Stockholm economist and editor, Helmer Key, went to Russia. True, Russia fed part of Europe; but postwar experience shows that Europe can be fed from other sources; and Europe would be well content if only Russia could feed herself. With that, the major delusion is disposed of; and only the minor delusion that Russian trade is really beginning to recover remains.

A Post-Mortem on Russian Trade

All manufacturing countries today have a surplus of goods, or a margin of possible production over the maximum home consumption, which would enable them to supply Russia with the manufactured wares she wants. The one check to trade is therefore Russia's inability to pay. She can pay only with exports or with gold, gold export being a temporary makeshift. At home—not at Genoa or The Hague—soviet statisticians are quite frank about exports. The table here given, which comes from the official Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn of March seventh, is compiled in poods—a pood is thirty-six pounds—because paper-ruble values have ceased to mean anything. It shows that in the year preceding the restoration of capitalism and the full reopening of international relations Russia exported less than one two-thousandth of her moderately big prewar exports:

	FOOD	RAW MATERIALS	FINISHED GOODS	ALL
1913	709,815,000	754,612,000	7,626,000	1,472,053,000
1914	419,641,000	393,768,000	5,963,000	819,172,000
1918	314,000	1,279,000	234,000	1,827,000
1920	262,427	412,113	450	674,990

In 1921, with foreign relations reëstablished, exports rose to 12,963,048 poods. That was still less than 1 per cent of prewar exports, but even it has not been maintained in the present year, and analysis of its composition shows that it promises nothing. At rate of export of 1921, exports in the first quarter of 1922 should have been 3,240,000 poods; in fact, they were only 1,696,000 poods, and of this only 600,000 poods were exported in the second and third months. Whereas in 1913 half the exports were food, while practically no imports except colonial wares were food, in 1921 only one twenty-fifth of exports—or 583,000 poods—were food. Of the remainder 10,000,000 poods were timber. But Russia in 1921 imported 20,000,000 poods of food, or nearly forty times her food exports.

Timber excepted, therefore, Russia has lost entirely the prewar basis of exchange—that is, the food and raw materials formerly sent abroad to pay for manufactured wares. The prewar raw-materials exports were largely products of farming; and the causes that make Russia unable to feed herself, much less export food, are the causes why export of raw materials is out of the question. By export of goods Russia cannot for all measurable time pay for imports. Export of gold, the means by which the present passive trade balances are corrected, is coming to an end. Of 1,604,000,000 rubles gold possessed in July, 1914, only 117,300,000 rubles were left on April 30, 1922. Home mining of gold has practically ceased. In 1913 were mined 133,704 pounds; 14,364 pounds in 1919; 3924 pounds in 1920; 3024 pounds in 1921. The great church and monastery expropriation has so far yielded only 756 pounds. When the maximum estimated 120,000,000 gold available for export comes to an end, and if no foreign credits are given, Russia's imports will be limited to the values of her exports; and as these small exports are becoming smaller, imports will soon be practically nil.

Russia's theoretical reopening has so far not yielded Europe one cent of profit. Individual sellers have made money, but the whole account with foreign countries shows a heavy loss. The value of Russia's foreign purchases in 1920 and 1921 was 259,557,000 gold rubles, or $130,000,000, of which perhaps $25,000,000 was profit. Against that stands $80,000,000 sunk by Europe in capital preparations—free ports, railroads and other measures—for the boom that never came. The blunder, Europe now dimly realizes, was in forgetting that trade requires mutual production, and that Russia had ceased to produce. Those few men who are making money out of Russia today are men who realized this plain truth of political economy, and who therefore set themselves to restoring Russia's productive powers on the spot.

Most foreigners who went to Russia—including 3000 expert German workmen—have come back disappointed. But some foreigners have overcome difficulties from which the toughest Russians fled; and these are the first millionaires of Russia's new capitalism. One is the Finn, Kallio, who learned his business as textiles expert in New England.

Another is a German, Caspari, who learned his business under August Thyssen of Mülheim. Kallio returned from America a communist, fled to Moscow after the failure of the Finno-Russian Red Revolt of 1918, was welcomed by Trotzky, and for a time proved even redder in Moscow than in Helsingfors.

When Lenine restored capitalism Kallio dutifully became a capitalist. Having first run Moscow's cotton mills with—relative—success by scrapping bad plant and concentrating all good plant in a couple of well-arranged buildings, Kallio obtained leases of mills for himself. When Bucharine, editor of the Pravda, the twentieth century's "sea-green incorruptible Robespierre," assailed him as a grabbing monopolist Kallio retorted with proof that he had sextupled production in a dozen weeks. Kallio is no paper millionaire or billionaire. His paper-ruble profits go immediately into solid goods, mills, machines and transport; when no more textiles mills could be had he dealt in cellulose and paper; when peasants could not buy his costly goods with cash he opened barter centers; brought food to the cities, and sold it for jewelry and houses. Kallio's ruble bank balance would probably not realize fifty dollars; but at prewar value his mills, land and concessions would fetch $100,000,000.

The Unattractive Reality

Caspari, the German, went much the same way. He began by making nails with his own hands, slept on rags, got fat on rye bread eked out with straw; and today for his own account turns out rolling stock, steam plows and electric motors. The Gomsa Trust, which fuses all metal and engineering works in the Moscow Industrial District, is largely his creation. Offered a lease of southern metal works, with right to 20 per cent of the profits, Caspari demanded 50 per cent. Certain that there would be no profits for years to come, the Supreme Council agreed. Within three months profits were being made. Caspari owns Ural mines, and tracts of timberland in the northern province, Vologda. The abler Moscow bosses support him. Grim experience has taught them that manufacturing bureaucrats will never make Russia a self-supporting state.

Russia will be made self-supporting, if ever, by men of the Kallio and Caspari type. She will not be restored by easy optimists' plans for exploitation of a ready-made El Dorado. Russia is today merely an extended Kirghiz Steppe, a naturally fertile desert stripped bare of all past accumulations of wealth, but with potentialities of illimitable wealth for pioneers who can with their own hands turn potentialities into facts. Tough creators of the type that made the American Middle West out of redskin prairies must first work for a generation. Then the day of the telephoning financier and the armchair international merchant will come. Europe is beginning to wake up to this unattractive reality, but she is not yet fully awake; and meantime the vast brass El Dorado glitters on the horizon, causing disappointment and loss.



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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

his mouth open wide, and a big long-tailed lizard was on his breast catching flies off his chin. Just for a joke I thought I would scare Slim a little, so I threw open the flaps and let out a war whoop. I don't know yet whether I scared Slim or the lizard the worst. The first and nearest hiding place the lizard saw was right in front of him—and he hid. If you've ever seen a real live Arizona lizard hot foot it down the road in front of one of the latest flivvers, you can guess about how long it took this one to disappear. Chuckawalla woke up and moved faster than I could ever get him to before, but all he got was about two inches of the tail. When he spit that out and couldn't see anything else but me standing there in the door laughing my head off he got mad and blamed me for it all without even knowing much about what had happened except that there was something wrong inside that was tickling me and him too. Chuckawalla has the reputation of being about the quickest and straightest shot in Arizona—but there is nothing at all slow about me when I make up my mind to go somewhere and I was out of range by the time he had emptied his 30-30 at me twice—and he missed me both times, being nervous in his stomach. I have been hiding out ever since, lying around in the greasewood nights and watching all the trails daytimes because Slim has been threatening to kill me on sight or make me eat a live raw rattlesnake. I want someone to tell Chuckawalla that I didn't do it a-purpose and if that fool lizard had had any sense he wouldn't have committed suicide that way anyway. Maybe he ain't dead, Slim, and if he was any particular pet of yours I've got a bottle of medicine and maybe you can save him yet if you hurry up and call an armistice.

Omar Khayyam said that he could dine on a loaf of bread and a jug of wine with Her beside him and feel content in the wilderness—but he only meant that he liked the Desert and his old tin lizzie and the crooked roads that make you dizzy—that start any place and lead nowhere and just keep a-going and never care. He liked the mesquite and the greasewood smell and the long hot days that feel like hell; the red sunsets and the cool moonlight and the soft sweet air of the Desert Night—for Omar Khayyam was a wonderful man, who lived his life on an easy plan, with his girls and his wine and a big silk tent —— My, Oh My! What a Life He Spent! The Desert is here like it always was—but you can't Khayyam any more becuz—in these dry days when even Home-Brew is on the list of the things taboo, old Omar Khayyam and his Jug of Juice would soon get locked in the calaboose.

Salome has the purest water and the clearest air in the whole world—including Texas. Don't mix Salome with Yuma, where the bad soldier lived, and when he died—well, he sent for his blankets and overcoat.

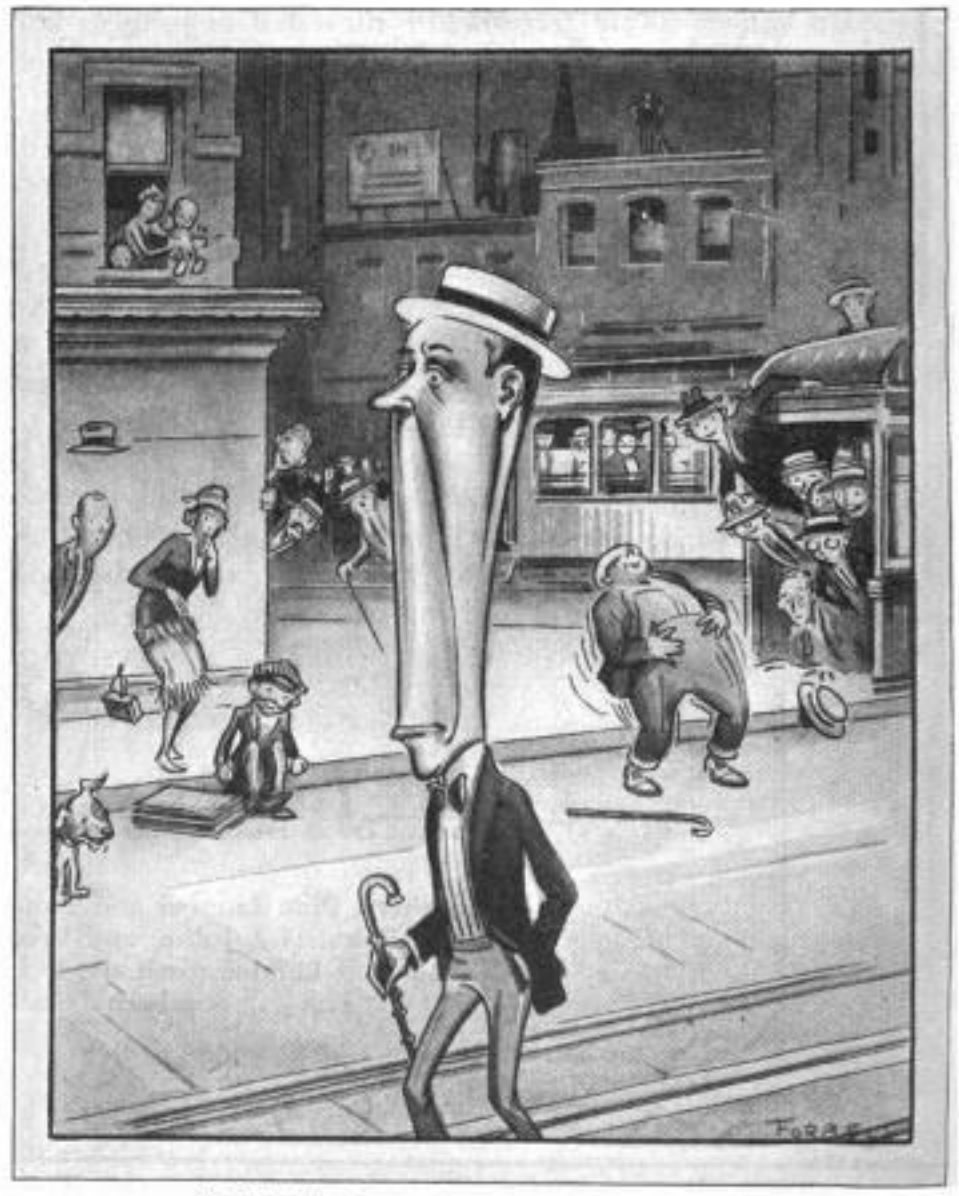
Yes, it was through the streets of Yuma that the coyote chased the jack rabbit—and they were both walking—and it wasn't more than three figures in the shade at midnight either. Just warm.

Tourists stopping at the Salome Service Station always get their TANKS full of gas; at some of these sagebrush and side-track stations they get their EAR full.

Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Garage Owner

Fair and Warmer

O FAIR and Dear,
O Dear and Fair,
Would thou wert here,
Or I were there!
O Dear, repair,
I pray, to here.
I can't go there,
The fare's so dear.
I must adhere,
Oh, curst affair!
If thou weren't dear
I wouldn't care.
Still thou art there
And I am here.
It isn't fair,
O Dear, O Dear! —*B. J.*



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"We have heard only words of enthusiastic praise from every tenant. We have seen the way prospective tenants have been interested in the completeness and convenience of the HOOSIER kitchens and what a great advantage they give over the very best built-in cupboards and cabinet work of the carpenter.

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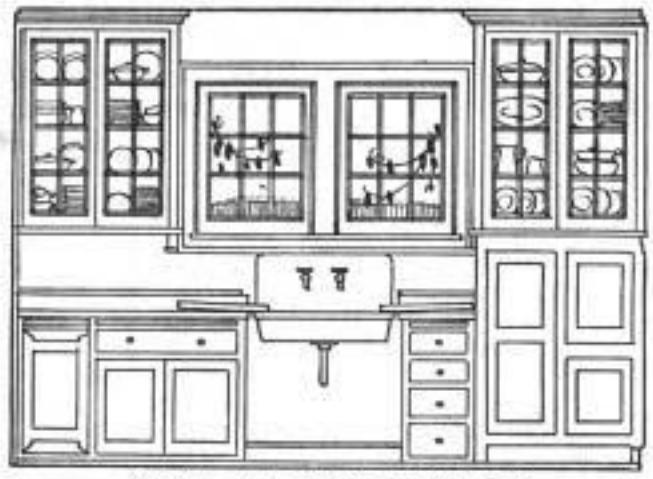
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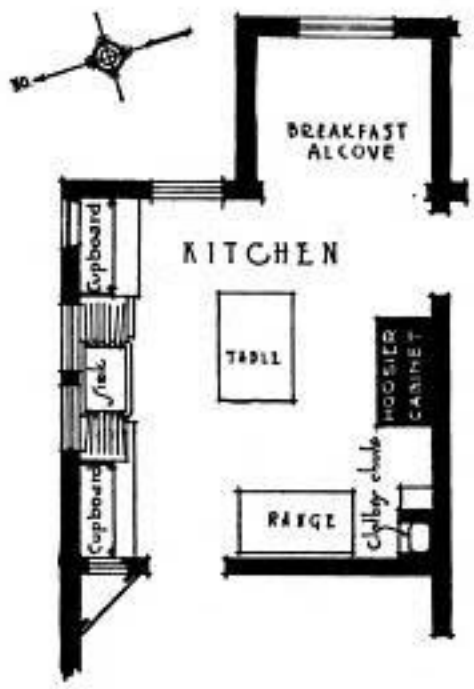
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THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 38)

bills is in reality a joke, because there is not a dollar in the Chinese national treasury. While I am writing this article the announcement was cabled from Peking that the Minister of Finance had shut up shop, owing to the fact that all available funds were exhausted. China is chronically broke.

In view of the widespread indignation over Japan's long retention of Kiao-chau and the corresponding enthusiasm which greeted the Washington decision, one scheme was to raise the money through popular subscription. Here again obstacles have arisen. The average Chinese has no real sense of nationalism. It is due to the intense individualism of the nation. Where the Japanese puts emperor and empire first, the Chinese places himself in the van. The wave of emotion over Shan-tung had practically subsided by the time the drive for subscriptions began. Again, if the period of payment must extend over a period of years, it will be difficult to keep whatever national emotions do exist keyed up all that time.

It was planned to inaugurate the popular offensive for funds on what is known as Humiliation Day, which is the anniversary of the date when the Twenty-one Demands were imposed. I was in Shanghai on the anniversary this year. The national flags hung at half mast and it was expected that sentiment would loosen up the Chinese bank roll. Although some of the merchants donated a share of their profits the general results were disappointing. If this effort is to be successful it must be highly organized. Later on in this article the person properly accredited will give his views on the subject. Meanwhile, it is apparent that the ambition to pay the Shan-tung bill will have some pretty hard sledding.

Handicapped Officials

The money feature, however, is only one phase of a much larger difficulty. Whatever their motives, it must be said, in justice to the Japanese, that they have not only kept Tsingtao clean and orderly but they have maintained order and discipline along the railway. Not only is it doubtful if China can raise the withdrawal bill, but her ability to maintain the sanitary and other integrity of Tsingtao is seriously in question. The Chinese are not a particularly antiseptic people and their native cities reek. It has frequently been said that the national air of China knocks you down instead of making you rise to your feet. It is only when they are strongly jacked up by the foreigner that the Chinese seem to be able to enforce law and sanitation.

An illustration of the handicaps under which the officials charged with the transfer of the province will labor developed while I was in Peking. The Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway under Japanese suzerainty was guarded by a considerable contingent of troops. Through an understanding entered into between China and Japan these troops were to be evacuated at regular intervals during April. As each contingent withdrew, a corresponding detachment of Chinese guards was to take its place. These Chinese guards were chosen from among the Peking Metropolitan Gendarmerie, a sort of constabulary trained by foreign officers and which had heretofore been intrusted with the protection of the region immediately surrounding the Legation Quarter. Since these troops were part of the municipal force their equipment had to remain in Peking.

When Dr. C. T. Wang, Director General of the Office for the Rehabilitation of Shan-tung Rights, made a demand on the War Office for uniforms and equipment for the first detachment of railway troops he was told that he would have to deposit forty dollars for every rifle that he secured and that he would also have to pay for the uniforms. Since he had already exhausted the absurdly low appropriation already made for his work—I think it aggregated twenty thousand dollars, Mexican—he was compelled to send the troops to Tsinanfu unarmed. After much protest and haggling the Tuchun of Shan-tung loaned enough rifles to equip the men. All were obsolete and half of them would not shoot. The guards were powerless. The point of this story is that not only did China fall down in the first step towards the redemption of her holy province but she laid the much sought railway open to the mercy of the innumerable bandits that infest the region.

Since I have referred to bandits another matter bearing on withdrawal may be disposed of here. Although banditry and China in general have become almost synonymous terms, one of the principal strongholds is Shan-tung province. The neighborhood of the leased territory is the particular stamping ground of these gentry. The Japanese, who are strong on statistics, made a bandit census last year and disclosed exactly twenty-five thousand in good standing. The catalogued crooks belonged to what might be called the official, or privileged class. There are thousands of others who prey intermittently and who are not members of the union, as it were. There is a bandit guild, just as there is a guild for every other activity. The widespread operations of guerrillas, who have not hesitated to hold up trains and rob the passengers, are responsible for the railway guards. The Chinese robber stands in some fear of a foreign soldier but has contempt for his own. Now that Chinese troops are on the police job there are grave doubts as to their ability to hold their lawless countrymen in check.

These frank and unashamed bandits constitute only one menace to the lawful and legitimate restoration of Shan-tung. We now come to what might be called the unofficial banditry. Hardly was the ink dry on the Washington agreement when the Chinese politician got on the job. In China nearly everything, including matrimony, is regarded as legitimate graft. Hence a group of seasoned and hardened officeholders got together and formed a syndicate to purchase many of the valuable properties which in the natural course of restoration events would have been returned to the government. You are not surprised to learn that Japanese finance was behind the enterprise. So much objection was raised to the undertaking by Chinese who were sincerely and loyally interested in the unencumbered return of Shan-tung that the project has been temporarily halted. Such instances as this will impede the business of transfer. Incidentally the Japanese are making capital out of every blunder that the Chinese commit. It gives them the opportunity to say to the world, "We alone are capable of maintaining order in Shan-tung."

Industries of Shan-tung

Even if China can raise the money to pay for the railway and improvements she will find that the Japanese are still strongly intrenched. Both Tsingtao and Tsinanfu, and especially the former, have large Japanese populations which have come to stay. In Tsingtao there are 23,182 Nipponese. If you know anything about their birth rate you also know that there will be a good many more next year. You get some idea of the increase when I say that in 1913 there were only 342 Japanese in Tsingtao, and this number included Koreans.

The Japanese have developed a control of various important industries in Shan-tung. For one thing, they have been exporting hundreds of millions of eggs every year to their native country. The best beef in the East comes from Shan-tung, and the Japanese have got their hooks into the slaughtering and exporting of it. They also have gone in heavily for salt and matches. In annexing the salt business they encroached upon a Chinese industry that goes back thousands of years. These salt rights were part of the original German lease. Shan-tung has always been a great salt center and the salt tax is part of the security for some of the many foreign loans that China has negotiated during the past five years. The return of the salt privileges is cluttered up with the usual complications, because the Japanese now want what the Chinese consider is more than double the value of the concessions and the improvements.

There is no doubt that the Japanese have invested large sums at Kiao-chau and elsewhere in Shan-tung. The total amount is represented at about one hundred and thirty million yen, or approximately sixty-five million dollars in American money. This includes the cost of the wireless station, railway equipment and workshops.

(Continued on Page 145)

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When you say—
"I want a pair of Fownes," to any American glove merchant, he is not likely to answer—
"Excuse me, what was it you wanted?"

He knows that you want gloves—good gloves. . . . And he will show you Fownes if he has them, or explain the merits of another brand.

It is much the same in London or Capetown, Melbourne or Cairo.

Wherever gloves are a recognized part of man's apparel, you will find recognition of the name Fownes.

But here is the danger of reputation:—while "Fownes" stands for "gloves", all gloves are far from being Fownes. A distinction with a difference!

For the retail dealer does not make the gloves he sells. . .

He may be a better judge of hand-wear than his customer,—yet he, too, must rely on the maker's faithfulness in maintaining the promised quality.

The makers of Fownes have kept faith with the trade and with glove wearers.

That is the only secret of Fownes prestige. That is why the name represents very definite standards throughout the glove industry.

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You could not have a more reliable guide to reliable gloves, to authentic style and to true economy.

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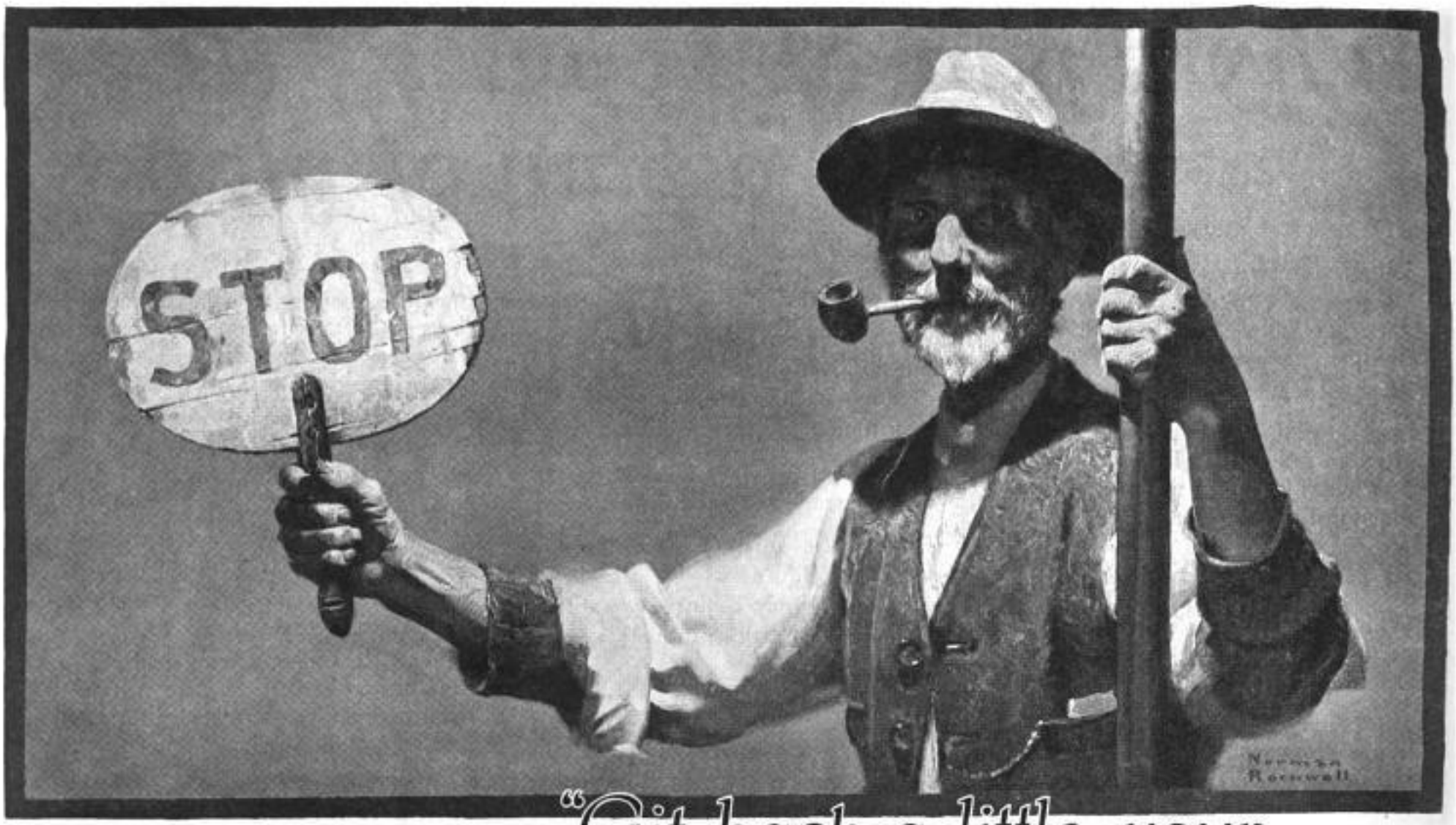
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"Got to be careful here . . . . . a railroad crossin' is just about the most dangerous place there is. Often, folks'll drive almost up on the tracks without knowin' it . . . . . that's when good brake lining comes in handy. If you use Raybestos you can STOP before the train goes thunderin' by. Last year, nearly 4,000 people was hurt or killed takin' chances at grade crossin's. It don't pay to use poor brake linin'. Remember, the engine driver expects you to STOP because he can't in time to prevent an accident. If you was to see what I see here at this crossin', you'd never feel safe till you had Raybestos on your brakes!"



This sign over the door of a garage or repair shop indicates not only the responsibility of the shop displaying it, but assures better brake service to the owner.

Raybestos Brake Lining brings to the car owner a factor of safety which is beyond price. The dependability of this sturdy lining is recognized by those who look for quality. The Silver Edge is, of course, assurance that you are buying *real* Raybestos rather than one of many imitations.

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(Continued from Page 142)

public buildings, water works, slaughter-houses and electric plants.

That the Japanese were determined to retain their grip in Shan-tung was demonstrated early this year by an undertaking which, happily for the Chinese, practically came to grief. The way of it was this:

Just as soon as it became known that Japan would withdraw from the leased territory the Chief of Civil Administration at Tsingtao sent out notices to all his countrymen who held leases on land, informing them that the property would be disposed of by sale. He invited bids, which were to be opened at a stipulated time. Naturally, every Japanese flocked to take advantage of this opportunity. It meant permanent acquisition of a large slice of highly valuable building and residence sites of the city. By acquiring these sites through actual purchase before evacuation the Japanese could not be dislodged.

One of the conditions upon which the sales were to be made was that no one could buy property without agreeing to erect a building of a certain value upon it. The Yokohama Specie Bank, which has a big branch at Tsingtao, announced that it would lend money to all leaseholders who desired to purchase land and build houses. Long before the Washington decision was registered, a building boom started in Tsingtao. The Japanese did not want to take any chances in case the lightning struck.

Quite naturally China's indignation was stirred by the determination to sell the leased land, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Peking at once lodged a strenuous protest with the Japanese Minister there. Tokio saw that the blunder would react against Japan everywhere, and the announcement was officially made by the Foreign Office that the sales of leased land would not be honored by the government. Such sales as had already been negotiated were invalidated.

When I left China early in June all the Japanese railway guards had left Shan-tung and only a comparatively small garrison remained in Tsingtao proper. By the terms of the treaty covering the withdrawal China is authorized to take full possession of the leased zone three months after the ratification. Since both Japan and China have formally ratified the document it is safe to assume that so far as uniformed soldiers are concerned, Japan will be out of Shan-tung by October.

The Three Mr. Wangs

While this article is being written a joint commission composed of Chinese and Japanese is in session at Peking to discuss the final details of transfer and to fix the price that China must pay. Just how that little joker will work out remains to be seen. If Japan presents an excessive bill, then the good will begot of her acquiescence will be considerably sterilized. The fact that the Japanese delegation is headed by K. Debuchi, formerly attached to the Japanese embassies in London and Berlin, and who was conspicuous at the Washington conference, is an indication that Japan will probably be inclined more towards leniency than towards excess.

That China, despite the financial and other obstacles to restoration that I have pointed out, means to do her share in the all-important Shan-tung business, is shown in the caliber of the man who has been named as Director General of the Office for the Rehabilitation of Shan-tung Rights. In Dr. C. T. Wang you have the finest type of American returned student. He is regarded as one of the most capable and brilliant of that group which has come to be known as Young China. He is a graduate of Yale University, a former Y. M. C. A. secretary, and is the founder of the movement for good roads in China. After serving conspicuously in the movement which overthrew the Manchu Dynasty, he was Vice Speaker of the National Senate. He is perhaps best known to Americans as member of the Chinese Delegation to the Paris peace conference. He led the revolt against the Japanese usurpation of Shan-tung at Versailles and it is therefore altogether fitting that he should be the official head of the organization charged with the restoration of the much-debated area.

Doctor Wang is one of three Wangs—not related by marriage, for the name is a very common one in China—who are conspicuous in the constructive life of the nation. The second is C. C. Wang, who is the head of the famous Chinese-Eastern Railway, which was built by the Russians in their great day, while the third is C. H. Wang, the foremost jurist of China.

I saw Dr. C. T. Wang at Shanghai just before he proceeded to Peking to begin his all-important work.

When I asked him how he expected to redeem the railway he replied:

"There are four ways. One is through what we propose to call a loan of redemption, which will be available for every Chinese subject. My idea is to launch drives similar to those made in America for the Liberty Loans. If we can keep the money for Shan-tung out of the public funds as such we shall keep it out of politics. This redemption loan that I have in mind must be thoroughly organized, and again we propose to profit by America's war experience.

"A second method will be in small subscriptions from the people. For these we propose to issue savings certificates. This will also require a drive. It is the intention to have these certificates mature in five years.

"Then, too, in taking over the ports at Tsingtao and elsewhere, we shall derive a large revenue from their operation. A fourth possible procedure may be through government bonds."

China's Hope

"Our first obligation, of course, is to provide funds to pay for the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway. This property must be taken over by the Chinese within nine months after the ratification of the Shan-tung treaty, which means that we must have some of the money ready by January 1, 1923.

"We propose to maintain the high standard established by the Japanese at Tsingtao. Among other things the city will have a charter or commission form of government such as obtains in so many American cities. With the big revenues from royalties, trams and docks, we hope to make this city a real rival of Shanghai. At Shanghai, for example, big ships must wait for the tide, while at Tsingtao there is deep water all the time.

"We have a big plan for the expansion of the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway, for we propose to build an extension from Tsinanfu to Shunte, which in time will open up new lines of communication from Peking to Hankow and elsewhere in the west and southwest. Through these proposed new links we will drain the whole Yellow River basin.

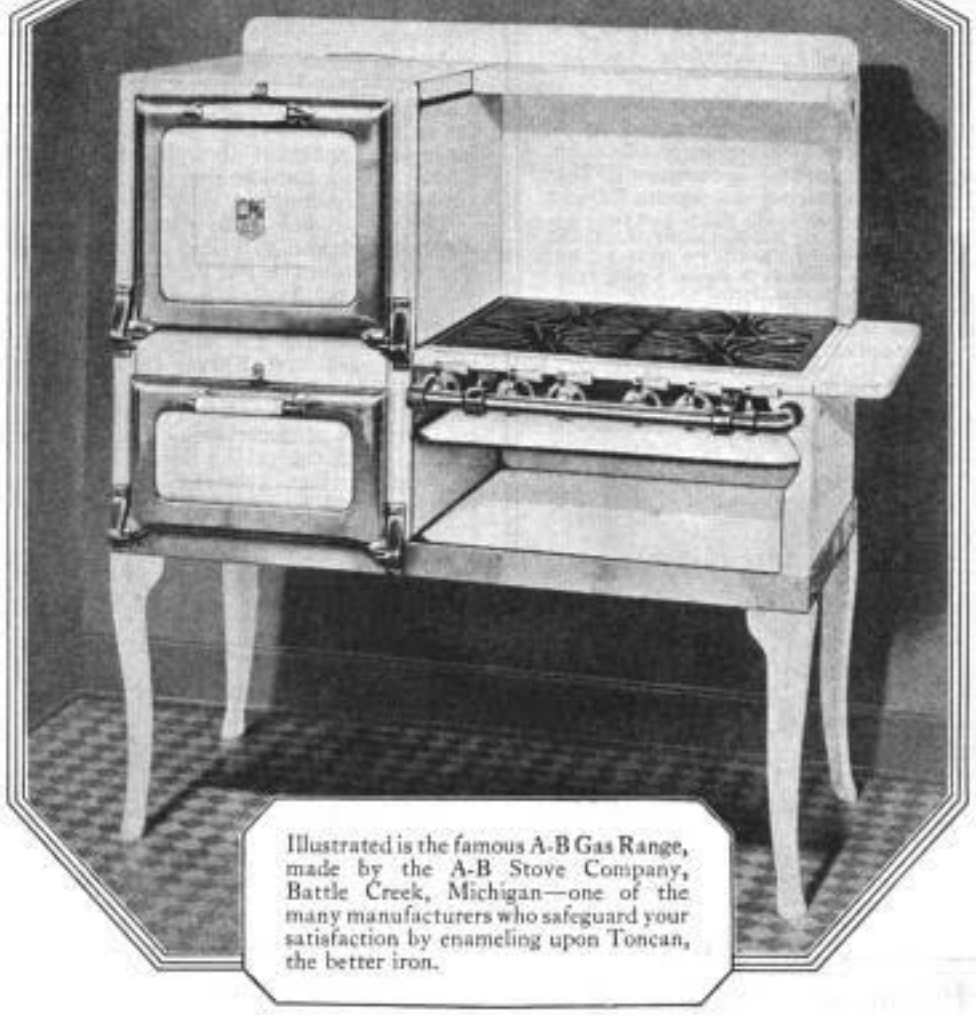
"China's hope lies in education and communication. But we must have America's help. We have her moral support, but we need something more tangible if we are ever going to bring China out of her present chaos. Why is British capital so successful in our country? It is merely because British money is not afraid to go venturing and the people behind it have the great virtue of patience. American capitalists are too eager for quick results. This tells the whole story of British commercial prestige in the Far East."

When you turn to Japan in Manchuria you find the full drama of her economic and political imperialism unfolded. Just as the World War focused universal interest on Shan-tung, so did the Russo-Japanese struggle draw attention to the region which is now the real seat of Nipponese overseas economic prestige. Personally, Manchuria had a stronger appeal for me than Shan-tung. Modern warfare was really born there, for the American-Spanish conflict was not a major event, and the Boer War did not enlist destructive science as we came to know it in France. Before Nogi and Kuroki humbled Kuropatkin and Stössel, Manchuria was principally famous for bandits and beans. Both these picturesque products still flourish, and for the moment there is an added attraction because Chang Tso-lin, the famous war lord of the north, defeated by Wu Pei-fu in the latest Chinese Civil War, is still viceroy of the three so-called eastern provinces—Mukden, Kirin and Hei-lung-kiang—that constitute the territory.

So completely do the Japanese dominate Southern Manchuria that many people do not know that it is a part of China. Not only is it Chinese soil but the old Manchu emperors sprang from it. Under their rule Liao-yang, near Mukden, was for a time the capital of China. The tombs of some of these ancient rulers still stand outside Mukden. From Port Arthur and Dairen

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on the south up to Mukden, everything is Japanese. Their influence extends beyond Chang-Chun into Mongolia. You see the little khaki-clad soldiers of the Mikado all along the railway, and in the cities the Japanese settlements are dominant. The South Manchuria Railway, one of the richest prizes of the war with Russia, and the first organ of Japanese imperialism abroad, has become a mighty empire builder, with a story almost as romantic as that of the Union Pacific or the Canadian Pacific. It has wielded political as well as economic influence.

As was the case with Shan-tung, a brief historical prelude is necessary to an understanding of the Manchurian situation. So far as American interest is concerned, it is far more important than Shan-tung, because we do a considerable business in and through Manchuria.

The very word "Manchuria" conjures up the great and vanished dream of Russian prestige in the Far East. It has been the battleground of more sinister political intrigue than almost any other region anywhere. After the Chinese-Japanese War, which started over Korea, Japan secured what is known as the Kwangtung leased territory of the Liao-tung Peninsula at the southern end of Manchuria. This included among other things the harbor and town of Port Arthur. Subsequently Russia, Germany and France insisted that Japan relinquish possession of these districts, on the ground that such possession was detrimental to the lasting peace of the East. In the face of this demand, which was backed by an impressive naval demonstration, the Mikado's government had to yield.

Then was planted the seed of two important events affecting the destiny of the Orient. One was the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; the other was the Russo-Japanese War.

Japan's Great Hour

Japanese pride was stung by this performance and eventually got its revenge on the Slav. No sooner had Japan surrendered her territorial rights in Manchuria than Russia began the immense program of expansion which led to her undoing. From China she acquired a lease on the very territory that Japan had given up, and she began at once the construction of a railway from Chang-Chun in the north down to Port Arthur. It was to be a link in the Trans-Siberian system. It is now the South Manchuria Railway. Prior to this time Russian penetration had been confined to Northern Manchuria, where the Slavs had constructed the Chinese-Eastern Railway, with Harbin as the nucleus. Now they reached out for the whole domain. The railway to the south was merely part of a colossal scheme for control. Not only was Port Arthur fortified until it was regarded as well-nigh impregnable but about thirty miles distant on Ta-lien-wan Bay the Russians laid out a pretentious city which they called Dalny. It is the Dairen of today. Russian troops swarmed throughout Manchuria, which virtually came under Slav rule. The Japanese, who had been the first outsiders to exploit the country, were almost backed into a corner. Russian authority in Southern Manchuria meant that Korea would be the next outpost to fall—and Korea menaced Japanese soil. The inevitable result was the Russo-Japanese War, most of which was fought on Manchurian soil, and which resulted in the triumph of Japan.

Japan now had her great hour. At the Portsmouth peace conference Russia was compelled to cede to her the leased Kwangtung territory of the Liao-tung Peninsula, the Russian Railway that ran south from Chang-Chun, together with all collateral mining and other privileges. The original Russian lease was for twenty-five years and would have expired in 1923. By the Chino-Japanese Treaty of May 25, 1915, it was extended to a total of ninety-nine years, or to 1997. At Portsmouth, Japan also got the southern half of the island of Saghalin. Russia further agreed to recognize her paramount economic, military and political rights in Korea. It was the forerunner of annexation.

The cession of Manchuria gave the Japanese the opportunity, for penetration and expansion they had so long desired. At the outset they committed the error, as they now admit, of making their rule militaristic. Russia had established the precedent of the mailed fist, and the little conquerors did not want to take any chances. For some years the governor-general of Kwangtung, whose headquarters was at Port Arthur, which is still the seat of Japanese political authority, had to be a general or a lieutenant general.

Today a soldier is no longer required to fill this post.

Linked with this militaristic control was the chain of consuls under whose jurisdiction were placed all the growing Japanese communities in Manchuria. In this consular service you have the real agency for Nipponese espionage in the territory. The Japanese consul general at Mukden, for example, has the same authority and is as powerful as the minister to a European state. Nothing gets by him. All aliens who come to Manchuria undergo practically the same once-over as those who visit the mother country.

But the big influence that began to function almost as soon as Japan set up shop in Manchuria, and which continues to be the power behind the Manchurian throne, so to speak, was the South Manchuria Railway, whose achievement is unique in the annals of transportation companies. It realizes all the varied responsibilities that the late E. H. Harriman coupled with his kindling vision of railway control. In fact, Harriman once tried to acquire the road as part of a round-the-world railway-and-steamship service that he then had in mind. Founded by imperial Japanese ordinance, with a capitalization of two hundred million yen, it is the biggest project yet conceived by Japan. The efficiency lacking in so many Japanese enterprises at home is here conspicuously present. The S. M. R., as it is more commonly known, is the great industrializing and agriculturalizing influence of Manchuria. Indeed, to write of Manchuria is to write of its many-sided activities, which enter every phase of economic life. It is more American in scope, operation and boost than any other Japanese enterprise I have encountered.

In the South Manchuria Railway you have an illuminating example of the coordination between the Japanese Government and big business. In exchange for the railway and other rights, the government holds half the capital stock. Formerly the governor-generalship of the Kwangtung area and the presidency of the railway were vested in the same person. The practice came to an end when the civil authorities superseded the military in 1919. The road is still an imperial agency and as such is one of the prides and joys of the empire.

Railway Dominance

An analysis of the ramified activities of the South Manchuria Railway is a striking lesson in Japanese expansion methods. As colonizers the Japanese have failed signally despite the international complications kicked up over the California issue. It is worth emphasizing here again that the Nipponese prefer to remain at home. They will not even migrate in numbers to Hokkaido, which is Japan in the north, and which is rich and undeveloped. The Japanese have gone to Manchuria in numbers, not as colonists but mainly as servants of the empire—that is, as railroad officials, operators, guards, bankers, police and industrialists.

They do this because it enables so many of them to wear brass buttons, and the Japanese, like the German, is happy when he is in uniform.

This failure to colonize applies to every Japanese domain—even Korea, which is a 100 per cent Japanese colony. Here, too, the uniformed representatives are strong. When they are not in uniform the Japanese overseas are mainly small tradesmen. It is only in America and Canada that they go in for farming or gardening to any extent.

The conquest of Manchuria by Japan, therefore, is through the agency of railway and bank, the development being unaccompanied by any large-scale movement of settlers. Thus it follows that the achievement of the South Manchuria Railway is unique in that its penetration is almost purely industrial. Though the S. M. R. parallels the Canadian Pacific and the Union Pacific in what might be called the romance of pioneering, it is absolutely unlike the Western transcontinental systems, which received immense areas of land and induced colonists to open up the virgin regions.

The South Manchuria Railway's process of industrialization has scarcely affected the immense background of Manchurian life. If you leave the narrow strip of what is called the railway zone—the Japanese control only the land immediately contiguous to the tracks—you behold a land unchanged by the passage of thousands of years. The Manchurians go on wearing the same kind of clothes that their ancestors wore long before the discovery of America. They till the soil in the same primitive way. The stations, buildings, and other modern improvements instituted by the railway are therefore in sharp contrast. The modern and the medieval meet everywhere in Manchuria.

It might perhaps be best to get the physical aspect of the South Manchuria Railway in mind first. The main line extends from Chang-Chun to Dairen, where it connects with the company steamers, which go to Tsingtao and Shanghai. The Mukden-Antung line branches off to the east, and at the Korean border joins with the Korean railways, which are under the S. M. R. control and operation. Hence there is a system of practically two thousand miles, and all of it has been converted by the Japanese into standard American gauge.

The Rise of Dairen

When you travel from Japan to Mukden you come under South Manchuria Railway supervision at Shimonoseki. You cross the Tsushima Straits—famous for Togo's great victory over the Russian fleet—to Fusan at the southern tip of Korea, in one of the company boats. From this time on, and until you are almost in China proper, you cannot escape the South Manchuria Railway influence. You travel in the cars hauled by locomotives, all built in company shops at Dairen; the coal and iron used in construction and for fuel come from company mines; you live in company hotels in cities whose heat, light and power are provided by company plants; and if you fall sick you can go to a well-equipped railway hospital.

The South Manchuria Railway is really something of a vertical trust employed as a common carrier, for it operates, among other things, the great coal mines at Fushun, the largest, perhaps, in the world, where thirty thousand Chinese are employed, and the immense steel works at Anshan.

I traversed the entire South Manchuria Railway system with the exception of the link between Mukden and Chang-Chun. The biggest surprise that I got was Dairen. Here you have the wonder city of the Orient, as measured by American boom standards. Twenty years ago Dairen was merely the mark on the map where Russia had indicated the Dalny that was to be her pivotal point of vantage in the East. Today it is a metropolitan community of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand people, with parks, avenues and public buildings worthy of a city of half a million. The Russians planned Dalny in the form of a wheel with seven great avenues radiating from a hub which was to be a civic center. The Japanese adhered to this project, but have developed it beyond the original conception.

Dairen is the capital of the South Manchuria Railway empire, for its southern terminus, the head offices and all its shops are there. When the road unfurled its flag sixteen years ago the place ranked forty-second among the ports of China. Now it is second on the roster of Chinese maritime customs. This tells the whole story. In 1906 New-Chwang, which was opened by the British, was the great outlet of Southern Manchuria. Thanks to the Japanese exploitation of Dairen, New-Chwang has been relegated to the background. It means that Japanese authority has superseded that one-time British trade suzerainty in that part of the world.

One reason why the loss of Dairen is such a bitter pill for the Russians is that it is open all the year round, whereas Vladivostok is ice-bound a great part of the time. Although Russia for the moment is in the shadows, no one can doubt that some day she will come back and have a reckoning with Japan. Every Russian of the old order smarts under what he considers the humiliation heaped upon his country by Japan in Siberia.

The Japanese, however, are going ahead on the theory that Southern Manchuria will always be theirs, hence the solidity and massiveness of construction at Dairen and elsewhere. It gets back to the Nipponese hypothesis of improvements that

(Continued on Page 149)

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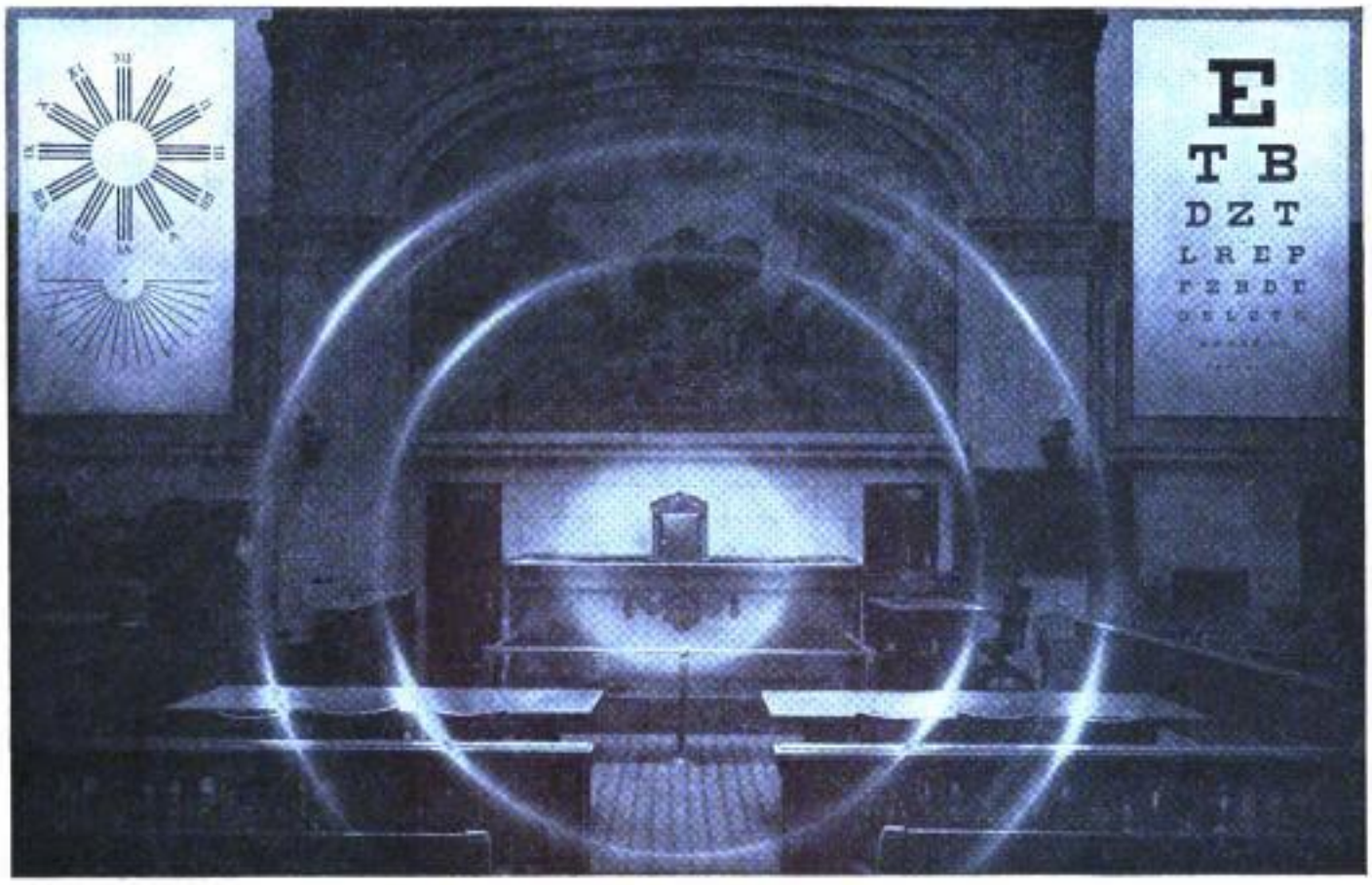
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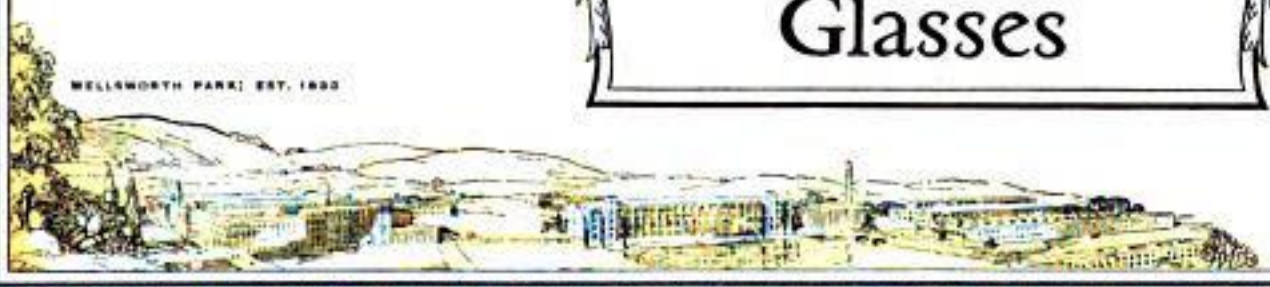
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(Continued from Page 146)

I pointed out earlier in this article with reference to Shan-tung. If the time ever comes to move out, there will be a stupendous bill. Since the lease in Manchuria does not expire until 1997 there is no reason why we should worry about it in this generation. The present-day Japanese may well recast the historic remark of the French king and say "After us come the lease complications."

During my visit to Southern Manchuria I went to see Port Arthur, which is less than two hours' journey by rail from Dairen. No one can climb 203 Metre Hill, which General Nogi called The Hill of Souls, and which was the key to Port Arthur, without appreciating Japan's heroism there. Port Arthur today, however, is merely the headquarters of the Governor-General of the Kwangtung leased area, and the town itself, upon which Russia built such vast commercial and political hopes, has no trade importance. It is degenerating into a summer resort. Only the sightseer now wanders along that battle-scarred area where Japan spilled her blood and first stepped into the ranks of the great powers.

What concerns the American who visits Manchuria is precisely what the South Manchuria Railway has done in a big economic way. Although the principal product of Manchuria is a tall sorghum called kaoliang, which provides the natives with food, fuel, roofing material and intoxicating drink, the commodity that has made Manchuria famous is the soy bean. It has a far larger commercial if less æsthetic significance than the bean so inseparably linked with Boston.

The Soy Bean Industry

Most persons merely associate the soy bean with soy sauce and let it go at that. It has many uses, however. Like that proverbial and practical Chicago hog whose squeal was phonographed, every detail of the bean is capitalized. The bean itself constitutes an important article of diet with the Japanese, who consume soup made from it every morning. For the seasoning of their food they rarely use salt, as we do, but employ bean sauce. Thus, they eat beans in one form or another three times a day. Bean oil is extensively employed in cooking and as a lubricant, while the bean cake, which is the residue after the oil has been extracted, is an excellent fertilizer. Until the Manchurian farmers knew its value it was wasted as fodder.

The bean constitutes the bulk of Manchurian exports. Twenty per cent of the cultivated land is devoted to it and the yield is considerably over one hundred million bushels a year, of which 70 per cent is produced in Southern Manchuria. As you ride across the country you can see endless caravans moving over the plains, carrying the beans into the towns. Every railway station is piled high with the sacks, while the huge wharves at Dairen are simply acres of them.

It was natural that the South Manchuria Railway Company should devote itself to the standardization of the bean. One of its most important activities is a laboratory at Dairen for the scientific investigation of the indigenous products of the country. Here successful experiments in manufacturing soap from bean oil, and paper from the kaoliang stalks, have been made.

The most noteworthy advance in the soy-bean industry, however, was made when the railway introduced what is known as the system of mixed storage. Under this procedure the beans are examined and graded according to quality when they arrive at the railway station. A certificate is then issued to the depositor, entitling him to draw from the mixed storage elsewhere an equivalent amount of beans of the same quality. This plan saves the railway the trouble of transporting and storing each consignor's cargo separately.

Just as Dairen is the economic capital of Manchuria, so is Mukden the political center. My interest in this historic place, which readers came to know so well during the Russo-Japanese War, because it was the center of extensive operations and the scene of a notable battle, largely centered about Chang Tso-lin. Here lives the picturesque war lord, and here he spins the devious webs of intrigue and ambition. In my article on the Chinese Civil War—the fourth of this series—I described my various meetings with him, so it is necessary now only to comment upon the effect of his defeat upon the Japanese.

This brings us to one of the much discussed problems of Manchuria. Chang Tso-lin, up to the time of the disaster at the hands of Wu Pei-fu last May, was virtual master of Manchuria—that is, so far as the Chinese end was concerned. He had begun life as a bandit and there are many who believe that he has never changed his practice, although he has risen to high administrative estate. Be that as it may, Chang Tso-lin has long been regarded as a powerful ally of the Japanese. They have played each other's game to their mutual profit. The viceroy, for example, has had the final word on every concession outside the leased zone, and most of them have gone to the Japanese. His troops were trained by Japanese and most of his equipment came from Japan. Every time I went to see the wily potentate I almost stumbled over the Japanese who cluttered the outer rooms. The alien who goes to see him is immediately placed under observation by the Japanese. They want no outsiders to intrude upon their preserves.

So long as Chang Tso-lin held the Peking government in the hollow of his hand, which he did until Wu Pei-fu got the better of him in the field, the Japanese also had a strong pull at court. I recall that one of the scathing comments on former President Hsu Shih-chang that Sun Yat-sen made to me ran like this: "The Peking government is not a government by Chinese, but by Japanese." At that time it was largely based on Chang Tso-lin's power.

Now that Chang's grip on Peking is broken Japanese prestige in China proper is considerably lessened. The important question agitating the Nipponese just now is, Can Chang Tso-lin hold his own in Manchuria? Shortly after he reached Mukden, following his disastrous retreat, he declared the independence of Manchuria. Here again he was playing into Japan's hands, for a Manchuria independent of China gives her a greater opportunity for forceful penetration, provided Chang Tso-lin remains at the head of it, and this seems likely. Manchuria lies outside the Great Wall. The eighteen provinces that constitute China proper are so big that nobody cares whether Manchuria is in or outside the republic.

Chang Tso-lin assured me that not only did he fear and suspect the Japanese but that he was anxious for American capital to come into Manchuria and offset the Nipponese hold on things. I told him that I would pass the word along, but my own private opinion is that Chang Tso-lin would rather favor the Japanese than anyone else. As he himself admitted in the course of one of our talks, "The Japanese are up against my front door and if I do not placate them they will occupy more of the territory. Once their troops go in, it is hard to dislodge them."

Open or Closed?

Chang Tso-lin's last remark discloses one of the favorite Japanese methods of military occupation, which has been successfully worked in Siberia as well. Manchuria is a land of bandits. The country is more or less wild and lends itself to sudden raids and swift and safe withdrawals. Nobody knows this better than Chang Tso-lin himself, whose guerrillas were hired by the Japanese to harass the Russians in the Russo-Japanese War. Every time bandits raid a town where a Japanese consulate is located the Japanese send in troops and keep them there. Once on the ground, they remain. At a small village not far from the Yalu River I saw a considerable force of Japanese soldiers encamped. When I asked an official of the South Manchuria Railway why they were there his reply was, "We must have protection against the bandits."

Is the door of Manchuria open or closed? The enemies of Japan have maintained that there has been discrimination against foreign freight and that it has piled up on the docks at Dairen, while Japanese merchandise has gone on to its destination. So far as I was able to discover there were no signs of such congestion. The South Manchuria Railway officials logically contend that Dairen exports exceed the imports; therefore they always have available freight cars for the inland traffic. The American Ambassador at Tokio assured me that he had received no complaints from American shippers.

The South Manchuria Railway, however, is perfectly frank about its rebate system. Big shippers get rebates ranging from 7 to 40 per cent. No favorites are played. It is merely a matter of quantity of freight handled and an application for special privilege. These rebates have been enjoyed by both American and British corporations. This procedure is possible because the South Manchuria Railway is a law unto itself, and can do no wrong.

In Shan-tung and Manchuria—and it is also true of Korea and Siberia—you have the picture of Japanese commercial occupation that followed in the wake of war. It is definitely organized, labeled and tagged. But it comprises only part of a Nipponese economic grip that extends to the most populous and prosperous sections of China proper. We now come to a penetration well worth explaining.

To begin with, Japan has always regarded China as her special field of exploitation. This is natural, first because of propinquity, and second for the reason that China has the raw materials which Nippon so sorely needs for her industry. The racial and linguistic kinship is also a factor. Practically three-fourths of the iron mines of China are controlled by the Japanese in one way or another. One of the celebrated Twenty-one Demands was for a continuation of Japanese stewardship of the well-known Hanyehping Iron and Steel Works and Colliery opposite Wuchang, at the junction of the Yang-tse and the Han rivers.

Japan's method in China proper has been peculiarly interesting. It is based on that ancient and powerful leverage which grows out of debt. For years the Japanese have been pouring their money into China in the form of loans. Nothing philanthropic dictated the procedure. Every loan got a tighter hold on officials, mines, railways or strategic points.

In 1918 the Japanese negotiated not less than thirty secret loans with the Chinese for an aggregate of over 100,000,000 yen.

So chaotic is the status of Chinese finance—it is on a par with the disintegration of Chinese politics—that it is well-nigh impossible to state just what the exact obligations to Japan are. They are estimated to be six hundred million yen, or three hundred million dollars, gold. Between 1909 and 1920 China negotiated sixty-six major loans with Japan, not including nineteen to the Hanyehping concern. Some of these loans, though national in scope, were private in character. One hope of China lies in a reorganization of her whole loan system, which will prevent the many abuses that have been committed under the guise of satisfying her national needs.

The Loss of the Bird-Nest Trade

For years the Japanese have been building up industries, notably cotton spinning, in China. Since 1920 the activity has increased many fold. This is due to the high cost of production at home and because labor and overhead are so cheap in China. Another illuminating provocation is that the Chinese have been underselling the Japanese in such commodities as cotton cloth and incandescent lights in Japan. The Japanese therefore find it cheaper to manufacture the merchandise abroad and ship it back.

The Japanese have also got their hooks into industries peculiarly Chinese. When China declared her boycott on Japanese products following the Versailles peace treaty she was horrified to find that control of the production and marketing of her favorite foods, like bird nests, bamboo shoots and shark fins, was almost entirely in the hands of the Japanese.

It showed how shrewdly the hated neighbor worked.

I can give no more emphatic indication of Japan's strong commercial influence in China proper than to say that of one hundred and nine cotton mills the Japanese own thirty-one, seventy-three are Chinese, and the remaining five British. Of the thirty-seven cotton mills at Shanghai thirteen are Japanese.

Shanghai is one of the Japanese strongholds. Seventy per cent of the coal marketed there comes from Japanese sources. During 1921 one hundred and seventy-four new corporations were started there. Of this number eighty-eight were Japanese. This was more than twice the number of new American companies, and almost four times as many as the new British concerns.

The Japanese have also allied themselves with Chinese concerns, and in this way are



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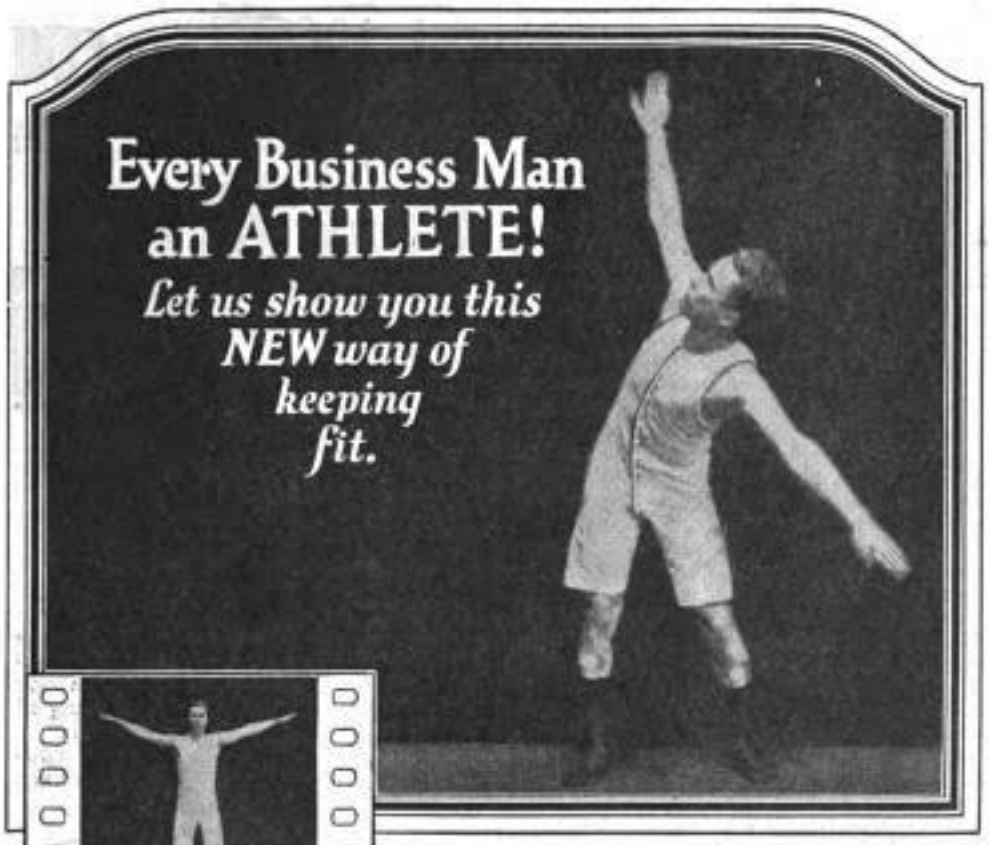


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As soft and unrestricting as the lightest Summer Athletic Undergarment. Yet perfectly protecting to the vital body organs.

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following the safest course in overseas trade. An examination of one hundred and four joint enterprises discloses the fact that forty-eight are Sino-Japanese. The next largest number are the Sino-American companies, which number only thirteen. There are ten Sino-British and an equal number of Sino-French organizations.

According to the Chinese custom returns, Japan has 25 per cent of the trade of the republic. China's share of Japan's foreign trade was 18 per cent in 1919, but it has suffered a loss since that time, due to the universal business collapse. In passing, it is perhaps worth noting that in 1873 China supplied one-third of Japan's imports.

In China proper the Japanese have done no colonizing as such. The majority have pursued the usual policy of embarking as small tradesmen. In Shanghai there are more than ten thousand Japanese nationals. They outnumber the Americans two to one. The total number of Japanese in China, including Manchuria and the leased territory of Shan-tung, is over three hundred thousand, and practically every one, save those in the diplomatic and secret service, is engaged in business.

Taking the larger view, and excluding Manchuria, Japan's sphere of commercial influence in China extends from Tsingtao to Tsinanfu, which means that it covers all Shan-tung. In Tsinanfu there is a considerable Japanese community with all the comforts of home. At this point the Japanese begin to overlap the British zone, whose stronghold, after Hong-Kong, is the Yang-tse Valley. You will recall that one of the Twenty-one Demands referred specifically to the Hanyehping Iron and Steel Works. This was really a defy to British trade sovereignty, which centers about Hankow. Wherever Britain loses a foothold in China the Japanese take her place, and it is not adding to the love that the representatives of these two nations have for each other in the Orient.

Policies Toward Korea

Any analysis of Japanese overseas expansion must include a brief survey of Korea, for this strategically important territory, once called the dagger aimed at the heart of Japan, constitutes a real post of empire. She is the key to the national defense of the nation and is the only out-and-out Japanese colony except Formosa. Korea represents physical security rather than economic advancement.

I have ranged through many countries these last years, but have yet to find one where the sense of desolation is so persistent as in Korea. Not only are the Koreans the most unsanitary people in the world but they are also the most forlorn looking. It is a curious fact that the most unwashed of peoples should have selected white for their garments. The male Koreans wear what looks like a glorified nightshirt, but it is not white very long.

One might say that the prevailing color of the national apparel is the color of the dirt of the immediate vicinity that you are describing.

To the credit of the Japanese it must be said that they have instituted drastic sanitary and educational reforms. They are teaching the rice farmers—rice is the principal crop—how to deal scientifically with the soil. That the Korean farmer is instinctively improvident is revealed in the bare hillsides and valleys of the country. The land has been almost denuded of its one-time splendid forests. The Japanese have now set about the tremendous task of reforestation and are employing Koreans in the work. Under Japanese supervision new crops, like fruit, cotton, sugar beets, hemp, tobacco and silkworms, are being introduced. Since Japanese annexation the output of the coal mines has been trebled and exports more than doubled. But more important than all these are the health innovations, which will in time revolutionize the whole social life of the nation.

There is neither the space nor the inclination to enter into the merits of the controversy between the Koreans and the Japanese. Since the revolution of 1919 order has prevailed everywhere. Most of the Koreans in Korea apparently have abandoned all idea of independence. The movement for defection exists mainly in natives who live abroad. The educated Koreans with whom I talked at Seul look to Russia and China to deliver them ultimately from Japanese rule. A few, however, put their faith in what they believe is the inevitable revolution in Japan.

It was a wise foreign policy that placed Baron Saito in Seul as Governor-General of Korea. No administrator anywhere has a more difficult task, yet he is winning the confidence of the Koreans to an astonishing degree. He has permitted them to establish local assemblies, which means that autonomy may some day develop. Baron Saito is a retired admiral and served with distinction in the Russo-Japanese War.

I had many talks with him, both in Tokio and in Seul, and invariably found him generous and tolerant in his attitude towards the people he governs.

It only remains to speak of the one aspect of Japanese penetration which still irritates in many quarters, especially in Russia. I mean the occupation of Siberia. Here another rich economic overseas prize has dropped into the lap of Nippon through the circumstances of war.

The Japanese went into Siberia at the request of the Western powers to help stem the tide of Bolshevism. That they should be the last to leave is not surprising, if you have studied their troop movements in other countries. They now control Vladivostok and for some distance inland, and have also occupied the northern end of the island of Saghalin. The latter move was in retaliation for the massacre of Japanese soldiers and citizens at Nikolaievsk. The Japanese have promised to evacuate as soon as they get reparation for the outrage. Since restitution is not likely to be forthcoming soon, the Japanese tenure will doubtless continue indefinitely.

This control and occupation spell not only Japanese domination for a long stretch of the Pacific Coast of Siberia but stewardship of valuable rights. The vast valley of the Amur with its fur and grain treasure is already at the mercy of the invader. It is no secret that the Japanese have acquired most of the old Russian fishing privileges. Since the czarist laws prohibit foreigners from acquiring these properties the Japanese have obtained them through Russians whose names figure on the leases. The immense coal fields in Northern Saghalin have already been taken over by the Mitsubishi organization. The oil deposits are also coming under Japanese control. As usual, small Japanese tradesmen have swarmed to Vladivostok and will stick there. As in Shan-tung, Japan can easily withdraw her armed forces and remain in economic control.

When all is said and done, the one phase of Japanese penetration that interests America is in China. The new Nine-Power Treaty sets up a barrier against further special privilege, and if she can stabilize her politics the great yellow republic is on the threshold of an era of real advancement. Translated into action, Japan's professed new attitude towards her means a coöperation which will almost revolutionize the Orient.

The retirement of Great Britain from Wei-hai-wei and the abandonment of Port Arthur as a naval base by Japan are significant moves in a larger reform. It means that the mood of the nations that have so long controlled the destiny of China is changing from conquest to conciliation.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to China at the Crossroads.

OPERA GUYED

(Continued from Page 29)

And once, beside a dismal pool
She lost her wedding ring, the fool!

When Golo heard about the ring—
She thought he wouldn't mind it—
He raved and swore like anything,
And said, "Go out and find it."
With Pelleas she searched all night;
The poor simps didn't have a light.

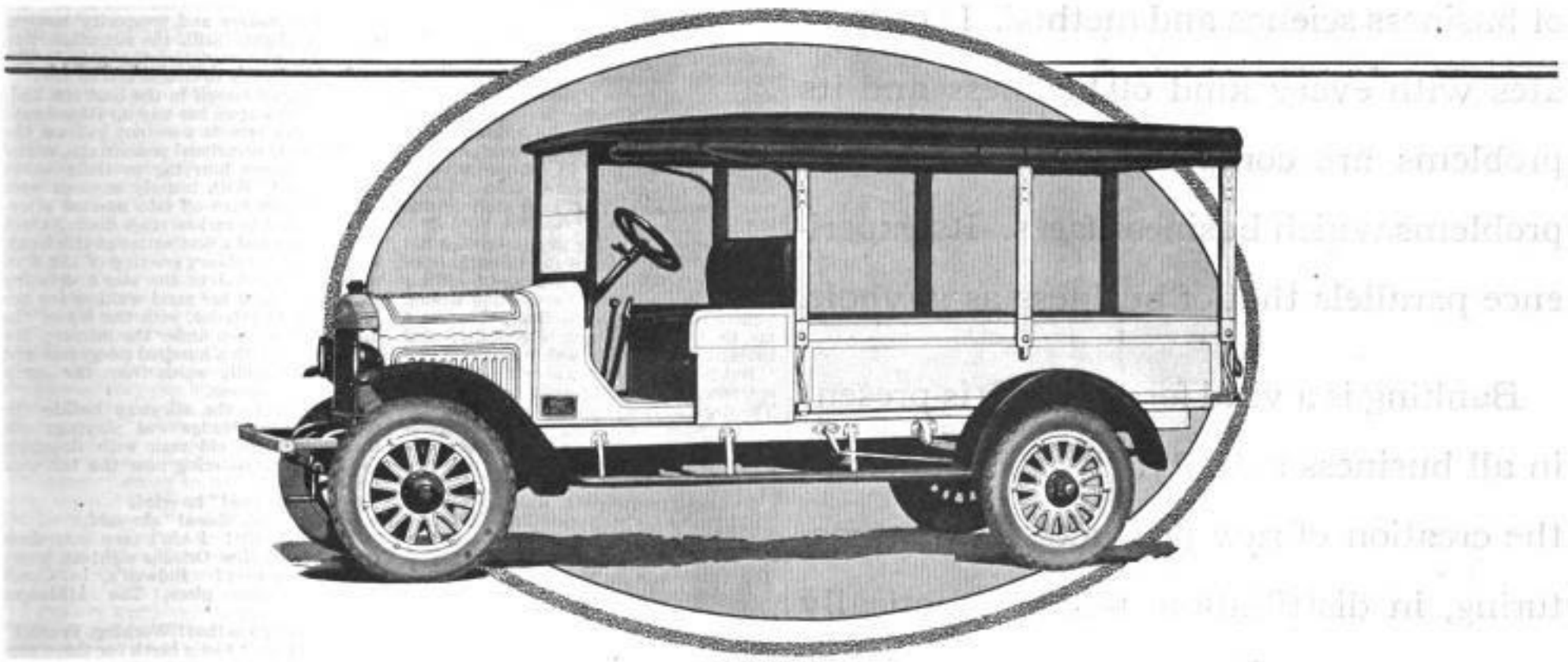
At last it filtered through the bean
Of that poor half-wit, Golo,
That Melisande's big third-act scene
Was not exactly solo.
Said he, "My royal pride is hurt.
I fear my wife has done me dirt."

And so that night he found the two.
By now he'd grown to hate her.
His brother on the spot he slew;
His wife died some time later.
For harmless fun and merry banter
Give me Ed Wynn or Eddie Cantor.

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That is why the use of Stewarts is worldwide and their reputation known in every industry employing trucks. That is why Stewart fleets show such impressive growth. Many have grown from one to 30, 40 and 50 Stewarts. Trucks must make money and save money to increase in the service of big operators.

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BROADWAY BROKE

(Continued from Page 5)

During dinner he came again and again to their table with bits of old gossip, shreds of loving reminiscence. His open homage and the gallant attentiveness of Tom Kerrigen, looking very handsome in evening clothes, combined to make the evening a happy one for Nellie. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkled, her troubles were temporarily forgotten.

They witnessed the last two acts of a modern play and agreed that the acting would not have been tolerated for a moment by Augustin Daly. When Nellie climbed to the fifth floor after her evening with the past she found the little flat silent and in darkness. A bed had been prepared for her on the couch in the parlor. She heard Joe snoring loudly in the room at the rear—the room she had been sharing with Gracie.

As she was stooping over to unlace her shoes a pathetic little creature crept in from the kitchen. Chum, unable to sleep, walking the house, conscious of something wrong, something that was his fault. He came up to her timidly, apologetically, and touched her bare arm with his nose.

But Nellie Wayne was back in the present now, the icy fear again in her heart. The dog's advances annoyed her.

"Go back! Go back, sir!" she whispered, and he meekly turned to obey. She watched him as he reluctantly left the room, dignified but hurt.

"Chloroform for you!" she said bitterly. "But for me—what? God knows!"

II

IN THE morning things looked a little brighter. Joe awoke in an aggressively optimistic mood. Everything, he announced, was all for the best. But for the dereliction of Chum he might have gone on indefinitely wasting his talents in vaudeville, when as a matter of fact he belonged in business, where he would shortly pile up an amazing fortune. He was a bit late starting, but he would show 'em now. He was through with the theater.

"Know a guy up in Columbus Circle sells automobiles," he said. "Three years ago he tells me I'm a born salesman. I'll just walk in on him this morning and ask when do I go to work."

After the meager breakfast Joe put on his hat and called to Chum. The dog ran to him eagerly, barking his joy, anticipating a happy stroll in the sunshine. Joe stooped and removed the rhinestone collar from Chum's neck.

"I'll see how much I can get on this," he told them. He winked. "Chum won't need it where he's going." And he went blithely out, leaving the dog whining his disappointment just inside the door.

At six o'clock that evening Mr. Karger returned to them, wilted and again in the depths. His day had not been happy.

"Seems the car trade's all shot," he announced. "Nothing doing there. And the best I could do on Chum's collar was six measly ones. 'But look here, uncle,' I says, 'them stones is set in sterling silver.' 'Six bucks,' he answers, 'and not a penny more.'"

"Oh, Joe," cried Gracie, "and the agent for the landlord coming back tomorrow! I told him positively ——"

"I'm doing my best, ain't I?" Joe demanded. "What's the rest of you doing? Was you round to the agents, baby?"

"Yes," said young Nellie. "They told me to call again."

"The old bunk! Ma, I don't suppose you got anything up your sleeve."

"I'd like to help if I could, Joe. I've got a sort of a plan ——"

"Kerrigen?" he inquired eagerly.

"No, not Kerrigen."

"Well, ma, he looks to me like your best bet."

"That's not the way he looks to me," said Nellie Wayne.

"Well, come on, folks." Joe stood up. "We'll dine at the automat. While the six lasts we live high."

Nellie Wayne asked to be excused. She had lunched well, she said, and had eaten a wonderful dinner only last night. The three went out and left her. For a long time she sat, staring into space.

She was thinking of Madge Foster. An old friend, Madge; they had toured together years ago, shared the same make-up box, the same bed in dreary hotel rooms. Madge was slightly younger. Nellie had given her her first engagement, shown her many a kindness in that dim past. Now that Madge was working, prosperous, she could not well refuse a little temporary aid to her old friend and benefactor.

Nellie sighed. It would not be easy to walk into Madge's dressing room, and there amid the many evidences of her old associate's success and prosperity confess her own plight. Still, the situation was desperate; she must face the ordeal; she owed the sacrifice to Gracie and to Joe.

She arrayed herself in the best she had, and at 7:30 was on her way up Broadway. The theater crowds were not yet on the streets; only occasional pedestrians, many of them actors hurrying to their work. Their work! With bitterly envious eyes she saw them turn off into narrow alleyways that led to various stage doors. Once she, too, had had a destination at this hour, had known the cheery greeting of the door man, had hurried to the star's dressing room and found her maid waiting for her in the bright interior, with the lid of the make-up box open under the mirror; the mirror lined with a hundred telegrams and messages, friendly words from the camp followers of success.

She came to the alleyway beside the theater where Madge was playing, and turned in. An old man with drooping shoulders was loitering near the tall iron fence.

"Nellie Wayne!" he cried.

"Why, Frank Shore!" she said.

"Hello, Nellie! I ain't seen you since that week in New Orleans eighteen years ago. Remember? Bidwell's, in Canal Street—Charlie's piece, The Midnight Flyer."

"As long ago as that! Working, Frank?"

"Me? I ain't had a berth for three seasons, Nellie. I'm—I'm at the end of my rope. Been to the fund five times—I can't go again. Just—just begging in the street, Nellie."

Again the easy tears in her eyes. Frank Shore, an artist, a man who respected his profession, come to this!

"Wait for me here," she said. "I'll be along again in a few minutes."

She nodded to the door man, an old acquaintance, and crossed the stage, set for the first act, to the star's dressing room. Madge Foster, resplendent in the evening gown she wore at the beginning of her play, greeted her effusively. She kissed Nellie on both cheeks and gushed with all the fervor at the command of a famous emotional actress.

"Nellie darling, this is a treat! Marie, a chair for Miss Wayne. Sit down, dearie—do. You're not in the way. Really, you're not. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, I've been around," Nellie said. "How are you, dear?"

"Never better." Madge sat, too, a handsome woman, a magnetic personality, but with a face that bore the mark of many years of selfishness, of thinking only of Madge Foster. She leaned forward eagerly. "Have you seen me in this piece?"

"Yes; I was out front on Wednesday." A pause, while Madge waited impatiently for the laurel wreath. "I want to tell you—I think you're splendid, dear. Growing all the time."

"Thanks," said Madge. The implication that there was still room for artistic growth did not please her. "I don't know anybody I'd rather hear say that. I value your opinion, my dear, even though you're no longer working."

The shot went home. Nellie sat straighter in her chair.

"Of course, it's a wonderful part, dearie. Almost actor-proof."

"Oh, you think so?"

"But I'm glad to see you going so well, Madge."

Madge shrugged her white shoulders.

"If I was doing any better I'd be worried. Honest, Nellie, I get scared sometimes, the way things keep breaking for me. You wouldn't believe the money I'm drawing down! I told Levy it was too much, but he insisted."

"He would," smiled Nellie.

"And my children—all artists—all successful—all making big money. I ought to be a very happy woman, Nellie."

"You certainly ought, dear. Everybody's not so lucky. I met old Frank Shore in the alley." Madge's face clouded.

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"Is he still out there? You wouldn't believe, Nellie, what a woman in my position is up against. The appeals for help, the panhandlers ——"

"I can imagine, dearie. I've been through it all myself, as you may recall. And I always tried to be kind—ours is such a precarious profession. One never knows what one's own finish is to be."

"Oh, I'm not worried about mine. Did you spend the summer in town?"

"Why, yes! You see, I didn't know what minute I might be called for rehearsal."

"Oh," said Madge, "I thought you'd quit."

Nellie's head went up.

"I'm trying to drop out, Madge, but they just won't let me."

"Really?" The tone was incredulous. "Well, if I'd known you were about I'd have had you down to my place in Great Neck. Like to have you see it, dearie. It's a darling little house—tiny, of course; I only paid fifty thousand for it. But that's enough about me. How about you, Nellie? How's Gracie?"

"Gracie's fine, and very happy with Joe. Joe's doing well."

"Got a trick dog in vaudeville, I hear."

"Yes, temporarily," Nellie admitted. "He'd like to go out alone, but the dog's so popular. It would be a crime to refuse the money they pay him."

"Well, dearie, I'm glad to hear that," Madge said. "Must come in handy in your old age, so few engagements and all."

Nellie laughed lightly.

"Means nothing to me, Madge. I laid away my pile and I can take care of myself. I'd have been a fool if I hadn't—and me the best Rosalind of a generation, as Winter called me. Then there was Charlie's royalties—there's never been a playwright could touch him. Don't worry about me, dearie."

"I'm not worrying," Madge assured her. "How's that granddaughter of yours? It must make you feel old to look at her."

"I'll never feel old, dear; not while I've got my figure. Baby's well. Just at present we have all we can do to keep her off the stage. Every manager on Broadway is after her. I guess they figure she's a good deal like me."

"Oh, they want youth, Nell. Youth's the ticket. You can't get by without it." She glanced complacently at her mirror.

"That's why I always say you're such a wonder, Madge," said Nellie sweetly. She stood up, a triumphant figure, proud, successful, smiling. "I must run along. Just happened to have a free evening, so I thought I'd run in and offer my congratulations."

"Must you go, dearie?" Madge rose too. "Sorry the place in Great Neck is closed—like to have you down. Perhaps next summer ——"

"That's mighty kind of you, Madge. Next summer, maybe—if I don't go abroad. I'm thinking of it. So many good friends in London. You remember my big hit over there. They write me to come—I don't know ——"

"Well, it was good of you to drop in. Now don't be such a stranger." They kissed—to the outward view warmly, affectionately.

"Good-by," said Nellie. "Here's hoping your good luck continues, dear—as mine has." And with a gracious smile she swept from the room.

She crossed the stage—the old odors, the old thrill! She was extremely well satisfied with herself. But in the alley, where Frank Shore came shuffling towards her, she felt suddenly guilty.

"Well, Nellie, here I am." His quavering old voice was hopeful.

She took him by the arm and led him along.

"Listen, Frank. I can tell you what I can't tell many. I'm broke too."

"Nellie—not you!" There was real distress in his voice. "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that! It doesn't matter about me—I was never much, but you, Nellie, you were so wonderful!"

"Don't, Frank!" she said. "Don't, or I'll cry! It's the truth, I went in to borrow something from Madge Foster, but—I don't know exactly what happened. She started boasting, and I—I just couldn't do it. I couldn't tell her."

"Of course you couldn't," he said approvingly. "Don't you take any of her dust, Nellie. She's an amateur; a rotten little amateur compared with you."

"But I'm sorry for your sake, Frank. Here—here's a dollar."

"Can you spare it, Nellie? I'd rather not ——"

"Nonsense! We old-timers—we must stick together. Get yourself a meal and a bed, just for auld lang syne."

"God bless you, Nellie! There was never one could touch you. An artist and a lady. I always said it. One of my proudest memories—I played with Wayne."

"Good-by, Frank, and good luck."

"Good-by, Nellie." He started to leave her, paused. Trained as he was in the old artificial comedies, the exit line did not suit him. "A meal and a bed," he added. "And dreams of the old Broadway where we were young together."

That was better, and he shuffled off into the crowd. Nellie turned toward home. The theatergoers filled the street, shining limousines drew up to the curb, expensively dressed people alighted. Inside, the orchestras were tuning up, the actors were strolling about in the wings; presently would come the rise of the curtain. The rise of the curtain! Then on for that first sweet laugh, that first beloved ripple of applause.

She climbed wearily to the fifth floor and knocked. No answer at first, and then the sharp bark of Chum. Taking out her key, she unlocked the door and entered the dark passageway. Chum, overjoyed, frisked at her feet. She turned on the light and glanced down at him. He looked strange without his collar; but he wouldn't need it where he was going, and it meant six more dollars, the last he had to give.

There was a note from Gracie on the table—"Joe and I have gone to the Palace." How like them—the precious six fading fast! "Baby will be in soon."

Removing her hat, Nellie sat down by a parlor window—the one at the side that overlooked the alleyway of the theater next door. She could see far up the street the electric signs flashing in front of half a dozen playhouses, the dense throngs daring the August heat—the pleasure seekers.

The hour of eight! It was the hardest of all the twenty-four for her. Every evening at eight a feeling of restlessness overwhelmed her. What was she doing here, at home?

She leaned far out into the humid August night. A thousand memories assailed her, little pictures out of her past; a dress rehearsal that lasted till morning—and the greatest manager of all time on his knees before her in the dawn, thanking her for the genius she had shown; a big dinner table back stage, a Christmas tree in the center, and the great Nellie Wayne passing out the presents to her retinue; a moonlit night on Boston Common after the show, with Charlie Farren walking beside her, beseeching her to marry him; the dining room of the house on Twenty-second Street at midnight, dear, handsome Charlie standing at the head of the table, a champagne glass in his hand; a first night at the Lyceum, her dressing room banked with flowers, flushed, excited people crowding in to acclaim her newest triumph.

Down below, through the open doors of the theater, she heard the orchestra tuning up. She began to speak, the magic voice choked and uncertain; old lines from forgotten plays, deathless lines from the classics, lines taken at random from the jumble forever passing through her mind. Little wonder she could not learn a new rôle now. Up from below came a quick crash of music. The overture! Nellie Wayne was silent, and her head sank down on her arms.

Suddenly close beside her sounded a loud, sharp, excited bark. She turned, startled, and there stood Chum, every muscle alert, trembling with anticipation, his ears pointed, his absurd little tail wagging furiously. And then Nellie Wayne realized—it was eight o'clock for Chum!

He was not in this shabby little parlor—he was in the wings of a theater. The overture blared louder, and Chum's nervous bark rose above the music. He leaped against her, fell away, leaped again. It was time to go on. Time for his act.

"All right, Chum," she said. "Go to it!"

He tumbled into the center of the room as though into a spotlight's glare. He rolled over, played dead, did his drunken bit, walked on an imaginary ball, counted with sharp staccato barks as Joe had trained him. He had it all wrong, the routine twisted; but night had fallen, the orchestra was playing, and Chum was doing his act.

He finished as the music did and stood there before her, awaiting her applause. She saw him through her tears, his old eyes

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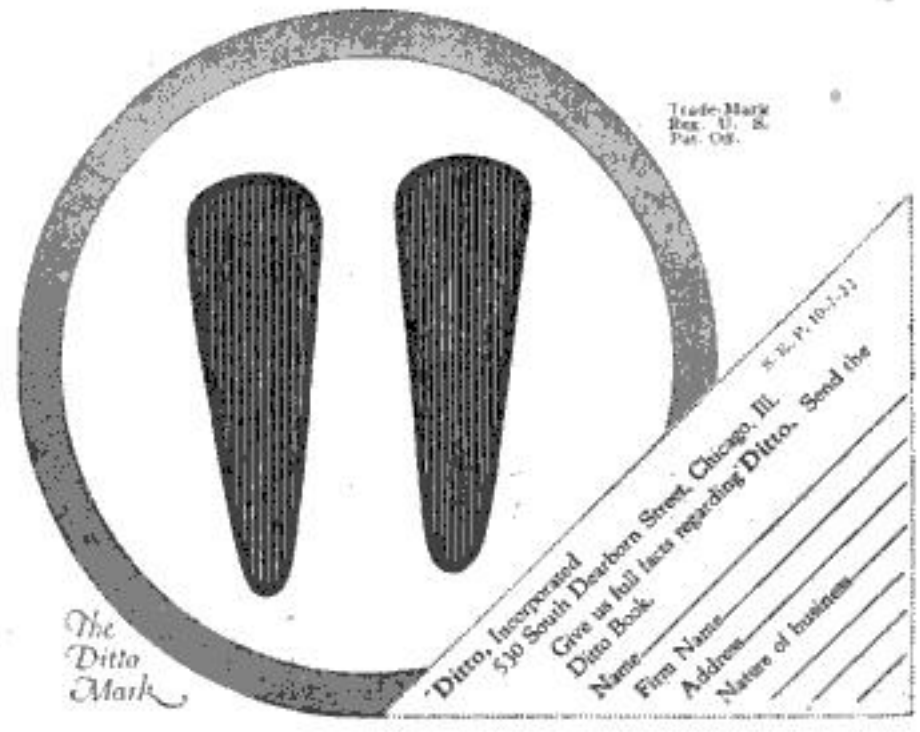


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looking into hers. She reached down and gathered him into her arms.

"Chum! Chum, you darling! I understand! We're in the same boat now. We're old—old, and it's youth they want. We're finished, you and me. Our act's out. And Broadway goes rolling on. Poor Chum! Poor fellow!"

She sat by the window for a long time, holding the little dog in her lap. She and Chum were friends at last.

At nine o'clock, putting the dog on the floor, she rose with determination. She dashed cold water into her eyes, put on her hat and went to the door. Chum followed.

"You wait here," she said gently. "You just wait, Chum. Maybe we're not quite finished yet."

She went directly to Tom Kerrigen's hotel. A bell boy discovered him lingering over his cigar in the dining room. Nellie went in to where he sat. He leaped to his feet.

"Nellie, I was just thinking about you. This is fine! Won't you eat something?"

"No, thanks, I've had dinner."

"Just a little coffee then?"

"Thanks, Tom. I will have that." She sat in the chair the waiter held ready. "I'm glad to find you. I thought you might have gone to a theater."

He shook his head.

"I don't care much for the plays they have now. Sex stuff, and all that. I like 'em clean, Nellie—I always did. Clean, like Peter Pan." The old gambler closed his eyes. "I saw that twelve times, and whenever Maude Adams came to the footlights and asked us did we believe in fairies I shouted louder than any kid in the house. I'm afraid I'm too old-fashioned."

The waiter brought her coffee and disappeared.

"Tom," she began, "I've come to make a confession. The other day I let you think I was well fixed—had money. It's not true. I've hardly a penny in the world. I'm down and out. Broadway broke, they call it nowadays."

He nodded solemnly.

"I suspected. And it's a raw deal. You deserve better than this."

"It's happened, though." She smiled cheerfully. "And now, Tom, I've come to you for help."

"Everything I've got—it's yours." He leaned across the table. "I don't want you to think I'm taking advantage, Nellie—but do you remember? That time, before you knew Charlie, when I followed you to Philadelphia. You were playing at the old Seventh Street Opera House; stopping at that boarding house that stood where the Bellevue-Stratford is now—what was the name?—oh, yes, Petrie's Rest. It was in the parlor there—I told you—I was crazy about you ——"

She laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't, Tom!"

"I must! I'm still—crazy. Take me and you'll never want for anything again."

"Dear friend!" His anxious, ruddy face, his keen gray eyes, the absurd old-fashioned diamond stick pin in his tie—she saw all these through a mist of tears. "It can't be, Tom. That's for youth. We're only ghosts. And then—there's Charlie. It's just as though he still lived—with me."

He smiled bravely.

"Right you are, Nellie. It's as you say. But everything I have is yours, just the same."

"I don't want your money, Tom dear. I want you to do something else for me. I want you to help me get into—the pictures."

"The pictures! Why, Nellie, you said ——"

"I know, but that was all wrong. We live too much in the past, Tom—we old people. The world moves, and we've got to move with it—or go down. And I'm not ready to go down."

"I should hope not!"

"Besides, I've got somebody to take care of now; somebody who's been taking care of me."

"Yes?"

"A dog. A dog named Chum."

He stared at her in wonder. "I want you to go to Lew Gorman, Tom, and sort of put the idea in his head ——"

"Gorman, hell!" Tom cried. "I'll finance a picture myself, and star you. We'll get a good story—say, what's the matter with one of Charlie's plays? By heaven, that's the idea! You own the rights to all of Charlie's stuff, don't you?"

"I do," she told him. "I've been thinking about that myself."

"It's an idea! We'll take one of Charlie's comedies—or better still, a melodrama. Lew tells me melodrama is going strong now. How about The Midnight Flyer? I'll buy the picture rights from you—pay you ten thousand—fifteen ——"

She laughed.

"Is that an offer? Fifteen thousand?"

"It is—unless you want more."

"That's like you, Tom. But you needn't risk a penny. Keep out of this yourself. All you need do is run into Lew Gorman casually and tell him you hear someone is thinking of making a picture out of The Midnight Flyer. Tell him I've refused fifteen thousand for the rights. I think that's honest, don't you?"

"Honest? Sure it is! My offer stands. Lew Gorman made a fortune out of you and out of Charlie's plays, and he has most of it yet. It's about time he split a bit with you. But do you think he'll fall?"

"I know he will. If I went to him and said I was broke and wanted to sell that play he wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. But once let him hear someone else is after it, and—well, I know managers. He won't sleep till he owns it. You've got your lines down, Tom?"

"I sure have! I'll run into him accidentally early in the morning, and I'll call you before noon."

"You're a dear, Tom."

"And if Lew doesn't come through, my offer still holds good; any one of my offers—or all of them."

She smiled and rose.

"You're the best friend anyone ever had," she said.

"Do you think so? Honest, Nellie?"

"I do, Tom." His broad face lightened. "And it's what Charlie always said."

"Oh, yes—Charlie." His smile faded. "Good old Charlie!" said Square Tom Kerrigen a little wistfully.

III

ANOTHER morning, with Joe cast this time in the rôle of pessimist. An evening at the Palace, where he saw a lot of acts the popularity of which he was utterly at a loss to explain, had soured his outlook on life. During breakfast his eye happened to light on Chum, munching at a bone in the corner.

"Guess we'll say good-by to him today," Joe announced in a low voice.

"No, dad—no!" cried young Nellie in alarm.

"Well, I can't have him round here eating his head off."

"Not today, Joe," said Nellie Wayne. "Give him another twenty-four hours, please."

"What's it to you?"

"It's a lot to me, if you must know."

"Beginning to appreciate what Chum did for you, eh?" he sneered. "Maybe you'll thank me next."

"I do thank you, Joe. And Chum and I happen to be good friends now. Give him another day."

Joe regarded her curiously.

"You got something on your mind?" he inquired.

Nellie stared at him blankly.

"Not a thing in the world," she said.

But Joe was unconvinced.

"I believe there's something up with ma," he said later to Gracie.

"She does look cheerful," Gracie admitted. "Though how she can feel that way, with the agent coming today for his money ——"

"Oh, give us a rest on that!" Joe cried.

"That's all very well for you to say, but it's me has to see him."

"Well, string him along."

"I've gone the limit now. It's cash today or the street."

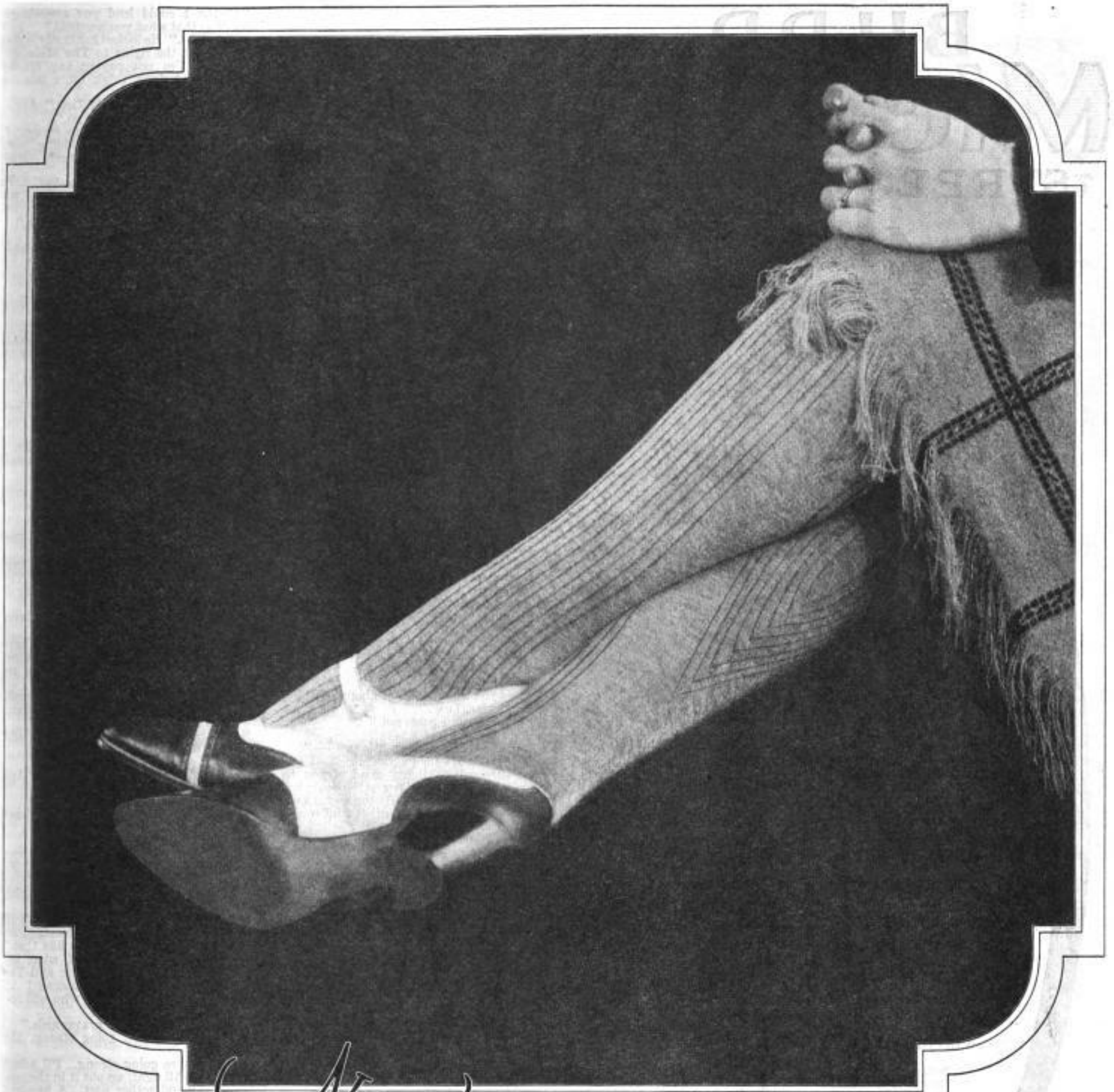
But Joe had jammed his hat onto his head, and the outer door slammed behind him. Baby, too, hurried off on some mysterious errand. Nellie waited, an unaccustomed color in her cheeks. It was past eleven when a surly hall boy climbed the stairs to tell her she was wanted at the telephone on the first floor. She gave him the last coin in her purse—a quarter—and beat him down.

"Hello, Nellie, that you?" Good old Tom—it was his voice. Her heart almost stopped beating with suspense. "Well, Nellie, I sat round Lew's hotel for two hours this morning, and oddly enough I happened to run into him. I just casually mentioned that offer you had for Charlie's play and the shot went home."

"He fell, did he, Tom?"

(Continued on Page 158)

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American engineers approve their sturdiness, insuring safety; their lightness at the rim, insuring tire economy, quicker response, and easier riding; above all, the speed and ease with which the extra wheel can be substituted —eliminating the old bugbear of tire changing on the road.

Dodge Brothers, Studebaker, Willys-Knight, Chalmers, Winton, Nash, and Yellow cab are among those American manufacturers who have adopted Michelin Steel Wheels as standard or optional equipment.

Five Convex Wheels In Each Set

BUDD WHEEL COMPANY
Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 154)

"Sure did! You must have heard the thud up where you were. He wants to see you before noon. He's leaving tonight for the West. The lad's all het up. I told him I'd do my best to get you round there, though it looked pretty doubtful to me. He's got a desk in Shane's office—you know where that is. Now be careful, Nellie. Remember your big offer. And besides, you've got so much money you don't care whether you sell or not."

"Leave him to me," answered Nellie. "I can handle Lew. I know him of old."

"All right, Nellie. Let me know what happens. Good luck!"

"Thanks, Tom. God bless you!"

She hurried back to the flat for her hat, but said nothing of her business to Gracie. The thing might fall through, and in that case she would bear the disappointment alone. A few moments later she was out on the hot street.

Shrewd little Lew was waiting, but greeted her with an assumption of great carelessness. At sight of his placid poker face she remembered what she was up against, and knew that she would have need of all her cunning.

"Hello, Nellie! It's great to see you again. Where you been hiding? Minna was saying only last night, Why don't we ever see Nellie no more?"

"How is Minna?"

"She's fine, thanks. We're going West tonight. Just wanted to see you before I went—say hello, for old times' sake."

"Well, Lew, I'm glad to drop in. But I've an engagement at the Claremont for lunch ——"

"Oh, I won't keep you. Why don't you come out West sometime and visit us?"

"Thanks, Lew, I'll think about it. But Broadway still looks pretty good to me."

"That so?" He took up a paper knife and toyed aimlessly with it. "Anything on your mind, Nellie?"

"Not a thing."

"Humph! Feeling well, ain't you?"

"Never better."

"That's good." He stared past her out the window.

"Did you want to see me about anything in particular, Lew?"

"Oh, no; no, I guess not."

She rose.

"Well, give my love to Minna ——"

He rose, too, stifled a yawn.

"I sure will. Mighty good of you to come in." He followed her to the door; her hand was on the knob. "By the way, I hear you're selling some of Charlie's stuff to the pictures."

She laughed a little scornfully.

"Oh, I don't know. They're after The Midnight Flyer. They say there's a wonderful picture in it, but I haven't made up my mind. I don't need the money, you know."

"So? How much do they offer you?"

"Oh, not much—fifteen thousand."

Despite his best efforts an expression of pain crossed Lew's chubby little face.

"They're kidding you," he said warmly. "There ain't that much money in the business any more."

"Well, it doesn't matter," Nellie answered. "I don't believe I'll sell, anyhow. I hear prices will go up later."

"Don't you believe it. Prices have reached the peak and they're going down every minute we stand here. I know, because I've been dabbling a bit in the movies myself."

"That so, Lew? Well, I'll go along." She opened the door.

"Wait a minute, Nellie. Come back here and sit down." She hesitated, seemed reluctant, but obeyed. She was wishing she had borrowed baby's wrist watch for this encounter. Lew sat down too—on the edge of his chair. "Now look here, Nellie," he began. "It seems to me that if anybody makes pictures out of Charlie's stuff it ought to be me. I produced all his plays and I loved him like a brother. I'd have been down for a slice of the picture money, only, of course, in those days there was no such thing."

"Well, I guess that was the only bet you ever overlooked, Lew."

Lew ignored this.

"If Charlie was sitting in that chair now, do you know what he'd say, Nellie? He'd tell you if you sold to anybody you ought to sell to me. He'd say, 'Think of all Lew done for us, Nellie.'"

"And made a million doing it."

"A million! How do you figure that? I'm a poor man, Nellie."

"Maybe I could lend you something, Lew. Was that what you wanted?"

"It was not." He looked her firmly in the eye. "I want the rights to The Midnight Flyer. But I'm not paying any fifteen thousand, and don't think for a minute I am."

"Well, then, you're outbid, Lew." Again she stood up. "I really must go."

"Come now, Nellie, listen to reason. I tell you somebody's been kidding you. Such prices ain't paid any more. Who made the offer, anyhow?"

"Tell Minna I'm sorry not to see her ——"

She was moving toward the door. He followed at her heels.

"I'll give you ten thousand, Nellie."

"I was always so fond of Minna."

"Twelve thousand—for Minna's sake. You wouldn't rob Minna's husband?"

"This engagement of mine is for one o'clock ——"

"Nellie, have a heart! For auld lang syne ——"

"For auld lang syne you can have it at fifteen. I'll not ask you to go above these other people, though it's hardly fair to them."

"Nellie! Don't old times mean nothing to you?"

"Not where money is concerned, Lew. I'm like you that way. Now make up your mind, for I'm going."

"All right—go! Ungrateful! Nellie, I hate to say it, but you're ungrateful. Charlie wouldn't like it."

"Charlie wouldn't be so easy." She opened the door. "Good-by, Lew."

"Fourteen thousand dollars!"

"Good luck on the Coast!"

"What do you think you're selling—Ben Hur?"

"I'm not selling. You're trying to buy, that's all. Acting like a piker too. The Midnight Flyer—the most popular play of its generation!"

"Yeah. And everybody dead that ever heard of it."

"There's a few of us left. You must have heard of it, Lew. You cleared four hundred thousand on it. My love to Minna, remember."

"Minna—Minna! Minna's heart would break if she heard you. Fourteen thousand five hundred and not another nickel!"

Nellie came back into the room and closed the door.

"Sold!" she cried.

"I should think so!" wailed Lew. "And me bankrupt!"

"On one condition!"

"What now? Nellie, how you have changed!"

"I play in the picture."

"You—you—in the picture! At your age! What you thinking of, Nellie? We got to get a young girl for your part."

"Of course. I'm not insane, Lew. I play the grandmother."

"Oh, the grandmother! Well, that's all right. Only naturally you understand we don't pay much for a little part like that."

"You'll pay me! Think of what my name will mean! Nellie Wayne and The Midnight Flyer billed together again! All over the country are millions who will remember ——"

"Millions—yes—in the graveyards."

"No, on their feet, going strong, like you—and me."

"Well, you're going strong. I'll admit that, Nellie. All right, we put it in the contract—the grandmother part. A hundred and fifty a week."

"Three hundred!"

"Nellie, you robber!"

"Take it or leave it! What say, Lew?" He was muttering to himself.

"I ain't saying—I'm choking. Maybe I can do it—if I close my eyes when I sign."

"Nonsense! You'll get it all back, and a lot more. If that wasn't so I'd be on my way to the Ritz now."

"The Claremont, you said," he reminded her.

"But I'm to pick up some friends at the Ritz."

"All right, Nellie. Sit down. I'll go and dictate a contract."

"You be careful what you dictate. I can still read, Lew."

He left her. She sat erect in her chair, her eyes shining. She had not looked so beautiful in years. The joy of battle was in her heart, the thrill of victory. If Charlie knew—but perhaps he did. Perhaps he had been at her elbow, fighting too. Clever Charlie! Dead more than twenty years, but supporting her still; supporting her by his wit and industry; saving the day for her

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when all seemed lost. That was the theater—the dear theater. The hits never died.

"How you want the money?" Lew called.

"Give me your check for two thousand now. I'll take the rest when we get to Hollywood."

He came back to her presently with three copies of the contract ready for her signature—and the check.

"How soon can you start?" he wanted to know. "Why not go along with Minna and me tonight? You can get ready—an old trouper like you."

"I'll be there. When and where?"

"The Pennsylvania Station at eight. I'll buy your ticket."

"Thanks."

"And you can pay me on the train," he added hastily. He blotted the signatures. His spirits appeared to be rising. "I'm going to give this thing a whale of a production, and if it goes over I might try one or two more of Charlie's pieces. But I ain't paying such prices again."

"We'll discuss that later," she smiled.

"You better settle down out West," he suggested. "I'd have work for you now and then, and you could pick up something occasionally in the other studios. You got a name, Nellie—a big name. I know, because I give it to you."

"Thanks, Lew." She folded the check. "I'll think about that."

"Me and Minna will look for you at the train." He followed her to the door. "Maybe you think I'm close, Nellie; but if I am I got a reason. All my life something's been hanging over me—a fear—an obsession. I got it watching the other managers. One by one I seen them go Broadway broke, and I been afraid; afraid it would get me too. It wouldn't be any fun, Nellie, being broke and old in this game."

"No, I guess it wouldn't, Lew," she answered gravely. "See you tonight at the train."

She traveled the short distance back to the flat as blithely as a girl of twenty. Five flights up suited her mood. She pushed open the door. Something struck her at once—a silence, a disappointment—something gone. Chum! Chum, who frisked about the feet of all who entered there.

Gracie sat by a window, languidly scanning the department-store advertising in a morning paper.

"Where's Chum?" Nellie demanded.

"Hello, ma! Chum? Oh, Joe came back and we made up our minds it was time to part with poor old Chum. So Joe took him down to the vet ——"

Nellie's heart sank.

"What vet? Where?"

"Meyer, I think the name was. Somewhere on Tenth Street—East Tenth—over near the river. Ma, where you going?"

"Out!" Nellie was at the head of the stairs.

Gracie followed.

"The agent was here," she called. "He's coming again at three."

"Let him come. It's all right, I'm working," Nellie replied over her shoulder, and left the dazed Gracie far behind. She ran over to Broadway and signaled the first taxi she saw.

"Never mind the speed laws!" she cried, climbing in. "Matter of life and death!"

"Where to?" inquired the driver, naturally curious on that point.

"East Tenth. I don't know the number. Near the river. We'll find it somehow. We've got to find it!"

The car started. Nellie was angry now. This was like Joe—a little opposition and he was off, couldn't wait; wanted to show he took nobody's orders. Well, she had the upper hand now. The check in her purse gave her that. And little Joey would step round. The taxi crept in and out of the traffic; at every enforced stop her spirits sank.

On East Tenth luck was with her. She looked out the window of the car and saw Joe plodding along—alone. She directed the driver to draw up to the curb, and before the taxi had quite halted she leaped to the sidewalk and confronted her son-in-law.

"Where's Chum?"

"Ma, what are you doing here?"

"Where's Chum? Answer me!"

"I left him in there." He pointed over his shoulder.

"They'll take care of Chum."

She ran past him and through the open door of an ancient brick stable. The darkness blinded her for a moment—and then she saw a thin streak of white coming toward her, heard a familiar bark. Nellie Wayne knelt on the dirty floor and opened her arms.

"All right, Chum. Everything's all right. You're not staying here. You're going with me."

Joe came forward, officious.

"Now, see here, ma, I won't have you butting in. Chum will be better off. And I can't afford to have him round eating his head off."

"Forget it, Joe," she advised. "After this Chum belongs to me."

"To you? That's good! How you going to take care of him?"

She stood up and took a pink bit of paper from her purse. "Read that," she said. It was the simplest explanation.

"Two thousand!" Joe gasped. "From Lew Gorman!"

"Yes, and there's a lot more still coming to me."

"What's he going to do—star you?"

She did not reply, but knelt again and took Chum in her arms. An old, unshaven man shuffled out of a smelly office.

"All right, doc," Joe told him. "We changed our mind about the dog. You can give me back the two dollars." The old man objected with surprising vehemence. He was, he said, ready to do his part.

"Come along, Joe," Nellie called. "You can ride with us if you like."

Joe hesitated between his two and Nellie's two thousand, but only for an instant. He followed her and meekly climbed to her side in the taxi.

"I don't get this," he said.

"I sold one of Charlie's old plays to Gorman for a picture," she explained. "And I'm going out to Hollywood to act in it."

"In the movies! You, in the movies!" Joe threw back his head and laughed loudly. "After all you've said against them ——"

"Well, I can change my mind, can't I? I see my mistake. It's up to me to move along with the times. You can't just stand round mooning about the good old days. If you do you're sunk."

"Now you're talking sense," Joe approved. They rode on in silence for a time. "A fellow was telling me that copper's the thing," he went on presently; "a fellow who works in Wall Street. 'Just put a few thousand in copper,' he says, 'and ——'"

"Listen!" cut in Nellie. "All the money I used to have hated me, Joe. It left me right away. But this is friendly money. It's going to stick around."

"Well, I was just suggesting ——"

"I'll pay the rent and give Gracie five hundred to tide along until you get work. Then I'm going out to California and buy a little bungalow—a little home for Chum and me; a place where he can lie round all day in the sun, or maybe chase butterflies if he feels ambitious. Do they have butterflies out there?"

"They got everything," said Joe.

"I'll pick up a bit of work now and then. And what's left over after buying the house goes into bonds—government bonds. My home will always be open to you, Joe—to Nellie and Gracie—just the way yours was to me. Only there won't be any agent for the landlord in the cast."

"Well, I done my best," he said.

"That's all right, Joe. You did, and I'm mighty grateful. And there'll always be a welcome for you out West."

"Somehow, I can't see you leaving Broadway," said Joe.

"Why not? My Broadway left me long ago."

She stopped the cab at a bank not far from the flat and sent Joe home with Chum. A cashier, who knew her well, translated Lew's hieroglyphics into a magnificent roll of bills. She rode in triumph back to the walk-up apartment.

In the parlor Gracie and young Nellie were bending anxiously above a black silk dress, over which Gracie was waving an uncertain needle. Nellie went to them at once and seized the garment.

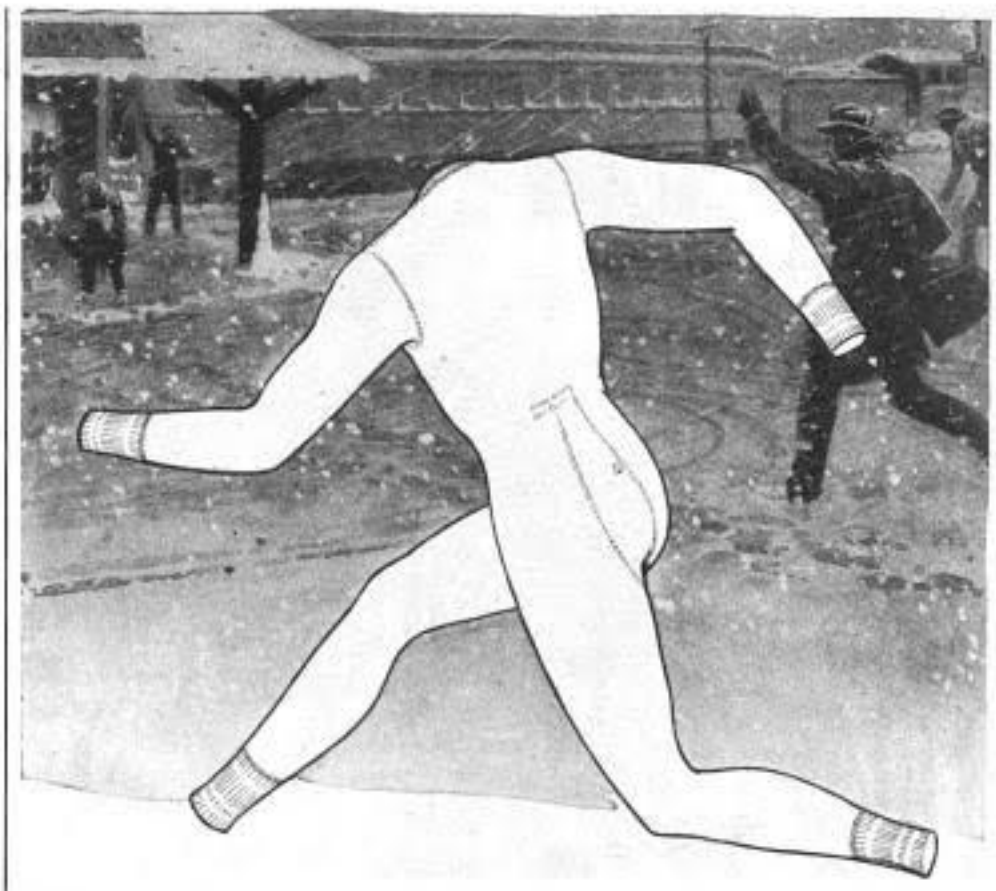
"What's this?" she wanted to know.

"Ma, Joe says you got an engagement."

"Yes; but what's this?"

"It's mine," young Nellie answered. She seemed breathless with excitement; her big brown eyes were glowing. "I've got a part too! Levy's rushing me into his new comedy—a maid rôle, only a few lines, but a beginning. The girl who had the rôle was fired, and we're trying to make her costume over to fit me. The dress rehearsal's tonight."

Nellie Wayne stood silent, staring at the costume with a sort of contempt.



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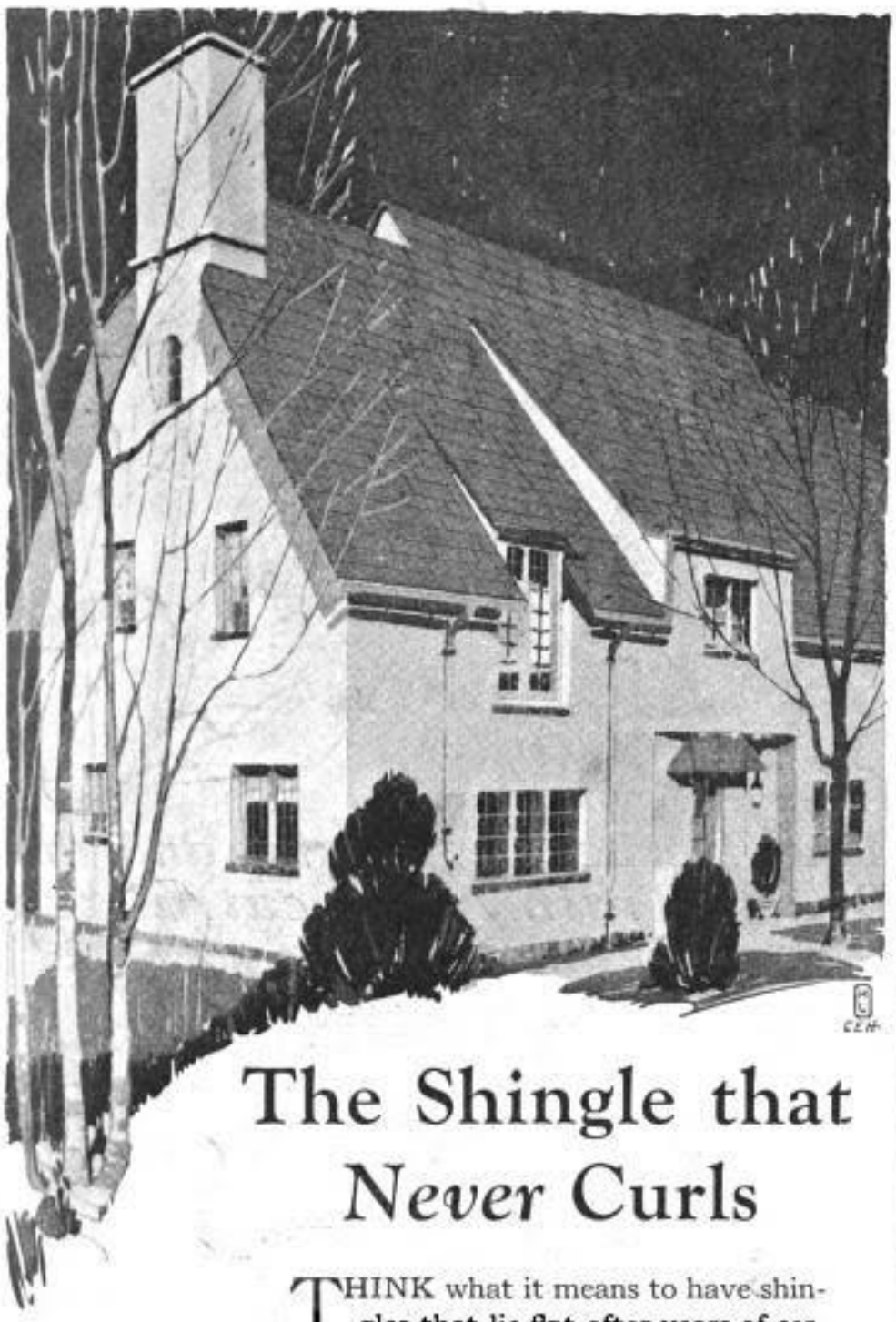
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"Nonsense!" she said suddenly, and tossed it into a wastebasket.

With a little cry young Nellie rescued it. She faced her grandmother, trembling, flushed, determined.

"How dare you?" she cried. "How dare you interfere? It's my life, I can live it as I please. I'm going on the stage. You had your day, you had your fun; you can't stop me. I'm going on the stage, I tell you! I love it! I want it! I'd die if I didn't!"

"Baby!" Nellie put her hands on the girl's slim shoulders. "Baby, that wasn't bad at all. A little more voice, perhaps—a little more authority—but that will come in time; when you've lived longer—suffered. Going on the stage! Of course you are! But not in that dress. Come with Nellie Wayne and she'll buy you the best in town."

Young Nellie wilted.

"Oh, I'm sorry! Excuse me! But I thought, after what you said ——"

"What did I say?"

"About my acting. You said you'd rather see me in my grave; that Broadway was a dreadful place—no gratitude—no heart ——"

"What rot, baby! You're dreaming! I never did!"

"But, mother," protested Gracie, "I heard you myself!"

"You're crazy, both of you! I may be getting old, my dears, I may be fifty"—Gracie looked at her—"or thereabouts, but I fancy I know what I said. Would I belittle the profession that gave me so many happy years? Would I smirch the memories I've got by wild talk like that—me, the best Viola of a generation? I should hope not! Of course, baby's going to act! I want her in the profession—carrying on the torch—but not in one of Levy's hand-me-downs; not while Nellie has a roll of bills like this." She opened her pocketbook; they saw and gasped. "It's your father, Gracie. It's from him. Dead and gone, but helping us still. Now, baby, get your hat. If your dress rehearsal's tonight we must rush. Besides, I'm off at eight myself."

The girl disappeared into her room. Nellie walked the floor, beaming, happy.

"A maid's part! To think of it, Gracie! I had a maid's part my first engagement too. What was that line? 'My lady, the curate is waiting for you in the garden.' Our baby! She's got the spark, Gracie! Did you see how she flared out at me?"

Gracie put her hand to her head.

"So many things are happening," she complained.

Nellie explored her purse and threw a handful of bills on the table.

"There—some of it's for the rent man, with Nellie Wayne's love. Give the janitor ten dollars and tell him to bring my trunks up from the storeroom. We'll have to spend the afternoon packing." Young Nellie reappeared. "Come, child, I'll take you to Madame Claire. It's a rush job, but Maggie will do it for me. And oh, Gracie dear, call up the Walden and engage a table! I'm giving a farewell party tonight. Better say six o'clock. I mustn't miss my train. And order it, too, will you, so we shan't be kept waiting."

"What—what shall I order?" asked Gracie.

"Oh, I don't know. Just shut your eyes and spend, Gracie. It's Nellie Wayne's good-by."

IV

THE dinner was over and they emerged from the hotel. Nellie Wayne, erect and blooming—booked again! Then baby and Gracie, Joe, carrying a florist's box, Tom Kerrigen with Chum in his arms.

"Now, Gracie, I want you and Joe to go with baby. Her first dress rehearsal—you've got to be there. Tom will take me to the train."

"All right, mother, if you wish it."

"Did you order the taxi, Tom?"

"Here he is, Nellie."

"And he's got the top down. That's good! I'm not going to say the word, Gracie; such a sad word; just *au revoir*."

Joe proffered his box.

"So long, ma. A few roses—from the three of us."

"Oh, Joe, you're too good to me!"

"Your money paid for them," said Joe humbly.

"Your kindness bought them." She took the box. "You and Gracie must visit me ——"

"We'll be there," Joe promised. "Fellow in Los Angeles wanted me to go into the real-estate game with him. Maybe you'd better hold off buying that house ——"

She smiled, pressed his hand, turned to her daughter.

"Well, Gracie—what you crying for? You've seen me start on the road a thousand times. Baby"—she put her arm about the girl—"you're in the profession now; the greatest profession in the world. Respect it, give it your best, no matter what's in the box. That's the first rule—the only one."

"I'll never forget," young Nellie said, "what's behind me—you—and grandfather. I'll never forget this afternoon—buying the dress—my first costume. You'll be proud of me."

"God bless you, dear. You're on your way. A great star—I'm sure of it. How happy Charlie would be to see you tonight!" Her voice broke. "Run along now, please, the three of you."

She stood looking after them until they were lost in the throng on Broadway. Her eyes were wet.

"We'd better start," Tom Kerrigen said gently. "The taxi's waiting."

She turned to him.

"I wanted this last ride with you, Tom, down our old street together. Tell him to drive to the Pennsylvania by way of Union Square. I guess there's time." He helped her into the cab and deposited Chum in her lap. The dog was restless, excited—the lights, the crowd, eight o'clock again. "There, Chum, old fellow," she said, "calm down. We're not showing tonight; we're off for the road; booked solid into the hereafter—and it's a long sleeper jump."

The cab swung into Long Acre, into the dazzling square of the electric signs. The new Rialto—all glitter and no heart. They crossed Forty-second Street, and the White Way grew darker. They were moving on into the past.

The Empire was left behind, and then the Knickerbocker. No more playhouses, no more in reality; tall loft buildings towering overhead—Feinberg & Morris, Ladies' Waists; Max Hirschfield, Artificial Flowers—and then the big grim department stores of Herald Square.

No more playhouses in reality, but a dozen or more in their dreams. Famous temples of the drama, torn down and forgotten. The Herald Square, the Bijou, the Standard! Nellie Wayne in Charlie Farren's Latest! Wallack's and Daly's. Nellie Wayne in As You Like It! Prancing horses at the curb, fine ladies and fine gentlemen descending, silk hats gleaming above the crowd. The crack of cabbies' whips. Carriages at eleven-thirty sharp!

They were in Madison Square.

"Did you see what I saw, Tom?"

"Ghosts, Nellie; a thousand ghosts. I'm going home tomorrow."

"We're ghosts, too, Tom. The stage is set for a new piece and here we are mumbling the old lines, the lines nobody wants to hear."

"Over there at the Hoffman House I saw Charlie that last night. He said he wasn't feeling right."

"Tell the driver to turn down Twenty-second. Never mind Union Square. I've seen enough."

"You shouldn't have come this way, Nellie."

"Nonsense, Tom! I came on purpose. It saddens me, but it makes it easier to go—to go and never to come back. There's nothing to come back for."

Into the dark of Twenty-second the taxi swerved, and Nellie laid a hand on her friend's arm.

"Have him stop just a moment, Tom." The bored driver obeyed.

They had come to a halt before a battered old brick house almost obliterated by time—a weary old house given over to trade. Alien names decorated its front. Talk of blouses and whalebone and leather goods. Wholesale only. On the first floor a lunch room, closed for the night.

"Do you remember my garden at the rear? The hollyhocks? And the canary in the dining-room window—the canary that used to wake and sing when we came home after the play?"

"Sometimes I'd get here first, Nellie, and I'd sit on the steps and wait for the sound of the horse's hoofs. And then the shining new hansom with Reilly on the box passing the gaslight on the corner—and Charlie on the sidewalk, helping you down?"

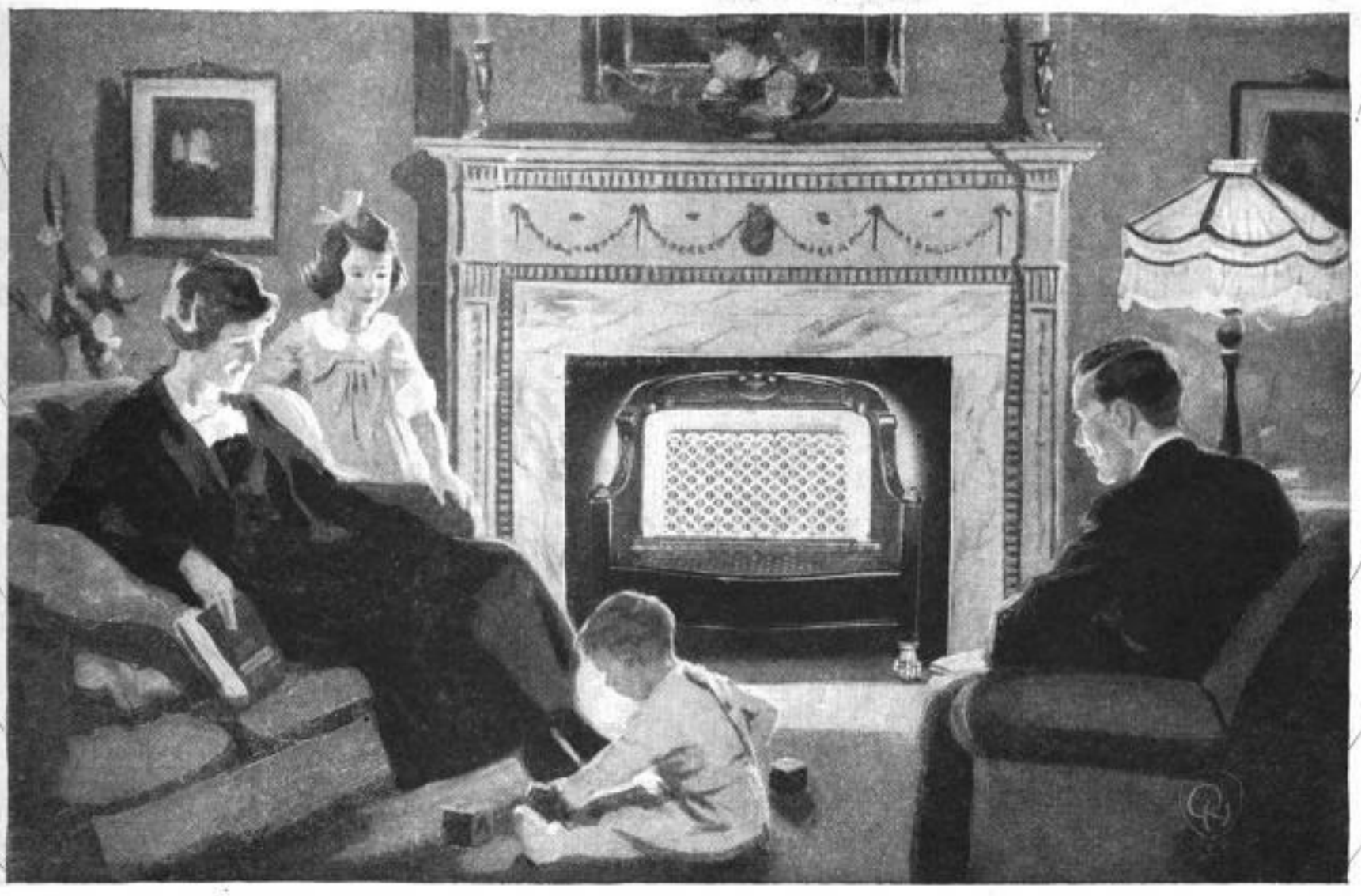
Silence for a moment.

"Tell him to go on now, Tom," she said softly.

The rattle of a protesting engine followed, and they moved away.

(Continued on Page 161)

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Champion accuracy in construction assures absolute uniformity of spark in each cylinder; consequently a more perfect timing of the engine.

Aid Quick Starting

The firing points of Champion Plugs are special nickel alloy, do not corrode, oxidize, or burn readily, and give an instant spark at each turn of the motor.

Give More Power

The component parts of Champion Plugs are designed to stand hard service, eliminate compression leaks and give maximum power.

Are Wonderful Value

The very highest quality of materials is combined with the most efficient design, skilled workmanship and careful inspection. Tremendous quantity production—millions every month—alone makes possible the low selling price.

The name CHAMPION is on every core
Ask your dealer to sell you a full set

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

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(Continued from Page 158)

"That's all over and done with," Nellie said. "We're just old useless props cluttering up the scene. It will be different out West. Thank heaven, I've still got work to do!"

"That's right, Nellie." They rode along. "I—I'll be spending the winters down near you. I'll see you now and then."

"I'm glad to hear that, Tom. The best friend anybody ever had. Wasn't it strange how clearly we seemed to see him—there in front of the old house? Charlie, I mean. Did you see him too?"

"Yes," said Kerrigen, "I saw him."

"His name will be on the billboards again, all over the country, just the way it used to be."

"So it will."

She took something from her purse.

"Tom, I want you to look up an old actor—a character man named Frank Shore. Give him that and tell him I'm going to find him a berth out on the Coast."

"I'll do it, Nellie."

They were speeding up Seventh Avenue; the station was close ahead. Nine blocks off the lights of Long Acre were flaming. Nellie Wayne lifted Chum where he could see.

"Take your last look, Chum, old fellow. We're saying good-by." Chum's tired old eyes swept the yellow horizon and he barked a rather faint farewell.

"Sorry, Nellie?" Kerrigen asked.

She shook her head.

"Not very sorry. One thought keeps running through my mind. Whatever happens, I'll never be Broadway broke again."

The taxi swung suddenly into the tunneled drive at the south end of the station—the long dim tunnel where the lights of Long Acre were just another memory.

NORTHCLIFFE

(Continued from Page 7)

vindictive and did not nag. To him a newspaper's life was exactly twenty-four hours, and every day a new life. Some particularly bitter criticism would be followed next day by a bulletin reading:

I am very proud of this morning's Daily Mail. No other paper in England compares with it. My congratulations and thanks to the entire staff.

The contents bills, or placards which cry the news features of English papers, are an important factor in sales. The Chief's bulletin one day during the war read:

As I was motoring through Canterbury yesterday I noticed that our contents bill was printed with very faint ink. Why? Our ink bills are the heaviest in Fleet Street. Have George see me about this.

Northcliffe's staffs, like all the seats of the mighty in England, were filled with Scotsmen. He reveled in taking a good-natured fling at them, especially two highly capable night editors, Beattie and Crawford, who for years put The Daily Mail to bed. Caledonians to the core, they were correspondingly conservative souls. One noon the Chief's encyclical contained this thrust:

I see the handicraft of our gallant Scots in this morning's paper, which is otherwise an excellent production.

The bulletins were Northcliffe's favorite method of keeping The Daily Mail brief, bright and accurate, three qualities he insisted it must always possess. If he was far away from London the bulletins were telegraphed as soon as he had access to the paper. They were awaited by the staff, from day to day, with interest not unmixed with trepidation. Nine out of ten times the Chief's strictures were just and unanswerable. They were invariably inspiring.

The Attack on Kitchener

Had Northcliffe lived his next international drive would have been aimed at Japan. "Watch Japan!" was the gospel he intended to preach with the same relentless fervor that marked his prewar campaign with regard to Germany. His trip to the Far East during the last year of his life seemed to convince him that Nipponese necessities and aspirations spell danger to world peace. Northcliffe used to keep in close touch with Japanese public opinion, adopting, as was his wont, unique methods for the purpose. Regularly, upon the arrival of the Far Eastern mails in London, a young Japanese would come to The Times office and for a couple of hours at a time would translate to Northcliffe extracts from the Japanese press. Next day another Japanese would come and translate them all over again, in order that the Chief might check up. He took an English telephone operator with him to the United States in 1917 as a member of the British War Mission, because he wanted somebody attending to his private wire that he could absolutely rely on. She was a clever Daily Mail switchboard girl and Northcliffe got her the O. B. E.—Officer Order of the British Empire—as a reward for her war work in America.

Securing for his coworkers some of the titular distinctions that came to him was one of Northcliffe's specialties while he basked in the sunshine of Prime Ministers' favor. A man who began life as Northcliffe's office boy is now a baronet. Half a dozen reporters and business managers were knighted. A Daily Mail news editor who wrote save-coal posters for the government during the war now adorns his visiting card with C. B. E.—Commander Order of the British Empire. The Viscountess Northcliffe, who maintained a magnificent war hospital out of her private fortune, is a Dame Grand Cross Order of the British Empire. Northcliffe printing-press power made not only himself but his brother, Rothermere, a viscount, and two of their younger brothers are baronets. Another brother, untitled as yet, is Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Northcliffe considered that his preëminent war service was the exposure of Kitchener's personal responsibility for the shells tragedy in 1915. He risked his liberty, life and business prosperity by that ruthless attack on the national idol. Asked why he assailed "K" in such hammer-and-tongs fashion instead of berating the War Office impersonally, Northcliffe whipped out: "Because you never get anywhere by beating around the bush. You must mention names and fasten blame exactly where it belongs. Kitchener is War Minister. It is his duty to see that the army is properly armed; and I said so."

Out of Favor and In Again

They burned The Daily Mail on the London Stock Exchange. Rival papers suggested that Northcliffe ought to be taken to the Tower and shot for high treason. Public libraries banished his publications from their reading rooms. Advertisements were withdrawn and sales dropped by the tens of thousands. "Better lose circulation than lose the British Empire" was Northcliffe's comment when the vendetta conducted by Kitchener's idolaters was in full swing. Punch printed a scathing cartoon showing John Bull trampling The Daily Mail into the mire. Yet Englishmen lived to admit that Northcliffe's exposure of the shells tragedy saved the day for Britain. When Northcliffe died the circulation of The Daily Mail was the highest in its history—1,800,000.

Though a two-fisted fighter who neither gave nor expected quarter in a newspaper feud, Northcliffe had his sensitive spots. A former dramatic critic of The Daily Mail, Keble Howard, once wrote a novel depicting Northcliffe's career from its humble beginnings. It was called Lord London, and though the characters in the story were disguised under other names all were easily recognizable as men and women who had played major rôles in Northcliffe's life. He himself figured in the book as Hannibal. Although many of his friends and associates considered Lord London harmless and to a certain extent even complimentary, Northcliffe was incensed by its publication. He bought up every copy he could lay hands on, induced the publishers to sell him the rest of the edition, the manuscript, the copyright and the plates, and, as far as lay in his power, suppressed the work. Lord London later was published in an American edition. It was understood that Northcliffe particularly objected to the author's fanciful picture of how Mr. Balfour, then Prime Minister, was induced to bestow a peerage upon the Chief.

Northcliffe was extraordinarily proud of his facial resemblance to Napoleon and of having his journalistic strokes called



THE OLD WAY
A hurried pencil addition on a scrap of wrapping paper. Note the error of 10 cents in the total.

THE WALES CASHIER WAY
The clerk gives a legible and absolutely accurate slip to the customer as a receipt. A carbon record of the transaction remains in the machine.

One Retailer Saves $2400 a Year

Errors in mentally added Sales Slips cost Howard A. Swingle $2400 in 1921. He bought a Wales and stopped the loss—the Wales Cashier Costs only $300

BUT that is only *one* way in which the Wales Cashier—the combination Cash Register and Adding Machine—is saving and actually *making* money for progressive retailers throughout the nation.

Mr. Swingle says further:—

"I find the Wales way much faster and more accurate than the old method of using a pencil and figuring on a piece of paper. The Wales not only saves time for me but it also helps me keep satisfied customers. Both they and I know at a glance that the machine total is correct. I also use this machine for checking and proving my accounts, making customers' statements and for all other figuring I have to do."—*Howard A. Swingle, Dry Goods, Groceries and Fresh Meats, Carbondale, Pa.*

But even *that* is not the whole story.

The Wales Cashier will help you increase the *net profits* of your business. How? By helping you to stop waste, unnecessary expenses, loss from errors, bad debts and other business leaks. By helping you speed up turnover and cut down unprofitable "stock on hand." Full details on request.

WALES ADDING MACHINE CO., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Branches in All Principal Cities

WALES DUPLEX CASHIER
Cash Register and Adding Machine Combined

Two Machines for the Price of One $300



If your *net profits* are not as large as they should be—if you are losing money through errors or too large overhead—you should know more about the Wales Cashier.

SEND US THIS REQUEST BLANK TODAY

☐ Tell me how the Wales Cashier can increase my net profits

☐ Give me a free demonstration of the Wales Cashier.

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The famous box that holds 100 Cinco Cigars but never holds them long

Justly Popular

Cinco year after year has increased in popularity. Success of this kind comes only to a good product.

Once you have smoked Cinco you'll just naturally want it every time.

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PHILADELPHIA Established 1850



Napoleonic, as, indeed, most of them were. All his life he cultivated a style of hairdressing that permitted a stray lock of his rich brown hair to fall across his forehead, *à la* the Little Corsican. Occasionally Northcliffe signed his name "N.," in imitation of Napoleon's celebrated initial. His favorite signature was "Chief" and he so signed himself invariably when addressing his associates and colleagues. Sometimes the signature was "Your attached Chief" or "Your devoted Chief." He loved to be called Chief and immensely preferred it to My Lord. Lady Northcliffe, who filled a greater rôle in his life than most people knew, always referred to Northcliffe in conversation with others as the Chief. His army of men and women workers showered Napoleonic loyalty upon him. He was seldom prouder than when gazing down upon the multitude of Daily Mail employes, 7000 strong, gathered for their annual bean feast as the Chief's guests.

For years Northcliffe had the reputation of using men up, and then, like squeezed lemons, tossing them to the scrap heap. At one time he avowed himself an apostle of the Osler theory that a man is no good after forty. Northcliffe's views on that score mellowed as he himself crossed the line and found himself, after forty, an ever more potent figure in the life of his country and the world. But his partiality for young men never left him and he gave them place and power as often as opportunity offered. The newspaper craft in Great Britain never knew so generous an employer. He insisted upon efficiency, but rewarded it handsomely. He said he believed in high wages and good salaries out of "enlightened selfishness." He made it a rule never to allow a worthy employe to ask for a raise. He invariably beat him to it and offered the increase. Numerous Northcliffe employes, grown old or broken down in his service, were pensioned for life. If Northcliffe ever sacked a man there was a reason. "Good men are scarce. My business is to keep them," was one of his maxims.

Northcliffe regularly spent a whole day in bed. He persuaded himself it was the only real way to get rest. In fact, he never worked harder than when so established. Callers on such occasions were received in an endless procession and they found the Chief surrounded by telephones, newspapers, correspondence, editors and secretaries. Meals were served at the bedside, usually with a guest or two to help him rest. In the winter of 1919 I visited Northcliffe on one of his bed days in the mansion in Carlton Gardens, where he died. He exhibited with boyish glee an ulcerated growth the size of a golf ball which had been removed from his throat a few weeks before. It was bottled in alcohol and Northcliffe kept it on a table to show to his callers. There was a time, three years ago, when it was thought he might be suffering with incipient cancer.

The Old Convict's Pardon

Behind Northcliffe's mask of severity and along with a nature that could be cruel and even heartless at times, there was a deep blend of sentiment and kindliness. He was the nearest approach to a Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in real life that I ever encountered—a strange combination of lovable boy and tyrant. He was boy almost all the time, but his Hyde moments were not infrequent.

The Chief was once accompanied to Berlin by John Galsworthy, who wanted to compare German prison systems with those in vogue in England. Northcliffe had me arrange a visit to Moabit, the German Sing Sing. I went along as interpreter. One of the convicts we interviewed was a white-haired lifer who had been in solitary confinement for more than thirty years—all prisoners in Moabit were kept in solitary. Northcliffe was much touched by old Gabel's fate. In England lifers are released, as a rule, after twenty years' imprisonment. The Chief asked the warden if he would oppose a pardon for Gabel. The warden said he would recommend it. Six weeks later I was astonished to read in the German papers that Moabit's oldest prisoner had been released. I sent a news dispatch to The Daily Mail about it, because the case attracted considerable attention in Germany. Next day came a telegram from Northcliffe reading:

> Congratulate my old friend Gabel on his pardon and give him 500 marks with my compliments, to start life over again.

Later I heard that it was undoubtedly a word Northcliffe had dropped in certain influential quarters that resulted in Gabel's liberty. It was on the occasion of the Northcliffe-Galsworthy sojourn in Berlin that I asked the Chief if he cared to meet the Kaiser, an appointment that could easily have been arranged. Northcliffe cherished no such ambition. I suggested he might wish to see Prince Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor. That did not interest him either.

"Whom do you want to meet in Berlin, then?" I queried.

"Newspapermen," was the reply.

"But you'll talk nothing but shop," I remonstrated.

"What else is there in the world worth talking, except shop?" he rejoined.

An Admirer of America

So for the three days Northcliffe was in town he communed ravenously with American and British correspondents. He was never quite so happy as when in the intimate company of working fellow craftsmen. Every detail of our profession fascinated him.

Northcliffe was never annoyed when Yankee admirers told him he was an American who happened to be born in Ireland, for his admiration of us and our country was proverbial and boundless. He liked our audacity, disregard of precedents, directness of method and all-around pep. Before the war, conditions permitting, he visited the United States annually and boasted he was probably the only Briton alive who had been in every one of our forty-eight states. He insisted that his men, editorial and business managers alike, should explore America, and considered their usefulness to him incomplete until they had made such a voyage of discovery. The Daily Mail was a frank imitation of American newspaper methods when it descended upon an affrighted British public in May, 1896.

Northcliffe printed The Daily Mail privately and experimentally for three months before a copy reached the public. He mastered every detail of news gathering, publication and distribution before issuing the paper for sale. He wanted to purvey a finished product. It was an instantaneous success. The Daily Mail was always the Chief's pet, although in later life The Times was his pride.

The secret of this superjournalist's incomparable career? Northcliffe made no secret of it—his success came from keeping everlastingly at a thing. When Northcliffe was last in Washington, at the outset of his globe-girdling journey, he was the guest of Overseas Writers, the organization of American newspapermen who have had professional service abroad. They asked him to dedicate their visitors' book with an autographed sentiment. This is what he wrote:

> Remember the power of persistence in journalism. NORTHCLIFFE.

The Chief would wish for no finer epitaph than that.



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Wear Duofold and You'll be Comfortable

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Guard against the ravages of cold, damp, chilly air. Protect yourself against the sudden changes of temperature in fall and winter. *It is easy!*

Wear Duofold Health Underwear and secure the greatest degree of *protection* and *comfort* possible through the medium of clothes.

Duofold is a light weight knitted underwear with the fabric made of two THIN layers with an air space between. It keeps cold and dampness *out* and natural body warmth *in* on the same principle as that of the storm window, where two *thin* panes of glass with air space between are more effective than a single pane much thicker.

If you prefer cotton or mercerized underwear you can now enjoy the advantages of the Duofold principle in such garments. They provide warmth, comfort and protection *with light weight*, more effectively than thick, heavy cotton underwear of a single layer of fabric.

If you want the added protection of wool you can get it in Duofold, but *with all the wool on the outside*, in the outer layer of fabric, *where it can't irritate the skin*. The *inner* layer is made of fine, soft cotton for *Comfort*.

Duofold is made for the whole family from adults to infants. Sold by men's furnishing, dry goods and department stores practically everywhere.



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Ideal for Infants and Children

What fabric could provide greater protection to a little body and better comfort to tender skin than a thin layer, made with wool, on the *outside* for *warmth* and a thin layer, made with soft cotton, on the *inside* for *comfort?* Write for Booklet, "Health Protection for Infants and Children."



Duofold

Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

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THIS Diamond is valued at $250,000 and yet an imitation costs but a few dollars

A child would as readily accept one as the other. But a diamond expert would laugh at you if you offered to him the substitute, even as a gift.

Just so would an expert in Fire Arms scorn your offer, at any price, of one of the many cheap importations of revolvers and automatic pistols which unprincipled persons are attempting to make the public believe are as good as a COLT.

Cheap materials put together by unskilled methods, masquerading as high grade fire arms, are just as much a fraud upon the public as glass being sold for diamonds—cotton offered as wool—paper as leather—brass as gold—tin for silver.

Whatever price you pay for one of these inferior arms is too much.

Unfortunately the growing need for home protection, which makes a COLT and its worthy American competitors essential, has brought out a flood of these cheap arms. Your home deserves the protection of a COLT. For nearly a century this has been the arm which has stood for law and order in America, the official side arm of our national forces on land and sea. Its superior safety features and unchallenged superiority for accuracy and dependability make it paramount as the protector of the home.

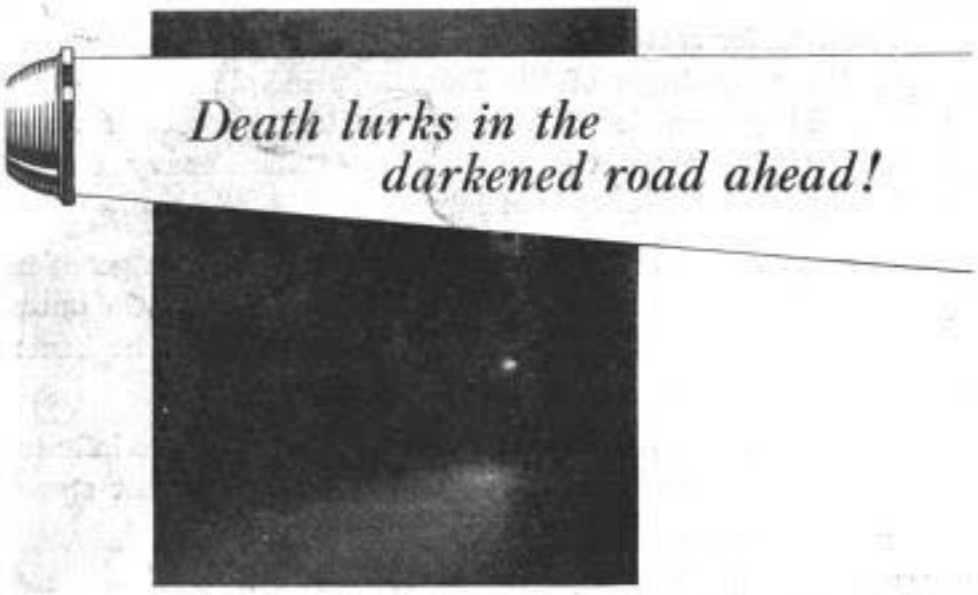
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POOR headlights are worse than none—they lure to a false sense of security in the road ahead—they blind the oncoming driver—they court disaster.

Get a real lens from a lens-maker. Bausch & Lomb have specialized in this work for seventy years and are the largest makers of lenses in the world.

Bausch & Lomb lenses spread an even light from ditch to ditch; they light the road on turns. For they are scientifically correct and thus are legal in every state. Such cars as Cadillac, Rolls-Royce and Lincoln have them as standard equipment.

Take chances no longer—the price of safety for night riding is small. You can attach a pair of Bausch & Lomb Lenses, yourself, in 5 minutes. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail your check today, naming make and model of your car.

Price, per pair.	Name of car and model
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$4	Apperson—Buick (4)—Chalmers—Chevrolet (490)—Dodge—Durant—Ford—Gardner—Gray—Hupmobile—Kissel—Liberty (open)—McLaughlin—Maibohm—Mitchell (D-40)—Overland.
$5	Allen—American—Anderson—Buick (6)—Cadillac—Case (Lt. 6)—Chandler—Chevrolet (F. B.)—Cole—Cleveland—Columbia—Comet—Crow-Elkhart—Davis—Daniels—Dixie—Dort—Duesenberg-Straight—Earl—Elgin—Essex—Franklin—Gardner—Grant—Handley-Knight—Holmes—Hudson—Jackson—Jordan—Kelsey—King—LaFayette—Leach—Lexington—Liberty (closed)—Lincoln—Maxwell—Mitchell (C-42)—Moline-Knight—National—Nash—Oakland—Oldsmobile—Packard—Paige (Lt.)—Pierce-Arrow—Rickenbacker—Stearns-Knight—Studebaker—Templar—Waltham—Willys-Knight.
$6	Auburn—Biddle—Brewster—Bush—Chevrolet (18-D)—Case—Chandler—Cunningham—Haynes—H. C. S.—Locomobile—McFarlan—Marmon—Mercer—Moon—Premier—Paige (6-66)—Peerless (56)—Reo—Roamer—Rolls-Royce—Stanley—Stevens-Duryea—Stutz—Templar—Velie—Westcott.

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The name is cast in every lens

BAUSCH & LOMB MOTOR LENS

THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 25)

"Finally I went to see Dan Williamson. This was in February, 1915. I told him that I had rid myself of the mental incubus of debt and I was ready to trade as of old. You will recall that when he needed me he offered me the use of twenty-five thousand dollars without my asking him.

"Now that I needed him he said, 'When you see something that looks good to you and you want to buy five hundred shares go ahead and it will be all right.'

"I thanked him and went away. He had kept me from making a great deal of money and the office had lost a lot in commissions. I admit I was a little sore to think that Williamson & Brown didn't give me a decent stake. I intended to trade conservatively at first. It would make my financial recovery easier and quicker if I could begin with a line a little better than five hundred shares. But, anyhow, I realized that, such as it was, there was my chance to come back.

"I left Dan Williamson's office and studied the situation in general and my own problem in particular. It was a bull market. That was as plain to me as it was to thousands of traders. But my stake consisted merely of an offer to carry five hundred shares for me. That is, I had no leeway, limited as I was. I couldn't afford even a slight setback at the beginning. I must build up my stake with my very first play. That initial purchase of mine of five hundred shares must be profitable. I had to make real money. I knew that unless I had sufficient trading capital I would not be able to use good judgment. Without adequate margins it would be impossible to take the cold-blooded, dispassionate attitude toward the game that comes from the ability to afford a few minor losses such as I often incurred in testing the market before putting down the big bet.

"I think now that I found myself then at the most critical period of my career as a speculator. If I failed this time there was no telling where or when, if ever, I might get another stake for another try. It was very clear that I simply must wait for the exact psychological moment.

"I didn't go near Williamson & Brown's. I mean, I purposely kept away from them for six long weeks of steady tape reading. I was afraid that if I went to the office, knowing that I could buy five hundred shares, I might be tempted into trading at the wrong time or in the wrong stock. A trader, in addition to studying basic conditions, remembering market precedents and keeping in mind the psychology of the sucker public as well as the limitations of his brokers, must also know himself and provide against his own weaknesses. There is no need to feel anger over being human. I have come to feel that it is as necessary to know how to read myself as to know how to read the tape. I have studied and reckoned on my own reactions to given impulses or to the inevitable temptations of an active market, quite in the same mood and spirit as I have considered crop conditions or analyzed reports of earnings."

Watching and Waiting

"So day after day, broke and anxious to resume trading, I sat in front of a quotation board in another broker's office where I couldn't buy or sell as much as one share of stock, studying the market, not missing a single transaction on the tape, watching for the psychological moment to ring the full-speed-ahead bell.

"By reason of conditions known to the whole world the stock I was most bullish on in those critical days of early 1915 was Bethlehem Steel. I was morally certain it was going way up, but in order to make sure that I would win on my very first play, as I must, I decided to wait until it crossed par.

"I think I have told you it has been my experience that whenever a stock crosses 100 or 200 or 300 for the first time, it nearly always keeps going up for 30 to 50 points—and after 300 faster than after 100 or 200. One of my first big coups was in Anaconda, which I bought when it crossed 200 and sold a day later at 260. My practice of buying a stock just after it crossed par dated back to my early bucket-shop days. It is an old trading principle.

"You can imagine how keen I was to get back to trading on my old scale. I was so eager to begin that I could not think of anything else; but I held myself in leash. I saw Bethlehem Steel climb, every day, higher and higher, as I was sure it would, and yet there I was, checking my impulse to run over to Williamson & Brown's office and buy five hundred shares. I knew I simply had to make my initial operation as nearly a cinch as was humanly possible.

"Every point that stock went up meant five hundred dollars I had not made. The first ten points' advance meant that I would have been able to pyramid, and instead of five hundred shares I might now be carrying one thousand shares that would be earning for me one thousand dollars a point. But I sat tight and instead of listening to my loud-mouthed hopes or to my clamorous beliefs I heeded only the level voice of my experience and the counsel of common sense. Once I got a decent stake together I could afford to take chances. But without a stake, taking chances, even slight chances, was a luxury utterly beyond my reach. Six weeks of patience—but, in the end, a victory for common sense over greed and hope!

"I really began to waver and sweat blood when the stock got up to 90. Think of what I had not made by not buying, when I was so bullish! Well, when it got to 98 I said to myself, 'Bethlehem is going through 100, and when it does the roof is going to blow clean off!' The tape said the same thing more than plainly. In fact, it used a megaphone. I tell you, I saw 100 on the tape when the ticker was only printing 98. And I knew that wasn't the voice of my hope or the sight of my desire, but the assertion of my tape-reading instinct. So I said to myself, 'I can't wait until it gets through 100. I have to get it now. It is as good as gone through par.'"

Bethlehem Goes Kiting

"I rushed to Williamson & Brown's office and put in an order to buy five hundred shares of Bethlehem Steel. The market was then 98. I got my five hundred shares at 98 to 99. After that she shot right up, and closed that night, I think, at 114 or 115. I bought five hundred shares more.

"The next day Bethlehem Steel was 145 and I had my stake. But I earned it. Those six weeks of waiting for the right moment were the most strenuous and wearing six weeks I ever put in. But it paid me, for I now had enough capital to trade in fair-sized lots. I never would have got anywhere just on five hundred shares of stock.

"There is a great deal in starting right, whatever the enterprise may be, and I did very well after my Bethlehem deal—so well, indeed, that you would not have believed it was the selfsame man trading. As a matter of fact I wasn't the same man, for where I had been harassed and wrong I was now at ease and right. There were no creditors to annoy and no lack of funds to interfere with my thinking or with my listening to the truthful voice of experience, and so I was winning right along.

"All of a sudden, as I was on my way to a sure fortune, we had the Lusitania break. Every once in a while a man gets a crack like that in the solar plexus, probably that he may be reminded of the sad fact that no human being can be so uniformly right on the market as to be beyond the reach of unprofitable accidents. I have heard people say that no professional speculator need have been hit very hard by the news of the torpedoing of the Lusitania, and they go on to tell how they had it long before the Street did. I was not clever enough to escape by means of advance information, and all I can tell you is that on account of what I lost through the Lusitania break and one or two other reverses that I wasn't wise enough to foresee, I found myself at the end of 1915 with a balance at my brokers' of about one hundred and forty thousand dollars. That was all I actually made, though I was consistently right on the market throughout the greater part of the year.

"I did much better during the following year. I was very lucky. I was rampantly bullish in a wild bull market. Things were

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certainly coming my way so that there wasn't anything to do but to make money. It made me remember a saying of the late H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, to the effect that there were times when a man could no more help making money than he could help getting wet if he went out in a rainstorm without an umbrella. It was the most clearly defined bull market we ever had. It was plain to everybody that the Allied purchases of all kinds of supplies here made the United States the most prosperous nation in the world. We had all the things that no one else had for sale, and we were fast getting all the cash in the world. I mean that the wide world's gold was pouring into this country in torrents. Inflation was inevitable, and, of course, that meant rising prices for everything.

"All this was so evident from the first that little or no manipulation for the rise was needed. That was the reason why the preliminary work was so much less than in other bull markets. And not only was the war-bride boom more naturally developed than all others but it proved unprecedentedly profitable for the general public. That is, the stock-market winnings during 1915 were more widely distributed than in any other boom in the history of Wall Street. That the public did not turn all their paper profits into good hard cash or that they did not long keep what profits they actually took was merely history repeating itself. Nowhere does history indulge in repetitions so often or so uniformly as in Wall Street. When you read contemporary accounts of booms or panics the one thing that strikes you most forcibly is how little either stock speculation or stock speculators today differ from yesterday. The game does not change and neither does human nature.

"I went along with the rise in 1916. I was as bullish as the next man, but of course I kept my eyes open. I knew, as everybody did, that there must be an end, and I was on the watch for warning signals. I wasn't particularly interested in guessing from which quarter the tip would come and so I didn't stare at just one spot. I was not, and I never have felt that I was, wedded indissolubly to one or the other side of the market. That a bull market has added to my bank account or a bear market has been particularly generous I do not consider sufficient reason for sticking to the bull or the bear side after I get the get-out warning. A man does not swear eternal allegiance to either the bull or the bear side. His concern lies with being right."

Early Signs of a Bear Market

"And there is another thing to remember, and that is that a market does not culminate in one grand blaze of glory. Neither does it end with a sudden reversal of form. A market can and does often cease to be a bull market long before prices generally begin to break. My long expected warning came to me when I noticed that, one after another, those stocks which had been the leaders of the market reacted several points from the top and—for the first time in many months—did not come back. Their race evidently was run, and that clearly necessitated a change in my trading tactics.

"It was simple enough. In a bull market the trend of prices, of course, is decidedly and definitely upward. Therefore whenever a stock goes against the general trend you are justified in assuming that there is something wrong with that particular stock. It is enough for the experienced trader to perceive that something is wrong. He must not expect the tape to become a lecturer. His job is to listen for it to say 'Get out!' and not wait for it to submit a legal brief for approval.

"As I said before, I noticed that stocks which had been the leaders of the wonderful advance had ceased to advance. They dropped six or seven points and stayed there. At the same time the rest of the market kept on advancing under new standard bearers. Since nothing wrong had developed with the companies themselves, the reason had to be sought elsewhere. Those stocks had gone with the current for months. When they ceased to do so, though the bull tide was still running strong, it meant that for those particular stocks the bull market was over. For the rest of the list the tendency was still decidedly upward.

"There was no need to be perplexed into inactivity, for there were really no cross-currents. I did not turn bearish on the market then, because the tape didn't tell me to do so. The end of the bull market had not come, though it was within hailing distance. Pending its arrival there was still bull money to be made. Such being the case, I merely turned bearish on the stocks which had stopped advancing; and as the rest of the market had rising power behind it I both bought and sold.

"The leaders that had ceased to lead I sold. I put out a short line of five thousand shares in each of them; and then I went long of the new leaders. The stocks I was short of didn't do much, but my long stocks kept on rising. When finally these, in turn, ceased to advance I sold them out and went short—five thousand shares of each. By this time I was more bearish than bullish, because obviously the next big money was going to be made on the down side. While I felt certain that the bear market had really begun before the bull market had really ended, I knew the time for being a rampant bear was not yet. There was no sense in being more royalist than the king; especially in being so too soon. The tape merely said that patroling parties from the main bear army had dashed by. Time to get ready."

A Chance to Cover

"I kept on both buying and selling until after about a month's trading I had out a short line of sixty thousand shares—five thousand shares each in a dozen different stocks which earlier in the year had been the public's favorites because they had been the leaders of the great bull market. It was not a very heavy line; but don't forget that neither was the market definitely bearish.

"Then one day the entire market became quite weak and prices of all stocks began to fall. When I had a profit of at least four points in each and every one of the twelve stocks that I was short of, I knew that I was right. The tape told me it was now safe to be bearish, so I promptly doubled up.

"I had my position. I was short of stocks in a market that now was plainly a bear market. There wasn't any need for me to push things along. The market was bound to go my way, and, knowing that, I could afford to wait. After I doubled up I didn't make another trade for a long time. About seven weeks after I put out my full line we had the famous leak, and stocks broke badly. It was said that somebody had advance news from Washington that President Wilson was going to issue a message that would bring back the dove of peace to Europe in a hurry. Of course the war-bride boom was started and kept up by the World War, and peace was a bear item. When one of the cleverest traders on the floor was accused of profiting by advance information he simply proved he had sold stocks not on any news but because he considered that the bull market was overripe. I myself had doubled my line of shorts seven weeks before.

"On the news the market broke badly and I naturally covered. It was the only play possible. When something happens on which you had not counted when you made your plans it behooves you to utilize the opportunity that a kindly fate offers you. For one thing, on a bad break like that you have a big market, one that you can turn around in, and that is the time to turn your paper profits into real money. Even in a bear market a man cannot always buy one hundred and twenty thousand shares of stock without putting up the price on himself. He must wait for the market that will allow him to buy that much at no damage to his profit as it stands him on paper.

"I should like to point out to you that I was not counting on that particular break at that particular time for that particular reason. But, as I have told you before, my experience of thirty years as a trader is that such accidents are usually along the line of least resistance on which I base my operations in the market. Another thing to bear in mind is this: Never try to sell at the top. It isn't wise. Sell after a reaction if there is no rally.

"I cleared about three million dollars in 1916 by being bullish as long as the bull market lasted and then by being bearish when the bear market started. As I said before, a man does not have to marry one side of the market till death do them part.

"That winter I went South, to Palm Beach, as I usually do for a vacation, because I am very fond of salt-water fishing. I was short of stocks and wheat, and both

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lines showed me a handsome profit. There wasn't anything to annoy me and I was having a good time. Of course unless I go to Europe I cannot really be out of touch with the stock or commodities markets. For instance, in the Adirondacks I have a direct wire from my broker's office to my house.

"In Palm Beach I used to go to my broker's branch office regularly. I noticed that cotton, in which I had no interest, was strong and rising. About that time—this was in 1917—I heard a great deal about the efforts that President Wilson was making to bring about peace. The reports came from Washington, both in the shape of press dispatches and private advices to friends in Palm Beach. That is the reason why one day I got the notion that the course of the various markets reflected confidence in Mr. Wilson's success. With peace supposedly close at hand, stocks and wheat ought to go down and cotton up. I was all set as far as stocks and wheat went, but I had not done anything in cotton in some time.

"At 2:20 that afternoon I did not own a single bale, but at 2:25 my belief that peace was impending made me buy fifteen thousand bales as a starter. I proposed to follow my old system of trading—that is, of buying my full line—which I have already described to you.

"That very afternoon, after the market closed we got the unrestricted-warfare note. There wasn't anything to do except to wait for the market to open the next day. I recall that at Gridley's that night one of the greatest captains of industry in the country was offering to sell any amount of United States Steel at five points below the closing price that afternoon. There were several Pittsburgh millionaires within hearing. Nobody took the big man's offer. They knew there was bound to be a whopping big break at the opening.

"Sure enough, the next morning the stock and commodity markets were in an uproar, as you can imagine. Some stocks opened eight points below the previous night's close. To me that meant a heaven-sent opportunity to cover all my shorts profitably. As I said before, in a bear market it is always wise to cover if complete demoralization suddenly develops. That is the only way, if you swing a good-sized line, of turning a big paper profit into real money both quickly and without regrettable reductions. For instance, I was short fifty thousand shares of United States Steel alone. Of course I was short of other stocks, and when I saw I had the market to cover in, I did. My profits amounted to about one and a half million dollars. It was not a chance to disregard."

A Matter of Bookkeeping

"Cotton, of which I was long fifteen thousand bales, bought in the last half hour of the trading the previous afternoon, opened down five hundred points. Some break! It meant an overnight loss of three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. While it was perfectly clear that the only wise play in stocks and wheat was to cover on the break I was not so clear as to what I ought to do in cotton. There were various things to consider, and while I always take my loss the moment I am convinced I am wrong, I did not like to take that loss that morning. Then I reflected that I had gone South to have a good time fishing instead of perplexing myself over the course of the cotton market. And moreover, I had taken such big profits in my wheat and in stocks that I decided to take my loss in cotton. I would figure that my profit had been a little more than one million instead of over a million and a half. It was all a matter of bookkeeping, as promoters are apt to tell you when you ask too many questions.

"When I returned to New York early in 1917 I paid back all the money I owed, which was over a million dollars. It was a great pleasure to me to pay my debts. I might have paid it back a few months earlier, but I didn't for a very simple reason. I was trading actively and successfully and I needed all the capital I had. I owed it to myself as well as to the men I considered my creditors to take every advantage of the wonderful markets we had in 1915 and 1916. I knew that I would make a great deal of money and I wasn't worrying because I was letting them wait a few months longer for money many of them never expected to get back. I did not wish to pay off my obligations in driblets or to one man at a time, but in full to all at once. So as long as the market was doing all it could for me I just kept on trading on as big a scale as my resources permitted.

"I wished to pay interest, but all those creditors who had signed releases positively refused to accept it. The man I paid off the last of all was the chap I owed the eight hundred dollars to, who had made my life a burden and had upset me until I couldn't trade. I let him wait until he heard that I had paid off all the others. Then he got his money. I wanted to teach him to be considerate the next time somebody owed him a few hundreds.

"And that is how I came back," finished Lawrence Livingston, looking at me meditatively, as though he were not quite certain whether he had forgotten to tell me some important details.

Paying for Dead Horses

As I looked at him I thought of his great discovery: That he couldn't trade successfully while his debts were hanging over him. He went through bankruptcy in order to be free from the disturbing interference of a thought, to rid himself of an unprofitable state of mind—all the time urged by the wish to succeed in order to discharge those self-same harassing obligations. To me his recognition of his need was much more of a feat than his clairvoyant reading of the tape. To be greatly successful in any business a man must know not only his own business but his own self. And this man certainly knew both.

I asked him, "And was it before or after you paid off the money you owed that you salted away the millions your friends talk about?"

"It was after I paid off my debts in full. I put a pretty fair amount into annuities," answered Livingston.

One of his friends told me he gets 4 per cent on five millions. I didn't ask him about the amount because it didn't interest me so much as his reasons.

"Why?" I asked.

And he answered, "I made up my mind I wasn't going to be strapped and uncomfortable and minus a stake ever again."

"But," I objected, "annuities cease with your death, and you have a family."

"Yes," said Livingston, "but after I married I put some money in trust for my wife. And after the boy came I put some in trust for him."

"And why did you do that?" I asked.

"It is the only thing to do," he said.

"Is it because you think the stock market might take it away from you?"

"I know this," said Livingston earnestly: "that a man will spend anything he can lay his hands on; and also that he can lose every cent. But by doing what I did my wife and child are safe from me."

I smiled. He frowned. I explained my smile.

"Livingston, you are right, and you confirm a pet theory of mine. But I remember how an old friend of ours married right after his first failure. When he made another fortune in the cotton market I said to him: 'When you went broke before, you were single. It didn't matter how you lived. But now you have others dependent upon you. Are you absolutely certain that you will never go broke again or are you going to provide against such a possibility?' I remember that our friend smiled to think that I should believe him a cross between a conceited ass and a selfish pig, and told me that he had put away eight hundred thousand dollars in trust for his wife. I don't know what happened to that money."

Lawrence Livingston's face flushed with obvious anger. But it was not directed against me, as I perceived when he spoke.

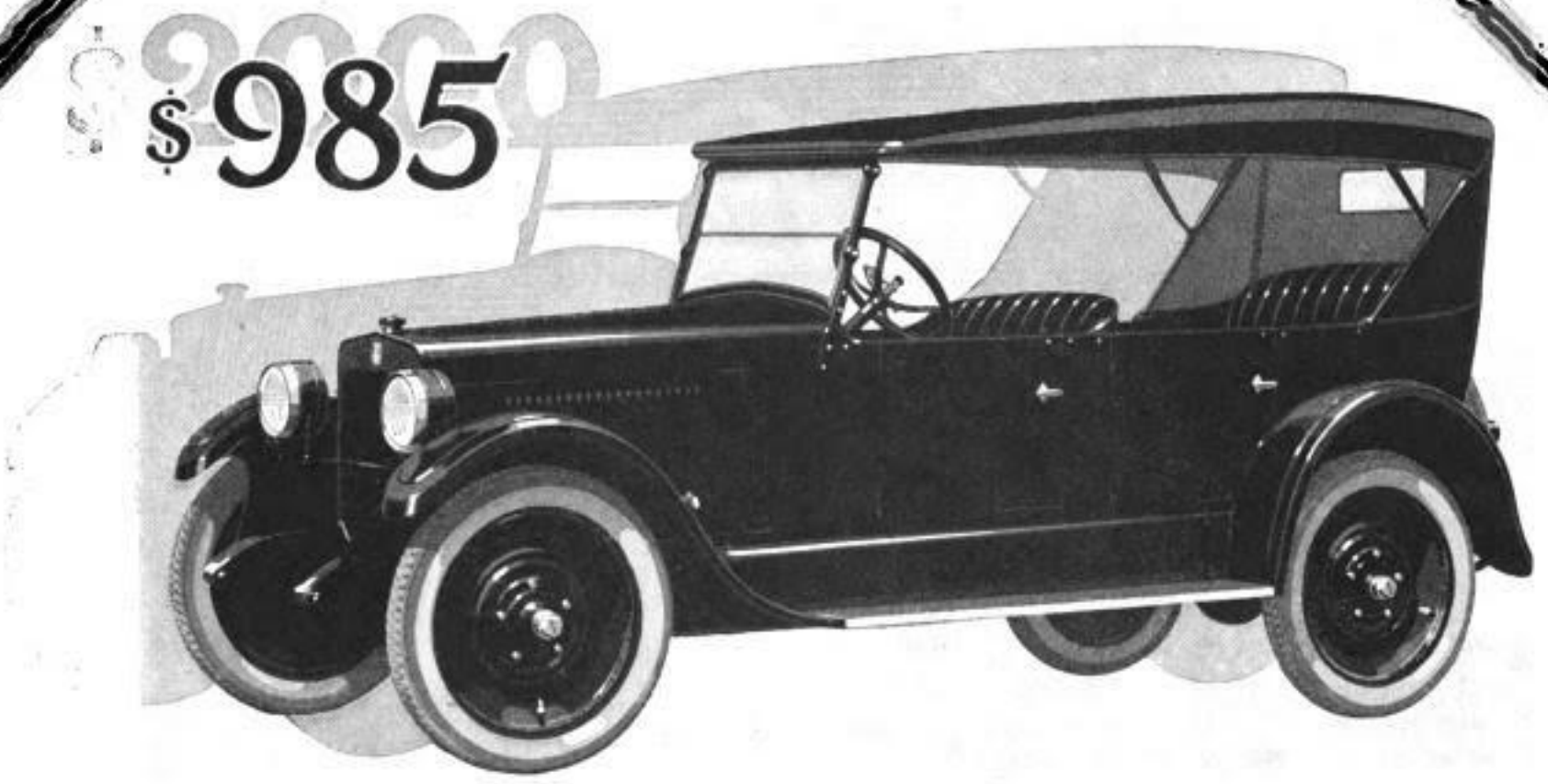
"Yes," he said with feeling; "but that man coaxed his wife to sign off when he needed the money, and he lost it. But I have fixed it up so that no matter what I want or what my wife wants, that trust holds. It is absolutely safe from all attacks by either of us; safe from my market needs; safe even from a devoted wife's love. I'm taking no chances!"

"You are a wise man," I quite unnecessarily assured him.

He said nothing, but the expression on his face was very curious. It was an amazing blending of a smile and a sneer—as though I thought he didn't know all the enemies that a stock operator has to reckon with.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Vital Units of a $2000 Car

Only in a car built throughout from standard *specialized* units—as the Columbia Light Six is built—can value be definitely analyzed and proved by direct comparison.

The average price of automobiles with the Continental "Red Seal" Motor is, for example, $1878. The Columbia Light Six, with a 50 horsepower Continental "Red Seal" of the latest type, costs but $985.

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(Comparisons based on Touring Car prices)		*Columbia Light Six*
Average price of cars with Continental "Red Seal" Motor	$1878	$985
Average price of cars with Timken Axles	2453	985
Average price of cars with Durston Transmission	1495	985
Average price of cars with Auto-Lite electrical equipment	1387	985
Average price of cars with Borg & Beck Clutch	1674	985
Average price of cars with Spicer Universal Joints	2388	985
Average price of cars with Gemmer Steering Gear	2507	985
Average price of cars with Harrison Radiator	1874	985
Average price of cars with Stromberg Carburetor	2175	985
Average price of cars with Fisk Cord Tires	2503	985

Every one of these Columbia Light Six units is the product of an organization that has won nationally recognized leadership in its particular line, and that builds but one standard of quality—the highest. Every one has earned a place in many cars of much higher price, including some of the finest built.

These units of *known* value have been combined by Columbia into a car of notable ability, marked throughout by attention to the details that make for dependableness, beauty and comfort.

If you have not yet seen the Columbia Light Six for yourself; if you have not heard the story of the far-sighted manufacturing and unexampled cooperation which made this automobile possible; if you do not know the remarkable service record of the Light Sixes that have been on the road for many months, visit the show room of the Columbia dealer in your city.

The Columbia Light Six Touring is $985 *The Commercial Coupé is $1195*

The Columbia Light Six Sedan is $1395

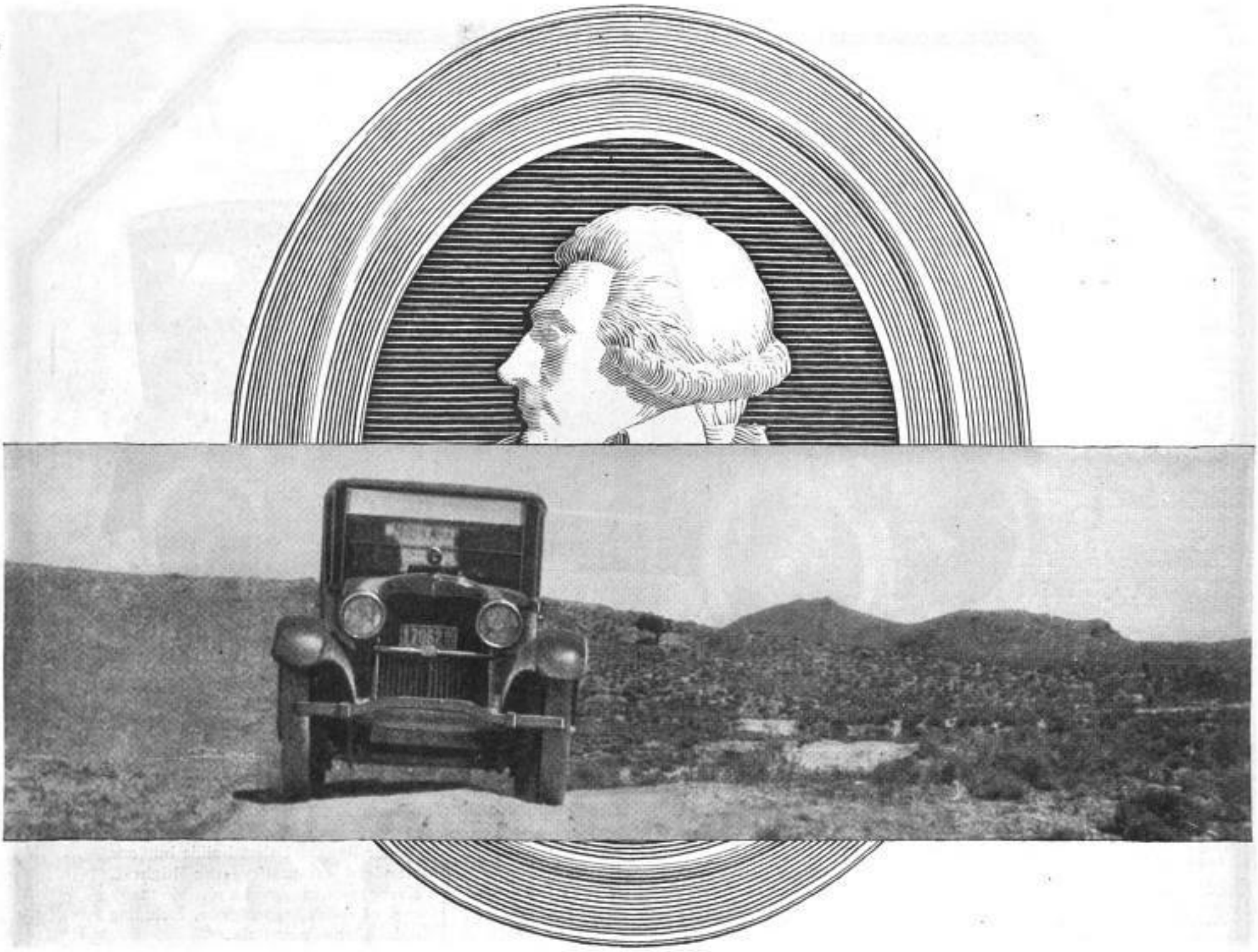
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Columbia Light Six

CONTINENTAL RED SEAL MOTOR TIMKEN AXLES

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The log of a LaFayette coupé

Mr. and Mrs. Harry O. Cobb and a friend clicked the door of their year-old LaFayette coupé at four-thirty on Sunday morning, June 4th last, and headed west out of Indianapolis.

They slept that night in Cedar Rapids, Iowa—502 miles from home.

At 10:45 Monday evening they were pulling into Grand Island, Nebraska, 972 miles from home.

Leaving Grand Island at 9:45 the next morning, they soon were on the level prairie roads and 10:45 Tuesday night found them in Cheyenne—1,425 miles from home.

Cheyenne was their last night stop, although they paused from time to time for forty winks.

The sixty-five miles between Eureka and Austin, Nevada, were arduous miles—a stretch of unditched, unworked road, criss-crossed with treacherous washouts, required an entire day of cautious driving.

In the middle of the Red Desert they stopped for the "picture ahead" and lost the trail.

Even during this brief halt the wind sifted the powdered sands over the tire tracks they were following, obliterating them completely.

By map and compass they determined their position and by driving in ever-widening circles finally picked up the lost trail.

In spite of these handicaps, exactly seven days from the time of leaving Indianapolis the LaFayette coupé was sailing up Van Ness Avenue, in San Francisco, 3,011 miles from home.

These are the details:

Indianapolis to San Francisco (3,011 miles)	in seven days
Driving average	34.9 miles per hour
Daily average	430 miles
Gasoline consumption	total 232.5 gallons
average	12.9 miles per gallon
Oil consumption	total 19.5 quarts
average	617.6 miles per gallon

(The mileage recorded includes several detours)

The Cobbs returned in more leisurely fashion by the Southern Route, and by the time they were "back home in Indiana" had put 6,500 miles on the dial, a total of 22,000 miles of service for this car. They had carbon removed, the shackle bolts tightened, a wash and polish, and that was all.

Mr. Cobb is not a professional driver. He is a jeweler and diamond merchant in Indianapolis. His trip was not an endurance run nor a test of speed. It was just a vacation tour.

Comparatively few owners have had occasion to test the stamina of the LaFayette across the continent, but regardless of their requirements all have found in this car a capability not equaled in their motoring experience

LAFAYETTE

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HANDLING HOME SEEKERS

(Continued from Page 20)

"That has a loan value of about five hundred dollars," the young man told us.

"I hadn't thought of that," admitted the accountant.

"Now if it will raise five hundred dollars," I pointed out, "I'm sure I can get you the other five hundred. Come with me just a minute."

There is a bank in the same building with my office. I knew the manager quite well. It so happened that he knew the firm with which my prospect was connected.

"Yes," he said to my customer, "I will loan you the money on a ninety-day note and will renew if you pay half of it on time—provided you intend to live here in the village and will open your account at our bank."

The young man was dumfounded at this. Though an accountant, he told me that he had never so much as imagined himself going to a bank to borrow money. He thought they would require the indorsement of some well-to-do man or the deposit of some gilt-edged security. The upshot of it was the family bought the home and are tickled to death. Already the note at the bank has been paid off in full—paid off before maturity.

When the deal was closed that gang in my office had the dry grins. My home-harvesting scheme had worked.

To the average business man the working out of those details seems so simple as to be ridiculous. But I want to tell you that not one person out of ten, eager to have a home, has any idea that such things can be done. In big cities particularly the people appear to be frightened by regular business transactions, and they hold banks in absolute awe.

Building for Convenience

The bank manager took a lively interest in my plan from the start, and that was the biggest break of luck I had. He looked upon it as good constructive business for the bank. A month ago he told me that through my suggestions to prospective purchasers he had acquired many new depositors and that he had never lost a cent on a loan. Naturally I became an enthusiastic booster for this particular bank and have thrown quite a number of good things in its way.

Of course, I got many customers who had never heard of me as a home harvester, but I can count ten homes that I have sold as a direct result of that pamphlet. Some of them have recommended me to others. There were a few naturally who, expecting something for nothing, agreed with me right down to the point of digging up the cash payment and then pooh-poohed that as the catch in it. One has to expect that sort of thing.

In handling these many home seekers and listening to their comments the one thing that has impressed me most is the lack of originality in our early architects or house builders. If, in my region, we had half the originality and ingenuity for comfort shown by builders on the Pacific Coast I am sure I could double my sales in any given time.

In my section of the Eastern seaboard, and in others, the houses are so similar in form—so crude I might say—that I often wonder if our ancestors ever had any imagination at all. Somebody built a house shaped like a dry-goods box and put partitions in it many years ago. Since then everybody seems to have done the same thing. In my own town I have found that most of the houses I have for sale never even had an architect.

In Connecticut and Long Island the people are of a saving disposition. Rather than engage an architect some builder or plain carpenter helped work on a house once and then built a new one just like it. If anything new was needed he simply added it on. The idea of embodying these new ideas in the construction plans so as to give the whole thing a pleasing appearance evidently never occurred to him. And they are still building hundreds of new ones just the same way.

In our village there are two or three so-called California bungalows. If the owners had been willing to sell I could have sold any one of them a dozen times during the past summer.

I have pleaded and argued with builders to pay more attention to architecture, but they've got their heads set one way and call me foolish, lacking in common sense.

Just why the Californian should be so much more original and ingenious in the construction of homes always has puzzled me. I went on a trip out there a year or so ago and that was the first thing I investigated. They took me over many sections and I found the houses more wonderful in the way they had been constructed for convenience than I had imagined, and strangely enough nearly all of them were different in design. When I came home to what we are pleased to hear called the effete East I had to explain to a builder that a California bungalow was not a definite sort of house. It was more of an expressed idea of how to live with the least discomfort, and the idea took on many forms.

Out there I learned the origin of the California bungalow, as it was explained to me by a Los Angeles real-estate man. It seems that the first people who went to California were mostly men. They had no intention of remaining in one place long, as their purpose was to dig for gold. They would hurriedly erect a shack for shelter. The men had to cook and keep house as well as work in the mines; so they built their crude homes on the idea of saving all the time and steps possible. Pretty soon they would have to move. They would run across another shanty which had a new trick that they had not thought of. This would promptly be built into the new shack. Nightly the men would confer on some new device, always with the idea of saving themselves any extra work. And, according to my informant, when the women came out in numbers they found some of the most cunning devices for making housekeeping easy that they ever had heard of. They also began using their own creative imagination. As a result we have the form of residence known as the California bungalow. My friend out there insisted that it was not a creation of architects originally, but a gradual development from the ingenious ideas of men who wanted to make housework as easy as possible.

In the old hard section of the East people didn't feel that way. There were women to do the work, and if it came to a question of labor or expense—why, the husbands would save the money and let the wives do a little more work.

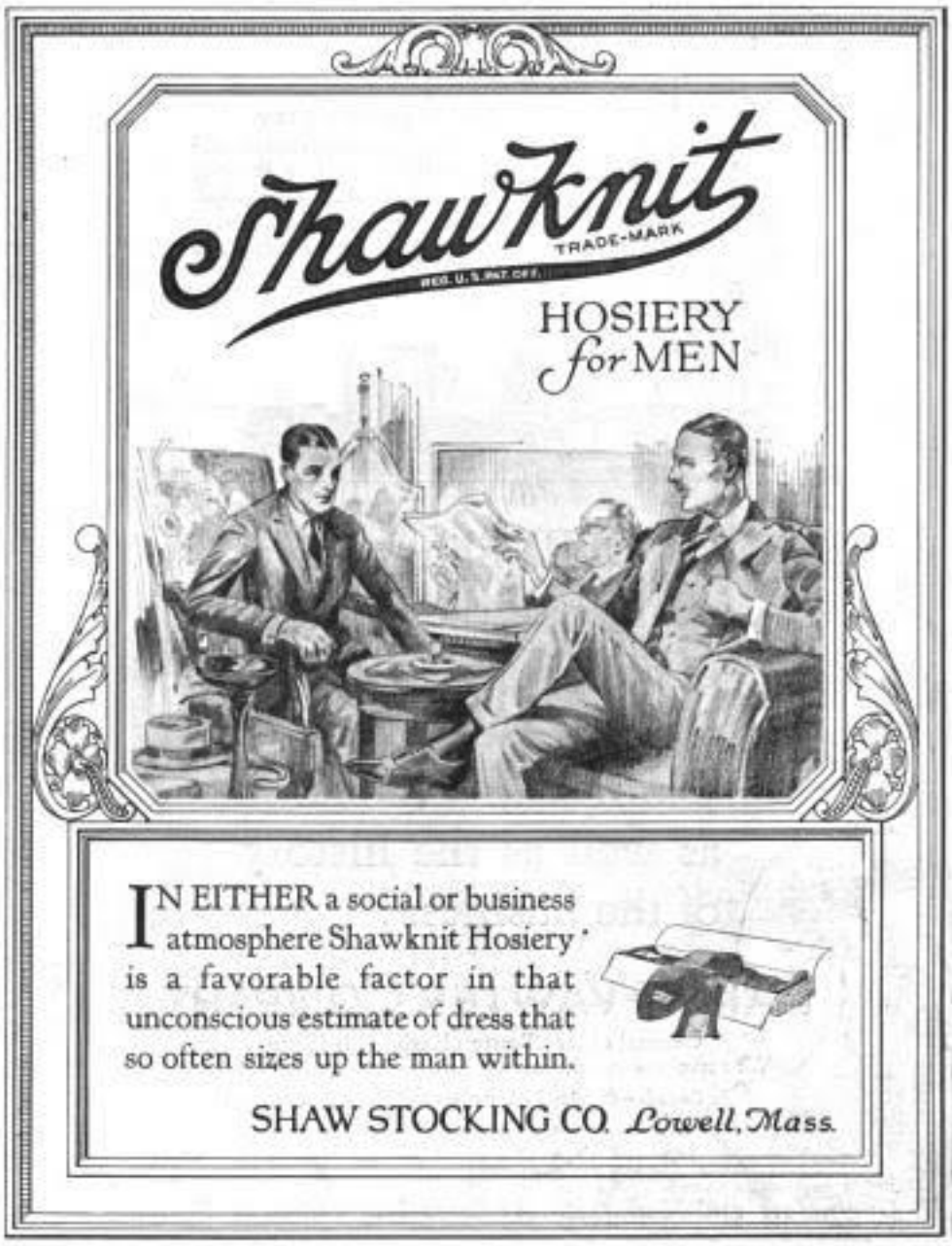
The Shackles of Tradition

I am an Easterner bred and born, and I am proud of it. But I am convinced that if the men of my section had been forced to do the housework years ago there would have been a big change in our architecture. There would be today.

Old fellows will always tell you that there was a reason for our form of architecture in frame houses, but none of them has ever told me what it was. For instance, it is not at all unusual to see a house twenty-five feet wide and three stories high on a hundred-foot lot. In addition there is a basement. On the main floor are a sitting room, dining room and kitchen. The bedrooms and bath are on the second floor, and the attic rooms often are used as sleeping quarters for the children. The bathrooms, by the way, in the old houses were not there originally, but have been cut in at the expense of bedroom space. To attend to the children and the kitchen and to go to the bathroom, the woman of the house is constantly climbing steps, until at night she is worn out. Also this sort of house, in a cold climate, is much harder to heat than a one-story house. And, following this old idea, builders of today who are constructing houses to sell are putting them up in exactly the same way. None of them can tell me why, except that they don't want to bother with thinking up anything different.

The only explanation I can find is that the first settlers from European cities were accustomed to using very little space for building because land was so dear. So when they got over here they contrived the idea of building them high up in the air instead of spreading them out on the ground.

I didn't intend to go into a discussion of architecture, but that is mostly what my customers talk about. As this old-fashioned idea of a house has cost me many





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sales, I get indignant every time I think about it. If ever I do any building development on a large scale I am going to see that my houses are built for women and not for men. The women run them. Every time I see a woman running upstairs to arrange something before showing the house to my clients I can't help but think of those California miners. Those old boys would have knocked that second story off and put it on the ground.

Real-estate dealing in small cities and villages is much more interesting than in big cities, where the trading is largely confined to business property. I have done both. Among the home seekers and sellers there is much more chance to study human nature.

Most of my clients are women, as I have said. Rather, it is the women who take the initiative and also make the final decisions. I think this is true, generally speaking. After observing them for some time now I can understand why so many women have gone into the real-estate business. They like to make quick decisions—gamble if necessary. They make good agents. A man will hem and haw for weeks, but once a woman gets the proposition clearly in her head she has no hesitancy. She will step right out, lay her cards on the table and shove in her stack. And, mind you, if the transaction brings on financial hardships she knows quite well who will have to take the brunt of the sacrifices in keeping the household going.

Where a woman usually gets lost is in planning construction. I have never seen one who could understand a map or a set of plans—visualize them so that she could see the new house as it would appear when finished. For that reason they are the bane of a building contractor's existence while the new home is in course of construction. The moment it begins to assume shape they discover that it does not look as they had imagined it would and want to make changes.

For this reason I have found that it is always best for a family who never owned a home before to buy one already built. In a very short time the woman will find where the plumbing ought to be changed, where this and that partition ought to be taken out, where certain windows should be made into French doors, and so on. If they should sell and start to build a new home they would know exactly what they wanted and have a pretty fair idea as to what it would cost. Women become practical only by experience. Showing them plans is largely a waste of time. Of course, I understand, there are some women architects and some builders; but I am speaking of women in general.

The Only Good System

In my own village there is a woman contractor and builder. She came there two years ago and gave us quite a laugh when she hung out her card. In a very short time, though, she was making the old-time builders hustle. She built and sold fifteen houses in less than six months. Instead of laying a bundle of blue prints on the table when discussing future homes with clients she would take them in a car and show them several nice houses.

"We can build you one like this," she would say, "and will put in any changes that you think necessary."

Her plan was to buy an option on a good lot, build the house to suit a particular client, and then finance the deal by taking a cash payment and mortgages. Out of the cash payment she would pay for the lot and usually make a profit on that. She would get enough to start the building work in addition and then manipulate the rest by putting a mortgage on the whole to secure her notes.

That woman has the confidence of the bank. So far as I know she has yet to make a bad deal. Most important of all, she satisfies her clients by building houses just as they want them. Our old-time builders simply bought up property and built the regulation houses that they had always been building and took a chance on selling to whoever might come along. The woman gave them a good licking.

All this recent activity in getting homes for people fleeing from the high city rents has made some big changes in our business. In the old days an important feature was the rental of property and the collections. I was really startled when I checked things up to find that there is but one renting client on my books. The rental business in the village has fallen off fully 70 per cent. The people have been quick to realize that they can buy as easily as they can rent. That is the best sign I have seen.

The man who suggested that I prepare this article asked me: "What is the psychology of real-estate salesmanship? Think that over before you start."

I have thought it over; also I have read much on the subject. After listening to interesting business talks I have tried to put the suggestions in practice. So far nothing has worked out for me by following a formula.

I don't know whether you would or could call it the psychology or the trick of selling real estate, but the only good system I have found is to attend to my business and never overlook a bet.

Men who think they can size up a customer and tell what he has on his mind when he comes into the office are shrewder than I am. The only thing to do is to take him at face value and go right ahead. Jumping at conclusions will get no commissions—not in my town anyway.

Early this spring a woman came into my office and stood for several minutes, waiting until I had finished a letter. This woman was poorly clad; she wore hardly enough clothes to keep her warm. In her arms she held a baby. Two others, hardly big enough to walk, clung to her skirts.

"I want a house, mister," she said plaintively.

"Won't you sit down, madam?" I suggested, noticing that she was very tired. "You are carrying quite a weight in your arms."

"Yes, sir, I am tired. I've been to all the offices and nobody wants to help me, it looks like." I remembered then that I had seen this woman trudging around to the other real-estate offices of the village. "Yes, sir," she went on, looking at me in a sort of frightened, embarrassed way, "I got to have a house. Is it so hard, mister?"

"Why, no," I told her. "What kind of a house do you want?"

An Unusual Client

"A house—just a house. I want a place where I can take my children; a place where I can have room to work and they can play."

"Where have you been living?"

"I live in Brooklyn, but they turned me out."

"Turned you out—with those children?"

"Yes, mister. The house where we lived was sold, and when we told them we had no other place to live, with houses so scarce and rents so high, the man came and gave us a dispossess notice. I got to have a house."

I felt downright sorry for this poor woman. No matter what happened, I made up my mind to get her some kind of a place.

"Is your husband living?"

"No, sir. I am a widow."

"And these other agents didn't have a single place to rent?"

"They didn't ask me what I wanted. I don't want to rent a house. I want to buy one."

"I'll get you a house if it takes me all day," I told her. "I'll take you around in my car. Could you make a cash payment?"

"Yes, sir. But, you understand, I don't want a fine house—just one for me and the children. I never lived in the country, where houses ain't made all together. Do they cost very much?"

"You leave it to me, madam, and we'll see."

The day before I had taken out six different parties, but none of them wanted to pay more than one thousand dollars down on a home. It was very difficult. I was determined, though, to find this woman something.

We rode round and round, looking at all sorts of houses. The woman apparently had no interest in architecture. The only thing on which she ever commented was the washtubs. She wanted porcelain tubs and wanted to be sure that the water taps and the drain pipes worked all right. Heat, light and exposure seemed to interest her only in a passing way. Her looks told me that she had absolute faith in what I was doing. She had left it all to me.

Finally we found a little six-room cottage with a small lot, a rather nice little place in a section where the prices were moderate—I mean moderate as prices are considered nowadays. This house was listed with me at seventy-eight hundred

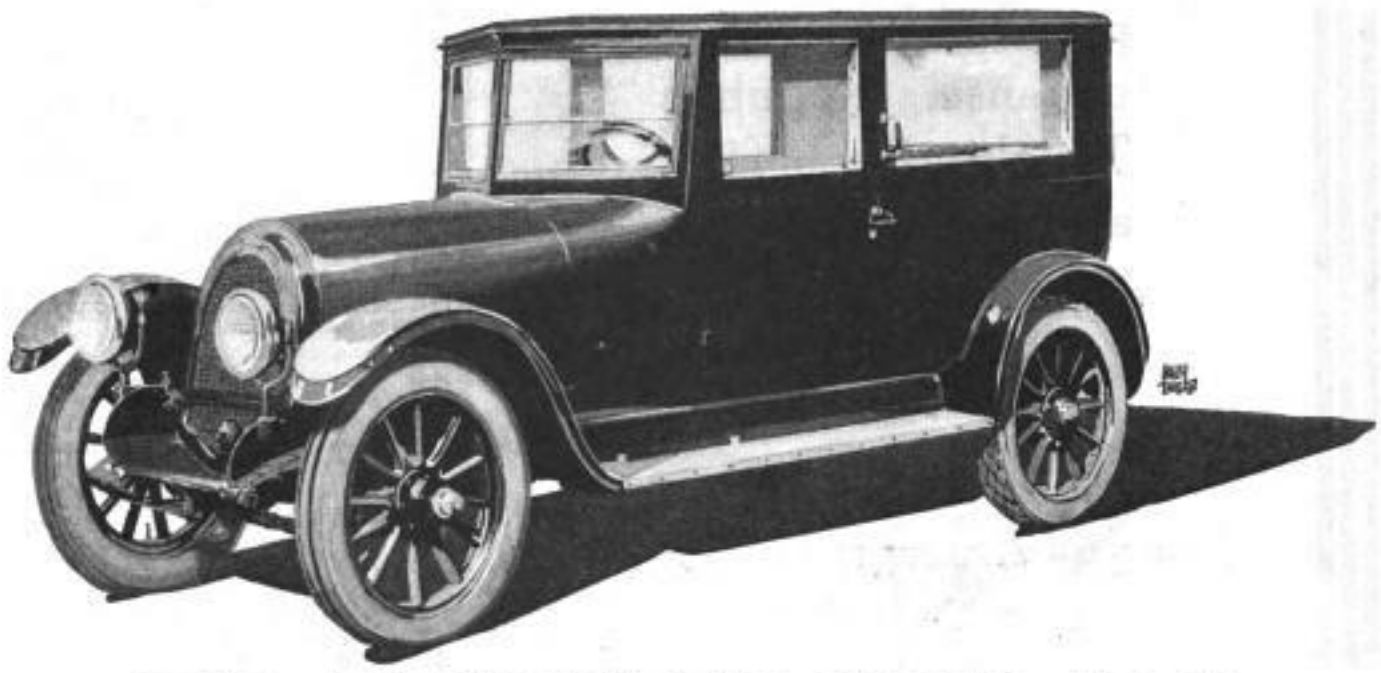
(Continued on Page 172)

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(Continued from Page 170)

dollars. That was about as cheap as I could get. Up to this time I had not pursued my inquiry as to how much she could pay down. She seemed to be well pleased with this house.

"You like it, mister?" she asked.

"It's about the best we can do," I said.

"All right, sir. I will take this one. I will not be turned out of a house any more. You have been nice and what you say I will do."

"Well, then, we will go to my office and fix up the papers."

I fixed up a contract of sale for her to sign. Without a question she affixed her signature.

"And is it mine now?" she asked innocently.

"Yes, almost. The price of the place is seventy-eight hundred dollars. Now we will talk about the payment—the first one."

"I will take it, sir."

Placing the babies in a big chair, she began fumbling in the pocket of her well-worn skirt. After several digs she finally made quite a pile of bills on the table.

"I have two hundred dollars coming to me," she said.

I didn't grasp her meaning at first. Then I counted the money. She had handed me eight thousand dollars in bills, and wanted the change—two hundred dollars!

Such matters as a deed, a guaranteed title, recording fees, and so on, had never entered her head, and honestly I felt too much of a sport to mention it. This commission had come so quickly and unexpectedly that I decided it was up to me to chip in with the recording fees. Personally I knew the title to be absolutely clear, the previous owner having just had a search made so as to get a mortgage.

"Yes, it's yours," I told her, and I gave her a receipt in full, explaining that I would deliver the deed to her as soon as it could be made out and recorded.

When I related this incident to a real-estate man across the street he almost fell out of his seat. The woman had been around his place for some time. He had paid little attention to her, because he thought she wanted to rent a house, and he had none.

Now I have been in the real-estate business for twenty years, but that is the first case in my whole experience where a customer came in and bought a house just as if she had gone to a department store and picked out shoes for the babies.

The Housing Famine

Just how this woman got hold of all that money in cash puzzled me no little. I could not restrain my curiosity. It seems that her husband had died a year before and had left ten thousand dollars in insurance. The eight thousand dollars was what she had left after paying rent and living expenses for a year—excepting one thousand dollars.

"I had nobody to help me," she said, "because my husband had warned me about letting any strangers get hold of my money. But I figured it out that if I kept on paying rent and moving, in a few years I wouldn't have no money and no house either. So I took it all out of the bank but one thousand dollars and started out to get me a house. I can make a living by taking in sewing—I do some embroidery work for a store that sends it out at so much a dozen. Now that I don't have to pay no rent me and the babies can live on that and my thousand dollars. Now I got a home, ain't I, mister?"

That woman had never read any articles on economics, but she had struck on a basic thought that some of our high-salaried young fathers in New York and other cities might do well to think over.

I cite this odd case in substantiation of my early statement that you can't size up people by any tricks of psychology. Or maybe, after all, this is psychology. Anyway, it goes to show that the only sure-fire way of getting commissions is to take customers as they come and overlook no bets. You can't bank on appearances. A tone of sincerity in the customer's questions is usually a tip-off as to whether or not an agent is wasting his time.

About the time of my much-talked-of sale to the poor woman with the baby in her arms and eight thousand dollars in her skirt pocket there was a great rush for homes in the suburbs. High rentals and a shortage of homes were driving hundreds of New Yorkers from their apartments. The same thing was going on in other cities, though the need for a place to live was not quite so extreme as around New York. In many cases rents had jumped more than 50 per cent. What's worse, families couldn't get apartments even at that advance. Hundreds of small families were actually turned out on account of the apartment houses changing owners, new tenants being put in at higher rentals. It really was a terrible situation. People in other parts of the country find it difficult to appreciate just what was going on in the populous sections around New York, Brooklyn, Newark and Jersey City.

In our village, homes that had been bought in the prewar days for five thousand dollars found a ready market at seven thousand, eight thousand and even nine thousand. And this sudden jump came pretty near ruining some of our best citizens. They saw what they thought was a quick chance to pick up fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars. Those who didn't see very far in front of their noses took it. A groceryman, neighbor of mine, who had spent ten years building up his place got nicked good. He figured that his place then stood him six thousand dollars. He was offered eight thousand.

"Why," he said to me, "I'd be foolish not to grab that! I have another lot down the street and I can build a new house just like I want for seven thousand, and still have a profit."

Nothing could stop him. He sold out and immediately began plans for building. In less than three months he was forced to sue two contractors for failure to go on with their work. They could not get labor or material and were in a pickle. He was in a worse one. When the house was finally finished it had cost him a little more than nine thousand dollars—that in addition to the lot, which also he could have sold at a profit. We had many cases like that.

The Shoestring Shopper

In those days—as in this day—there were mighty few cases of the poor woman with the babies and the eight thousand dollars. Most of them have no babies and about eight hundred dollars. Some less than that. As I have said, a real-estate agent must not judge by appearances.

There was quite a flurry in our little real-estate circles last May when a handsomely dressed young married woman, in search of a home, made the rounds in about the niftiest-looking motor car I ever have seen. I might explain that we have six real-estate offices in the village, and most of the places for sale are listed with all of us. The competition is keen. The business was so good for a while, however, that all did well.

Rather enviously I was watching this attractive and opulent-looking woman stopping at the other offices to make inquiries. My competitors even came out of their offices to talk with the prospect while she sat in her nifty car. Finally she came to me and I put on my most suave and impressive manner.

"Have you found anything to suit you yet, madam?" I inquired, explaining that I had observed her activities.

"Not as yet," she said. "To come right to the point, I must have a big place with considerable grounds and a house of from twenty-four to twenty-eight rooms, with garages and servants' quarters."

A sort of glow ran over me. If you've ever been a real-estate agent and have seen a chance like this you'll understand what I mean. Only a week before the representative of a very old and wealthy family had indicated to me a willingness to sell their big place near the bay.

"I haven't anything right in the village," I said to her; "but ——"

"Oh, I don't care exactly where it is. Train service means little to us. As long as it is on the island"—Long Island—"it will do, provided we can get the room. As a matter of fact, we'd like to be a little isolated."

"I have the place for you—about a mile out. Had you any fixed idea as to the amount you'd like to invest?"

"Well, of course, I want value received."

"The place I have in mind can be bought for about thirty-five thousand, I think."

"That sounds good," she said.

"And," I added, "it has twenty-eight rooms and considerable acreage."

"Get in my car," she suggested, "and let's look at it."

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I purposely pointed the way past the other real-estate offices so they could see me riding in the lady's car.

We went out to the beautiful old place and looked it over from cellar to garret. It was easily worth the thirty-five thousand dollars. The woman was immensely pleased and suggested that I get in touch with the owners immediately. She was ready to begin negotiations at once.

"What are the terms?" she inquired. "I suppose it would carry both first and second mortgage?"

"Oh, certainly," I said. I knew that the estate did not wish to raise cash, but would be highly satisfied with 6 per cent mortgages.

"And what amount of cash payment do you think they would require?"

I had made up my mind to say eight thousand dollars, that being less than a fourth. I knew that would be agreeable to the owners. Still, I hesitated. I didn't want to make it too low, because I was looking for as big a commission as possible out of the cash paid.

"Why," I evaded, so as to draw her out if possible and not make a bad break, "I am sure they would be satisfied with a very modest cash payment. Have you any suggestions?"

Now I give you my word this is the truth:

"Well, most of our money is invested in securities which we can't afford to market just at this time," she said. "Do you think it would be satisfactory for me to pay one thousand dollars in cash? That is about as much as I would want to put out in cash just now."

If there was ever a sick man anyone could have positively identified me as the afflicted person at a glance.

"Madam," I said, "I'll get in touch with the owners and communicate with you."

I took her address and also noted the make of the car. I looked her up. Her husband had no rating in Bradstreet's or Dun's. Through the aid of our automobile dealer I learned that our pretty lady had even bought the car on partial payments.

As yet I have failed to get into my head just what that woman was trying to do. Obviously she had no intention—no hope at least—of buying an expensive home. Can you imagine a person buying a thirty-five-thousand-dollar estate with one thousand dollars in cash? My only conclusion is that she wanted to show off the car and do a little window shopping just for effect. She never returned.

House Buying Made Easy

As I have said, you can't pick 'em out by appearances. The car that woman had bought on time would have almost paid for the home the poor woman bought for seventy-eight hundred dollars.

As this rush for homes slowed up a little we noticed that the amount of cash carried by customers gradually decreased. It got to where we would answer questions about property by asking right off the reel, "How much can you pay down in cash?"

Nine times out of ten the answer was, "About a thousand dollars."

That's why the rush is subsiding. The money is getting low.

Before this I mentioned that it was suggested to me, in preparing this article, that I study the psychology of the real-estate business.

"Incidentally," this gentleman asked, "what percentage of the people of more moderate means make good on their purchases? In other words, how many of them overbuy themselves through enthusiasm and are unable to meet their required payments on principal and interest?"

That started me on a little investigation. I went back over my records and also made inquiries of my neighbor competitors. In one hundred deals I have found but one case of foreclosure. Even that one man could have avoided being sold out if it had not been for discouragement and lack of interest on account of domestic unhappiness.

This man made a cash payment of one thousand dollars and monthly payments of twenty dollars, including the interest. He lasted just twelve months and was out something like twelve hundred dollars. Looking at it one way, he didn't lose anything at all. He would have had to pay at least one hundred dollars a month rent for the home he bought.

If small families will continue to keep in mind the idea that they are simply paying rent—paying it to themselves—they will rarely have difficulty. The head of a family who has lived in New York or any other big city for a number of years gets so much in the habit of looking forward to meeting his rent at the end of the month that it sticks to him when he buys a home, and that is all that is necessary. I use New York for an example because the standard of rental is more firmly fixed and because it is high. I imagine it runs in about the same proportion to the cost of living in other cities.

Any man who pays one hundred a month rent can buy a ten-thousand-dollar home and have no difficulty in paying for it without danger of foreclosure or the necessity of selling. On the same basis a family paying fifty dollars a month rent can own a five-thousand-dollar home in a very short time. Once they get by the first year and get accustomed to the new order of things there arises an ambition to pay the thing off and get rid of it.

In looking over these cases I noted but one or two in the entire lot where a purchaser allowed the monthly payments to go the entire limit of time as provided in the mortgage terms. I am referring, of course, to the second mortgage. Along the Eastern seaboard, where my activities have centered, it is a custom never to pay off the first mortgage on a home. I don't know whether that is always a good idea or not. If I were a wage earner of very limited means I think I should rather have the whole thing paid off. That, however, is not the custom. The idea of allowing the first mortgage to remain, of course, is to keep the property in what we call a liquid state for transfer, if necessary. For instance, if a ten-thousand-dollar home carried a four-thousand-dollar first mortgage it would be much easier to sell than if a new mortgage had to be made in case of purchase. The mortgage could be simply taken by assignment or held by the same mortgagor without the trouble and expense of title search, fees and often a bonus.

Borrowing for Credit

Even if a home owner has saved up the four thousand dollars to pay off the mortgage he is usually advised to invest that in some other security at 6 per cent or more. Then he can take the interest from one and apply it to the other. He is out nothing and at the same time keeps his property in a convenient salable form.

Men who buy a piece of property for the first time take much pride in being referred to as taxpayers. That brings with it an idea of being business men. They start talking of good securities before they even have paid off the second mortgage. Consequently that theory of investing in a security so as to offset the interest on their mortgage appeals strongly. It sounds important. They are out of the tenant class.

"You know," a young man said to me the other day, "we rarely ever go in town to see any of our old friends nowadays. Honestly, we've got to where we sort of look down on people who are tenants."

I never saw a man enjoy property ownership so much as this fellow. With it he had a great sense of humor. My office, as I have mentioned, is in the same building with a bank. One day this particular client, who always managed to give me a laugh somehow, dropped in to gossip.

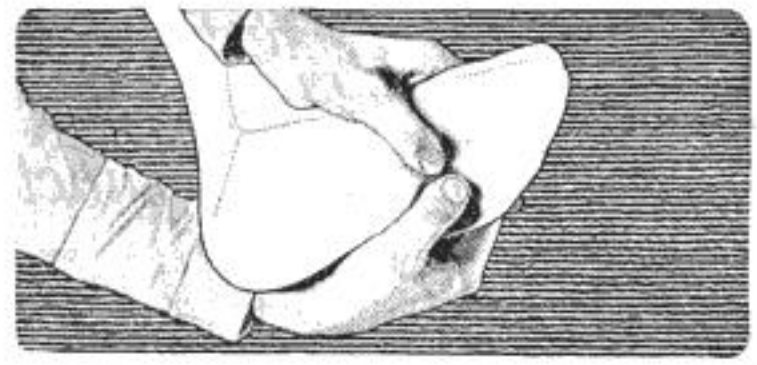
"Say," he said, smiling, "I've just borrowed a thousand dollars from the bank on my personal note—without indorsement or security."

"What's the matter?" I inquired. "You are not in trouble?"

"I should say not! The bank manager down there thinks I'm a pretty good business man. He suggested that he would be glad to accommodate me with a moderate loan any time I needed it, so I borrowed a thousand dollars. I'll keep it and pay it back to him next month. The interest will amount to just five dollars. It's worth that much just for the fun I'll have taking up the note. You see, I might really need to borrow some time. After paying back that thousand so promptly I could borrow two thousand the next time."

And, thinking it over for a moment, I decided that young fellow was much more of a business man than he really suspected. It's a great thing to get the feel of taking up notes promptly. Banks would rather have a client like that than a lot of them with big securities.

Men who buy homes for the first time are very much like those who buy their first automobiles. It is the rarest thing in



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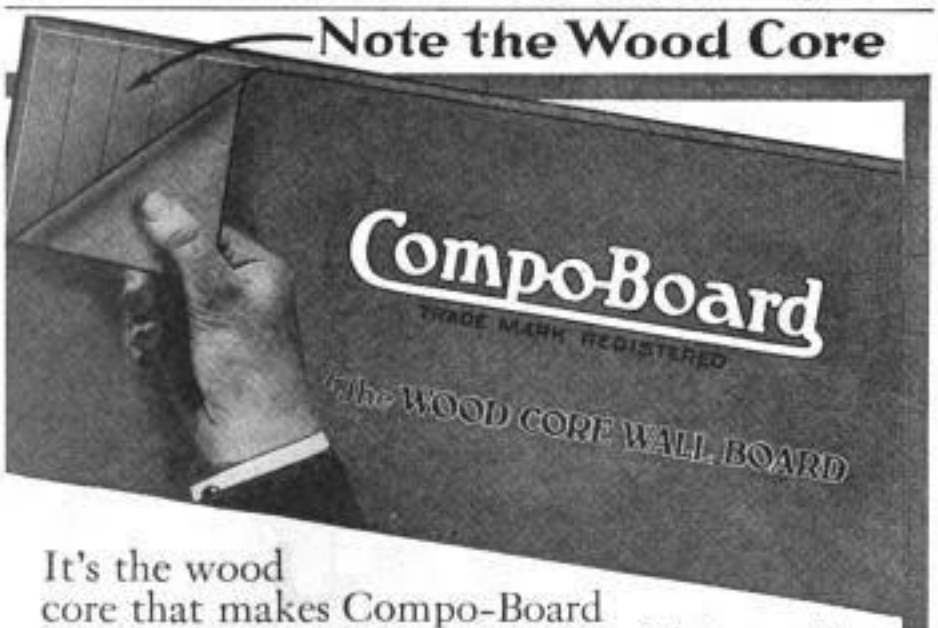
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the world when they will admit they have made a bad deal. That is the one good break that a real-estate dealer gets. After I have sold a place and the new owner begins fixing it up to suit himself—they all make changes—I know quite well that he will drop in to see me in a month or two. I also know what he will say.

"Well," he begins cheerfully, "I guess we didn't do so badly at that. I could get fifteen hundred more for my place than I paid for it right now. An appraiser came along yesterday and told me our place was easily worth that much. But, of course, a place is worth just what it could be sold for. How much could you get for our place now if we should put it on the market?"

If he paid ten thousand dollars I usually estimate that I can get twelve thousand—maybe fifteen thousand after he has finished his improvements. I know quite well that he has no intention in the world of selling. He merely wants me to confirm his opinion; support him in statements he has made to his friends in the city.

You people who live in more reasonable—I might say sensible—sections of the country may have noted the careless, inconsequential way I mention ten thousand and fifteen thousand dollar homes for wage earners. It was not always like that. I can remember very well when to own a ten-thousand-dollar home was evidence of considerable wealth. Many of our very best citizens paid three or four thousand dollars for their present homes right around the suburbs of New York. The standard of figures that I use is very new—after-war stuff.

Right across the street from where I live there is a beautiful home which sold under pressure in 1914 for twenty-eight hundred dollars. Within the last year I have been asked to see if I could buy that place for a customer for ten thousand dollars. The owner will not sell, saying that he bought the place to live in, not for speculation.

There is no reason for a man to upset the serenity of his home simply because he knows it is worth twice as much as he paid for it. It is hard, though, to make some people understand that.

The Speculative Spirit

It is not my purpose here to discuss real-estate buying for speculation. I am talking about home seekers. A man who becomes restless and grasping simply because his home has increased in value might just as well think of selling his breakfast because what he is eating now is worth a dollar when he formerly could buy the same thing for a quarter. If the value is to be considered as against the comfort he ought to go in the restaurant business.

Of course if everybody followed that suggestion it would be pretty tough on the dealers. They won't, though. No amount of sound advice will kill the speculative spirit. Some men sell and buy purely for the sport of trading; while others, after buying a small home, become ambitious to own a bigger one. I have one adventurous client who started out to buy a home, has bought three and hasn't really owned or occupied one yet. He was offered a profit of fifteen hundred dollars for his contract of sale on the first one and took it. He did the same thing on the second and third. Instead of owning his own home he has now become a speculator.

This sort of trading keeps the real-estate dealer alive. Toward the end of last summer, I might add, we came pretty near dying of dry rot. People were either content with their purchases or newcomers had no money. For one whole month I didn't make a single deal.

In the middle of this slump I went to see some of my old associates in the city and would have practically fallen into a big commission—if I hadn't talked too much. It gives me a chance right here to offer a little advice to real-estate agents: when everything is set and going good in a deal keep your mouth shut and listen.

A group of real-estate men were feeling round to get an option on a valuable block of city property owned by an old estate. They had a purchaser eager to buy. He represented a syndicate that planned to erect several apartment houses and was trying quietly to get a big parcel of property together.

It so happened that I was quite familiar with the property of this estate and was called into conference. I took the syndicate man with me and called on the old gentleman whose family had owned the property for many years.

"I could sell this property for you," I said to him, "if you would put a figure on it. I imagine the handling of it has been quite a burden."

"Yes," he said cheerfully, "but I wouldn't sell for less than a million dollars. It ought to bring that."

The syndicate man nodded to me. He would have gladly paid that, because the company couldn't proceed without possession of that particular piece of property.

"Wait a few hours," I said to the old gentleman, "and I'll bring my client."

"Do you really want it?" he asked. I nodded. "Well, then you might as well fix up a contract of sale while you are out. There's no use of a lot of negotiations. Here is a description of the property."

Costly Persiflage

In the top drawer he had all the papers connected with it—deeds, leases and everything.

"Get a contract-of-sale blank," the old gentleman said, "and you can have the descriptions copied in right here."

This looked too good to be true. The real-estate man thought me a wonder.

I returned as quickly as possible and my client had a certified check to put up and make the transaction binding. Everything was lovely. I handed him the sale contract to sign. As I did so I noticed his full name on the papers.

"Oh, by the way," I remarked pleasantly as he dipped his pen in the ink, "you are one of the three or four oldest graduates of Harvard, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said, the pen poised in mid-air. For a few minutes he talked about the old days at Harvard, my client getting fidgety.

"But I'd better sign this," the old gentleman went on, "and then we'll talk."

"Your family must have owned this property for several generations," I remarked, just when I should have kept my mouth shut.

"Yes, indeed," he said, "for more than a hundred years. Now, my great-grandfather ——" And he laid down the pen!

For fifteen minutes he recalled old days, how the property had improved, how it used to look when he was a boy, and so on.

"I'm sorry," he finally remarked. "Young man, I'm downright sorry, because you've gone to a lot of trouble. I guess, though, I'll wait. I don't feel like selling right now. You have awakened a lot of memories in me. Suppose you drop in on me later."

I know that client could have brained me. I had talked myself out of a commission that would have carried me for a year or more.

I have dropped in several times, but that old gentleman hasn't yet decided to sell that property. My enthusiasm to recall memories dwindled after the first visit.

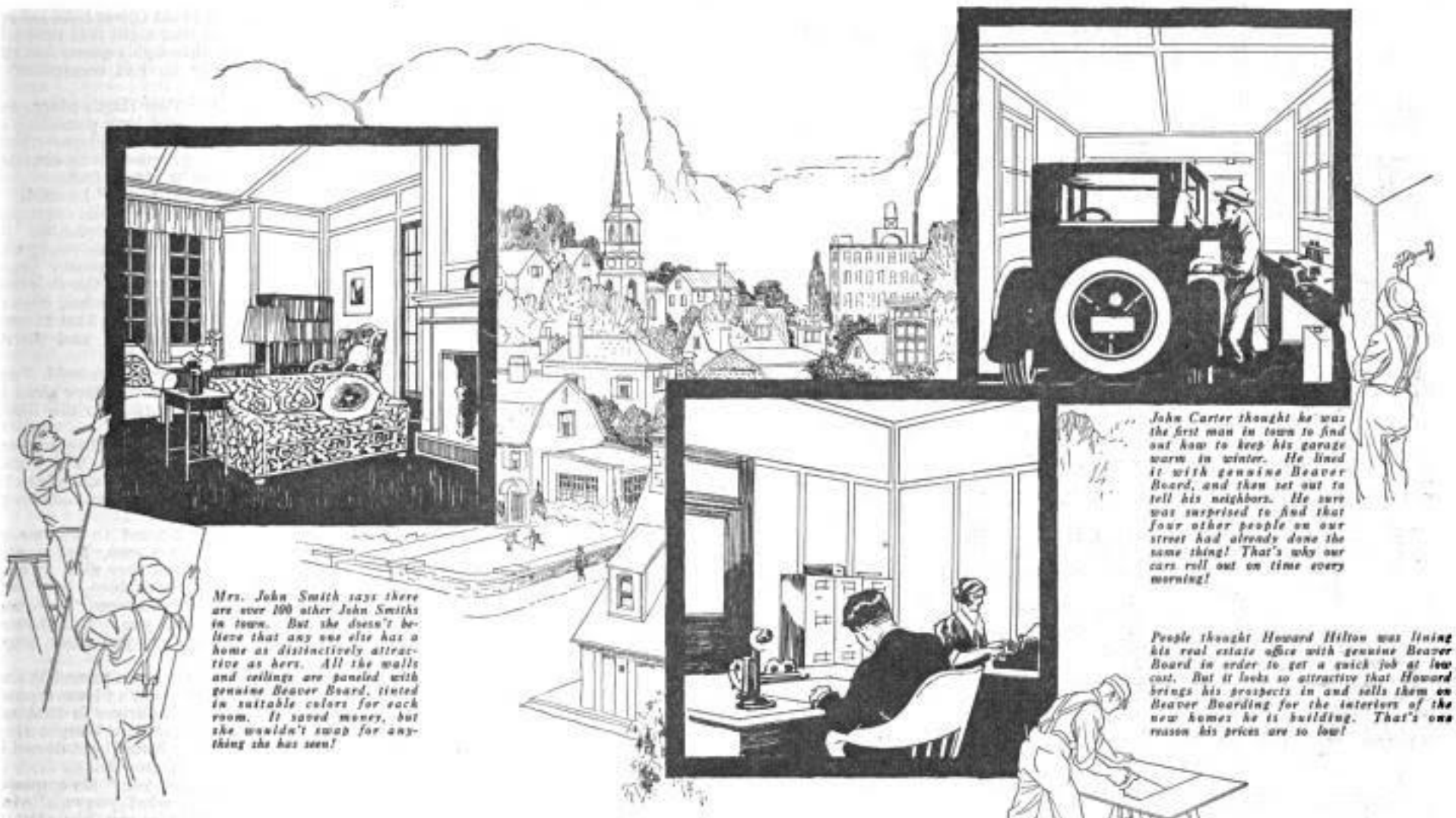
Gentleman—you real-estate agents—talk as glibly as you please right up to putting the pen in hand and showing the dotted line. Then keep your mouth shut.

Maybe I'm talking too much now, but I feel that I have the right to give that advice.



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Our street has discovered many different uses for Beaver Board



Mrs. John Smith says there are over 100 other John Smiths in town. But she doesn't believe that any one else has a home as distinctively attractive as hers. All the walls and ceilings are paneled with genuine Beaver Board, tinted in suitable colors for each room. It saved money, but she wouldn't swap for anything she has seen!

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People thought Howard Hilton was lining his real estate office with genuine Beaver Board in order to get a quick job at low cost. But it looks so attractive that Howard brings his prospects in and sells them on Beaver Boarding for the interiors of the new homes he is building. That's one reason his prices are so low!

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DYING LIKE A GENTLEMAN

(Continued from Page 11)

"I suppose I won't see you again?" Oliver said.

"It isn't necessary; I can do nothing."

"Maybe you can come over to the funeral," old Oliver added grimly.

This caused Doctor Sam to look away for a time; he seemed to be thinking of his own affairs.

"I'm within a year or two of your condition," the doctor replied, rousing from his reverie. "I've just heard a piece of sound philosophy. When you said you knew what your trouble was, you added, 'I'm seventy-seven, and it's all right. It's the rule.' That's good sense. I found rules when I came to the country, about the time you did, and they have been true ever since. Old men wear out; it's the rule, and we can't change it. You can't know how much I regret I can do nothing for you. If you don't mind my saying it, I've been hearing about you nearly fifty years, and reports have been far above the average. That's the rule, too; a good man, good reports. It's as true as that old men die."

And when they asked Doctor Sam downtown how old Oliver was there was a tremor in his voice when he told them.

The doctor's report didn't cause much change in the sick man's condition or attitude of mind, and he didn't tell anyone of the frank conversation, but the truth got about.

In three weeks Mrs. Steele died unexpectedly. Then came the trouble over caring for old Oliver. His children said he couldn't remain in the big house, with only the servants to look after him. And after many discussions, and much excitement which didn't do the sick man any good, it was decided he should go to Helen's—the youngest daughter in the family, who had married Jack Holmes. As they had no children and lived in the house which old Oliver liked better than the newer one, he was taken there.

In ten days there was trouble. Old Oliver never liked Jack Holmes; Mrs. Steele used to say that whomever Helen married her father wouldn't like. He knew it was the rule for girls to marry and usually accepted the inevitable, but didn't like it any more than he liked his talk with Doctor Sam. Helen was the baby and his favorite; he had called her Babe until they shamed him out of it. When Helen was missing from the house as a child or young girl, and wasn't at school, they knew she was down at the store and would come home with her father at suppertime. As they walked along the street the devotion of father and daughter was everywhere remarked and admired, and people said:

"Old O. K. will make a great fuss when he loses her."

Oliver may have been rather fretful for a time in properly digesting his philosophy after the death of his wife and his frank talk with Dr. Sam Morton. His suffering may have become more acute after they bundled him over to Helen's and began wondering what to do with the big house.

Old Oliver took Tom Hart, his houseman, with him to Helen's, but Tom had to go home occasionally to get rest. At these times Helen looked after her father.

And he needed a good deal of looking after. His right foot was swollen, and the trouble creeping toward the knee. He was in almost constant pain and rarely went to bed; he rested easier in a big chair they had brought with him. He felt best during the daylight hours, and at Helen's, at night, was often noisily hobbling upstairs or down, assisted by Tom Hart and crutches the doctors had provided. If he went to bed, within half an hour he came downstairs, slowly and painfully, to sit in the chair. With old Oliver around there was always commotion at Helen's. Many called to see him, and quiet and order departed from the household.

One morning at two o'clock, when the patient was particularly restless and Jack Holmes was attending him to give Helen and Tom Hart a chance to sleep, there was a falling out. The sick man completely lost his temper because of something Jack had said or implied, and tongue-lashed his son-in-law as he had possibly been wanting to do a long time. Helen was aroused by the commotion and hurried into the room, to find her father in a rage, standing on his crutches and preparing to go away.

And go away he did, half dressed, half wrapped up in quilts and sheets. Helen started to protest, but her husband spoke rather sharply to her, and she hurried to her room, crying. People said she was a little afraid of her husband, who had and air of feeling superior to everybody in our community. But as old Oliver hobbled out into the darkness that night it is probable Jack Holmes felt thoroughly uncomfortable and that possibly he had committed a blunder at last.

It was not far to Tom Hart's place, and when Tom was aroused by a pounding on his door he found his employer there, painfully supporting himself on his crutches and holding up his bandaged foot.

"Get me to the big house," he said.

Long trained by a capable employer, Tom knew how to get quick results. By daylight old Kate Handy, the cook, who had been with the Steeles twenty years, was routed out, and by noon the sick man was more comfortable than he had been at Helen's. Connection with Dr. Sam Morton was secured by telephone, and Oliver talked with him.

"Send me three nurses," he said, "and at once. I've been a slave a long time, as you have been, but intend to die like a gentleman."

Doctor Sam knew Oliver Steele meant what he said in everything. The nurses arrived on the evening train, and plans for dying like a gentleman were soon completed.

Old Oliver didn't want to impose on anyone, he told the nurses, but needed constant attention, and they were to work in shifts of eight hours each.

"Nursing is your business," he said; "it's no hardship for you. I'm making hours short, and I'll pay you union wages every week."

There was a man in town named Walter Bell, who sold automobiles and was reputed to be the most capable driver in that section. Old Oliver sent for him, bought a better car than had ever before been owned in town, and engaged Walter Bell to drive it.

"When I don't need you," his employer said, "you can do what you wish, but when I want you you're my driver."

Kate Handy, the cook, was told to find a woman to assist her and do the washing. The house was abundantly stocked with everything needed. Three meals a day were served for the nurses, as in a hotel. When their patient felt well enough he hobbled out to the dining room with the nurses and sat at the head of the table, with Tom Hart waiting on them.

Old Oliver moved into the great drawing-room, which he littered up as he pleased. Beside the chair in which he spent most of his time he had a table, where he kept his books and papers as he liked. In the drawer he had money, and from this store the nurses were paid every week, as were Tom Hart, Kate Handy, the washwoman and the tradesmen. When it was thought necessary to clean up the room where he sat Kate Handy asked permission. If he felt pretty well he granted it, and submitted while three women cleaned up hurriedly, fearing at any moment he might change his mind.

He had a good many callers; he welcomed anyone to talk to as a diversion. If the local bankers had a hard problem they were glad of a chance to submit it to the old veteran, who would say simply "I wouldn't recommend it" or "It seems all right," and they knew they were getting the judgment of a master.

Many men who wanted advice about land called to get his judgment, for he knew every quarter, eighty or forty within twenty miles, and its value.

Many of the callers came late. The sick man dreaded the night hours; so it came about that the big chandeliers were in use, as were most of the other lights, except in the rooms where the two nurses off duty slept.

Once he said to Miss Hansen, who had charge of him and of the house, "The electric-light men were never satisfied with my bills, although I used as much current as I needed. Satisfy them now."

He talked a good deal with the nurses, and they soon discovered he was an unusual man, as the people of his town had long known. Whatever could be done to make him comfortable they did, with the advice of Doctor Sam, who was always within reach by telephone; but he steadily grew worse.

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When the weather was fine Walter Bell occasionally drove his employer about. Tom Hart usually sat on the front seat with the driver, and frequently the three nurses also went along for an airing. One pleasant Saturday afternoon old Oliver so appeared on the street, and was given a reception that must have pleased him. Hundreds of farmers he had known many years crowded about him as he sat in the machine, bundled up, his hat awry, and his sore foot resting in a sling Walter Bell had contrived. He had been a hard man, but fair, and people liked him.

And they generally sided with him in his trouble with Jack Holmes. Helen had met her husband when away at the university. Jack came from a town larger than ours, and we always rather resented his trying to make us over. The old way seemed good enough, with Oliver Steele setting the pace. He didn't marry a rich girl or have a third interest in a prosperous business given him, in addition to a house and a lot of ready money, but we believed him to be a more capable man than Jack Holmes. We had heard Oliver say that as a boy on pleasant Sundays he carried his shoes and went barefoot until he reached the church before putting them on. He was born in the county where he was dying like a gentleman, after building up its most noted institution. Before his right foot got out of shape, long after he was seventy, there wasn't a young man in town who could turn out an equal amount of work, and do it so well, as old Oliver Steele.

When a young fellow in our part of the country was particularly promising we said "He may turn out another Old O. K."

When out taking the air the invalid never went near the brick store where he had made his mark. Jack Holmes was there, and they didn't get along. Helen went to see her father, but found him reserved and quiet. Many believed Jack Holmes resented her going; that he thought she should have accepted his story of the trouble, whatever it was about, and stood by him.

Mary, another daughter, who lived in the country on a farm her father had given her husband, also visited him, as did John, who was still with the brick store, but they all half feared their visits were rather unwelcome. Nothing would have induced him to say so: it is the rule for children to call on their father, and he accepted it, but perhaps he would have been better off had they not called at all.

Miss Hansen, his favorite of the three nurses, was quoted as saying that the sick man once said something causing her to believe that in the trouble at Jack Holmes' house Jack had quoted some disagreeable thing he had heard John or Mary or Helen say about their father.

Old Oliver bitterly resented this, but gave his resentment no definite form, nor directly referred to it, except that he once said to Miss Hansen: "I have the same right to be unreasonable that a baby has. Babies are tyrants; so are the old, when they have a foot like that"—pointing to his own. "I'll be as unreasonable as I wish. I'm paying first-class wages for first-class attention. I'm no longer myself."

Many thought this might be a guarded reference to the belief that his children had been grumbling about his illness to Jack Holmes, an interloper in the family, while he was thinking they loved and respected him.

"I walked the floor many nights with mine when they were fretful," he said to Miss Hansen. "It's the rule, and I never talked about them for it. I've been accustomed to having a good deal of respect shown me. My wife respected me forty years. The neighbors always did. I think I should resent an affront from my family if one were offered."

Miss Hansen also quoted him as saying he had assisted patiently in waiting on and burying a long list of older relatives; but no one ever knew exactly what it was Jack Holmes said that so aroused the indignation of Oliver Steele.

Sympathy was so generally with Oliver that gossip began going about that the brick store was losing trade. For the sick man had been good to his children; everybody knew that. Also that John Steele and Jack Holmes didn't get along. John grumbled about his brother-in-law a good deal, and it was known John was of the opinion that Jack was a detriment to the business. But he controlled Helen's share in the store, and had to be reckoned with.

Old Oliver sent for Joe Gibson, the tombstone man, and talked with him about a monument as calmly as he might have talked to Walter Bell about his occasional excursions downtown on Saturday. He had become impressed with a controversy as to the more enduring material, marble or granite, and decided on granite. An expression used by a granite man, "Rock of Ages," caught his fancy, and he wrote out copy for the inscription, after the great stone decided upon was ready for it. After that people who went by Joe Gibson's place saw him cutting these words:

IT'S THE RULE
O. K.
IN MEMORY OF OLIVER KEMP STEELE
BORN RICH, DECEMBER, 1844
DIED POOR, OCTOBER, 1921

The stonecutter wanted more exact dates, but Oliver said the record would be close enough. He had talked with Miss Hansen, and she had told him, after consulting with Doctor Sam, that, according to the rule, he would wear out in October.

It was after the monument was ready that the invalid talked to Miss Hansen about his dead wife. Mary Ellen, he called her. It was always the same story: her gentleness, patience, her intelligent interest in everything that became a good woman.

"Kate does well enough," he said, "but in Mary Ellen's day I lived like a king. We had Kate then, but nothing went on the table that Mary Ellen didn't know was right."

Mrs. Steele had been a happy woman, but there was a tragedy in her life. When ten months old her father was killed in an accident. A month later her mother died in childbirth, and the newcomer with her. Mary Ellen was so popular with the neighbors that there was a contest among them as to which should take her. She was not only the best baby that ever lived, but the best little girl, young woman, wife, mother, grandmother, her husband told Miss Hansen.

"Our real love affair began long after we were married," he said. "We had good children, but when they were old enough to care for themselves we used to go on trips, to get away from them and enjoy each other. I never knew anyone could be as perfect as Mary Ellen was; she made me more charitable with everybody. I built this house for her; I knew it wouldn't figure out, but hoped she would enjoy it. She knew she inspired it, and never said anything, but I fear it was an unnecessary burden to her instead of the joy I had anticipated."

Early in October Old O. K. began sending for his children and grandchildren. They knew he was growing weaker, and didn't remain long; Miss Hansen saw to that. But he was always pleasant to them, and said he hoped they would pardon his condition, which was becoming pretty bad. He was very restless and up and down constantly, for he had tremendous vitality.

But he never sent for Jack Holmes or saw him. He seemed to have grimly determined to die with that sin on his conscience.

"I hear Old O. K. is poorly," a rough man said one day to Miss Hansen at the front door. "If possible I would like to speak to him."

"He is too ill to see anyone," Miss Hansen replied.

"No, I'm not," old Oliver called out from his chair; "let him come in."

The caller turned out to be a friend, and they talked intimately for a time. The man carried a tin bucket and said on leaving, "My wife sent you a pound of butter. I never return from town that she doesn't ask 'How is Old O. K.?' and I thought I'd come and see."

"Tell your wife," said Oliver, "that she pleased me; and it is hard to please a man situated as I am."

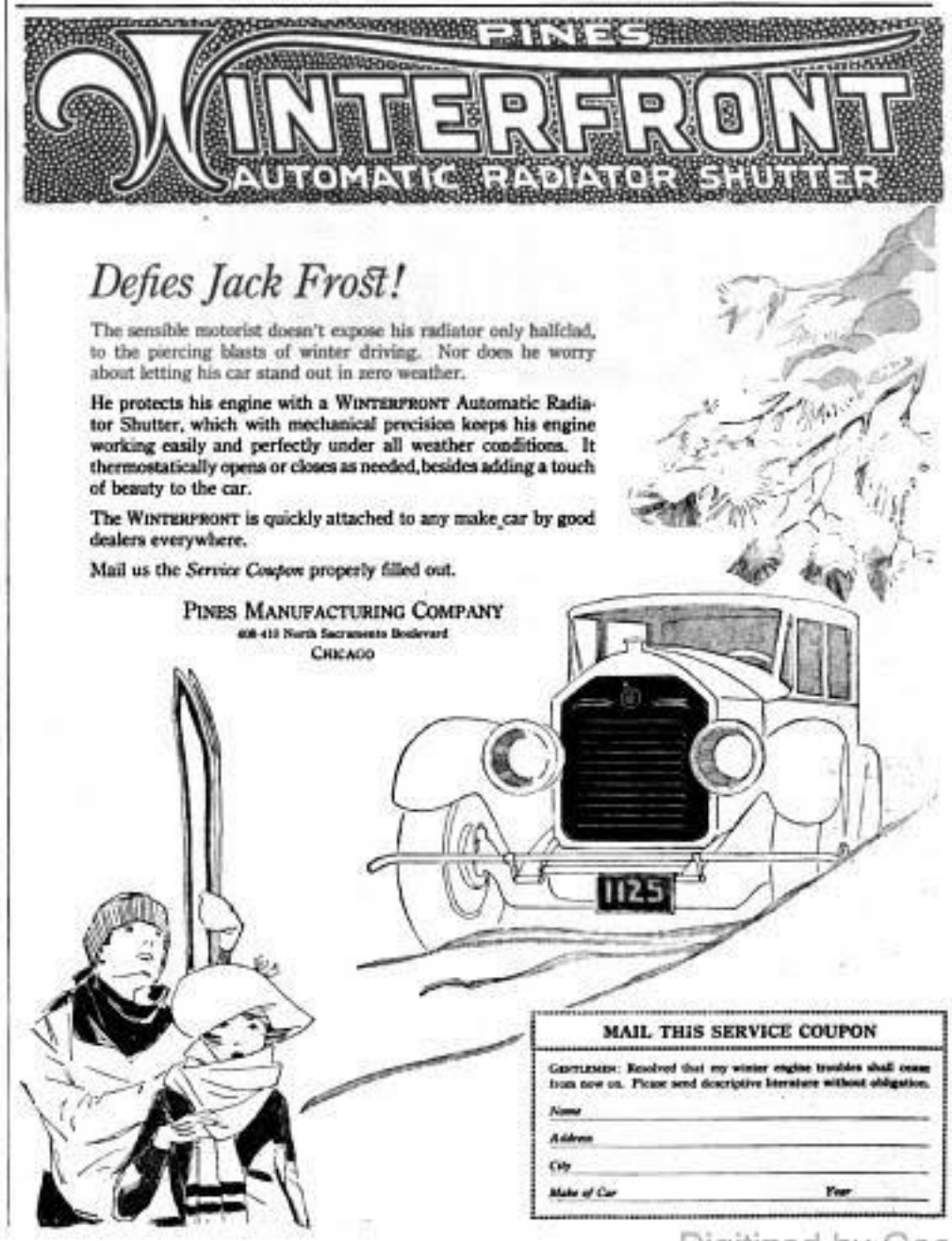
"I wish we could do something for you," the caller said with a tremor in his voice as he went hurriedly away.

Perry Knowles the banker, Job Martin the lawyer, and Andrew Sheldon the editor, called one night, evidently as a committee representing a good many others.

"We've been wondering," Perry said, "if it would do any good to send for Doctor Olson, of New York. He is a noted man, and it so distresses us all to see you like this that we'd hate to neglect anything."

Oliver seemed pleased, but replied that such medical wisdom as the world possessed had trickled down to Dr. Sam Morton and the local practitioners, all of whom





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had been to see him, and that nothing more could be done.

"It's disagreeable," he said, "but it's death. There is no help."

On their way back to town members of the committee soberly and quietly discussed their stricken friend.

"He still has that wonderful head," one of them remarked; "but how his body has wasted away!"

On another occasion the pastor of the church the Steeles had long regularly attended called. The preacher, who was rather new in the town, had discovered that the name of this man whom he had regarded as one of his pillars was not on the rolls, and never had been, although he had long assisted in church affairs with his advice and his means.

On departing, the pastor said rather awkwardly, "Of course you know it would be a great pleasure if I could do anything for you."

He may have meant praying in the sick man's presence, but Oliver replied that all the neighbors had been very kind, and that he appreciated it deeply; all was being done that could be.

"It's the rule," he continued. "Neighbors are always kind."

The nurses had orders to admit whoever appeared and to ask them to wait if the sick man could not see them at once. Two callers once waited an hour to see him and noted the confusion and distress in the sick room.

When they were at last admitted he said to them pitifully: "It is as important to die respectably as to live respectably, but more difficult. I was a soldier in Sheridan's cavalry, and could sleep while riding along at night, but I doubt if I sleep an hour a day now, although I have nothing else to do."

Through the long days and nights he looked forward to the hours just before dawn: then Nature asserted itself, and for an hour or two he slept or dozed in his chair.

Downtown there was much concern over the sick man's condition, and his life was talked over with respect. One day, at the noon hour, Nathan Knox, the restaurant man, showed a number of customers his account books. For thirty years, Nathan said, he had had orders from Oliver Steele to feed the hungry who couldn't pay and send the bill to the brick store. The account had been transferred into many books, and the word "paid" appeared twelve times every year. Nathan once told Oliver he was feeding some rather rough men, a few of them thieves, he feared.

"Did they eat what you gave them?" he asked, and on being told that they did, added: "In feeding a hungry man never ask about his morals. Go ahead."

Many kind acts performed by Oliver Steele came out of hiding. One man said Oliver had saved him from being a drunkard; he had displayed the folly of drunkenness so vividly but kindly, and in so few words, that the man realized his folly, and quit it. Oliver Steele was never a showy man in his philanthropy, but steadily dependable. He believed much in people helping themselves, and all such found a capable friend at the brick store.

That fall was an unusual one. We had almost no Indian summer, and a good many storms of wind and rain. The night of October twenty-eighth was particularly blustery. A good many were up late, because of rattling doors and windows, and few were able to sleep well.

Two hours after midnight telephone bells began ringing all over town. Someone had observed that the lights in the big house on the hill had gone out.

Old O. K.'s rule had worked again, and Doctor Sam, a disciple, had made another good guess.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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These materials—best flour, finest lard, granulated sugar, table salt, purest milk, compressed yeast—are the sole ingredients of each loaf of Bond Bread. *Such is the guarantee of the BOND which is printed on the wrapper of each loaf. From that Bond, Bond Bread gets its name.*

This Bond does more than guarantee the purity. It implies a pledge that Bond Bread shall be quite as nutritious and even as flavorful as home-made. For Bond Bread is actually patterned after the best of 43,040 loaves, generously baked for us by 43,040 housewives in their own ovens.

Today Bond Bread is baked in our 24 modern bakeries, and is sold by over 50,000 grocers. More Bond Bread plants are being built as fast as is consistent with an absolute maintenance of quality in the present bakeries.

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LARD—the very cream of the finest lard.

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EVERY morning modern housewives simply click electric switches to banish the day's drudgeries. In farmhouses and in city homes—wherever electricity reaches—household tasks can be quickly, easily and thoroughly accomplished by the use of motor-driven sweepers, washers, mangles and other labor-saving devices.

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HOW easy it is! You just sprinkle a little of the soft, crumbly Bon Ami Powder on your linoleum or congoleum—then a few swishes with a damp mop or cloth.

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Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

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Make this test yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour in the palm of your hand. Note the creamy white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flour. Then rub it with your finger—see how *smooth* it is—the fine velvety texture of *real* wheat flour—the complete absence of harsh, coarse, gritty corn meal. Now you know why Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes such perfect pancakes.

Try this test with any other pancake flour.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

What is the secret of perfect pancakes?

THE SIMPLE TEST pictured above proves beyond question why Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes such light, fluffy, tender and *delicious* pancakes.

High-grade Wheat Flour

Any food expert will tell you that if you wish to serve perfect pancakes there is no substitute for creamy white, fine textured *wheat* flour.

Many other ingredients, such as ordinary corn meal, are cheaper. That is why so many pancake flours contain so much of it. But Pillsbury uses only the best quality ingredients, including the same high-grade, rich wheat flour you yourself use in baking bread or cake.

The quality and quantity of real *wheat* flour in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour give your cakes a new and distinctive flavor—a delicate, golden brown color. They are delicious to eat and easy to digest.

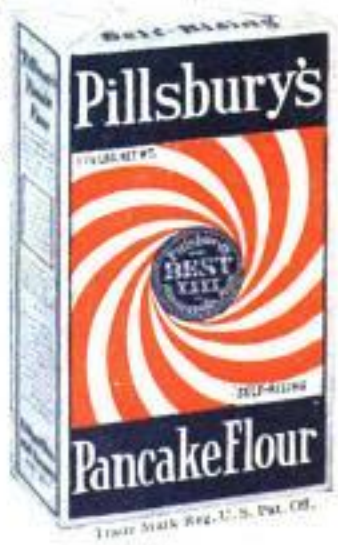
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Weekly
Founded by Benjamin Franklin

OCT. 14, 1922

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~To take advantage of quantity prices on your winter supply of canned foods

Grocers are just beginning to receive their allotment of new pack DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables. Many of them are glad to offer their customers substantial savings on quantity orders placed with them for delivery as the goods arrive.

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Twenty-five years ago the Rio Grande Valley, in southern Texas, was an arid, desert waste. Today it is called the "Winter Garden of America," and is, perhaps, the most productive section of the Lone Star State.

Irrigation, which the courageous, resourceful settlers secured by pumping water from the Rio Grande, has transformed the stretches of barren sand into fertile farms and plantations. And good roads, which have been obtained by surface-treating the natural caliche and adobe gravel roads with Tarvia, bring the diversified crops, worth millions of dollars annually, within easy reach of the railroads and marketing centers.

In the Valley are thriving towns, the largest of which are Mission, McAllen, Mercedes, and Harlingen. Here, too, the broad Tarvia-paved streets give unmistakable evidence of prosperity and sound, substantial growth.

In selecting Tarvia for all their road-building and road-maintenance work, these far-sighted pioneers showed characteristic good judgment. For with no other material could they have converted, at such small expense, their unimproved roads into smooth, dustless, mudless, all-year highways.

The Rio Grande Valley in southern Texas is but one of thousands of communities throughout the country that have found in Tarvia the economical and satisfactory solution of the good roads problem.

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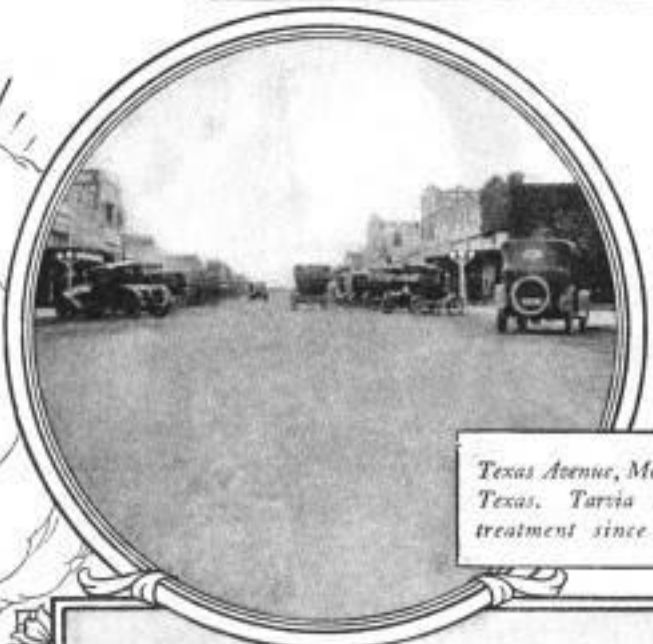
In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

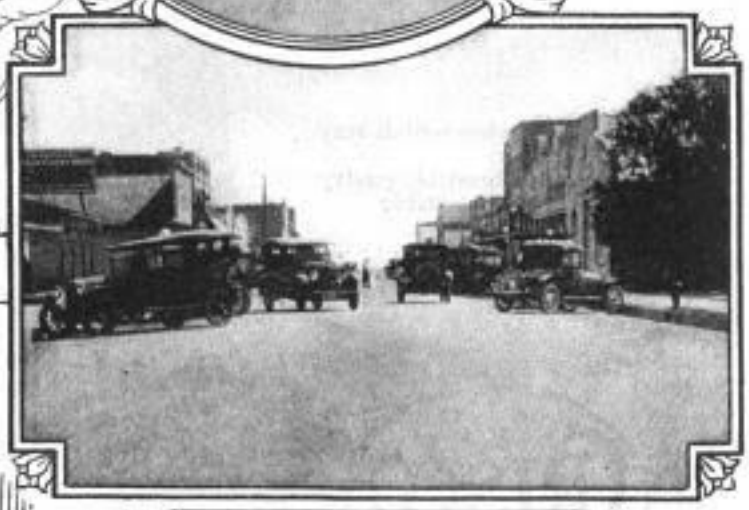




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For flaky and digestible pastry
For wholesome digestible fried foods.

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Digestible cooking for your Children

One daily aid—

RECENT SCHOOL INVESTIGATIONS invest mother's cooking with a new importance.

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They commended Crisco generously for its delicious results in cake-making, in pie-baking and in frying. A remark often heard was, "Crisco brings out the natural flavors of foods." But we were disappointed to find that many women had overlooked the great importance of *digestibility*.

Women, after all, are the real custodians of the health of their husbands and children. They feel this high responsibility and are glad (once they appreciate the digestibility of Crisco foods) to pay the few extra cents involved in an average week's baking and frying. There is real comfort in knowing that you are providing your family with nature's digestible vegetable shortening when you employ Crisco.

Crisco is sold by grocers in small, medium sized and large cans. Made and sold in Canada, too.

CRISCO SPONGE CAKE

3 eggs	1¼ cupfuls flour
1 cupful sugar	2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ cupful Crisco	½ teaspoonful orange extract
½ teaspoonful salt	½ cupful cold water

Cream Crisco; add salt, yolks of eggs well beaten and sugar, and beat for five minutes; add orange extract and cold water. Beat up whites of eggs to a stiff froth and add alternately with the flour sifted with the baking powder. Divide into Criscoed and floured gem pans and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

Sufficient for twelve cakes.

To receive "A Calendar of Dinners," containing 615 recipes and 365 dinner menus, send 25c to The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O., Section K-10, Dept. of Home Economics.

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Low Melting Point Easy Digestibility.

Into half a glass of lukewarm water drop a small lump each of Crisco and any other fat. With a teaspoon gradually add hot water until Crisco melts. You will find that few other fats melt at this point. Food authorities say that an easily digested fat should melt near body heat—98½ degrees. Crisco, you will find, melts even below this temperature. It melts at 97 degrees. (This test does not necessarily condemn the digestibility of the other fat, but it will aid you to establish Crisco's fine digestibility.)



Avoid Smoke and Odor!

Put into separate pans equal amounts of Crisco and any other fat. Heat slowly for eight minutes, or until they reach a temperature where a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds.

Notice that the Crisco, unlike most cooking fats, does not smoke at this proper frying temperature.

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POBBLE & CO.

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

MR. J. SCOTT MANNING, SR., puffed his cheeks in and out several times, as he was accustomed to do when he was angry or nervous or excited. Then he whirled himself all the way round in his office chair as an indication that on this occasion he was angry and nervous and excited, and pounded with his hand on the desk in front of him.

"I don't care what you do!" he shouted at his son, who was backing casually but steadily towards the door. "I don't care what you do! Of course you can break rocks if you want to. You can break anything as long as you don't break me. But I'm through! And when I say I'm through I'm through!"

"Yes, sir," said J. Scott Manning, Jr., softly.

Then he went out and walked down all the stairs one at a time without whistling, and climbed into his excellent new roadster and drove home.

J. Scott Manning, Jr., was a young man of enthusiasm. He was at the same time a young man oddly given to persisting in his enthusiasms and seeing them through to a more or less successful and spectacular finish. And that, when you stop to think of it, was all that his father had ever done.

J. Scott Manning himself would have said, of course, that he had picked out one thing, and that was the law; and he had stuck to it, and that was why he had succeeded. Mr. Manning was a person who admired success. If anyone didn't succeed he failed; and that, Mr. Manning said, was all you could say about it. Mr. Manning did not class his son among the successes.

His classification, however, did Scott a certain degree of injustice; in what he had undertaken he could not by any stretch of the imagination be said to have failed. At an early age he had undertaken to have a thoroughly good time, and from that moment he had been delightfully successful in having it. Afterwards he had gone to college and enjoyed himself there for four years, and after that again, he had gone to law school and enjoyed himself there for two years more. Father, of course, had paid for it all. And then, suddenly, at the end of the second year, with his degree and admission to the bar in sight, father, almost without warning, had ceased to pay. I say almost without warning, because father had several times threatened to do that very thing, but Scott had never for an instant suspected that he was capable of carrying out his threat.

Mr. Manning had been, moreover, absurdly abrupt about the whole thing. In the first place he had made Scott come to him at his office on Bond Street, which was in itself an unnecessary formality when he might have seen him almost any morning at breakfast; and in the second place he had raked up a number of old scores that ought long since to have been decently forgotten. Mr. Manning talked for a long time. The gist of his remarks, however, as Scott remembered it afterwards, was that he, Scott, had wasted all the money he was going to, and that if he wanted to finish his course in law school and get ready to come into the business he would do it on his own money. Mr. J. Scott Manning made it quite clear, however, that he was not doing that vulgar, melodramatic thing known as casting off his son. He was even willing, he said, to furnish his son with board and lodging. What he was not willing to furnish him with was money.

Mr. Manning had a smooth legal-looking face, from which practice had removed all habitual expression. Half a lifetime of asking other people questions had raised his eyebrows into sharp interrogatory points that seemed always stretching themselves up his forehead to get a peep at the vanishing hair line. He had a habit of drawing his hand down over his face with a kind of squeezing motion, as if he were pressing his thoughts back into his head where they would not show. He executed this gesture now. Scott was not quite sure, therefore, what he was thinking, but he hoped that he was thinking that he did not want any gossip to attach to the name of Manning.

"It doesn't matter, of course," he said gently, "what I do?"

Mr. Manning indicated that it did not.

"Because," said Scott, "just at first, while I'm looking round, I may have to—dig ditches—or break rocks—or something."

It was then that Mr. Manning, perceiving the trend of his son's thought, puffed his cheeks in and out as he did when he was angry or nervous or excited, and whirled himself round in his chair, and pounded with his hand on the desk, and shouted that he didn't care what he did, and that he could break anything except him, and that when he was through he was through. And it was immediately after that that J. Scott Manning, Jr., walked down all the stairs without whistling, and climbed into his excellent new roadster and drove home.

Arrived there Scott went up to his own rooms and thought the whole matter over carefully. At first he thought that he would go away; then he was surprised to find that almost without knowing it he had made up his mind to finish his course at the law school. He would not, he decided, display any vulgar melodramatic pride about accepting the board and lodging that his father offered him, but he would go to work and save all his money. Viewed from this rather difficult angle the law school began to have an attraction for him that it had never had before.

There were twelve weeks before law school opened again. With twelve weeks and the right kind of job—something with wide possibilities ——

Scott brought up an armful of magazines and newspapers and read the advertisements. Then he went down to the garage and took out his car.

When he returned, rather late that evening, he was the sole New England representative for The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

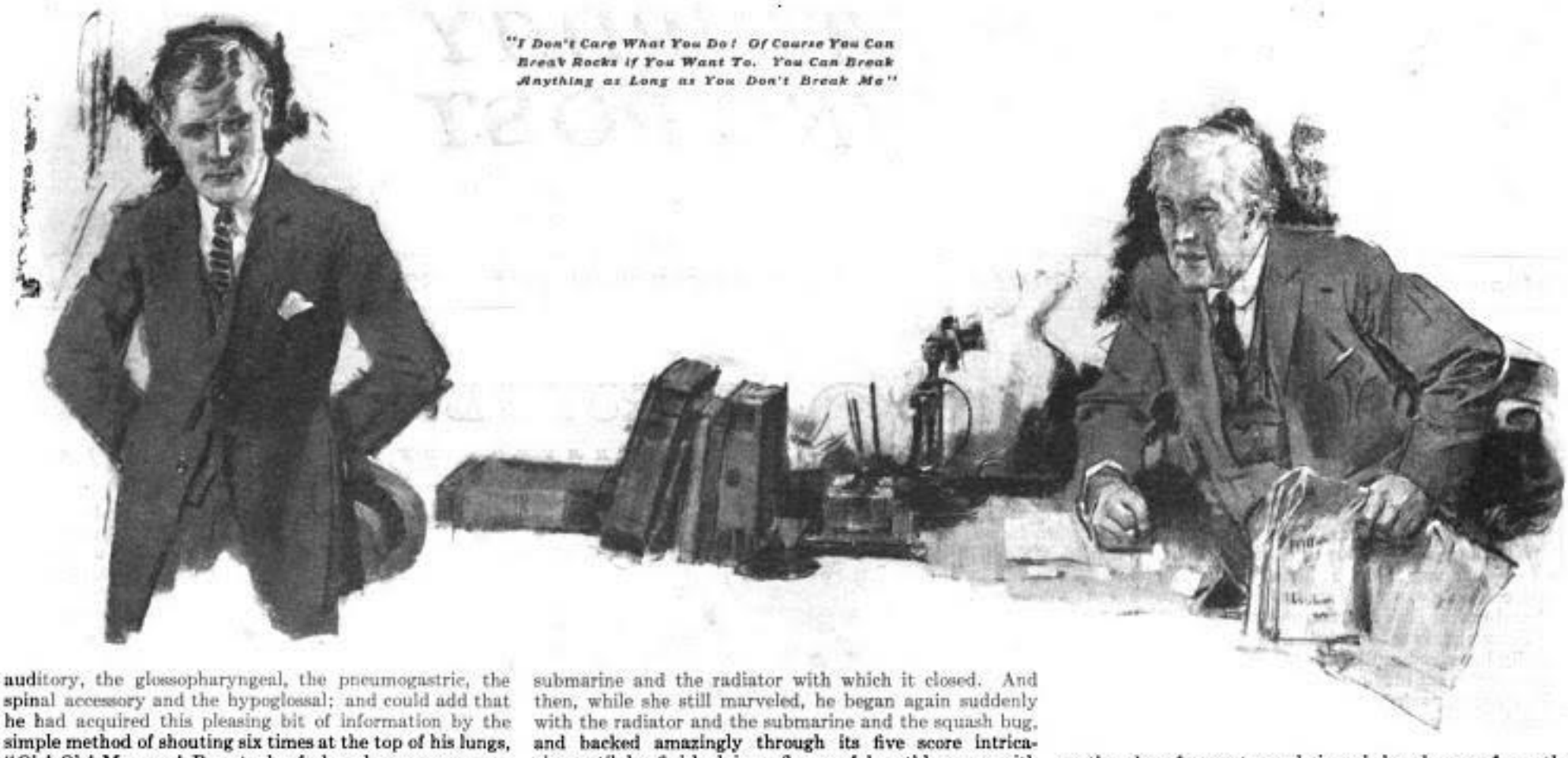
The next day he spent in preparation. He studied The Pobble Perfect Memory System, and the notes that he had made on Mr. Pobble's suggestions, and the sheaf of literature for agents that Mr. Pobble had given him. He laid out a costume that he considered suitable for the occasion—neat, but not too gaudy for one who was trying to earn an education. He practiced methods of approach and opening sentences.

By night he had The Pobble Perfect Memory System well in hand. He could walk up to his mirror as if it were a front door, and recite swiftly to the hypothetical customer represented by his own reflection, "Hat, heart, bow, cup, cow, cradle, tub, train, tin, hippopotamus"—and so on through the hundred words that were the basis of the system. He could mention the fact that the cranial nerves in their order were the olfactory, the optic, the motor oculi, the pathetic, the trifacial, the abducent, the facial, the



"You Know, I Think I'd Like You Quite Well if it Weren't for Just One Thing"

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"I Don't Care What You Do! Of Course You Can Break Rocks if You Want To. You Can Break Anything as Long as You Don't Break Me"

auditory, the glossopharyngeal, the pneumogastric, the spinal accessory and the hypoglossal; and could add that he had acquired this pleasing bit of information by the simple method of shouting six times at the top of his lungs, "Oh! Oh! Mamma! Papa took a fork and gave pony some hay!" Perhaps it was as well that Mr. Manning spent most of his time at his office in Bond Street.

On the second day Scott was ready to begin. At five minutes of ten he walked down Hamilton Street, which he had chosen as the scene of his beginning—a kind of lower-middle-class street, where he was sure the people would like to study The Pobble Perfect Memory System in the evenings and rise to be secretaries and bank clerks. In one hand he held three small volumes: The Pobble Perfect Memory System, in paper covers, price $5.00; The Pobble Perfect Memory System, Revised Edition, in cloth binding, price $10.00; and The Pobble Perfect Memory System, Edition de Luxe, Revised and Enlarged, With Additional Examples and Exercises, in limp brown leather, with gilt edges and gold tooling, price $25.00.

At ten o'clock exactly—ten was the hour suggested by Mr. Pobble—Scott walked up his first flight of steps and rang his first front-door bell. He looked very tall and very straight and very determined while he waited for an answer; there was a squareness about his chin that suggested Mr. Manning. On his face was the pleasant but earnest expression of one about to earn his living.

Then a woman opened the door. There were knots of curl papers at her temples, and she was chewing gum with practiced sideways motion.

Scott bowed.

"Good morning," he said. "Have you a good memory?"

The woman did not look at him. Instead her glance fastened on the three small volumes in paper, cloth and leather that he held in his hand.

"We don't want any," she said, and closed the door.

Scott did not consider that he had made a good start.

At the next house he placed The Pobble Perfect Memory System in paper, cloth and leather carefully behind his back before he rang the bell. A futile fluttering little woman opened the door a crack.

"Good morning," said Scott again.

Then he stopped. His faith in the arresting question with which he had meant to open these interviews was completely gone. He shifted The Pobble System uneasily behind his back and fumbled with his hat. Then, suddenly, he smiled. Scott's smile was a revelation in itself. It crinkled all the seriousness out of his face and made the twinkle in his gray eyes and the cleft in his chin and the waving revolutionary lock of hair that never would lie down flat on the top of his head all seem to belong inevitably together. It was Scott's smile that had got him all the things that he had ever wanted.

"You know," said Scott with disarming frankness, "I want like anything to talk to you about The Pobble Perfect Memory System, and I don't know how to begin."

The door opened a little wider. Then it opened wide. For fifteen minutes Scott sat on a ridiculous mission chair and talked about The Pobble Perfect Memory Syetem.

The beauty of the system was, he said, that it was so amazingly simple. You just learned a list of one hundred words, and after that you could remember anything. It was all done by association. Association, Scott said several times, was the great thing. Then he recited to her briskly the simple one-hundred-word list from its hat-heart-bow-cup beginning straight through to the squash bug and the submarine and the radiator with which it closed. And then, while she still marveled, he began again suddenly with the radiator and the submarine and the squash bug, and backed amazingly through its five score intricacies until he finished in a flurry of breathlessness with tin, train, tub, cradle, cow, cup, bow, heart, hat.

That, he said, was what The Pobble Perfect Memory System could do. It was worked out by association. He added modestly that he had learned that trick in less than an hour. Then he mentioned the cranial nerves in their order. He said that he had learned those in about ten minutes.

Altogether he had a delightful interview, but he did not sell anything. The futile little woman said that she should like to buy a book, but that she just couldn't afford it. The experience was typical.

II

AT THE end of the week Scott reckoned up his standing. He had visited three hundred and two persons, and sold seventeen copies of The Pobble System in the paper-pamphlet form at five dollars each. On each sale he made a commission of 20 per cent. This, Mr. Pobble had told him, was a perfectly dazzling rate, which very few reputable companies were willing to pay. Scott admitted, even then, that it was a good percentage—but even so —— He did a hurried bit of calculation. At that rate—seventeen dollars a week—twelve weeks —— Scott was not impressed by the probable luxury of his last year in law school.

The next day was Sunday. Scott spent it in laying plans for a new campaign, and on Monday he was ready to begin all over again. It was significant of his change in policy that the first thing he did was to take out his car and buy for it ten extravagant gallons of gasoline. He was horrified to see what a hole even tiny incidental expenses made in his capital.

Scott drove at once to Brandlewaite, the richest and most fashionable of the city's suburbs, and stopped in the drive before an imposing collection of rambling red-brick house and ivy-covered walls and terraced lawns that overlooked the river. It was the old Pennington place.

The Pennington family was among the oldest and most respectable familes on earth, and Miss Aurelia Pennington, its present head, was probably the most respectable person of any name that there had ever been. Scott did not know Miss Aurelia Pennington, but he knew of her. Everyone knew of Miss Aurelia, and of how she and her niece lived together on the old Pennington place. Miss Aurelia was accounted the richest woman in the state. Scott said to himself as he went up the steps that if Miss Aurelia Pennington did not buy a de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System it would not be because she could not afford it.

Scott sent in his card with the air of one who expects to be admitted, and did not show surprise when word came back that Miss Aurelia would see him. Then he tucked the limp-leather copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System negligently under his arm in the manner of one carrying with him his favorite volume of poems, and stepped confidently across the threshold. Miss Aurelia Pennington received him in a dim well-bred-looking room, suggestive of long generations of respectable Penningtons.

Miss Pennington herself was a sharp-cornered lady of sixty-five—the sort of person, you would know at a glance, who would not lean back when she went to ride in an automobile. She did not lean back now. She sat bolt upright on the edge of a great armchair and shrank away from the carved mahogany arms as if she were afraid that they would snatch at her and hug her. She gave Scott, sitting opposite, an uncomfortable feeling that he ought to keep his heels together. He felt suddenly shy about mentioning The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

Scott spoke cordially of the weather.

Miss Aurelia Pennington said yes, it was a pleasant day, and waited.

Scott took a great breath. It must seem strange to her, he said, to have him call on her like this—when she knew him so little. He passed lightly over the fact that she did not know him at all. He hoped that she would think that she had met him somewhere and forgotten it.

But she did even better. She admitted having met his father.

"Mr. Manning—the lawyer, I think?" she said.

"Oh—yes—my father," said Scott. Then, modestly: "I'm going to be a lawyer too."

And so, tactfully, he came to the subject of The Pobble Perfect Memory System. This was, he told her with his bewildering smile, the first time that he had done anything like this. Perhaps before he had been—rather too dependent on his father's generosity. It had been thought better—so he put it to her vaguely—for him to be independent, to be responsible for the expenses of his last year at law school.

Miss Aurelia Pennington nodded. Then she said that she always liked to see people with ambition enough to work when they didn't have to.

"Yes," said Scott. "That's—the way I always felt—about my father."

Miss Pennington was glad to see that young Mr. Manning was modest as well as ambitious.

Scott felt at once the favorableness of his opportunity.

"And so," he said quickly, "that's why I'm introducing The Pobble Perfect Memory System."

Miss Aurelia Pennington caught him up sharply, a strange show of interest in her well-regulated countenance.

"What's that?" she asked. "A memory system? Do you mean you have a system that really makes people remember?"

Scott nodded.

"The Pobble System," he told her again. Then he warmed to his work. "The beauty of the system," he said, "is that it is so simple. You learn one hundred words, and after that you can remember anything. It all depends on association."

And then, before she could imagine what he was about, Scott plunged full tilt into the bewildering simplicity of the hat and the heart and the hippopotamus and the squash bug and the radiator. Forward and back he gave them to her, with an ease and speed that almost took her respectable breath away.

Then he smiled. That, he said, was what The Pobble Perfect Memory System would do for anyone. He murmured that he had learned the entire list in less than an hour.

As he talked Scott calculated what a 20 per cent commission on twenty-five dollars would be, and wondered into what horrible breach of respectability Miss Aurelia Pennington's bad memory might once have led her. Plainly she was greatly interested.

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"Go on," she said when he stopped. "Show me how it is applied."

Scott whipped open the brown limp-leather volume with the gilt edges and gold tooling, and turned to Page Four.

"Here," he said, "is the list of one hundred words which I have just given you. The whole system hinges round this list, which is easily mastered by the process of association. In The Pobble Perfect Memory System association is the great thing. Take, for instance, the first word—'hat.' Form in your mind the picture of a hat. It may be a hat that you have seen. But it is better to think of a hat that is more unusual, even grotesque, in order that the visual image may be more striking. You might, for instance, imagine a stovepipe hat made out of real stovepipe, or a garden hat trimmed with rakes and hoes instead of with feathers. When the idea of the hat is firmly fixed in the mind, take the second word—'heart.' Form a picture in which both hat and heart are present. Perhaps you might think of a big red heart walking down the street and wearing a hat on its head. Then whenever you think of the word 'hat' you will think of the word 'heart.' Go through the list in this way. When you have finished you will be able to say the whole list of one hundred words forward, and, of course, with equal ease backward."

Scott came to a breathless pause, but he felt that he had made an impression. Miss Pennington was actually leaning forward a little out of the line of the perpendicular.

When she spoke it was not exactly with eagerness, because she would not have felt that to be respectable, but it was with the Pennington equivalent for eagerness.

"Well," she said, "and then ——"

"Then," said Scott with a sweeping gesture that included three walls and the ceiling—"then you can remember anything. You have constructed one hundred mental pigeonholes in which all kinds of information may be safely placed. You can remember poetry, speeches, names, faces, numbers ——"

"Numbers?" said Miss Pennington.

"Numbers," Scott repeated firmly, feeling that he was close to the mystery of Miss Aurelia Pennington's forgetful past. "Dates, percentages, dollars ——"

"Can you remember what you're told?" asked Miss Pennington.

"Anything that you're told," Scott orated rashly; "anything that you've read; anything ——"

Miss Pennington cut him short.

"Can you remember how much your allowance is?" she asked.

Scott was dazed. "What?" he said.

"Can you remember how much your allowance is?" she repeated.

"Yes," said Scott blankly. "Yes—that is, I can."

Miss Aurelia Pennington suddenly laid her well-bred hands on the carved mahogany arms of her chair, jerked herself and her chair across the corner of the room, and reëstablished herself at Scott's elbow.

"I'll tell you," she said. "I think it will be just the thing for my niece."

"Oh!" said Scott. "Yes?"

"To be sure."

"For your niece?"

"My niece," said Miss Aurelia Pennington, with the air of one who revals the family scandal, "has a bad memory."

She hesitated. Then she decided that under the circumstances it was only fair for her to tell Scott more about it, and with a respectable degree of reticence she hinted that her niece was the trial of her life. Sometimes, she murmured, she was afraid that Ellean was going to be a modern woman.

"I talk to her," Miss Aurelia Pennington said helplessly. "I tell her—the first of every month—when I pay her debts and give her her allowance. I tell her that she's careless—and thoughtless—and extravagant—and frivolous—and flippant—and forgetful. And it doesn't do any good. Do you suppose that The Pobble Perfect Memory System would ——"

"I'm sure it would," said Scott.

And presently Miss Aurelia Pennington had put her name to a document that enrolled her among the owners of a de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

"Now what I want," she went on when she had finished, "is this: You have gone into this thing, and you understand it. I want you to give my niece private lessons in the use of the system."

"Well, I don't know," said Scott doubtfully. "You see, I'm pretty busy. I don't really know ——"

At precisely this point the door flew open and the careless, thoughtless, extravagant, frivolous, flippant, forgetful Miss Ellean Pennington bounced over the threshold. She was all in white—a rough white sport suit and white hat with a bewildering orange feather curling out over the brim—and she was panting with excitement.

"I won!" she cried. "I won! I raced Gib home from the clubhouse, and he said it was farther by the bridge, and I drove round that way and I beat him just the same."

She hopped blithely up and down while she talked, as if she were too light to stay on the floor.

"Ellean!" said Miss Pennington severely.

Ellean caught sight of Scott for the first time.

"Oh, I am sorry, Aunt Aurelia," she said. "I didn't know you had anybody. Why don't you introduce us?"

Miss Pennington performed the ceremony in a way that for a less respectable person would have been positively sulky.

Ellean came across the room and shook hands.

"I'm glad to see you," she said frankly. "Are you a book agent?"

"No," said Scott. "Or—yes. That is—you see, I'm introducing The Pobble Perfect Memory System."

"What?" said Ellean.

Miss Pennington came to the rescue.

"Mr. Manning has been telling me about a very interesting method for improving the memory," she said. "I think it would be a splendid thing for you. I was trying to persuade him to help you out by giving you some lessons, but he is afraid he can't manage it."

"Yes, I can," said Scott promptly. "I've been thinking it over, and I'm sure I can."

"That'll be nice," said Ellean.

She seated herself informally on the arm of her aunt's chair, and swung her feet. Then she pulled off her hat, and a glory of wind-blown bronze-gold hair tumbled about her eager live young face.

Scott watched her as she shook it back impatiently. He had always been fond of saying that he was not susceptible to feminine charms.

"I could come and give a lesson every evening," he said.

Miss Aurelia Pennington said that that would be excellent, and he might begin at once.

Miss Ellean Pennington said that it would be perfectly dandy, but he couldn't begin that night because she had promised it to Stan.

And Mr. J. Scott Manning, Jr., tucked the sample copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System under his arm and thanked them both for their kindness and bowed himself out.

Scott ran up the steps to his own home that night with a more cheerful feeling inside him than he had had for exactly a week and a half. He was whistling when he opened the door, but he stopped abruptly when he saw the light shining out from his father's study and he knew that he was in. Scott and his father had seen but little of each other since the late unpleasantness, and their conversation had been limited to rigid good mornings and occasional good nights. Their meals had been planned at carefully different hours. Scott had done the planning.

Now as he was passing the half-open door Mr. Manning cleared his throat gustily. Then he cleared it again.

Scott was feeling in an expansive mood.

"Hello, father," he said, and passed on toward the stairs.

"Hello, Scott," said Mr. Manning. Then, hurriedly: "Come in and have a look at the paper, won't you?"

Scott hesitated. Then he reflected that after all there was no use in being vulgar and melodramatic about it, and turned back.

"Thank you," he said.

He took the paper that his father held out to him, sat down on the opposite side of the table and spread it open before him. As Scott read Mr. Manning cast occasional furtive glances over the top of his magazine at the lean,

(Continued on Page 108)



"You Can Imagine the Hat the Size of a House. You Can Go Even Further, and Imagine it the Size of a Cathedral"

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STRIKES

By BEN W. HOOPER
CHAIRMAN UNITED STATES RAILROAD LABOR BOARD

THE Tennessee mountaineer ordinarily has a feeling of indifference, sometimes approaching antipathy, for his brother in black, who reciprocates by regarding mountain people as po' white folks. In a mountain courthouse the trial of a lawsuit had been commenced, in which a negro was suing a railroad for damages. A lank highlander was called forward to undergo the preliminary test of his eligibility to serve on the jury.

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion as to the merits of this case?" asked counsel.

"Nary bit," responded the prospective juror.

"Got any feeling or prejudice in the case?" persisted counsel.

"Gosh, no," answered the witness with a surprised look on his face. "Couldn't have—nigger on one side and railroad on the other."

This popular feeling of antagonism to the railroads had prevailed throughout our country for almost half a century. To what relative extent it was attributable to the speculative excesses of the early promotion period, to the activities of railroad lobbies around state legislatures, to the accumulated individual grievances of the citizenry in each community, to the alleged misdeeds of the financial manipulators of railway securities, to the demagogical propaganda of railroad-baiting politicians and to the instinctive suspicion of the common citizen toward all great corporations is not material to the present purpose. The outstanding fact is that until recently the average man had felt no personal concern about the railroads. Their power, prosperity, future extension and continued adequacy had been taken as matters of course. Not much thought had been given to the fact that railway transportation is not merely an incident to the development of this country, but that it is the basic cause—the why of the United States of America. To be sure, the Caucasian race would have built a nation on this continent even without railways, but try to conjure up in your imagination what sort of nation it would have been, with its fringe of civilization along the seaboards, and its vast continental interior, composed of disconnected primitive communities, socially and industrially Asiatic. But the public viewpoint has undergone a change. All of a sudden the great war, that rude awakener of sleeping forces, jarred into consciousness the smug indifference of the masses toward the railroads. Having first learned the lesson of the indispensability of the railways to national military success, the people are now giving heed to the fact that this is the one industry of all industries that cuts a figure in the daily life, the comfort, the health, wealth and well-being of every individual in America.

When President Wilson and Congress got ready to terminate Federal control of the railways and hand them back to private ownership they keenly realized that purely financial considerations were not the only ones that had to be dealt with. The interests of stockholders and bondholders, the adjustments between the Government and the owners involved complex and difficult questions, but they were largely technical and mathematical.

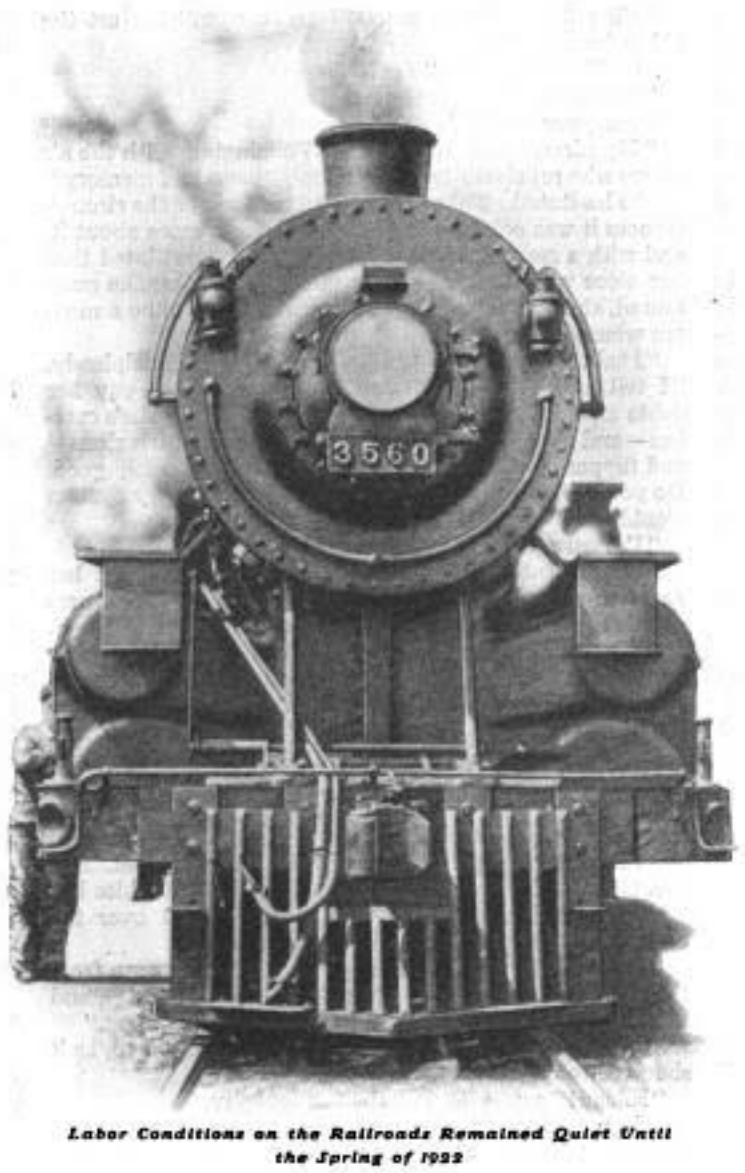
The most delicate question was the human one of the readjustment to a peace basis of labor conditions on the railways. This involved the handling of two million men, highly organized, and at that time quite generally restless and discontented.

A Law Without Penalties

CONTRARY to the prevalent public understanding the wages of railway employes during the war did not increase by so great a ratio as did the compensation of labor in other industries. This was especially true of the more skilled classes of employes. The upward readjustment of railway wages had been promised for some time prior to the termination of Federal control. It is also pertinent to recall in this connection that the cost of living continued to mount after the end of government control, March 1, 1920, until the apex was reached June 1 of that year.

Though the railroad employes were dissatisfied at that time with their wages they were pleased, generally speaking, with the rules and working conditions that the Railroad Administration had conceded to them. On the other hand, the railway managements were correspondingly displeased with many of these new rules and working conditions, which they characterized as impracticable and uneconomic, and under which they declared successful and satisfactory operation to be impossible.

This condensed résumé of railway conditions, at the resumption of private operation, should serve to convince even the casual student of industrial problems that the



Labor Conditions on the Railroads Remained Quiet Until the Spring of 1922

situation contained sufficient inflammables for many gorgeous bonfires.

It would not be out of place to mention just here that the very general demand for deflation that prevailed at that time usually took the form of insistence that the other fellow, as a guaranty of good faith, deflate first. That tendency was not lost sight of by wide-awake organized labor. By way of digression, this industrial game of "eeney-meeney-miney-moe" very speedily resulted in saying to farmer, "You are it," but the indications are that he will not bear this offensive, neutral designation very much longer.

To grapple with this railroad-labor situation the Transportation Act provided for the establishment of the Railroad Labor Board, to be composed of nine members—three representatives of the railroads, three of the employes and three of the public. Upon the desks in front of this board was immediately dumped practically every form of dispute that had ever arisen between railroads and their employes, affecting both the rules and wages of all classes of workers. No new tribunal ever began its existence with such a congested docket.

The labor article of the Transportation Act was a piece of pioneering legislation. Its main purpose was to prevent interruptions of traffic arising from railroad-labor controversies. The helpless public had been harassed by periodic strikes of railway employes for a generation past. These strikes had not been nation-wide, affecting all carriers and all sections of the country simultaneously, and comprehending all classes of railway employes. They had usually involved one class of employes at a time and one or a limited number of railroads. Nevertheless, they had cost the carriers, the employes and the general public directly hundreds of millions of dollars, and indirectly a great deal more.

Congress therefore reasoned that if such enormous losses had been sustained from strikes involving only a part of the roads, a fraction of the employes and a limited territory, and that in normal times and with labor organizations comparatively weak and incomplete, it would be the part of wisdom to try to avoid the catastrophe of strikes of national scope, carried on by railway employes fully organized, in the period of depression and readjustment inevitably sequent to the war.

The method devised by Congress and embraced in the Transportation Act for the adjustment of railroad-labor disputes was a strange combination of strength and weakness. It contained mandatory requirements that the carriers and the employes should endeavor, in conference, to settle all disputes, and failing to reach an agreement should submit the controversy to the Railroad Labor Board. It provided that the board should hear and decide all such disputes, but it did not provide any means or method for the enforcement of the board's decisions other than the right conferred upon the board to make public the fact that either party had violated a given decision.

Here was a new experiment in American legislation, a law without the sanction of a penalty, a tribunal required to pass upon questions involving hundreds of millions of dollars and the precious rights of millions of men, leaving to both parties absolute unfettered freedom to violate the final decision and to visit upon the whole nation the grievous results of such violation. It was expected that the board should make its decisions so obviously "just and reasonable" that they would be voluntarily accepted by both parties. It was apparently not in the contemplation of Congress that one or both of the parties themselves might occasionally become unjust and unreasonable. Not only was the board given no powers of compulsion but very properly it was not vested with powers of mediation. It can decide, but cannot compromise.

Functions of the Board

AT A FIRST glance this plan would appear to the sophisticated judgment of any man on the street as a pipe dream. His knowledge of the proclivity of mankind to violate any and all laws, even at the peril of fine, imprisonment and the noose, would bring from him the quick opinion that the decisions of the Labor Board would be uniformly ignored by the loser and respected only by the winner.

There were, however, psychological and economic factors lying just underneath the surface of things that made this idea less fantastic than it was held to be by the casual appraisal of the sophisticated citizen aforesaid. One of these was the fact that such a board would afford both the carriers and the employes a battleground upon which to conduct their industrial struggles—in the vernacular, a place where they could get their troubles off their chests. Instead of being compelled to deadlock across a conference table and ultimately, in some instances, to fight out their differences in strikes and lockouts when they did not really want to fight, the labor board would furnish the disputants a decisive method for terminating controversies. The habit of acquiescing in the board's decision of questions of minor importance would naturally extend to the observance of the board's judgments in many cases of more vital concern, where otherwise strikes would have resulted. It will be remembered that in days gone by many strikes were justified by the assertion that there was no place to take the dispute and nothing to do but strike. It was also believed that both parties would often consider it of great financial advantage to escape the burdens and losses of a strike when it could be done honorably and where the matter at stake was not too great. In connection with the foregoing considerations it was always assumed that the labor board would be so fairly and impartially constituted as to command a reasonable degree of confidence from both sides. In addition to all these things there was ground for the belief that public opinion would, in fact, exert a powerful influence on both the carriers and the employes, as it would be a grave tactical blunder for either party to run counter to a positive and well-defined public sentiment.

It is safe to say, however, that though Congress felt that the force of public opinion would usually make effective the board's decisions, occasions would arise when self-interest would tempt both parties to rebel. This very natural and logical conclusion caused the Senate to incorporate in the bill as it passed that body a provision for the punishment of violations of the board's decisions by either the roads or the men.

There was a mild antistrike clause, forbidding the concerted walkout of the strike, but expressly recognizing the right of the individual to leave the service at any time. This provision was eliminated by the House in response to the vigorous insistence of the labor organizations. In fact, the railway employes strenuously resisted the enactment of the law even without the anti-strike provision, on the theory that its requirements measurably restricted their right to strike.

It must be said to the credit of the labor organizations that, notwithstanding their opposition to the passage of the Transportation Act, they immediately perfected their machinery for the submission of cases before the board,

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and have continued to compile data and make most painstaking and elaborate presentation of their contentions.

During the two and one-half years that have elapsed since the Railroad Labor Board came into existence it has disposed of 8417 questions brought to it by the carriers and the employes. Of these, 7727 have been disputes formally docketed, heard and decided. Among them were the disputes comprised in three general readjustments of wages and the revision of rules, applicable to all the railroads and the various classes of the employes.

This great volume of work done by the board may prove its energy and industry, but the question of practical interest to the public is: To what extent has it accomplished the paramount purpose for which it was created—namely, the prevention of strikes that interrupt commerce?

Leaving out of consideration the so-called outlaw switchmen's strike which was under headway before the board was organized in April, 1920, two strike situations have so far confronted the board. In October, 1921, all the sixteen major railway-labor organizations, comprising the Train and Engine Men, the Switchmen, the six Shop Crafts, the Clerks, Telegraphers, Maintenance-of-Way employes and the smaller organizations, voted to strike in protest against the wage reduction of July first, previous. This threatened strike was averted by members of the board by the exercise of extra-official methods of conciliation at the last minute.

Carriers' Contract Shops

AFTER this disturbance had cleared away, labor conditions on the railroads remained quiet until the spring of 1922. It will be observed that the board had functioned for more than two years without a strike of any magnitude.

Beginning May twenty-fifth a series of decisions reducing the wages of several classes of employes was issued, effective July first. Following these decisions the Federated Shop Crafts, the Maintenance-of-Way, the Stationary Firemen and Oilers, the Signalmen, and on some roads the Clerks, put out strike ballots. In all cases except that of the Shop Crafts the vote was taken on the one question of accepting the wage reduction. The shopmen submitted to a vote of their membership three distinct questions, namely:

The contracting of certain carriers' shops to be operated by so-called independent contractors;

The board's recent wage reduction;

Seven of the rules handed down by the board in the latter part of 1921 and accepted by the men under formal protest.

The system of contracting railroad shops had rapidly spread to a considerable number of carriers. With variations in detail it usually took the form of handing over to an outside contractor the shops of a road, with all their machinery, tools and equipment, with all necessary material and supplies for the shop work to be furnished by the carrier and with the agreement to pay the contractor a certain per cent of the amount of the pay roll as a consideration for his operation of the shops. Some of these contracts were made with men who had enjoyed little or no experience in shop work or with men who until quite recently had been employed as officials of the carriers. The carriers, of course, continued to maintain elaborate supervision of the work. The theory underlying this system was that the shopmen ceased to be employes of the carrier and became employes of the contractor, and were therefore no longer under the jurisdiction of the Labor Board. This legal metamorphosis left the men doing the same railroad work as before, but their wages and working rules were now arbitrarily fixed by the contractor. The rules and wages, which had cost their organizations years of effort and great financial expenditure to build up and establish and which had been sanctioned in their existing form by the Railroad Labor Board, were swept away by this feat of legerdemain. At the same time if these men were, in fact, removed from under the Transportation Act, where Congress had placed them, the public was deprived of whatever efficacy the act contained for the prevention of strikes, and by the extension of this practice all employes could be taken from under the jurisdiction of the board.

This situation was a very irritating one to the employes of this class, as well as to others to which it was applied. It originated in the desire of certain carriers to reduce wages more rapidly and to make more drastic changes in the rules than the board had deemed wise and proper. At the time the strike ballot was taken there were seventeen roads that had contracted all or a part of their shop work. Of course the roads strongly insisted on their legal right to enter into such contracts and pointed to the undisputed fact that this practice had obtained to some extent for many years prior to the enactment of the Transportation Act. This view, however, failed to take into account the important fact that a thing might have been perfectly permissible before the Transportation Act, but not afterwards.

The Labor Board in its decisions on these contract disputes held that the carriers might enter into such contracts if they desired, but that the contractor would be regarded by the board merely as an agent of the carrier, and the shopmen would still be employes of the carrier, subject to the provisions of the Transportation Act and the decisions of the board.

When the strike vote had been taken the board, following a precedent set in the case of the train and engine service organizations last fall, cited the carriers and the organizations of employes about to strike to appear before it June thirtieth. In form this citation was for the purpose of conducting the statutory inquiry as to whether the board's decisions had been violated, but in fact it was mainly for the purpose of bringing all parties face to face before the board in a final effort to find means of averting the strike.

Just as the board was convening it received a letter from the head of the Shop Crafts, declining to appear. The president of the Stationary Firemen and Oilers pursued the same course. Subpœnas were issued for both, but the president of the Shop Crafts could not be found. He assigned as the reason for his absence the fact that the strike order was being sent out, and that his attendance would create uncertainty and confusion among the shopmen, which might result in disorder.

Attempts to Get Together

AS THE hearing progressed the railway executives whose roads had been contracting shop work were called upon to declare their purpose as to the observance of the board's decisions in the contract cases, and all but two of them agreed to abandon the contracts and conform to the decisions of the board. This unquestionably helped to clear the atmosphere.

The representatives of the Brotherhood of Maintenance-of-Way Employes and of the Signalmen attended the hearing. The examination of the respective heads of these organizations created a somewhat better feeling, and a few days later the president of the Maintenance-of-Way Brotherhood and his committee met members of the board, and after a very full discussion of their troubles and grievances the organization decided to remain within the limits of the law and to resubmit the question of wages and of certain rules to the board.

Soon afterward the president and the committee of the Signalmen held a similar meeting and discussion with members of the board and announced their adoption of the same policy.

On July first, the day following the strike hearing, the strike order became effective and the shopmen struck on all the two hundred and one Class I railroads in the United States.

When the strike was less than two weeks old the leaders of the six Shop Crafts signified to the chairman of the Labor Board, after several conciliatory conferences, their willingness to have the men return to work and to ask for a rehearing by the Labor Board of the wage and rule decisions against which they had struck, but this offer was conditioned on the reinstatement of the strikers with their seniority rights unimpaired. This condition was rejected

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"The Life Line of New York." An Aërial View of West 72d Street Railroad Yard, on Bank of the Hudson River. These are the Only Freight Tracks That Enter the Island of Manhattan

PHOTO, FROM PITT F. HAND, NEW YORK CITY

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THE AX

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT WAS about seven o'clock in the evening of a cold, rainy night in November, and the big stove in Will Bissell's store had been stoked up to counteract the chill outside. The mail was late, delayed by the slippery roads; but there were already half a dozen men in the store. Jodie Marshman, who farmed his father's old place up on the Ridge, had come in a few minutes before, after fastening his horse to the rail outside. He was a small man who gave an impression of futility. The Marshmans, Fraternity said, never amounted to much. His boy Joe, though only fourteen years old, was almost as big as he.

Then Lute Jeffers, whose farm was nearest Jodie's and who had married Annie Marshman, blustered in, his big voice roaring boisterously. After he had bought tobacco and a paper he called to Will Bissell in his office in the rear of the store, "Hey, Will, what'll you give me for them hens?"



"Why, Jodie, I've Already Made the Deal!" He Declared

The effect of these words was abrupt and startling. Without any warning at all little Jodie Marshman leaped at the big man and began to beat at him with harmless fists.

The incident, though it seemed to spring out of nothing, had roots that went back a dozen years; back to the time when Lute Jeffers came home to Fraternity after seeing too much of the side of the world which is not worth seeing at all. He had gone fishing on the Banks; he had worked in the big woods; he had drifted clear across to the Pacific Coast and back again; and he came home with clothes to cover him, and nothing more.

His father's farm was on that part of the Ridge where the ledge comes very near the surface. The soil was thin, scarce worth the tillage. Yet in even the meanest soil seeds will fructify; and so on this farm hay would grow, and beets and turnips and potatoes and squashes. And there were a score or so of apple trees. Lute found that a living came easily. When his father died he was content to stay on the farm and take the meager fare the barren acres provided. Annie Marshman lived only a little way along the road, and soon after his father's funeral she found herself marrying him. He was so big, talked so loud, was so sure of himself; it was not easy to say no to the man. Her brother Jodie was miserable about it at the time; but there seemed to be nothing he could do. Futility fitted him like a garment.

Lute at first liked having Annie to talk to; he was a man who took pleasure in the music of his own voice. His own words gave him intense amusement, so that he was forever laughing. In the same way the ingenuities which he presently began to devise to torment Annie tickled him mightily. It is hardly accurate to say that he was cruel to her; certainly he never hurt her physically. For all his bulk and strength, he was not a violent man. But he took delight in thwarting his wife in small matters. She was a shrinking and timorous thing, yet a spark burned in her, drove her to fight back, made her forever strive to have some few small matters as she wished them to be. She liked to wash the dishes as soon as they were through supper; and Lute in the early weeks of their marriage discovered this, and used to make her sit across his lap and submit to his clumsy love-making till the thought of the soiled dishes in the sink made her quiver with shame.

She sold butter and with the money, painfully accumulated, bought a sewing machine. Lute one day took it to pieces to see how it worked, and lost a vital part. She made jelly and set the glasses of warm liquid along the table top to cool; Lute stumbled against the table and overturned the fruits of a hot day's toil. She made a little flower bed by the corner of the house; and Lute, driving the cart around into the orchard, allowed the heavy wheels to crush the flowers. It would be possible to enumerate a thousand instances. They may have been sometimes accidental, but certainly they were at times deliberate. He found, it seemed, a strange delight in thwarting the little projects that she treasured so—not a likable man.

Came now this small matter of the hens. It was known that she had bought two settings of eggs from Will Belter in the spring. No doubt she planned that great things were to come from this enterprise in poultry, and when Lute proposed to sell the hens it must have seemed like tragedy to her. Doubtless the issue had been debated between her and Lute in Jodie's hearing, so that the circumstances were rankling in the little man. So now when Lute proposed to Will Bissell to buy the hens, Jodie, who loved his sister dearly, was at last driven from passive futility into the greater futility of physical attack on a man full twice his size. Thus originated the incident in Will's store.

For the rest, there is not much to tell. Jodie pounded at Lute in an awkward way, tears of anger on his cheeks; and Lute swept the little man's two wrists into his own left hand and laughed jocosely, and jocosely cried aloud, "Why, Jodie boy! Ain't you the little terrier? What's the matter with you anyhow?"

Then he cuffed Jodie lightly across the cheeks, right and left; and he set his big palm against Jodie's face and shoved so that the little man staggered backward on his heels till his legs struck the edge of a box beyond the stove and he collapsed into it in ignominy, while Lute rocked delightedly and laughed aloud.

The incident was not altogether over. It happened that the box into which Jodie had fallen contained ax helves, and the little man came up with one of these in his hand.

He screamed at Lute "I'll split your head!" and raged across the store. Lute caught the descending ax helve in his left hand and struck with his right, this time more seriously; and this time Jodie did not rise. Lute chuckled again, watching the little figure crumpled on the floor.

"He's a game rooster, what?" he challenged, looking from man to man about the store for their approval. It had never occurred to Lute that men did not like him, and he scarce remarked, now, that no one stirred or spoke. "I bet he was really going to hit me with that if I'd let him," he said argumentatively. "I honestly think he would."

Jim Saladine moved to where Jodie lay and knelt beside him and turned him over, and Jodie gasped chokingly.

Jim said over his shoulder to Will Bissell, "Want to fetch a little water, Will?"

"He's coming to," Lute protested. "I never hit him very hard."

Jim Saladine said mildly, "Why don't you go along home, Lute? No use of fretting him more."

The silence of the others had begun to make itself felt; Lute was vaguely uneasy.

"Why, all right," he agreed. "I don't hold any grudge against Jodie, boys." He looked around for approval. "He's all right. I don't hold any grudge."

No one made any comment, so he took his purchases and departed. By that time Will had brought water, and between them he and Jim brought Jodie back to consciousness again. When Jodie was able to sit up he still wept with rage, and Jim Saladine comforted him with slow words.

"Don't fret yourself, Jodie," he urged.

"Where's he at?" Jodie demanded. "Where's he at?"

"Lay still till I get this here blood out o' your eye," Jim advised. "He's gone along."

"Them's Annie's hens," Jodie cried in trembling tones. "He ain't a-going to sell 'em. They're hern. She wants to keep 'em. He ain't a-going to sell them hens."

Will Bissell reassured him.

"I don't aim to buy them off him, Jodie," he declared.

"He ain't a-going to sell 'em," Jodie repeated monotonously. His tone was that of a man with a fixed idea.

Yet Lute did sell the hens. The purchaser was an itinerant vender of butchers' wares who sometimes drove up the Ridge from Camden, buying or selling as his customers proposed. It was a few days later. Chet McAusland had come up from his farm nearer the village to help Jodie haul wood from the hardwood growth down the slope of the Ridge; and he and Jodie, passing the Jeffers farm, saw Lute dickering with the butcher in the yard. Jodie, who was driving, stopped the horse and clambered down; and Chet followed him into the farmyard.

Jodie gripped Lute by the elbow and cried, "Lute, don't you go to sell them hens to him!"

Lute laughed down at the little man.

"Why, Jodie, I've already made the deal!" he declared.

Jodie appealed to the butcher.

"They ain't his to sell," he protested. "They belong to her."

Lute grinned at the purchaser.

"He means my wife," he explained. "But she's figured out we'll make money by selling. Costs to feed hens through the winter."

Jodie cried, "She ain't! She wouldn't!" He almost ran toward the house, calling to his sister. "Annie, Lute's selling your hens! Lute's selling them hens!"

She did not answer him, and he burst through the kitchen into her bedroom and found her there. His sister—they were singularly alike, these two—was sitting in a little rocking-chair by the window, rocking idly, her hands limp in her lap. She looked up at him with mild eyes when he came through the doorway.

"Lute's going to sell your hens!" he cried. Annie said nothing. "You ain't a-going to let him, after you've tended 'em so?" he urged.

"He argued me into it," Annie then told him. Her tone was mild and uncomplaining. "Lute kind of argued me into it, Jodie."

The little man stared at her, and his eyes filled with tears, overflowing with a great compassion.

"Aw, Annie!" he begged. "Aw, Annie!"

"He kind of talked me into it," she explained apologetically. "I got sort of tired fighting him, Jodie."

The little man trembled; trembled into rigidity. His hands fumbled at his coat and his eyes began to burn, and

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suddenly his right hand tore away an upper button with a fierce, unconscious gesture. Annie said to him disapprovingly, "You've gone and tore your coat, Jodie."

Jodie's voice was dry and grating.

"He ain't a-going to sell them hens," he vowed in a tone little more than a whisper, and he turned and flung out through the kitchen into the yard. But he had been indoors longer than he thought. Lute and the butcher had expeditiously thrust the hens into the butcher's crate. The man had already driven away; the hens were gone. Lute and Chet McAusland were standing together, watching the cart disappear down the Ridge road.

Jodie went across to them slowly, and when he came to where they stood, he said, "Lute, I told you not to sell them hens."

Lute threw back his big head and roared with mirth.

"You make a lot of fuss over hens, Jodie!"

"I told you," said Jodie stubbornly. "I told you in time enough."

Lute winked ponderously at Chet.

"Why, now, Jodie, I didn't rightly hear you," he mocked. "You don't mean to say you didn't want me to sell them hens!"

The little man's mouth was working. Sounds came from him; sounds that were not words at all. This seemed to Lute enormously funny. He roared aloud, his enormous mirth booming through the still air. He clapped Chet across the shoulder and he laughed aloud.

Jodie went out to the cart like a man half asleep and climbed in, and Chet followed him soberly enough. It had not seemed amusing to Chet McAusland. He was a man of feeling and heart. On the seat beside Jodie, he was silent for a little while. When they had almost reached Jodie's house he said slowly, "I tried to get him to wait till you come out, Jodie. He hadn't ought to have closed that deal till you come outside."

Jodie muttered fixedly, like a man in a dream, "I told him not to sell them hens."

This had happened in midmorning. An hour or so later it began to rain, and Chet and Jodie gave over their work for the day and Chet drove back down the hill to his farm. Passing Lute's, he saw the big man in the woodshed door. Lute called jocosely, "Jodie got his mind off the hens?"

Chet made no reply; no adequate rejoinder occurred to him. He went on down the hill.

Lute was splitting up firewood for the stove. This is a task usually kept for rainy days, because it may be done under cover. Lute had hauled in during the summer some hardwood chunks which he had sawed out of a lightning-blasted oak down in his woods. They were tough and the labor of splitting them was long. His woodshed—such structures are a part of the architecture of Fraternity—connected house and barn, and at the rear end there was an open shed where he was accustomed, in the local phrase, to manufacture the large chunks into firewood. This shed faced a steep little gully, overgrown with bushes at the bottom. There was no sill; the whole end was open. On rainy wash days Annie sometimes hung her clothes here to dry; and there was a clothesline across the open end of the shed, a little higher than a man's head from the ground. The oak chunks were piled disorderly at one side; Lute's chopping block was between them and the door of the inner shed. Against one wall were thrown farming tools of one kind and another, here protected from the weather. All the accumulated junk of years was littered in an inner corner. The floor about the chopping block was thick with chips and splinters and sawdust; but nearer the open end of the shed the soft damp earth was bare.

A little while after the rain began, when it was still some time before noon, the sky became blackly overcast as it sometimes will before a thunder shower. The light failed so that Lute had difficulty in seeing where to strike, where he stood in the dim interior of the shed. Once he was near missing the stroke altogether. The double-bitted ax turned in his hand and buried itself in the chopping block.

He cursed at the perversity of the inanimate thing, and dropped it and dragged the chopping block across the shed to the open end where the light was better; returned to the pile of chunks and carried one and set it upright on the block, ready for the stroke of his ax; then brought the ax.

He had set the chopping block near the open end of the shed, and when he prepared to strike his back was toward this opening. He had no warning that there was anyone behind him. He swung the ax back sidewise and started to lift it above his shoulder. Its speed increased as the head of the ax reached the top of the stroke. Then, not so quickly but that he had time for an instant of bewildered wonder, the stout handle of the ax was torn from his grasp. Instantly thereafter it seemed as though the universe was cleft in twain. He knew a moment of red, fantastic brightness—and then dark. He collapsed, his big body crumpled in upon itself; he lay in a heap; what remained of him was now only vaguely like a man.

The rain continued to fall in a sluicing downpour. It pelted the cold earth and collected itself into little trickling rivulets, which in turn united and united till every depression became a small pool of water and every ditch and gutter was a muddy torrent. The sound of this rain, like a cold hissing, dulled the edge of every other sound; the sky was darker. In some houses in Fraternity lamps were lit at noon that day.

Jim and Bert Saladine came driving along the Ridge road toward the village. They were in a single-seated buggy without a top. Bert wore a yellow oilskin coat and a yellow hat; Jim's coat was a mackinaw, his hat of felt. An old horse blanket protected their knees; and in it puddles of water collected so that they stirred their legs to and fro in order to let the water escape. The bay horse was so wet he seemed almost black. Only under his belly and down the back of his legs was his original color still visible. He moved at a gait between a walk and a trot, and his broad hoofs plunged in the liquid clay of the roadwa sending out umbrella-shaped splashes of yellow water. As they passed the Marshman farm Jim caught a moment's glimpse of Jodie at the kitchen window, peering out with something that suggested stealth in the tilt of his small head. A hundred yards farther on, toward Lute Jeffers' farm, they perceived the figure of a woman approaching them. She seemed unable to lift her feet, which dragged through the mud, and her skirts were yellow to the knees. There was a ragged shawl about her head, which she clutched together at the throat. Desperate and terrified haste was in all her bearing. They saw that this woman was Annie Jeffers, who had been Annie Marshman. That she should meet them seemed a surprise to her. She stopped still in the road before the horse's head, and the wise beast looked at her with ears bent forward and came to rest. Jim Saladine also looked at her, without speech.

Bert asked, "What you doing out in this, Annie?"

She nodded as though in affirmation.

"Lute's gone and got killed," she replied in a dull voice. "Yes, he's got killed."

Jim Saladine's eyes became more intent; Bert burst into many questions.

The woman repeated again, "Killed." Then, as though remembering, she cried, "I was going after Jodie."

She circled them as though afraid they would stop her; and without looking back she plodded on up the road through the mud, her figure already obscured by the sluicing curtain of rain. Without command, the horse moved on; and when they came to the farmhouse Jim turned the beast into the farmyard and alighted. He descended from the buggy carefully and slowly; Bert vaulted over the wheel. This was typical of the difference between the two brothers. The horse could be trusted to stand. They turned toward the house.

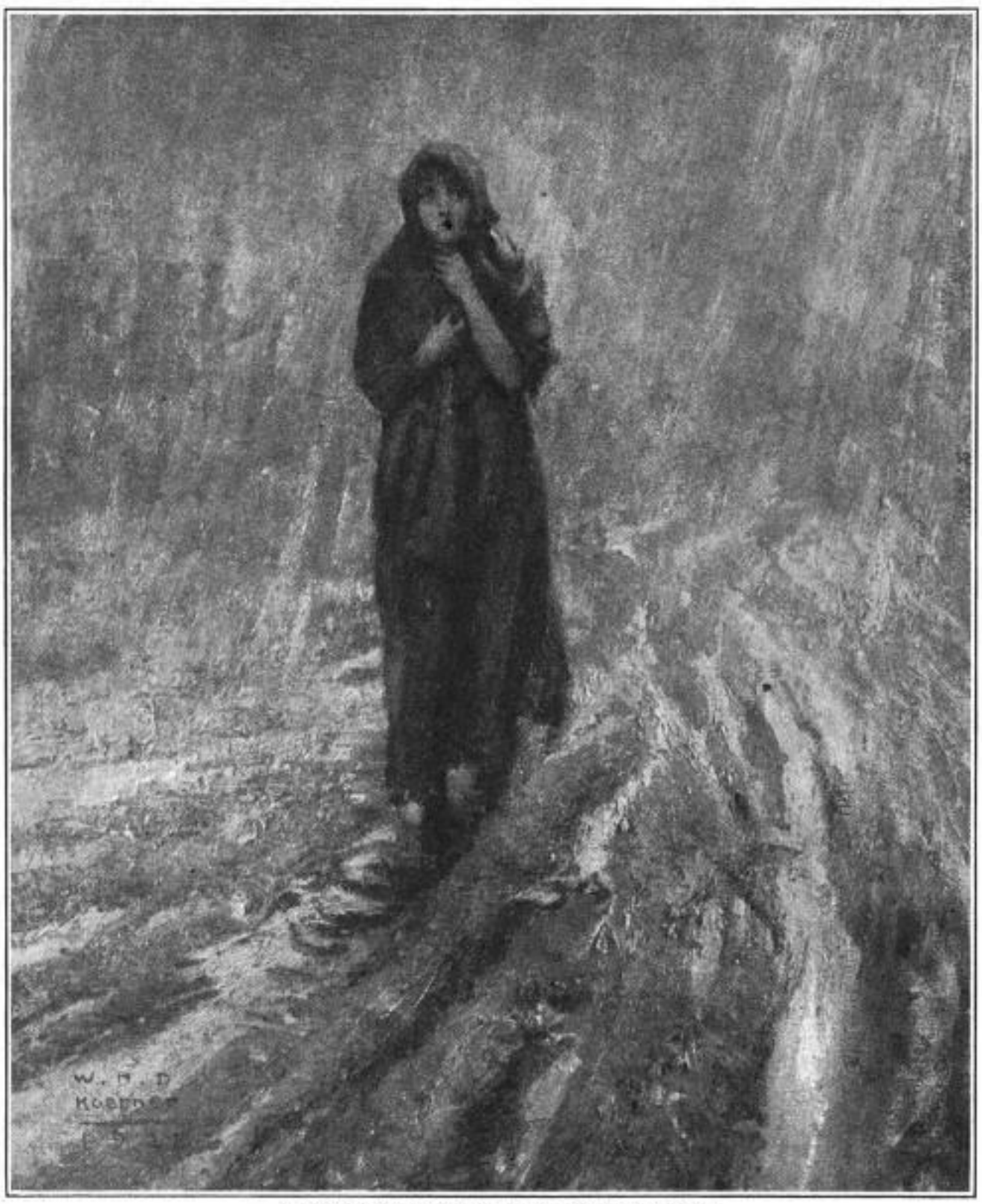
The kitchen door was open, and Jim, after a moment's hesitation, went inside, Bert crowding after him. They found nothing, came out again, and Bert started toward the barn, while Jim went through the woodshed.

"Here he is!" Jim called.

Bert came back from the barn. The moment silenced him. Jim had crossed steadily enough to where the dead man lay; a glance assured him that Lute was indeed dead. He squatted on his heels and looked around, studying each object that was near.

Bert, staring over his brother's shoulder, whispered, "Dead, is he?" Jim nodded. "Somebody hit him with an ax!"

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Desperate and Terrified Haste Was in All Her Bearing

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THE ROUGH STUFF

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

AT THE wide stone steps of Mrs. Leonard's town house Johnnie Frean descended from his limousine, commanded the chauffeur with a gesture of a left hand which flashed a big diamond, turned his stalwart thickset figure and contemplated the ensemble of the place a little with the air of one who comes to take possession. It was a mansion of the Early Victorian period, with high solid pillars, high hospitable French windows, a high peaked roof. Around it spread broad grounds floored with velvety lawns, bordered with formal gardens; across it sweeping elms threw dappled shade. Patently, wealth and taste had built it, and ever since wealth and taste had guarded and tended their work.

Mrs. Leonard, her figure in the simple gray gown as straight and slim as the Whistler behind her, woke suddenly to action as Johnnie Frean made this survey, and retreated hastily from the window. She had been gazing idly out upon the garden when the limousine curved up the driveway, and had paid it only cursory attention—until Johnnie Frean descended. Even that, for a moment, had given her no shock of surprise. It had seemed at first the most natural thing in the world for Johnnie Frean to appear in the flesh, since all that morning he had held center stage in her thoughts. He played there a curious dual rôle—at moments decidedly comic, at bottom perhaps tragic.

She had met him three times now. Of these meetings, however, only the first had afforded her any real appraisal of the man. A month after she returned from Europe, driven by a sudden panicky fear of that footless expatriation which seems the ultimate destiny of a rich American widow abroad, she had determined to play some definite part in the life of Chichester, and had joined the Union of Woman Citizens. In old-fashioned masculine politics social position is worth as much as Russian money; it goes differently with the newly enfranchised women. At once she was thrust into that position which Chichester believed the due of one who had been born a Blakesley and had married a Leonard.

A fortnight later she found herself sitting with her committee in the anteroom of Johnnie Frean—Boss Frean. It was a mere question of getting the tramway company to furnish better accommodations in rush hours; but this, like every political trail in Chichester, ran directly to Johnnie Frean's door. A political boss! She felt while she waited as though she were going to the circus to see the gorilla.

Within ten minutes after his solid figure appeared at the door with a "What can I do for you, ladies?" she found herself liking him, as though one should discover that the gorilla was unexpectedly gentle and human. She classified his smile, on first sight, as rowdy; it parted his lips a little too widely, giving full view of his white, well-kept but somewhat stubby teeth. Yet she forgot that after he flashed it a second time. His hands, with that build, should have been pudgy; but as he sat working a paper knife back and forth over his desk blotter they showed ridges and ripples of flexible muscle. His face was—yes, hard—but it was the hardness of a battleship, as though armored for fighting. His straight mouse-brown hair, graying a little at the temples, was still as thick as a boy's. He spoke in quick, flashing, epigrammatic sentences, which went straight to the heart of things. Somehow, as she pictured him while she waited, she had expected his voice to be hoarse and harsh and loud. As a matter of fact, it was one of his most agreeable traits. At moments it had the rich overtones of a violin.

He seemed very favorable, Mrs. Leonard thought, toward the proposals of her committee. Indeed, she came away with the feeling that she had won, and rather easily at that. It was Mrs. Beecher, more experienced in the politics of Chichester, who pulled her back to earth. "Not a thing, as usual!" said Mrs. Beecher. "Not even promises, really. You notice that he never once committed himself."

"You know, I expected a cave man," said Mrs. Leonard, apropos of nothing, "but really he's not without his charm."

"Oh, anyone in politics has to be likable," replied Mrs. Beecher. "It's the first qualification. Inside, I suspect ——" Mrs. Beecher stopped with a shudder. Those who called themselves the best people of Chichester had for twenty years affected that same shudder at the mention of Johnnie Frean.

Twice again she had met him; once at a meeting of the board of aldermen, once at a special hearing of the health commission. Both times his straight-glancing blue eye had seemed to mark her across the room; and before the session adjourned he had drifted to her side for a brief talk on the franchise business. Instructed now by the wisdom of Mrs. Beecher, she had noted that his pleasant and encouraging remarks on the subject were entirely noncommittal.



Ellen Frean Looked Long, the Eager Eyes of Youth Still Shining at This New and Delightful Experience

Then the spirit if not the actuality of Johnnie Frean had entered her life, somewhat perturbingly, by a side door. The Day Street Terminal question, after years of abeyance, was up again. Much of the Blakesley part of her fortune was invested in the Day Street region—middle-class brick residences. Her interests therein, managed conservatively by her attorney, Frank Allen, returned her an income as stable as though its genesis were government bonds. Of late, Chichester had taken one of those inexplicable twists in growth common to American cities. Business was reaching out toward the Day Street district. Values had begun to rise. And then came the recrudescence of that proposal to condemn the better part of this area for a railroad terminal. Frank Allen, during forty years attorney for both the Leonards and the Blakesleys, had laid before her with his clear logic all the pros and cons.

"It will be appraised below its real value, of course," he said. "It wouldn't if the right people owned the Day Street region. But we're not the right people—for that. If it's left alone, I look for a 50 per cent increase in land value during the next five years; perhaps 100 per cent later. It isn't the logical place for a railroad terminal any more, at that. It was twenty years ago, when the proposal first came up, but now the proper place is the Bottoms. I admit I'm puzzled."

"What's the difference to me if it is condemned?" asked Mrs. Leonard directly.

Frank Allen ciphered for a moment.

"Between what you'll probably get and what you might get ten years from now," he said—"say, four hundred thousand!"

Mrs. Leonard gasped, thought a moment, then recovered her balance.

"But, after all," she said, "that's mostly a speculative loss, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Allen, "but there will be some actual loss too."

"And what is there to do?" asked Mrs. Leonard.

Allen did not answer directly.

"This is a curious town," he said. "Progressive even to the danger point on some things—fifty years behind the times on others. They say the personal boss is dead in most cities. But we—it's the same old story. Johnnie Frean. If he wants the railroad terminal at Day Street, and wants it hard enough—Day Street it will be."

Mrs. Leonard paused a moment before she found expression for the thought which had been troubling her mind. In the end she put it bluntly.

"It's a question of giving him money, then? I shouldn't like—I wouldn't ——"

"Now, my dear Anne," interrupted Allen, "you needn't let that disturb you. Johnnie Frean doesn't take money, at least not over the counter in that way. Perhaps that's the reason why he has lasted so long. He has not been too greedy, like the rest—for example, this bootlegging business. He's one of the few politicians of his class who aren't getting rich out of the graft from liquor importations. Marvin Quirk now—he's supposed to have made three-quarters of a million speculating in automobile stock during the past two years. He's made it, really, protecting the line of traffic from the border to the cities farther south——"

"Marvin Quirk?" interrupted Mrs. Leonard.

"I forgot that you're out of touch with Who's Who in America," smiled Allen, "though indeed he doesn't figure in Who's Who. He doesn't figure in anything that appears on the surface. Well, Marvin Quirk is the real moving spirit of the State Central Committee. Now Chichester's on the route. This might be a transfer point, yielding Johnnie Frean a dime from every dollar the bootleggers pay over in graft. But he won't touch it. The booze never enters the city limits. It takes a detour down the Bordwell road across the lake. And Johnnie, they tell me, has held things this way against a good deal of pressure, both from above and below."

"What's his object—not temperance principles?" inquired Mrs. Leonard.

Frank Allen laughed.

"No, not that, of course. One of his long games. I'll know some day. Probably he has your interests in the Day Street section figured down to a penny. There's little about Chichester Johnnie Frean doesn't know. He has an intelligence department like an army. The head, they say, is Mike Ward, his chauffeur. You've noticed him. He never wears a livery. The boss can sport a limousine, but

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not the garb of servitude!" He paused, turned his lean, shrewd, thoughtful old face toward the window for a moment, then turned it back on Mrs. Leonard.

"Of course, we can fight him—or make a bluff at fighting," he said "Elections are coming in the fall. This town hasn't had a reform, down-the-bosses, goo-goo campaign since the women got the vote. They've a way of upsetting things—Johnnie knows that. You've told me you came back with an idea of doing something for Chichester. Now with your standing and charm—yes, and your ability, too, Anne; you have that if you care enough to use it—you yourself might start something."

"Has it occurred to you," smiled Mrs. Leonard, "what a lily-white reformer I'd be if I started a campaign just to save my own miserable dollars?" She grew now for an instant serious. "I'm sure, Frank, that in the days when I was your ward you wouldn't have put such a proposal, really. Is it long contact with the law?" She smiled again.

"Call it contact with actualities in a boss-ridden town—benevolently ridden, to do Mr. Frean justice, but bitted, saddled and tamed just the same," he said. But the lips under his white mustache trembled a little, and Mrs. Leonard even fancied that the ashen-gray of his complexion took on a reddish tint.

And she softened the blow with "Of course I know that business is business and politics is politics. And perhaps I shouldn't be half so finicky if it were a matter of life or death, a choice between comfort and poverty. But it isn't. Even if they condemn Day Street there's enough left. Since Walter and Elsie died, who is there besides myself that I want money for? I'm afraid that I've come to consider myself a poor, feckless thing. That's why I'm back, really."

"Anne," said Frank Allen, jumping rapidly, and for him illogically, from business to the affections, "you really ought to marry again."

Mrs. Leonard smiled her golden smile.

"I'll not pose to you and say that I cannot forget Walter," she said. "Though I suppose I loved him as much as most wives, and missed him as much as most widows. And I'll not pretend to be modest and say I haven't had my chances. I came near being the chatelaine of an old castle in Gascony. Probably I should have been if the war had lasted longer."

"War madness?" inquired Frank Allen.

"No," replied Mrs. Leonard, "I saw him out of his uniform just in time. Of course I always understood that he was making love with one eye on my fortune. But he did it so convincingly that I was ready to reward his perfect art in spite of all that—until he went into civilian clothes as aforesaid. Then again I might have financed a campaign to get into French society. He had one foot in and needed money—an American of course. And he was really charming. But"—Mrs. Leonard made an outward gesture with one of her slim, capable-looking hands—"it was my sense of humor, I suppose. Or have I a sense of humor, Frank? I've noticed that the people who talk most about having it are the ones who lack it completely. Anyway, the thought of our raptures when the stuffy old Duchesse d'Usines invited us to drink abominable tea behind a smelly old wall in the Faubourg St.-Germain—well, it was to laugh. There were others, too—while I'm boasting."

Frank Allen looked her over; and when he spoke it was with the air of one who deals not in compliments but in appraisal.

"It's rather odd," he said. "You like men ——"

"Adore them," interrupted Mrs. Leonard.

"And men like you. And you're beautiful. You weren't really beautiful when you were snapped up at twenty-five. Now at ——"

"Forty-seven," interrupted Mrs. Leonard. "No secrets from one's lawyers. Yes, I've heard all that before. I was too lean for a period when fat was beauty. Now the thinner the prettier. The times have caught up with me—too late. Besides, my eyebrows were light, and no lady of the Blakesleys ever used cosmetics in those days. They're light yet, under their camouflage."

Abruptly again Frank Allen leaped back to business.

"You'd better give me a week more," he said. "The city council can't act, anyway, until next month. And I want to find what's back of all this. There are wheels within wheels wherever Johnnie Frean works."

So they had left it. That was two days ago. At intervals since, she had realized that she was taking the loss on the Day Street property more seriously than she had assumed to do in the presence of Frank Allen. And now Johnnie Frean, nucleus of her perplexities, was dismounting at her front steps. For what purpose? Perhaps, in spite of all Frank Allen said, he was going to demand a bribe. Mrs. Leonard found herself thrilling to that adventure a little as she had thrilled when she awaited her first proposal. She laughed to herself as she realized that her figure was settling into the same pose which she had adopted then—her slender, high-arched feet lightly crossed, her right arm lying along the back of the sofa, her left hand toying with her beads.

In her three meetings with Johnnie Frean she had never seen him cross a room before. In spite of his comfortable bulk he moved as lightly as thistledown. She remembered, then, something she had heard to the effect that he had been a boxer in his youth—"a prize fighter" was the way gossip put it. He advanced until he towered over her. She did not offer to rise or to put out her hand; but she liked the manner in which he took this implied rebuff. His "Good afternoon, Mrs. Leonard" was perfectly friendly, cordial, easy. In decency she could do nothing but reply in kind, ask him to have a seat. He sat down as lightly as he walked, and bent on her the direct gaze of his full blue eyes. Hard eyes they were—or was it power?

Eagerness, a thrilled eagerness to jump at once into the center of the situation, rather than the insolence, it seemed, prompted Mrs. Leonard's first remark:

"Well, Mr. Frean, I suppose you've come to see me about that Day Street Terminal?"

The moment this came out she felt she was treating him like a tradesman who had called about a bill, which was not

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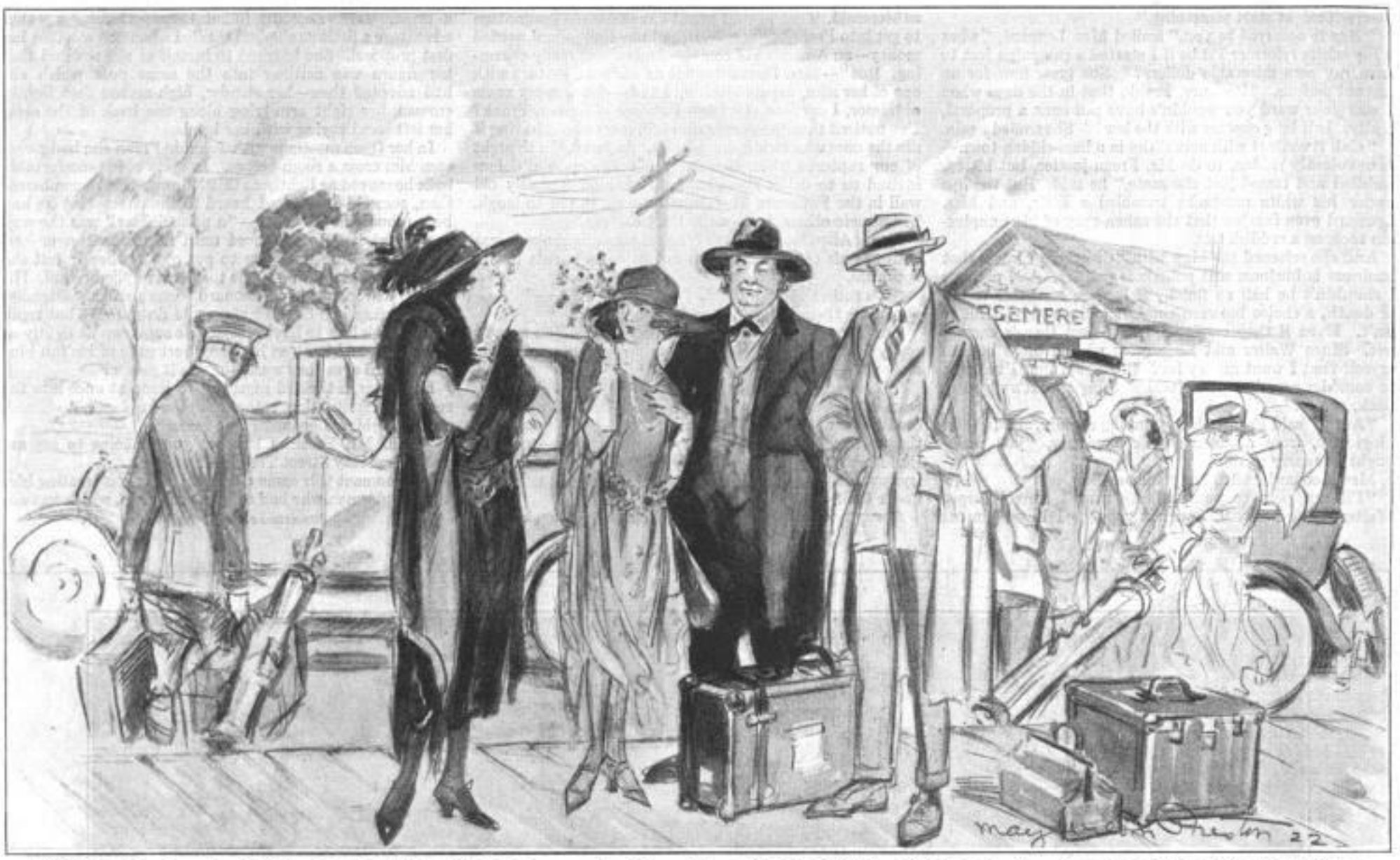
His Dim Bulk in the Moonlight Halted, and His Electric Torch Flashed Full Upon Her

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Making the World Safe for Junior

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



With Which Few Remarks, Made in a Voice Which Had All the Sweetness of a Poisoned Pup, the Dear Old Thing Pulled Out Her Lorgnette and Made Sure I Was Really There

IT'S a mighty lucky thing that about the time the average married couple has run out of personal things to quarrel over they generally have got a young one to furnish new grounds for dispute. Believe me, a man and wife can always get a fresh start over how will they raise it, and what line of business it is to go into twenty years from then, and so forth.

Of course the chances is that after a time lapse of twenty annums, why the kid will fool the both of them. But if in the end he comes home one day and says well mommer congratulate me I got a job in a pickle factory, pickles is my true life work, at any rate the parents will of in the meantime had many a otherwise dull evening brightened up by a snappy dispute over shall he be a famous senator or will we let him go directly into the gas company? And I, Marie La Tour, myself, and Jim, my husband, was as bad about this as any ordinary father and mother.

Of course we did agree on one main point about Junior, and that is, he should go into the pictures the same as us. What with the great talent I have undoubtedly got, and with a father like Jim who really ain't such a bad actor when the right director is working him, why we realized Junior ought to go over big, and put Jackie Coogan out of business with his first release. We was also agreed to slam him right into the pictures before he got big enough to spring any nonsense about ideas of his own. Although if we had really meant to put this one over, why we should of loaned him to Ruby Roselle to use as the poor little unwelcome stranger in her super-feature Lost Mothers when he was a week old, like she asked us to and I indignantly refused. But unfortunately we waited pretty near six years before casting him, and any parent will readily admit that in six years a kid can pick up a lot of ideas, and where he picks up the kind of ideas that he does, heaven knows!

But you must not think I and Jim agreed completely on this, or any subject, because we are only human even after me winning the fillum-favorite contest, at one dime per vote and positively not spending a nickel to do so. Well anyways, while I and Jim both wanted Junior to be a picture actor we just naturally could not get together on the type of picture he ought to make. I was all for Little Lord Fauntleroy on account I think he's just the type, even though I got strength of mind enough to keep him in overalls most of the time because of his red head and freckles.

Also the muscles on him for his size is extraordinary, and ma claims he gets all these superfeatures from my pa, who was the best-known Irish trapeze artist in the Amazon Bros. Circus before he missed the life net.

But far from wanting Junior to pull a Fauntleroy, Jim had got an idea to have the kid make some straight Western stuff, especially if he could get the screen rights to the works of Jim's favorite author, some soldier by the name of Cap. Collier. He claimed Junior had ought to make his first release a scenario by a well-known standard author, and had even went so far as to write the manufacturers of them books to know how much they wanted for world screen rights, including the Yiddish.

"James Smith!" I says. "If you take my only child and put him in a rough picture you will not alone break my heart, Gorgeous, but you will be a dumb-bell besides, on account Western stuff is dead, and the child will start off with a jinx that will have to be states-righted to pay the production costs!"

Of course that was about as big a insult as I could think of offhand, but Jim come right back at me.

"Well, if you think my son is going to be screened in any velvet pants you can just think again," says he. "That is, if you are capable. I'm going to make a man of him if I have to use a hundred thousand feet of fillum doing it!"

"Well, say listen, Gorgeous, I won't stand for my child being made out any roughneck, and that's all there is to it!" I says.

"And I will not have my son made into any milksap!" says Jim all excited.

And so, seeing that we couldn't come any nearer to a agreement, why we let the matter drop so hard that at the time it seemed completely smashed. Apparently Junior wasn't due to come under the child-labor laws for a while yet, and in the meanwhile we moved out to our new country home.

This moving occurred principally on account of Junior. When we first got Junior we used to pull a lot of lines about if the city was good enough for us why it was good enough for him, and so forth. But when he commenced running around, why I begun rather reluctantly to realize that a N. Y. apartment is a poor running ground, and this, combined with a few other things, made us become what we had for years laughed at in others—suburbanites.

The other causes, which you might call contributary causes because I had to contribute towards them out of my salary, was a box of tools I give Junior for his sixth birthday, a large party we give Rosco, our publicity man, on account he had just got married and we wanted he should have one last good time, and a morning newspaper towards which I contributed three cents so's I could read about this English woman, Mrs. Pugh. Anyways, all of these was a part of the reason why we bought this magnificent estate on Long Island and learned to refer to it as our little place in the country.

Well, about that set of tools. I was fool enough to ask Junior in advance what did he want for his birthday present instead of merely giving him something harmless like a rubber rabbit. But no, even after living six years with that young one, I had to go and inquire what did he want, and tools was it. I suggested a nice velvet horsey instead, but nothing doing. Tools was on his mind, so I had to give in and promise.

"Well," says Jim when I told him, "I think it is a crazy thing to give a child his age and you will be sorry. He is too young yet for them."

"Nonsense," says I. "Leave him have them. I want he should express himself. Let him learn from experience, if carefully watched!"

"Watched my eye!" says Jim, with a snort. "You wait until he starts raising hell with them tools and I will give him a good licking!"

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"You will do no such thing!" I says furious. "Nobody licks kids any more. That stuff is ob—ob—well, out of date! And no child of mine is ever going to be struck. No sir, you should merely divert their mind to something else when they are bad. That's the modern dope, Jim, and my kid is to be brought up by it."

Then I grabbed my hat and pocketbook and went out, on account the next day was Junior's birthday, and I had to get my shopping done early because of this party I am telling you about, which was to be this evening and it was already four P. M. and dinner was at seven.

And while I bought this set of tools, see, in order Junior should self-express himself and ect, still my mother heart weakened when I looked at them sharp things, and feeling that I would like him to leave enough of himself to be recognizable, why I picked out a little set which the girl told me it was practically useless, with a saw that had no more teeth to it than a young kitten, and a hammer that you wouldn't think could drive a tack. And taking the set home with me in the car, I got ready for the evening.

Now I knew Rosco, my chief guest. He had been publicity man for Jim and me ever since before we was in pictures, and I was well-acquainted with his taste, and took a chance he had married in character. Anyways, we was to dine at the Le Papplion, see Al Bark's new show Three Beds in a Room, and go on to the South Sea Night's Café for supper, where Ruby Roselle was doing a South Sea shimmy in the cabaret but without the garment itself, or so she was advertised.

Well, the party included Al Goldringer, my producer, Maison Rosabelle, the dressmaker, and her lap husband, beside Jim and the bride and groom. And ordinarily I would of thought it a pretty good evening, my own self, or at least raised no objections, because as a general thing highbrow shows give me a pain in the neck, and while I personally myself always had sense enough to see that beds did not constitute the whole of drama, why I would merely shrug my shoulders at them and say, with the poet, well this is life!

But going out and buying toys for my kid was no kind of preliminary bout for a big evening. Somehow it set me off and got me terrible critical of my own party.

My mental indigestion begun at dinner when the men was sneaking their flasks out and sweetening their glasses, holding them under the table so's nobody except everybody in the restaurant could see, especially that husband of Maison's who may be a half portion in size, but believe me he is a connisewer of whisky. Some folks may be born with a gold spoon in their mouth, but this bird was born with a brass rail under his foot! It got me disgusted, and I couldn't endure to think of my Junior pulling the same kind of thing.

And then the play we saw! Very likely it wasn't worse than many others, but that was just the trouble. After having told the title, why I am sure I don't need to describe it to any intelligent public. And the climax of the evening come at the South Sea joint where see was correct, as all there was to prevent was a petticoat made out of desiccated whiskbrooms that had gone on the loose. It made me wild and ashamed although I been in the show business since I was born, not to mention working out in Hollywood. But as soon as you are a mother, it is a funny fact, but you commence picking on a lot of things you once merely give the merry ha-ha.

Well, a pleasant time was had by all but me, and the next morning when I give Junior his birthday toys including the tool box, and he was sitting quietly at my feet having a lovely time destroying all these nice new things, why I was still worried about what a wicked place the world was for him to grow up in, and how could it be prevented except by killing him off young, when I read this piece in this newspaper about the arrival home of C. D. Wetherington, the big mine owner who is said to hire more cheap labor than any man in the world, and his friend, Senator Noyse, the famous reform one who never agrees with anybody, and on the same boat also arrived Mrs. Pugh, this Englishwoman.

Well, it seemed this Mrs. Pugh was one of the most remarkable women in England, and that she had come to America to give us the benefit of it. She admitted as much before she was halfway down the gangplank from the boat, and also that she adored America, which was pretty clever snap judgment. It seems she also admitted that reform was her meat, so bring on your reforms. What was even further, this remarkable Englishwoman had already in the short time she had been in our delightful country, which was exactly one-half hour, discovered that our men was money grabbers, color-blind and uncultured.

Well, after the night before I had to grant her a lot. Even my Jim clapped his hands red at Ruby's whiskaway, and in fact had a pretty good time all evening, and I wasn't sure but that Mrs. Pugh was a mighty bright woman for all she pulled some rather raw lines about my country.

"After all," I thought, "she is only just landed. Wait until she has gone on this lecture tower she has come over to give—that is give I suppose, at about three dollars a throw. And when she has been all over this country, why if she is as wise as she says she is, she will of seen something to teach her better!"

And then I took a look at Junior, on account he had been unnaturally quiet, and there he was expressing himself real cute, sawing the lid of his new tool box all to pieces with that little saw which hadn't looked to be any good at all!

Well, while I watched him I thought of how Mrs. Pugh had left her home and everything to come over here and help us make America a better place, and of Senator Noyse who was always uplifting something, and all of a sudden I got the inspiration that if they had the courage to not alone criticize things but to come out in public and help to change them for the better, why I could do the same!



It Looked Like the Village Was All There Waiting. Actually There Was Jeven of Them, Including One Gentleman, Who Come Forward With a Manner Like His Collar Buttoned Behind

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Well, I am not one who when they decide to do a thing will put it off to a week from some Tuesday, so I at once called up Goldringer on the phone.

"Say, Al!" says I. "I got a craving to turn the world to the right between now and when we start on my next picture. That gives me about six weeks, and I could accomplish a lot in all that time!"

"*Oy Gevalt!*" says Al. "I hope you ain't thinking about the picture industry! We got it troubles enough without you should commence and start something!"

"You don't get me," says I. "I was just thinking that I would like to get on the censorship board for a kind of a start, see?"

"Neither would I?" bellows Al. "Nothing would suit me finer then having you and also Charlie Chaplin and Bebe Daniels and so forth on the censorship board. Also myself, I would wish to go on it. But a fat chance we got. We ain't disinterested sufficiently!"

"Oh!" says I. "Well, I hadn't thought of that. How about some organization that censors plays like Three Beds in a Room? I could go on that, maybe."

"Well," says Al, "I heard where they are now taking women on the police force, but that's all I can tell you!"

"I am in the mood to clean up something, Al," says I gloomily, "but if I was to complain to the police about the two shows we seen last night, why it would merely at once result in S. R. O. signs for them, and if anybody is going to get free advertising out of me it will be Marie La Tour!"

Well, I hung up then, foiled, as you might say. Of course I realized that there was a world outside of my profession and that I might be able to find something in it that needed reforming, unless all the reform jobs was already filled. But I didn't quite know where to commence looking, so just sort of kept one eye out for a good opening, and in the meanwhile we moved to this country estate I am telling you about.



I Was Feeling Low as a Snake's Tail, and This Action of Junior's Didn't Make Me Sit Any Prettier While Senator Noyse Introduced Mrs. Pugh to the Audience

Well, this was a first-class A1 country place with big white pillows holding up the front porch, and a sunken garden, where they say the man who laid it down had sunk a good many thousands in the statuary alone, although to me personally the most of it looked secondhand, or else his guests had been in the habit of chipping off pieces for souvenirs. But these statues was, with the exception of the feller that had built the place, the only things about it that was broke. Otherwise it was in fine condition and fully equipped, so we decided to leave all our old furniture behind and take nothing out to the new house except our trunks and one souvenir which was real close to ma's heart. This was the bar of the trapeze pa had fell off from the time he missed the life net and the insurance people was so prompt settling. Naturally ma and me both had a strong sentiment about it, and ma had gilded it and tied blue ribbons on each end to hang it up by, and got Ed, the feller used to write the visiting cards in the side shows with the Amazon Bros., to put "Rest in Peace" on it in white flowing script with forget-me-nots painted in between, the whole forming a very appropriate momentum, if you get me!

Well anyways, we settled down in this modest little thirty-room cottage, and I got some extra help to do the work, and warned ma about leaving them do it and to keep off her apron and her hands as well, and then we was all set for local society to break in on us. But no one did, and pretty soon I was fed up with walking from one set to another in our house, for the big rooms looked just like that to me. I was so lonesome in them that I would of gladly welcomed a crowd even of atmosphere people. I was now on my new contract to make only two releases a year at one million dollars per annum, in the press notices, and four hundred thousand in cash, and this meant I had time enough to be the real lady I had always wished for, but the trouble was nobody in this Rosemere, Long Island, paid any attention to me. The agent claimed this was the most exclusive town on the island and time was proving him to of had the right dope. So seeing that the neighbors hadn't noticed how the undoubtedly greatest motion-picture actress of the age had moved in next door, why I naturally set about putting the facts before them.

In the old days I understand that when a lady moved into a town and wanted to burst into the best social circles, why she commenced by picking out the swellest denomination and attending church regular. These days she finds out which is the swell district and joins their Republican Club. So I done it. Also partially on account I would be a Republican if I could ever remember to go and get made a voter. Anyways, I would be it because I like Mr. Hoover and when he runs for Pres. why I will certainly remember to vote for him. And so I joined the Rosemere Republican Club, and I sure was in luck when I had this hunch about joining, because the Women's Clean Politics Ass. held its meetings in the rooms, and right away I got a chance to attend.

Well, the night of this meeting Jim was away, and I drove down alone in my new limousine. And then I got a big surprise because who of all people was the speaker of the evening but Mrs. Barrett Noyse, the wife of the senator who is always uplifting something.

Well, I had often seen photos in the papers of his elegant head of bobbed, permanently waved hair, or so it looked, and of course I knew a little about how good he was on account of having sometimes read his speeches. And here I run into his wife!

It seems that she was no slouch herself when it come to reform, and the subject she was slipping us this night was Immigration and the Open Door which is a fancy way of saying will we let a lot more cheap foreigners into the country or give 'em a permanent rain check? It was a line of reform I hadn't give a thought to, but Mrs. Noyse had evidently got it all cold, and she was real convincing, what with her handsome dress, silver tongue and very friendly manner. As I come into the hall she was pulling a line something like this:

"This country, ladies, was founded on the principle of freedom," says she. "We are deeply indebted to the aid of foreigners for our wonderful development. Our policy for generations has always been to welcome the lowly foreigner, to uplift him, to teach him our better standard of living, to help him in every way. Can we now shut the door in his face, on the grounds that there are too many of him in the country? No—a thousand times no! America is the great refuge of the peoples of Europe who can't make good at home! Altruistically we must not fail to welcome these unfortunates. Selfishly, we dare not. Why, ladies! Allow me to ask you a question! Isn't the servant situation bad enough without shutting off the main source of supply? My husband, Senator Noyse, has taken a firm stand on the question. He wants immigrants! He is thinking of your interests, and is out to protect them. Stand behind him, ladies, and he will stand behind you!" And a lot more to the same effect.

Well, she nearly had me crying over cruelty to immigrants, and the rest of the women in the hall was with her strong. I was glad I had come, and when the chairlady read the season's program I felt even surer I had struck the very joint I had been looking for, because it seemed the club was out to get a stage censorship, had a prohibition-enforcement branch, an anti-smoking campaign, and was working with the motion-picture censorship. Also, the meeting unanimously made Mrs. Pugh, this Englishwoman I am telling you about, an honorable member, and voted to write and tell her so. It looked like I could fill up considerable time if I got in right, and pretty soon I did, because after the meeting Mrs. Noyse's taxi didn't come and I was on the job and asked could I run her home, and she says yes delighted.

Well, on the way we got awful friendly and it wasn't really Mrs. Noyse's house, although practically a palace in size. It had been loaned to her and the senator by their friend Mr. C. D. Wetherington, the big mining man, as he was not there himself but back again in Europe rounding up a few immigrants to work in these mines or something. Anyways the Noyses had this place for the season, and also one child of ten years, and trouble with their servants, and the senator come home week-ends. All of which was, as the poet says, revealed to me during this short drive. And she had by then also got me dated up to use my car carrying speakers around the country, and I had promised her a check for five hundred berries towards something she called the campaign, and I felt a whole lot less lonesome.

Well, of course I now expected callers but not in herds. And when next day the trained bumblebee we got for a butler actually had to go to let somebody in the front

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PUNCH

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT



The Old Rogue Went Through the Trick of Losing His Temper

I WAS once engaged in a strictly competitive business so that every twenty-four hours my day's work was stacked up beside that of several other men in the same field and each stack could be measured with a yardstick—which, taking people as they run, is an excellent device for extracting the conceit from a man. At the time referred to I bore the rather ponderous title of financial editor of a daily newspaper in Chicago. The case may stand differently now, but at that time the gentlemen who conducted daily newspapers in Chicago did not encourage financial editors to take up valuable space in exploiting their own opinions. What the bosses wanted from financial editors was news of a financial nature. They wanted the news first.

Every now and then I suffered the humiliation of reading in a competitor's page some interesting piece of financial news that wasn't in my page. And about three times out of five I had to make the poignant reflection, "Why the deuce didn't I think of that?" For if I had only thought of it I could have got the news as well as the other fellow. I would not admit that my competitor's thinking apparatus was any better than mine. Sometimes I had private reasons for surmising that it wasn't so good. But on that particular day and in that particular connection he had been using his apparatus to some purpose, while I had been woolgathering with mine. If my managing editor asked about it I could, of course, think up an alibi; but financial editors who, on the whole, proved more prolific of alibis than of news presently sought some other occupation.

One of the chief sources of financial news then was a certain dingy red-brick building on North Clark Street, which, as I recall it, bore the cabalistic number 444, where Mr. Yerkes, our traction magnate, had his office. In a general way Yerkes news was better than any other financial news because it had more of the dramatic elements of surprise and consternation. As a rule there was more tang and kick in it than in news from other quarters. Consequently to be beaten on a piece of Yerkes news was especially galling. A signal humiliation in that connection occurred as follows:

One of Mr. Yerkes' properties was the West Chicago Street Railroad, whose securities were listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange and currently dealt in for investment and speculation. There is a tacit or express understanding in such cases that if additional stocks or bonds are issued information thereof shall be filed with the Stock Exchange or otherwise made available to investors and to banks that may be lending money on the securities; for a man who is going to buy a street-railroad bond, or a bank that is going to lend money on one, naturally wishes to know how many such bonds are outstanding.

An issue of West Chicago Street Railroad debentures to the amount of $1,000,000 was duly listed on the exchange. The debentures were considered very good security, being bought and sold almost daily and readily accepted by the banks as collateral. One of my competitors was in a broker's office where a bundle of these debentures was awaiting delivery to a customer. He noticed that one debenture bore a number with the letter A prefixed—say, A 123. Having, so to speak, an ear ever cocked for Yerkes news, that letter A struck him as odd and worth looking into. So with a guileful purpose in mind—I say nothing for his morals—he strolled around to the trust company which acted as trustee in respect of the debentures, each of which must bear the trustee's stamp.

There he engaged an officer of the trust department in conversation of a perfectly harmless nature until he worked around to the point of asking casually, "By the way, how do the numbers run on those West Chicago debentures?"

The trust officer innocently replied, "The first series is numbered 1 to 1000, and the second series A 1 to A 1000." As the debentures were for one thousand dollars each it was clear that Mr. Yerkes had issued a second million of them without bothering about unnecessary publicity.

My competitor's publication of that news caused quite a sensation—or several sensations. Among banks and investors there was a sensation of indignation. On Mr. Yerkes' part there was a sensation of great annoyance. Among financial editors there was a sensation of mortification—because it was such a simple little thing. Anybody might have thought of looking at the numbers, noting a letter A and drawing a suspicion therefrom. In fact, all of us did think of it—afterwards. As it happened, the competitor who was successful in this and many other instances—his name being Vanderlip—was presently appointed private secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury, and a little later was made an assistant secretary of the treasury, from which he passed on to the vice presidency and presidency of the biggest bank in the country. I do not mean to imply that quite all the reporters who get the most news beats may reasonably expect to become outstanding figures in Wall Street; but I do imply that they may reasonably expect to become something worth while. The reporters of my acquaintance—in those days—who did the best writing met with various fortunes. Two of them moved up to the very front rank of American writers. I recall a couple of others whom we critics of the local room used to rank with Ade and Dunne in humor, observation and expression, but who afterwards went decidedly wrong. Apparently, putting humor and observation down on paper is a special sort of knack which some men have and others haven't. But I do not recall a reporter who was tiptop on news whose subsequent career could be called a failure. For getting news is mostly a matter of attending to business, and anybody can attend to business if he will.



While Fingering the Victim's Pockets Epps Was Struck by an Arresting Phenomenon

All of which is by way of introducing the fascinating subject of why some men succeed and some do not. It is very easy to find out how not to succeed. There is a voluminous literature on that subject. Mere laziness will solve that negative side of the problem perfectly. Except where there are very powerful countervailing factors, dishonesty, drunkenness, gambling may be depended upon to achieve nonsuccess. But everybody has always known that; and though drunkenness will accomplish nonsuccess, sobriety is by no means a specific for success. Of course a certain mental equipment is necessary to success. But the number of men who have the necessary equipment—whose thinking apparatus is adequate—is greater than the number who succeed. Something else is necessary.

From an old friend I learned recently that another old friend was dead. Both of us survivors knew him well thirty years ago and had kept in touch with him—in very intermittent fashion on my part in late years—ever since. His death threw into relief something tragic about him.

"Poor old Tom," mused the other survivor. "He was an awfully good fellow. I've said that, for as good

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SALT CURED

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN



"A Final Cup to Grace This Unworthy Repast," Chang Leu Said

ON THE first Friday in August the expressman called at Doctor Holland's San Francisco house and delivered four crates of ripe apricots to old Jim Sin.

The cook detoured around the kitchen, leaving the apricots in the front hall, and shuffled along to the sanctuary of his room, wherein, after he had burned a soothing pinch of tobacco in a little silver pipe, he broadcast an indifferent world with his opinion of grateful patients and gifts of apricots.

"'Beware of friends who give you gifts when you are rich,'" he quoted. "It is true that the selfish man is hated; but desire is the father of all motives; and, besides that, enough is enough."

After his tobacco was ashes and smoke he sat for a moment staring at six black characters embroidered on a framed panel of white silk—"Chin-t'ien, Ming-t'ien, Tseh-t'ien"—today, tomorrow, yesterday.

"Good and evil are an endless circle," he reflected. "Today is the son of yesterday, the father of tomorrow, and to acquire knowledge is delightful, at whatever expense. I will resume my battle with the damned apricots and await the pleasure of the gods."

He returned to his kitchen. On the gas range four kettles of simmering apricots stood ready for their transfer into a platoon of glass jars. In the sink and on the drain board next to it were enough apricots to sink a small ship. Six crates of the yellow fruit stood unopened on the kitchen table. Jim Sin surveyed the battle ground.

"The superior man is cautious of his words," he reflected; and then with appropriate deliberation he began a low-voiced malediction whose fulminating phrases were petals of the flower that had bloomed in the king's garden of gold-camp profanity in the early Western days when men used their language and their whisky straight.

A droning green fly, tickled to death by the intensity of the vibrations which originated in Jim Sin's tense vocal cords, sought a front seat where he could catch the low notes hot from the crater's snarling lips. The fly perched himself temporarily on the concave ridge of the old cook's nose. Immediately thereafter he retreated rapidly, half an inch ahead of a swinging hand that sought to slap him for a row of mileposts, and then when Jim Sin was reaching for a potato masher the skirmish was interrupted by the ringing of the front-door bell.

Jim Sin twisted his wrinkled countenance back to the lines of its normal mask, smoothed his long apron and answered the bell. At the door, waiting with two crates of apricots from the Santa Clara Valley, stood the parcel-post man.

"F'r Doctor Holland," he announced; and then before any of Jim Sin's arteries had exploded the delivery man added a pressure-reducing supplementary clause: "I got this package f'r Jim Sin. Anybody b' that name livin' here?"

He held out a cotton-wrapped package about the size and shape of a pineapple.

"My name," Jim Sin answered. "I ketchum."

Jim Sin received his package and carried it directly to his room, where he stored it, unopened, under the pillow of his bed. He returned to the front hall and began carrying crated apricots back to the kitchen. When they were all stacked up on the kitchen table he went to the back door of the house and surveyed the neighbors' yards until he discovered seven children indulging in a tea party. On the strength of a cooky-dispensing reputation he had no difficulty in summoning the entire personnel of the tea party to the back porch of the Holland residence, and when the group was quieted he asked a baited question:

"You like applecot?"

It appeared from the response that everybody in the group, except the questioner, was crazy about apricots.

"Aw right, I give you."

The cook returned to his kitchen and began dealing the cards from the apricot deck. To little Minnie Jennings he gave one full crate. To her older sister he gave two crates. To the scion of the Bishop family he dealt a single crate, and upon the Franklin twins, as a penalty for a song beginning Ching Ching Chinaman, he bestowed three crates and a difficult problem wherein good boy ketchum two box, bad boy ketchum one.

While the Franklin twins fought it out Jim Sin disposed of the balance of his stock, tempering equity with prejudice and defeating justice with favor.

"You go home now," he said when the last crate had been disposed of. "If you mamma likee know where you ketchum you say Jim Sin give you so you papa make home blue, all time drink 'um make him happy."

When the apricot brigade had gone the cook devoted half an hour to the preserves simmering on the gas range, and then when the decks had been cleared of their last trace of apricots he returned to his room and investigated the package that had come to him by parcel post. He removed the cotton cloth in which the package was wrapped and revealed an inner covering of finely plaited reeds, woven about a globular membrane shaped like the shell of a coconut. The basketwork was of a mesh as fine as that of any water-tight straw hat, and on its rounded sides it carried four Cantonese characters painted with a pigment of charcoal held in pitch, which had hardened until it was as brilliant as polished amber.

"*T'a k'uai iao lai*," Jim Sin read. "He will be here soon," he translated, and then for a long time he sat staring at the inscription, until his eyes, which had lightened to the brilliancy of the vitreous pitch, were overcast with a film as gray as the fogs which lay between the Golden Gate and the China Sea.

Back to the shifting canvas of his memory came pictures in sequence, beginning with the vague mornings when the breath of life was heavy with the charcoal fumes that filled his father's house on the edge of Three Li village, up from Canton. Boy days next, and the hateful candlelight with which each long day's work began and ended. He looked for a moment at his twisted fingers, tense like the claws of some limb-clutching hawk, set to the permanent lines of the wide-lipped jars which he had carried to the kilns, bent to the diameter of the iron bar which he had used to slice the fires under the cargo of incandescent pottery, rough with the scars of the silicate fins that slivered from the hot products of the kilns to fang the boyish hands that should have known no greater pain than the sear of a slipping kite string.

He had escaped from this, and he had fled away until his flight was checked by the biting hobbles of filial piety and the practice of virtue in its hollow expression of homage and tribute to a male parent more real in death than he had been while still alive.

Flight, and service in the house of an English resident of Hong-Kong had followed; then three voyages to the island ports of the southern seas, and then the choking surf at the long end of a run to Mexico, the shifting sands under his feet, the sharp teeth of a fixed rock. Life again, and two days in a tank car with five contraband companions. Three were dead when the line north of Mexico was crossed, and another died while the car waited in the Arizona sunlight. The three who were first to die had swollen so that their bloated bodies could not be removed through the narrow manhole at the top of the tank; but he had escaped into the land where all men are created equal, and with him was this other man of Canton, whose companionship he had known through the long intervening years.

In his hand, bright with its summons—"He will be here soon"—freighted with the faith which he knew had never wavered since the last thin bamboo water pipe had been emptied in the ovenlike interior of their steel-plate prison in Arizona, was the message from this brother whom he had met in the valley of hell.

"He will be here soon," Jim Sin whispered. "The truth was ever upon thy lips, Chang Leu, even as thy feet have followed the rough path of virtue. The superior man venerates the decree of heaven; I shall answer your call."

The old cook set the reed-bound object on the table under the east window of his room and made his way to the front hallway. Here, pausing a moment while he marshaled a list of names of his countrymen and marched

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them across the vision of his memory, he lifted a telephone from its stand.

"China," he replied when central had answered.

When the Chinatown exchange was connected he cackled a message into the pretty ears of one of the daughters of China on duty before the long switchboard, and a moment later he briefly stated his desires to one of his fellows.

"Numbah-one cook," he specified, mixing English enough with his native speech to make both emphatic. "I go way mebbe long time"; and then lapsing into the Mandarin: "Politeness adorns the conduct of kings, and Doctor Holland is therefore a king. It is difficult to discover a cook worthy of serving in his house, but you eat difficulties even as a whale eats sardines." Again, in pidgin English, "You ketchum I give you fi' dollah pleasant. Can do?"

Over the wire, after a long preamble consisting largely of adjectives, came a verb, "Can do," and a second later both receivers clicked and the yellow light glowed its "Complete" message into the pretty eyes of the central girl in front of a section of the Chinatown switchboard.

"That is accomplished," Jim Sin remarked.

He turned from the instrument and shuffled back to his room. Now, without further delay, he sought to discover the contents of the package which Chang Leu had used as a carrier for his call. The fabric of the covering, narrowing toward the top, terminated in six plaited strands, which had been woven into a knotted crown. The ends of these six strands were bound with twisted threads of yellow silk. Jim Sin began to untie the intricate knot into which the threads were laced, and, failing, reached for his pocketknife. He slit the silk threads with a keen blade and began to pull the terminal strands out of the crown of fibers. When this was accomplished the tapering end of the package opened wide like an oriole's nest from which the suspending lines are cut, and there lay revealed a brown membrane whose grease-stained surface carried a second inscription—"All men eat, but only a few know the true flavor of courage."

Half suspecting now the contents of this pliant capsule, Jim Sin removed it to the kitchen. He set it in a blue porcelain bowl and drew his knife blade three times across the upper hemisphere of the stretched membrane, cutting it into six segments as if it had been an orange. It was filled with tallow, soft on the surface from the heat of its environment. He broke this shell of tallow and in its center he came upon the kernel of this nut of mystery.

It was the heart of a lion of the Sierras, dried through long days of exposure to the bright sunlight and the rare airs of the high mountains, shrunken to a caricature of its pulsing days, and yet for Jim Sin filled with the meaning that has come down through the legends of six thousand years.

"Lion heart! The courage that shall carry me through the long journey to Chang Leu!"

He sliced the heart of the mountain lion into thin flakes and fried it with garlic and a spoonful of swordfish blood. Slowly, when the food had cooled, he ate, and his feasting was interrupted by a knock on the back door of his kitchen. For a moment he feared the delivery of another gift of apricots, but instead of this curse the alarm announced the arrival of the substitute cook who was to serve in Doctor Holland's kitchen while Jim Sin was away. Without ceremony he haled the newcomer into the presence of Doctor Holland's wife.

"Bring 'um new boy. Numbah-one cook," he announced. "I go way, mebbe come back two-t'lee week."

Before Mrs. Holland could reply Jim Sin grasped his countryman's wrist and dragged him out of the lady's presence, knowing that a long familiarity with ways that are dark would incline the doctor's wife to avoid argument with this heathen Chinee who had served in her house long enough to teach her what was what.

"Come 'longside me," he ordered. "I show you kitchen stove." The kitchen stove that Jim Sin displayed was a stirrup cup, poured from the neck of a pot-bellied jug of likker that smelled like ten nights in a Chinese barroom.

"Whuf! Protect my master's house," Jim Sin directed. "Watch over these people, and remember that he who offends heaven has none to whom he can pray, and that it would afford me real pleasure to park a hatchet in the cranium of anyone who offends my master or his wife."

With this keystone added to the arch of loyalty, the friend of Chang Leu removed his white apron, packed his baggage, which consisted of four cans of sardines, six packages of cigarettes, a single-action .44 revolver and some matches, and adorned his ninety-two-pound anatomy with a twenty-nine-dollar pinch-back overcoat. He pulled a hemispherical hard hat over his gray hair until it rested on his ears and set forth, shaping his course to the Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street.

On the voyage to the Ferry Building, worrying about the validity of his street-car transfer, he touched at the Bank of Canton, emerging from this port of call with twenty dollars in one-dollar bills stored in his right hip pocket against a bulging box of cartridges.

The old boy scout was prepared to do a good deed daily, with malice aforethought toward none, but with his powder dry.

II

FROM the Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street, crossing the bay to Oakland, Jim Sin submitted to the tranquil reaction that came when the rattle of the San Francisco terminal had been left behind. Now for the first time he indulged himself with speculations concerning the motives and desires back of the summons he had received from Chang Leu. He recalled their pact, pledged at the hour of their parting, years in the past. Twice since that day of escape in Arizona their mutual obligation had been renewed with casual words whose brevity concealed the intensity of their dependence; twice only, since that day, had they met, for Jim Sin had established his life in San Francisco and Chang Leu had elected to dwell alone in the fastness of the Eldorado hills.

"He has called, and I alone shall answer him." To himself Jim Sin repeated the text of his pledge. "The superior man is slow in speech," he added, "but he is prompt in action. It may be that he feels the approach of the hour of death, when the celestial dragon, freighted with his spirit, shall mount to the palaces of the seventh heaven. Or maybe he had stomach trouble."

He looked across an open space of choppy water to where the Goat Island rocks submitted with tolerant dignity to the fretful play of the impertinent surf, but his eyes were blind in his abstraction to this theater of activity. A low fog, sweeping inland from its vast Pacific reservoir, poured in a cascade of melting fleece over the eastward slopes of the Marin peninsula, diving until it dissolved, out of vision, into the warmer airs that drifted along the sun-browned hills. Islands of vapor, escaping the channels of immediate destruction, fought their small fights against the scheme for a little while and then incorporated, in quick surrender, with the sun-drenched atmosphere.

"Even as the spirit of man returns to the universal source." Half aloud, Jim Sin uttered the comment inspired by his contemplation of the phenomena staged in the skies to the west, and in this mood, reacting to the beauty that awaited seeing eyes, he sat until the arrival at the Oakland terminal broke in upon his reverie.

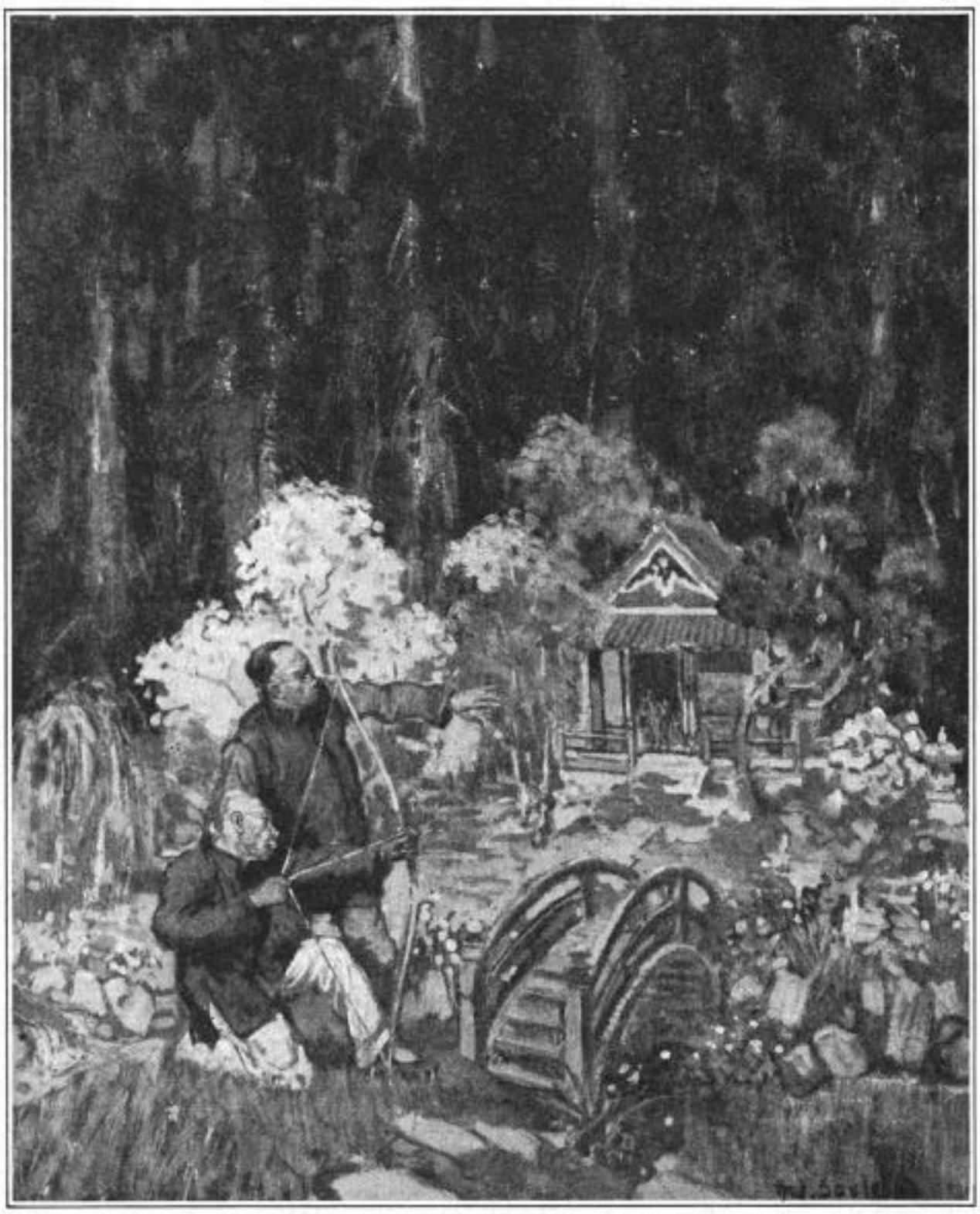
Leaving the Oakland mole, he sat in an end seat in the smoking car of the train, adding his quota of cigarette smoke to the heavy air. Crossing from Port Costa to Benicia, where another indulgence of sunlight and sea air might have been obtained at an expense of climbing from the car to the deck of the ferry, he elected to remain in his seat; and here, inert, he sat through the late hours of the afternoon until the train pulled into the station at Sacramento.

That night he ate heartily at a restaurant owned by one of his fellow countrymen, and between heaped plates of questionable and complex provender he essayed cautious inquiries concerning the lay of the land up ahead and the status of the sentiment in vogue at the moment relative to the yellow peril in the Eldorado Sierras.

Before he went to sleep he reviewed, word for word, Chang Leu's instructions, transmitted years before, for finding the mountain retreat that had been the hermit's abode through the long years. Chang Leu had described the territory and the creeks and rivers at his last meeting with Jim Sin in San Francisco, and six years had passed since that day; but now, in the quiet of his little room in the house of the Sacramento Chinaman, Jim Sin found no difficulty in piecing out, bit by bit, the line of his route from the town of Placerville to the hill where his friend awaited him.

"Hangtown Creek, through Big Cañon to the American River," he repeated, in words of Chang Leu's invention. "Along this, upstream, toward the

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For Three Hours Jim Sin Fired Shaft After Shaft at the Target

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THE MERGER PERIOD

By Albert W. Atwood

DEVOID of sensationalism and failing indeed to attract more than a modicum of passing attention, the industrial world has, nevertheless, been passing in the last year or two into another period of consolidation and combination which may well rank with the closing years of the nineteenth century, when trusts almost literally by the hundreds appeared so suddenly and without warning upon the scene of American life.

That strange startling phenomenon of twenty to twenty-five years ago quickly reached its climax in the formation of the giant of all giants, the United States Steel Corporation, and then almost immediately shrank to small proportions. Said one of the most astute and respected students of social affairs at that time, in the year following the organization of the Steel Corporation:

"The concentration of capital is relative to the task to be performed; we wondered but lately to see a corporation with a capital of a billion. No one will wonder at such a corporation twenty-five years hence."

This prophecy has proved false in part, but in a larger sense true. There is perhaps only one other company that represents such a portentous capital, and that is the result of growth rather than amalgamation. In the whole generation that has passed no one has again dared to project such a monster. But, on the other hand, the development of great aggregations of capital of the size that once drew the name of trust has long ago ceased to excite wonder or prove other than a commonplace of industrial growth.

It is true that the formation of trusts fell off from about 1902 on. But beginning again during the war the movement has been markedly in the direction of consolidation. Now and then when prosperity was excessive and the stock market at fever heat a speculative public grew frantic for a short time over some proposed merger or other. But many of the largest and most significant of capital regroupings have taken place without the fanfare of markets and in times of dull depression.

Truth to tell, consolidation and integration have become more or less an old story, especially when strung along from time to time in the ordinary course of industrial evolution. But in the aggregate and in perspective the movement can hardly be less important than the outburst of twenty years ago. For it embraces the widest conceivable variety of industries, it takes on a multitude of forms, and results in mergers of almost every possible size, except perhaps the very greatest.

Two large steel mergers are close to completion at the time of this writing, and the same process of consolidation has been at work in such widely separated industries as shoes, copper and brass, iron, machine tools, silk ribbons, tobacco, automobiles, sugar, trucks, chemicals, railroad cars, oil and motion pictures. Nor is it by any means certain that the most significant realignments of industrial units now under way have as yet been announced.

Expansion by Consolidation

NOW it is true that the financial rumor mongers are always engaged in making the most of any possible corporate consolidation. Entire bull markets may be based on the mere gossip of mergers. At times these rumors fill the air and men conjure up a thousand impossibilities and absurdities. There is always something to fire the speculative imagination, especially when stocks are rising, and often for a year or two at a time the word "merger" does yeoman service. To such lengths does the speculative imagination go that the vaporings of the market place cannot be characterized in sober language or in any form but that of satire and caricature.

But these excesses must lead no one to minimize or decry such a real, such a fundamental movement as that toward consolidation and integration of industry. Smoke often betokens fire. The two great steel-merger negotiations of the last few months were the result of various negotiations that had gone on for more than five years.

The largest copper company in the country recently took over the largest brass-manufacturing company, all very quietly and without any stock-market fuss, yet sometime after the deal had been completed the head of one company admitted having had his eye on the other for fully ten years.

Naturally, our captains of industry do not take the public into their confidence at every step, but if there is one fact thoroughly established in the business world it is that many a man prefers to run a large business rather than a small one. Natural ambition, as well as the creative instinct and the quality of imagination, not to mention economic considerations, drives men on to expand, with a merger often the simplest and most natural method and outlet.

The public can be sure at least that whatever obstacles may present themselves in the nature of laws, government regulation or general circumstances, there are plenty of ambitious men who are planning and scheming day and night to bring together corporate units into conjunctions fully as startling as anything the newspaper paragrapher or stock-market speculator has to offer.

The first question that always comes up in connection with any large combination is that of monopoly. Whatever its merits monopoly is usually abhorrent to the people. It smacks of despotism and of personal extortion for the benefit of the few. Competition, on the other hand, seems the more democratic way of doing business.

It may be said, of course, that such words as monopoly, trusts, "money trust," and the like, are applied to conditions to which they do not belong, with a carelessness and freedom that never fail to appall the careful thinker. There was a time when any consolidation of competing plants was called a trust, no matter whether it really had a monopoly or not.

Such slipshod language is perhaps less common than formerly, but in the public mind and in that of certain schools of politicians monopoly is still blindly confused with large productive capacity and large capital.

Not Black Nor White, but Gray

BUT only the most ardent apologist for big business will argue that the trusts, so called, were brought into being twenty years ago solely in the interest of the public. Their early history, particularly, smells none too sweet. In numbers of cases the court records are plain to read, and they tell of rebates, foul tactics toward competitors, fixing resale prices, exclusive dealing, full-line forcing, undue influence over tariff legislation, favoritism in taxation, and the like. In certain cases stock issues were watered in unconscionable fashion, and promoters' profits were considered outrageous.

Nor is there any doubt that in instances there were both purpose and effort to control and monopolize the market. Even if it be urged that the trusts were the natural outcome of evolution the reply might be that by their works they must be judged and that the evils were greater than the benefits conferred.

Such arguments back and forth have interest only for purposes of history and theory. The fact is that trusts and consolidations are neither black nor white, but gray. They cannot be drawn unquestioned to one's bosom, or waved aside as an unadulterated evil. There may not be in reality such a classification as good and bad trusts, but the least familiarity with facts must teach the merest amateur that large consolidations as such have both good features and bad.

There is little doubt that the managers of the great combinations have, to a certain extent at least, reformed, or changed their policies and tactics. Recent disclosures show that much of the worst graft—indeed the most revolting forms of monopoly—exists in trades where there are vast numbers of at least nominal competitors. The efforts to bring about higher standards of commercial morality, to establish fair rules for the business game, to prevent collusion between corrupt employers and equally corrupt unions—these appear to make less headway in trades where there is no outstanding unit than where the scene is dominated by one or more great corporations.

Indeed the prices charged to consumers seem to have been kept relatively stable at least, if not low, in industries like steel, oil and packing, where huge corporations abound, and on the contrary the worst profiteering often shows up where competition is so great as to be chaotic. Even radicals agree that there are too many soft-coal producers.

There is not the slightest doubt that large combinations have served on occasion the valuable function of industrial balance wheel. Indeed, from the profit-making as opposed to the public viewpoint, the complaint has been that the big combinations have to take up the slack, the unprofitable bulk of the trade. It is said that if the United States Steel Corporation had charged as high prices as some of its competitors following the war it might have made $600,000,000 additional profits. But virtue is sometimes its own reward, and the profits of this mammoth concern have on the whole been steadier and perhaps even larger than those of competitors.

At any rate, the farther one goes into the maze of facts the less simple it becomes to declaim against all large combinations as inimical to public welfare. Charles R. Flint, who has been called the father of trusts, recently said there was a time when it was thought that if only enough units were combined the consolidation would be successful, and though this conception still exists to a very large extent, it is now more generally recognized than formerly that a consolidation which endures must be organized to do things better than ever before—in short, must be managed by intelligence of the first order in full coöperation with labor and capital.

In many respects the ultramodern head of a great combination has a much keener sense of public and fiduciary responsibility than men who run the smaller concerns. The head of a recently organized automobile merger, said to involve $80,000,000, announced in his first prospectus, "I believe in paying people all they can earn, and making it possible for them to enjoy their work. I want employes to feel that they are partners in the business and share in its success. The interests of the employes of the company shall have my personal care, and everything possible will be done to make them satisfied and happy."

To what extent such policies will be carried out the writer does not know, but the mere public announcement that it is the intention of the head of a combination to follow such lines is revolutionary as compared with the public-and-employe-be-damned policy that was so common in big business of an earlier generation.

The whole policy of the Government toward large combinations has been wavering and uncertain. At one time many trusts were dissolved by the Supreme Court. Just what this has accomplished no one seems to know. Yet the court refused to split up the largest combination of all, the United States Steel Corporation, on the ground that mere size was not a sin.

But very recently the same court ruled that the long-standing railroad merger of the Southern and Central Pacific companies must be dissolved, although the Transportation Act passed by Congress in 1920 provided for railroad consolidations, and a Harvard professor, working under the instructions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, was preparing plans for such mergers at the very moment the court was deciding against one of them.

At one time the Department of Justice refused to say in advance whether a given merger would meet with its O. K., except on one critical occasion when President Roosevelt himself permitted a most notable act of absorption to go through. But now, apparently, the Department of Justice prefers to be consulted beforehand, practically saying, "Do nothing until you see us," with its Stop and Go signals to direct the traffic.

No Economy in Mere Size

RECENTLY the department has put its O. K. on several big mergers, but a few years ago, and under a different Administration, it refused to allow what seems to the writer to have been the most natural, logical and beneficial of all, that of a telephone company with one of the telegraph companies. Thus it may be said that the history of trust busting itself bears out the statement that large consolidations are neither black nor white, but gray.

But in the long run the practical question to be considered is one of the economy and efficiency of consolidation and combination rather than the shifting sands of partisan politics or administrative personnel and policy. Indeed public opinion itself must be influenced inevitably by the working out in everyday practice of the mergers, and has without doubt been so influenced.

Whatever the conflicting currents of law, public attitude and public opinion in the past or present, the fact remains that mergers of one sort or another have been and are going through. The vital question reduced to the simplest terms is this, What are they really good for anyway?

Now the central, the outstanding point of this whole business of so-called trusts and monopolies, of consolidations and combinations, the very essence of the matter, is that they are not so effective as either their friends or their enemies would have us believe. The great lesson, the striking revelation of the trust movement at the end of the last century was that the economies promised by promoters and anticipated by the people at large were not forthcoming, and the possibility of throttling competition as depicted by political friends of the "peepul" was likewise greatly overdrawn.

In other words, it has been shown again and again that there is nothing necessarily economical about mere size. Here and there by fair means or foul a large combination has been successful for a time in obtaining control of the market. Now and then, through exceptionally capable management or under limited and peculiar circumstances, a large combination has been successful financially.

There is always the possibility of success, enough so to stimulate promotion and organization. There are arguments without end in favor of combinations, but of all

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facts clearly established in the business world none is more indisputable than the frequency with which profits fall off and disaster comes as the result of expansion.

Theoretically one would say that economies are bound to result when one company takes over another. With pad and pencil it is possible for the promoter to demonstrate no end of savings, just as it is equally easy for the politician to view with alarm the choking to death of competition. But, both unfortunately and fortunately, things do not always work out that way in practice by any means.

Five or six idle and badly managed plants do not suddenly spring into prosperity just because they are thrown together, and, like the dragon's teeth of fable, competition has a thousand unexpected and mysterious ways of springing up afresh.

There is no finer indoor sport for a rainy day than making out a list of the economies to be effected by having a large plant or a combination of them instead of one small one. You will find them, reader, not only in every stock prospectus of new combinations and in interviews with all our leading financiers, bankers and captains of industry, but in every textbook on political economy, advanced and elementary alike.

It is a fascinating game, this business of saving money on paper, by centralizing the sales forces and purchasing departments, by hiring the best talent, and doing all the other stunts that look so easy beforehand. One can enumerate advantages by the legion, but alas, they so often fail to materialize! In the actual conduct of large enterprises there appears to be something akin to the law of diminishing returns, a point where the wastes and losses due to size overcome the economies.

Diffusion of Responsibility

LINCOLN was once asked in a debate how long a man's legs should be, and promptly replied that they should be long enough to reach the ground. How large should a business be? Obviously it should be large enough to reach the point of maximum efficiency. But how large is that? Here is indeed one of the most complex and difficult questions in the whole range of modern life, upon which the man of affairs and the theoretical student of economics alike are for the most part humbly silent.

It is not the purpose here to go into this subtle and baffling problem, beyond pointing out some of its features. One of the most obvious difficulties is to find a manager for a large company. The head of a small company may have qualities of generosity, kindness and good fellowship which count heavily in his favor when dealing directly with employes. He goes up in the scale and takes charge of a combination of a dozen mills. He no longer comes into personal contact with practically everyone, but deals only with foremen, or superintendents, or general managers, or vice presidents, or even with no one lower than the presidents of subsidiary companies.

Not only the personal contact but the personal hold on the business is lost. This defect soon proves fatal unless remedied by more elaborate methods of organization, inspection, accounting and the like, and these cost so much more money that the gains of combination may be eaten up.

As in the case of that endless problem of military science, the relative effectiveness of offense and defense, there is so much to be said on both sides. A great steel combination may have such a large number of blast furnaces that despite the inevitable human wastes of mere size there is one man in charge of one furnace who makes a wonderful showing of low costs. Through the elaborate mazes of accounting this fact finally reaches the head management. This man's costs are a dollar a ton lower! How did such an accident happen?

He is sent for, and his name is Jones or Smith or Robinson. But whatever it is, the management attempts at least to make other local superintendents follow similar methods, and sometimes they are successful.

But there is no question that many an enterprise outgrows the available human material, and the wastes due to the limitations of human labor and management prove its undoing. Just as political empires like those of Cyrus and Alexander, as well as modern Russia, Germany and China, grew too unwieldy for human control, so the business empire crumples up when it also becomes too large for the human brain to manage.

In these great establishments there is almost certain to be a diffusion of responsibility, and sometimes a lack of loyalty on the part of officers to the concern, and an unwillingness to pay the same attention to laborious details of the business that characterized them when in humbler positions. The efficiency acquired by men who were fighting hard to build up small individualistic enterprises may be quickly lost in a few years of highly centralized and bureaucratic management.

Now though economists as well as practical men of affairs have made many serious mistakes in forecasting whether a specific business combination would be profitable or not, the facts stated here are well enough known to them. Anyone who wants the point of view of the student will find it in the books of such writers on industrial consolidations as Stevens, Haney and Dewing, especially the last, who says with unmistakable terseness: "This is a sphere in which unrestrained optimism and unbridled ambition obscure the comparatively few safeguards founded on individual experience."

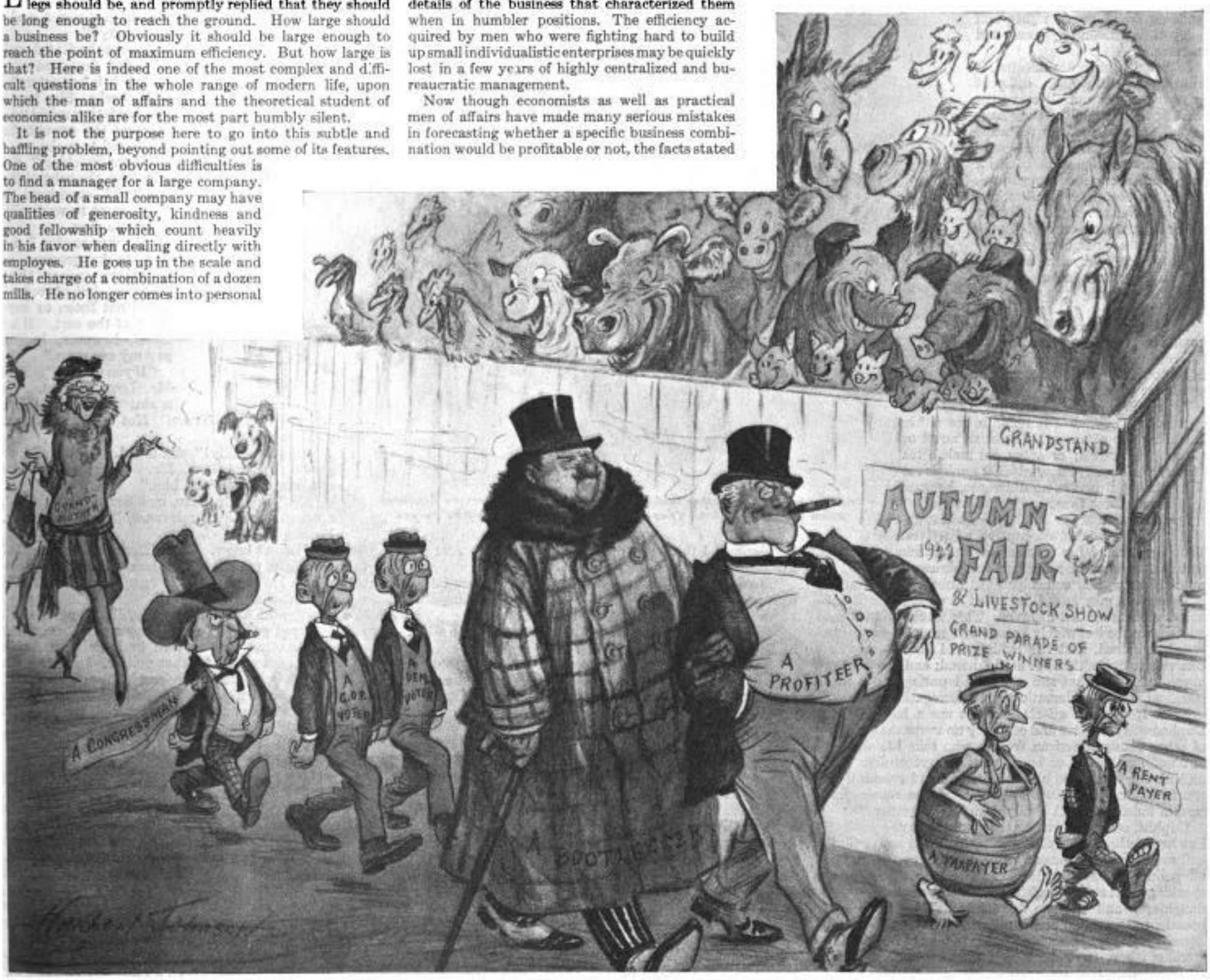
Lame Horses Hitched Together

OR CONSIDER what the head of a Wall Street underwriting house, interviewed on the subject of mergers, had to say. This firm has floated any number of successful enterprises, several of them combinations, and, in fact, had just put through a merger of moderate size. This banker also expressed himself emphatically:

"I don't think much of most of these proposed mergers. I would rather do business with a small company. A man may be a bearcat in a three to five million dollar company without there being any assurance that he will be the least good in a twenty-five or fifty million dollar concern. It sounds fine in theory to say that if business is dull you can combine five plants and close the three least efficient ones. But this elimination business is a red rag to the average man. I don't want to have much to do with it. Nor do I think that hitching a lot of lame horses together necessarily makes a fast team."

There are many reasons why small concerns compete successfully with those of great size. The big consolidation's huge purchases may be attended by a publicity that the small manufacturer shopping around secretly for odd lots does not encounter. In the case of a big drop in prices the big concern cannot hope to get out from under as easily as its small competitor.

(Continued on Page 129)



IF THE ANIMALS COULD VIEW SOME OF OUR HUMAN PRIZE WINNERS!

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THE GREAT MAN

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY



They Looked at Each Other and Laughed. Indignant Passers-by Regarded Them in Astonishment. They Were Fiddling While Back Bay Burned

WHEN a people grow weary of a tyrant they are apt to overthrow him and become a democracy, thus shifting the responsibility of government from the shoulders of one to the shoulders of many. This division of responsibility does not, of course, do away with unscrupulousness in the administration of the people's affairs, but rather tends to increase it, since it is quite obvious that if it is difficult to blame any one man it is out of the question to attempt to call to account two or two thousand.

Nevertheless, it is a strange fact about democracies that the governed seem satisfied to possess the one power they do possess—that of turning scoundrels out of office at fixed intervals and replacing them with other scoundrels. In other words, they are satisfied because they are permitted to vote.

Very well, then. No sooner are men given the privilege of voting than women claim it also; and no sooner are women given that privilege than they clamor to hold office; and no sooner are they allowed to hold office than they rend the sky with piercing feminine cries, demanding all of men's rights and many of their manners, morals and customs.

Different women are affected, it will be understood, in different ways. They do not all crave the same form of equality; they have not all been infected by the same variety of the germ. Some desire to live bravely apart in bachelor girlhood; others, more gregarious, incline to sororities; still others frankly prefer to mingle with men, performing men's work and playing men's games. Some seek mental equality, some physical equality, and most, perhaps, seek economic equality. Among the last was Daphne Love.

Yes, Daphne Love! Unutterably cruel parents and terrifically maleficent fate that conspired among themselves to bestow those two names upon a young but ambitious woman child.

"It reminds me," Daphne would say when opportunity offered—"it reminds me either of the heroine of an early-Victorian novel or of a movie actress; or of an old maid's tea shop. I don't really know which it reminds me of most, but it makes no difference, because they are all three thoroughly nauseating."

Daphne was always emphatic—almost extreme—in her use of descriptive adjectives. That was one of her mannerisms; a conscious rebellion, perhaps, against the more honeyed phrases employed by women before their emancipation. Another characteristic of her speech may as well be noted at once, lest later it be noted with too much disfavor. This was a proneness to quote from the less widely known writers. One got the impression, indeed, that her reading had been devoted exclusively to books that the herd ignored; and one was sure beyond a doubt that she underlined passages and made marginal notes—exclamation and interrogation points.

Aside from these affectations—to use a harsh word—Daphne was no better and certainly no worse than a legion of other young American women who take life seriously but not graciously, or even, perhaps, gracefully. It is difficult for women to be both earnest and graceful, and one fears that they gained the vote at the expense of a certain indefinable but highly desirable fragrance.

Daphne, of course, was far too young to have completely lost her birthright of femininity. Optimists assert that it will require several generations of studious concentration on politics, economics, logic, sociology and after-dinner speaking before our daughters cease to be recognizable as daughters; and Daphne Love had devoted a mere six months to shorthand and typewriting. She was preparing herself, you see, to earn her living; to take her place in the world of labor; to render herself independent of the thirty million dollars that belonged to her father. Very praiseworthy, her friends agreed.

"Daphne, I think you're simply wonderful!" And she was almost convinced that she was.

"Don't overwork, my dear," recommended her father jocularly when he learned that she was spending two hours three times a week at a business school.

"Oh," she replied with perfect seriousness, "I can stand it. I'm strong, you know."

Mr. Love took one quick look at her and smothered his smile. Humor, he perceived, was out of place. He was sure that humor was out of place when his daughter announced to him one day that she had obtained a position.

"Yes," she said with a triumphant spark in her eyes and a businesslike hardening of her mouth, "I have been offered a very good position. The remuneration is—well, it's not large to start with; but the work will be wonderfully interesting."

"What's the job?" inquired Mr. Love in alarm.

Daphne threw back her head with all the pride and self-confidence of a young David going out to make his first big killing.

"I'm going to be private secretary," said she, "to F. P. Wellington."

"Who's he?" demanded Mr. Love. "What's his line?"

"Oh, father!" she reproached him.

"I'm sorry. Ought I to have heard of him? Let me see—Wellington—F. P. Wellington. Not the Wellington of Wellington, Crooks and Wellington, is he? You know—Cotton Exchange. That the man?"

"No," she answered briefly; "certainly not."

"Well?"

"He's not in trade. He's F. P. Wellington, the novelist; the great English novelist—the greatest English novelist."

"Oh!" said Mr. Love. "Oh!"

"Exactly," said Daphne.

"But, great heavens, Daphne, you don't intend to go to England to work, do you?"

"He's not in England," she explained coldly, for she was vexed by what she considered her father's ignorance. "He's in America. He's writing a book about America, and he's lecturing; and every week he does an article for the newspapers describing his reactions to the various phases of American civilization. It's syndicated, of course, and published in all the leading papers of the country. I suppose that he makes a great deal of money, but it is not the money that actuates him; it is the desire to help us by his kindly and yet brilliant criticism."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Love; "yes, of course. That would be it. How much does he pay you a week, by the way?"

Daphne hesitated and the color deepened ever so slightly in her naturally pink cheeks. She feared that her father might misinterpret the answer she was forced to make.

"I am working," she said, "for the sake of the wonderful experience it will give me to work with so great a man.

"He was ready, I am sure, to be generous as to salary—more than generous—but of course I would not listen to anything of the sort. If we travel, however, he will pay my expenses."

"If you travel!" echoed Mr. Love, aghast. And again: "If you travel! You and he? Alone? Travel? Not by a damn sight you won't!"

"Don't be silly!" she urged. "Naturally we shouldn't travel alone. Mr. Wellington has a wife and four children with him."

"Oh," said Mr. Love, mollified; but he added, apparently without relevance, "How old is Mr. Wellington?"

"I'm sure I don't know. What difference does it make? Perhaps he's fifty, perhaps he's a hundred and fifty, perhaps he's fifteen. Genius has no age. It is like fire—it burns, and that is all there is to it."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Love hastily, "I know all that. I've encountered geniuses, even in my sordid, mercenary line. They're often very shrewd business men on the side—or business women, for that matter. I never met a genius, indeed, who didn't thoroughly understand the difference between a nickel and a dime. However, that's not the point. Have you spoken to Peter about this—this great adventure of yours?"

"To Peter?"

"Yes, to Peter."

"Why should I consult Peter Gray about anything I choose to do? It's no concern of his."

"Oh, isn't it? I thought you intended to marry him some day."

"Father," she said firmly, "I wish you wouldn't think. In any case, I wish you wouldn't think romantic rubbish. Marriage is no career for a woman—marriage, I mean, as it exists today.

"When I marry it will be when I shall have tried every other form of endeavor and failed at them all. Moreover, a woman who marries young is, as Jean Paul Vincent says, like a person who puts on a life belt as soon as the ship leaves port. No, father, I shall not sacrifice my comfort for added safety."

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"All right," said Mr. Love, exhausted, "go ahead. Go ahead, only pray for a smooth trip. When do you start work?"

"Tomorrow," said Daphne.

"Where?"

"At Mr. Wellington's hotel—the Beldmore."

"I see. Well, be punctual, painstaking and polite. Don't be fresh to your boss and you'll go far, young woman."

"Thank you," she said calmly; "I intend to go far. It was the Marquis of Codington, I believe, who said that swine, women and bees cannot be turned."

"The Marquis," observed Mr. Love coarsely, "said a mouthful."

II

PETER GRAY was what his friends termed a successful journalist. That his enemies termed him no such thing is of little importance, since even they admitted him to be a journalist, and his salary from the Evening Focus spoke for his success. Every afternoon a multitude of New Yorkers read the column of literary badinage to which he signed his name; and every evening many of that multitude sat down and wrote him scathing or admiring letters; for whatever might be said in dispraise of his critical judgment, it could not be denied that he possessed the power to move even the most humble to answer him by means of pen and paper. He had the intimate touch, the ability to stir the crowd.

Taking his profession into consideration, then, it was by no means an unimaginable coincidence that on the morning when Daphne Love entered the Beldmore Hotel to begin her career she should encounter Peter Gray in the lobby. Peter had come to seek a brief interview with Mr. F. P. Wellington himself.

"Well, well," he said to Daphne, "what are you doing on deck so early in the morning?"

She gave him a white-gloved hand but no answering smile. She was very serious; as serious as anyone who is beginning a career.

"I am going to work," she said, with a glance at the lobby clock.

He laughed cheerily, said "So am I," and added, "Let's do it together. You can be my stenographer. I'm going to interview F. P. Wellington, the British ass—you know."

"I know," she replied coldly; "I am Mr. Wellington's private secretary."

"The devil"—he began in his incredulity; and then, halted by her expression and the threat in her eyes, he said as gravely as he could, "But, Daphne, do you really mean it? I thought of course you were fooling."

"I am not fooling in the least. I warned you some time ago that I was preparing to earn my economic independence. I'm prepared now and I'm about to earn it. I must go—good-by."

"But," he stammered, "let me go up with you."

"I'd rather not, thank you," she said. "Besides, you probably haven't an appointment, and I most certainly have. And when you do come up, I think, if I should happen to be in the room with Mr. Wellington—I think perhaps it would be better if I didn't recognize you. I don't want to mix personal friendships with business."

He nodded, amazed but acquiescent.

"You understand, don't you, Peter?" she added more gently, and then she left him.

She pressed the button beside the door of Number 1240—Mr. Wellington's suite—and the great author himself admitted her.

She had met him before; had sat next to him at a dinner, indeed, for she was the attractive, intelligent, rich sort of young girl that is often placed next to visiting celebrities at dinner. She had met him before, but she now looked him over carefully again.

He was youngish—perhaps forty-odd—and would have appeared younger than his age except for the sparseness of his overlong, colorless hair. He was of average height, but thin, and conspicuously proud of his thin white hands. His smooth, long chin was supported by a high standing collar encircled by a black cravat so wide as to resemble a stock. He had a pleasant, confident smile which showed many long teeth, regular but otherwise only mediocre. This smile Mr. Wellington now vouchsafed her with a request to enter; and, obedient to the first instruction of her new career, she did so.



"Tell Him He May Come in Ten Minutes. We Must Think Up What I'm to Say"

A dowdy woman in gray sat in the corner of the room, upright, on the end of a chaise longue.

"My wife," said Mr. Wellington with a wave of one of his cherished hands. "Anastasia, my dear, this is Miss Love."

Anastasia moved a little uneasily, inclined her head, but made no effort toward cordiality. Daphne wondered whether she was too proud to speak or too timid. It was difficult to be sure; and at that moment the telephone rang and Mr. Wellington gave an exclamation of impatience.

"That," he said, "will be a reporter fellow, I expect, from the Evening Focus. I gave him an appointment for this morning and the chap's come ahead of time. Well, Anastasia, you'll have to leave us. Miss Love, you'll stay, of course, for I shall need you. My opinion of America, doubtless. It's a damnable nuisance, but it must be gone through with, though, I suppose. You'll help me a bit, won't you, Miss Love—tell me what Americans like to have said about them? I should like to make at least one startling remark, but not an offensive one. There goes the telephone again. I expect I'd better answer it."

"I'll answer it, Mr. Wellington. Shall I tell him to come up?"

"Yes—er—no. Tell him he may come in ten minutes. We must think up what I'm to say."

Again Daphne did as she was told. When she turned around again she saw that Mrs. Wellington had done also as she had been told and had left the room.

"Now," said Mr. Wellington, "sit down again, won't you, and we will plan. I thought I might say something about New York's sky line—coming up the harbor, you know—only I recollect that I said that when I first landed. It is very fine, of course—magnificent. What else can you suggest, Miss Love? What else is there amazing about New York? I mean, what else that you New Yorkers are especially proud of? Your police? Your traffic system? The public library? The electric advertisements?"

"Yes," she agreed slowly, "I suppose we're proud of all those things; but are you sure, Mr. Wellington, that this particular interviewer will question you along those lines? Isn't it possible he may want your opinion on more—well, more abstract things perhaps? Literature, art, the drama, our politics, our industries?"

He blinked his pale, rather unattractive eyes at her and there was something about his manner that caused her to feel that she had made a blunder.

When he spoke, however, his tone was patient and pardoning.

"My dear girl," he said, "you must understand that I am saving up all such really important comments for my lectures. I can't possibly waste an important opinion of mine on a reporter, for if I did what should I have left to tell my audiences? You will surely understand that for the present I can speak only very generally about your—er—your wonderful American activities."

Daphne nodded as if she understood. She experienced, however, a slight pang of disappointment, a false note in the otherwise perfect symphony that was Mr. Wellington.

(Continued on Page 115)



"I Never Met a Genius, Indeed, Who Didn't Thoroughly Understand the Difference Between a Nickel and a Dime"

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THE MAGNETIC WEST

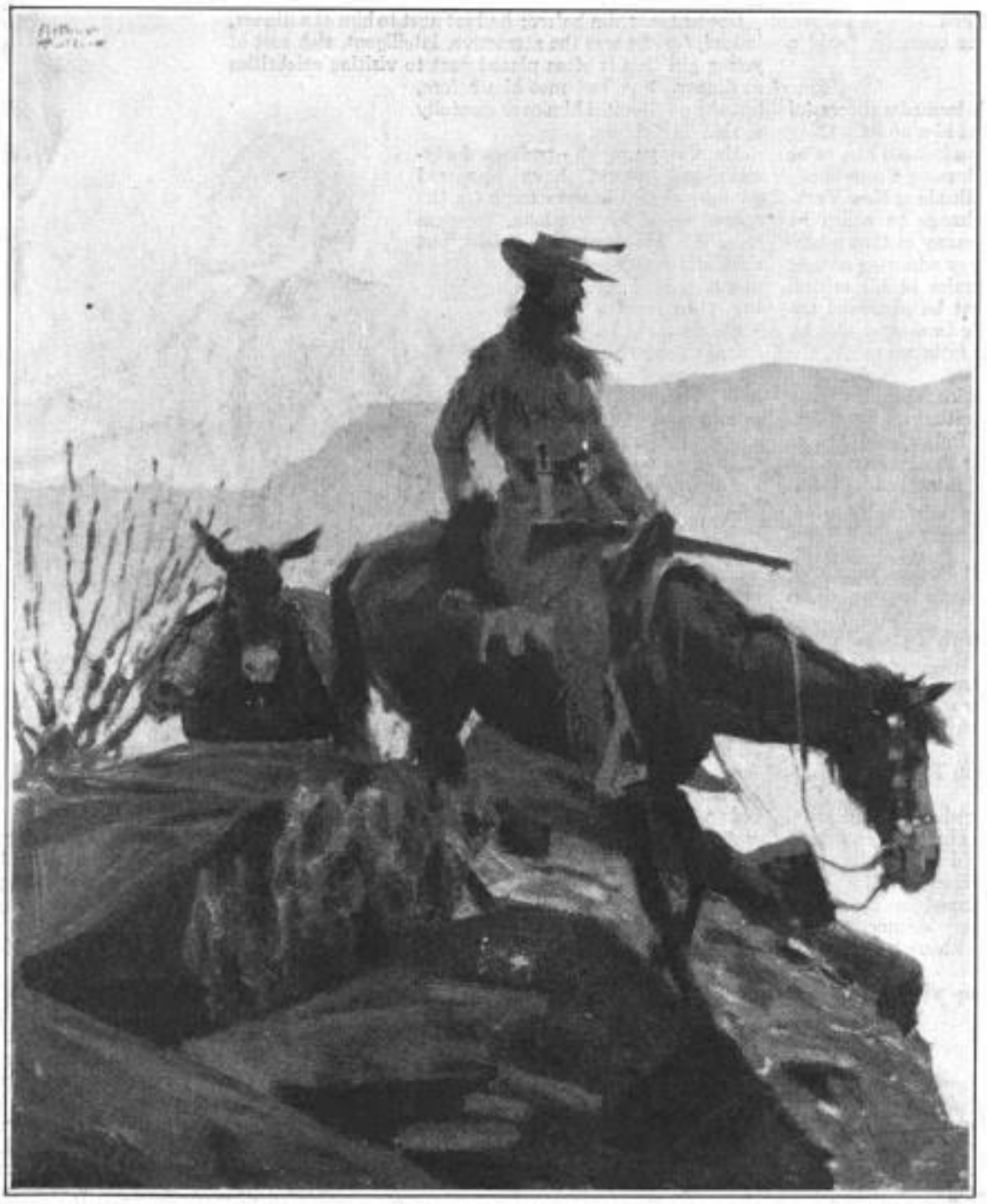
On West Water—By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

IN SAINT LOUIS, taking the place of the clanging iron throat of Chicago, there was a sudden hush, a whispering like a summer air stirring in the foliage of peaceful trees. At first I thought it had many aspects of Philadelphia; but that impression quickly vanished—Saint Louis was Saint Louis. How large it was compared with other principal cities I didn't know; but, following the long avenues in taxicabs to distant engagements, it seemed limitless, a city filling a prairie. Its personality was not clear at once, but the main characteristic was perceptible at a glance: everywhere there were Places. A street would apparently end at stone pillars or a graceful arch, on tablets would be cut a designation, Washington Place or Newcomb or some other, and what followed had the discouraging look of a complete privacy.

Those Places I came to know very well and to anticipate with pleasure. For a square or two, arched or pillared at either end, there would be a tranquil succession of houses, not large but variously ornamental, of lawns without division, and sidewalks set in grass and planted with trees. They were communities in communities, streets within streets, that possessed remarkably the illusion of a happy seclusion, an aloofness from outside responsibility and care. Nowhere else were there so many, and to no other city or tradition did they so completely belong.

It had been, while it was the capital of the frontier, a city of fur trading and hunters; and the cottages of the trappers and voyageurs had been bright in gardens of flowers. They were French, like their city, and their tables for supper were laid on porches hung with honeysuckle, by the clove pinks, the petunias and heliotrope. That air, the fragrant quiet, had lingered among the closing files of the city; it had been colored once by the vital gayety of the Latin spirit; but that was gone; only the breath, the closes of flowers remained in the green Places near Forest Park and the University.



Such a Hunter, Riding His Stuball Horse and Leading a Pack Mule Bearing All That He Possessed, Was a Figure Now to be Recalled With Benefit and Regret

The Commercial Empire of St. Louis

THE Saint Louis by the River had its towering walls, its defiles into which the sun reached only in short diagonals: but even there, with all the pressure of a commerce of which the city was inordinately proud, the noise was not immoderate. That pride, quite vanity, of industries, was now being enormously insisted on; material things, success, had grown paramount in the civic consciousness, and the vigorous assertions of its members of boards were flung abroad in the challenge of cold type. There was a representative present passion in Saint Louis to be not merely big, but bigger, in as many ways as possible, than all other cities; in reality, the biggest. It led the world, the lyrical chorus of its merchants told me, in the manufacture of buggies, macaroni and ice-cream cones, as well as brick and shoes and terra cotta. It simply led the world! Besides this, it was the largest market in the world for piston rings—so generously supplied by Kansas City—for barbers' supplies and mules. In the United States no market approached it for bagging and hats, hides and coffins.

The statement of that latter fact seemed to me to carry assurance in advertising to its last position, for beside it was a chart that, putting Saint Louis to the acid test of healthfulness, showed the mortality of infants to be lower there than in any other great city. There was some nonsense, I was largely informed, about an assertion, based on comparative bank clearings, that Kansas City was stronger financially than Saint Louis; but that flimsy claim, the hollowness of bank clearings in general, was explained by the Chamber of Commerce. The tables prepared by it showed the absolute iniquity, the willingness to deceive, of Kansas City. The Board of Trade there, on a specified date, had proved that its bank clearings led Saint Louis by many million dollars. This, without being controverted, was waved aside by a dispatch, founded on the deductions of a Federal Reserve Bulletin, proclaiming that, in actual commercial transactions, Saint Louis surpassed Kansas City by more than half.

Any casual sally over the Eads Bridge, into the east city, however, gave support to the most expansive statements; for it marched into as grim a world of industry as existed in America. It had to do, principally, with iron and steel, blast and open-hearth furnaces and coking ovens; and of all those elements of greatness coke was the most immediate. A process, I was instructed, an oven, had been invented that would coke Illinois coal—it was a short haul from Illinois, but a long, long pull from the mines of West Virginia—and, in consequence, an economic change of centers darkly ominous to other regions was confidently predicted.

Watching that process, the sheer graphic beauty of the operation obscured for me the possibilities of its development: an iron door in a bank of ovens opened and a great sheet of insupportable brightness was forced out on edge, fell into fragments instantly gray over a metal incline, and, in a car, moved under a water spray, sent up a sharp cloud of white steam. A power, a vitality of creative heat, infinitely stirring, made picturesquely from material of the land—that Illinois coal, local limestone and the ore of Lake Superior—the innumerable implements of a mechanical civilization. Here was America, and the history of the plant, cloudy and thunderous about me, was American; for I remembered how, one generation distant, it had begun in the fertility of a mind that had conceived pots and pans coated with enamel—granite ware. The single shed of that operation had grown into a city: mills and stacks and forges and railroads and long blocks of workmen's dwellings. At lunch with the men who owned it and had its industries in charge, at their long table laden with chickens and jellies and sweet frozen creams, in a building of separate offices and mahogany and plate glass, of private secretaries and a telephone exchange, I thought again of that original figure, bowed, metaphorically, with his little burden of tinware.

Manuel Lisa

HE WAS, supremely, national, as racial as the Mesaba Range iron; and he brought power to the land that made him its own. But, always in a disturbed wondering, I speculated about the human, the masculine element: had he, essentially, been constrained to transmit himself in a machinery that needed only a close, skillful attention? I saw rooms of engines empty of life, running miraculously under a principle of remote control; there were no voices there, nothing but a smooth automatic click and fall. Men weren't necessary; they were not, it was implied, desired. They were not as reliable, not even eventually as cheap, as machines. The whole significant truth was that they—the men—were difficult to find; either the machinery, stolid to the cries of agitators and ills, had made them increasingly useless, or their own debility had created the mechanics of flywheels and bands, coils and gauges.

No city, of all the contiguous regions joining together into the United States, began with a more determined individualism than Saint Louis. Laclede, who died of fever in his bateau—following, down the infinite River, De Soto and La Salle—and the Chouteaus, Pierre and Auguste, founding the city as a post for the Louisiana Fur Company, were the first of a generation of traders whose success depended solely on a single initiative, a hardy fortitude, exercised in places, predicaments, beyond all support. The partners of the first fur company organized by Manuel Lisa, far from discreet and guarded offices, were each required to live in the Indian country for a period of three years without return.

They went up from Saint Louis, such expeditions, with a salute of muskets, their keel boats drawn along the bank by forty men on a rope—the cordelle, led from a mast, above the underbrush; and with the polers on the footway of the passavant. Manuel himself made many trips to the headwaters of the Missouri, in keel boats and canoes and in Mackinaws. His first journey to the Mandan villages, with George Drouillard under his command, included a hundred and fifty men; and they built a trading

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post at the mouth of the Bighorn River. Antoine Bissonet, a voyageur, deserted the party on the Osage River, and Drouillard shot and killed him. The Blackfeet drove them back to Saint Louis, Drouillard and two companions falling in the flights of arrows, and Lisa organized the Missouri Fur Company.

Soon there were a hundred and more posts tributary to Saint Louis, stockades eighteen feet high with an elevated plank walk for the guards, two inclosed block houses, a house for the bourgeois, the chief trader, a house for his clerk, the barracks of the engagés, the fur press and rooms of storage. There was a double entrance closed with a trading counter, and a cannon trained on it from within. The post was commanded by the bourgeois and the sallies from it by a partisan: at times they went to the Indians and at others the Indians came to them. It was always a grave question whether to admit them to the stockade or hold them in their camps outside; and it was no rare thing to have a post completely filled with Indians drunk from the flat kegs of trading whisky. In fifteen years there were brought down the river twenty-six thousand buffalo hides, twenty-five thousand beaver skins, four thousand otter skins and twelve thousand coon, a hundred and fifty thousand pounds of deer hide and thirty-seven thousand and five hundred skins of muskrat.



The French Song La Guignolée Was Still Sung Through the Town by Young Men on New Year's Eve

Early Days of the Fur Trade

THE Missouri Company created and shrewdly held a monopoly of the river trade. Manuel Lisa, whose career was a constant battle against a rivalry working to ruin him, was the only trader who got a foothold on the Northern Missouri: and when, in 1820, he died, the interests he represented fell apart. The Rocky Mountain Company, with William Ashley at its head—penetrating the mountains to the west rather than navigate preëmpted water—sent out an expedition in 1823 that, through the Aricara Indians, ended in disaster. Ashley, failing to mount the Green River, alone crossed the Wahsatch Mountains to Salt Lake City, where he labored on the Mormon Temple; and, returning with incredible hardship to Saint Louis, he sold his enterprise.

Jedediah Smith, who followed him, even more adventurous, crossed the Sierra Nevada and the Salt Lake Desert with two men. His expeditions, in place of the river posts, traded at summer rendezvous in high mountain valleys; and, leaving the Cash Valley, north of the Great Salt Lake, to join a band of his party, the Mojave killed ten men and took all their property. Smith was held in prison at Spanish Monterey; and when he was released, finding his way through the virgin length of California, the Indians killed fifteen more hunters and, alone, with insuperable courage and endurance, he reached Fort Vancouver. He had journeyed from the British boundary to Mexico, from the Mississippi to the shore of the Pacific; but at last, in the Cimarron Desert, the Comanches stopped his far wandering.

I thought of him, of his companions, with admiration and gratitude. In seven years seventy of them were killed; but they opened the Platte and the Green, the Yellowstone and the Snake rivers and all the Salt Lake region. They named the Sweetwater, Independence Rock and Jackson's Hole; the first to descend the Green River and to develop the Yellowstone, they broke the southwest trail to Southern California, made a crossing of the Sierras and led a way over the deserts of Utah and Nevada; they first went overland up the coast by San Francisco to the Columbia. They were ingeniously murdered by Indians, frozen to death, killed by white and dusty heat. More often than not they were robbed by clerks and partners at home; at best they had but little money and no rest; but, after all, were they, in a life and times ignorant of other times and lives, more badly off than if they were subject to the degenerating fat of the present?

The Rough Life of Pioneers

SUCH a hunter, riding his stuball horse and leading a pack mule bearing all that he possessed—a rifle, traps, knife, hatchet, a cooking pan, tobacco, coffee, sugar and salt—into the country of the unaccountable Crows, was a figure now to be recalled with benefit and regret. He wore a light blue shirt and handkerchief at his throat, deer-skin leggins and a wide girdle with leather pouches; but if it were winter his shirt was a deer skin, embroidered in beads and colored hair and feathers, and a heavy capote was belted over the left shoulder. For the night he owned a buffalo robe, and his pillow was a saddle, and for his endurance, his service, he was paid a hundred and fifty dollars a year.

The Indians, the wild, were not his only dangers—he had the schemes of contending traders to meet, for it was nothing at all to mention to avaricious Blackfeet where a cache of indispensable food was hidden, where a supply of whisky might be got by a final and treacherous expedient. Already the vicious principle of lawless competition was begun; the foundations of later rebating and corrupt depreciations, ruin, were established in the body of American commerce.

However, it wasn't negative and inescapable vices which engaged me, but positive virtues, great measures of courage. Those, it seemed to me, anyhow in that early trade in beaver skins, tremendously outweighed all attending fault. Now silver fox were grown on farms; and that, too,

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Here, in Her, I Saw What I Had Lamented as Gone: This Was Again the Frontier, the America, That Welded Admirable Men and Women

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THE LOST VERONA

By Maryse Rutledge

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE small Italian restaurant in Soho with its background of English chintz gave out luncheon odors of spaghetti, sausage, mandarins. She sat waiting at a table next to a big mirror—a greenish-gold little woman in black velvet, on whose large mouth a smile hung like a wilting red garland. But whenever the dark swift waiter glanced toward the empty chair opposite her she remembered Italian ways, and her lips curled freshly. She knew how to keep a table at this crowded hour. Ah, well, you couldn't be Mrs. Brassington-Welsh and not know a great many things!

Hal was late. He would turn up presently, she rather suspected, in a very different mood from the sprightly one with which he had set forth from the Carlton that morning—top hat and patent leathers shiny, his new morning coat flowered with a white carnation. Very English, very military, very sure of himself.

Trust him, he had said. The professor was most awfully keen to get that manuscript for his university. Good joke on the old bird—what?—being taken in by a few photographed pages and the prodigious legend that the original lay moldering in a vault of a mosque in Constantinople. See how it worked? Have to smuggle the thing out by bribing a mythical Turkish official. Hal of course was to manage this delicate and expensive operation.



"Nita, Old Girl, Don't You Worry. We'll Manage"

Well, however incredibly guileless Doctor Marshall might be, it hadn't worked yet. And unless some money appeared from somewhere soon Major and Mrs. Brassington-Welsh would have to leave the Carlton Hotel in a hurry, for the pounds were oozing from Hal's leaky pockets.

Fantastic, the whole business. Major Brassington-Welsh dealing in the classics, as in various cities of Europe he had dealt hazardously in faked antiques, real estate and other promising commodities. Just suppose, though, that he actually managed. Not a chance!

She lit a cigarette. Stupid, these noisy pseudopicturesque places—bits of foreign back yards transplanted to cater to nostalgia, curiosity and limited purses. She knew them too well—their jargon, their alien smells, their bleached local color. What wouldn't she give for a real dinner crisp from her mother's oven in Stamford! Heigho! Stamford seemed a long way off.

Tired of London. Sick of red busses, leather shops, soft coal and tall men with yellow gloves. But Hal had wanted his England. Poor old Hal, she understood how he felt coming back. For so many years abroad he had bragged to strangers of influential friends in England and of his ancestral estate, Brassington Hall. And now that he was here he could claim neither friends nor hall. Once she had dreamed ——

He said he needed a rest after what he called earning his last commission—renting, without the owner's authority, a house in Paris to those Billingses. Was it only a week ago that, breathing the foggy air of London, he declared that he had rested long enough? That was the day he had met the slippery Greek with his greasy Latin manuscript. And the very next day Hal had read in the Daily Mail of the arrival of Doctor Marshall, the distinguished American scholar, over here to receive from Oxford an LL.D. A manuscript and a professor, said Hal, might add up a few pounds. It was a simple problem in arithmetic for a man of imagination.

A slow sensation of someone staring. She glanced in the mirror against which her table stood.

A waiter, lounging near, blocked her view. On either side of him heads and shoulders were reflected in the gestures of eating—a woman's arm heavily bangled, a hand closed around a wineglass, a fat man sucking in long dangling strands of spaghetti. In the foreground her own face, unfamiliar, close—every little line and pore, green eyes inquiring under light brows. The powder was too thick around her nostrils. Rub it off with a finger tip. Her little finger evened the red on her lips. Becoming, this black velvet.

The waiter moved on. And again she felt eyes fixed upon her. Wasn't it?—yes, it was the Greek, Antonides, over there by the door talking to the padrone. He saw that she saw him. His teeth flashed, and he came toward her, dark and shiny, carrying a flat parcel.

Unpleasant creature! Better be polite to him. She tilted her head; smiled. "Well, Mr. Antonides, what are you doing here?" Not so polite as all that.

"I saw your husband this morning, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh. He told me to bring him this here." And softly he laid the parcel on the table.

She hated men who wore strange rings on tiny white hands. "What is it?"

The Greek smiled. "A manuscript." His round silky eyes watched her intently. "Your husband is getting it cheap; only forty pounds."

Forty pounds—over two hundred dollars! So Hal had gone and bought the thing!

"I'm sure I don't know what he can do with it," she said, showing her annoyance.

Most objectionable, the way he shrugged his shoulders, leaning nearer to murmur—"Sell it perhaps, for a larger price. Isn't that possible, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh? You have many rich friends."

"We have no friends who would care for—shall I say an old manuscript?" She looked at him deliberately.

A waiter jostled by. But he only pressed closer to her table, spreading his hands fanwise. "It can have any age you wish," he insinuated.

She touched the parcel. "If you care to leave this, Mr. Antonides, until my husband comes ——"

He took her hint. "I shall be back later then. Major Brassington-Welsh has already paid me twenty pounds. He promised me the other twenty."

"You can count on it," she promised coldly. Well, that settled the question of paying any hotel bill this week.

He bowed, and his teeth showed again.

"Good-by." Her smile was a habit not easily broken.

But he turned back as the people at the next table rose noisily to leave. "I have known your husband for a very long time," he murmured. "It is most interesting to me that he should be buying a Latin manuscript. I shall be happy to hear what he intends doing with it. *Au revoir, chère madame.*"

Beastly man! Wasn't that like Hal to spend all that money? She opened the parcel. Well, if that was what he was paying forty pounds for, and expected to pass off on a poor old professor as a valuable—what was the name of that Latin poet?—Cat-something—Catullus!

You only had to look at it. That wormy wooden binding, for instance, with new wood showing through in spots, where it had been less successfully smudged and greased over. You could make those worm holes with bird shot. The clasps broken; the edges chawed as if by mice; and the yellowed parchment torn in places. Too obvious—too obvious! Beautifully done, though, all those blackish angular ciphers, and the cramped tight little notes in the margin. The red capitals were quite ornamental standing off by themselves in Indian file. Wonder what it said. You could see it was poetry the way the lines ran. But as to being worth forty pounds!

She looked up just in time. Hal's face seemed to balloon, red and animated, from the doorway, above the heads of drifting groups. One glance was enough. Something extraordinary had happened. Who was that behind him, that little figure drowned in a long overcoat? Good heavens, Doctor Marshall! Quick, paper and string! Whisk the manuscript back in its wrappings. Slide it down on the floor.

Hal saw her; came prancing across the room. The professor followed.

"Hello! Hello, Nita! Sorry to be late. I waited with the professor for a cable. Then we had to go to the bank." Hal's voice, round and hearty. "Sit down, sir. Sit down. Waiter, another chair."

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A cable! The bank! Hal wagged his head at her.

"I'm dying of curiosity." She struck a girlish note, smiling up at Doctor Marshall, who stood blinking through his strong glasses.

"An eventful day, a very eventful day." His voice was like a vague little breeze stirring the droopy fringe of his unexpectedly black mustache. All the rest of him was bald and white.

"Sit down, sir," Hal jovially repeated.

Major Brassington-Welsh in his element, ordering an expensive lunch—one of his most conspicuous accomplishments. Her own talent lay in the familiar direction of entertaining a guest. What did one talk about to professors?

Hal sitting opposite her settled that question. He had taken on an atmosphere of mystery, through which he shone like a red sun through a London fog. Leaning forward he dropped his voice to what he considered a whisper.

"Nita, we've found the lost Verona!"

Clever boy! That thing she was hiding between her chair and the wall? So that was what he meant to call it! Well, anything he found someone would have to pay for. She turned to sparkle at the professor.

"I should hardly care to make such a statement, major," he corrected. "Mind you, I'm convinced that we have made a great discovery."

For an instant his eyes seemed to burn through his glasses.

Hal nodded. He was in such a fluster of excitement that he couldn't keep his hands still. He drummed little tunes on the table.

"A discovery," Marshall continued, carefully picking his words, "that will startle the world of thought. Aside from the evidence of the photographs, the whereabouts of this manuscript lead to the most intriguing speculation. Think of it, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh, think of it! After all these centuries we find extant in Constantinople a Catullus!"

She thought of it. "I feel so ignorant, professor." Her smile flashed out, appealing. "Tell me, what is the lost Verona?" Wouldn't do Hal any harm to hear.

The professor dabbed at anchovy and Russian salad which the waiter was passing, while Hal poured Chianti, spilling it.

She sprinkled salt on the spotted tablecloth, listening with a forward movement of chin and shoulders. How fascinating! So in the tenth century there was a manuscript of Catullus, the earliest on record, which had mysteriously disappeared from Verona. It would take Hal to find a thing like that! Marshall wiping his glasses warmed to his subject.

"All the Catullus manuscripts we have today are descended from this lost Verona. You see, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh, printing was only invented in the fifteenth century. Before that books had to be copied by hand. The monks who usually did this work were often illiterate and constantly made mistakes. I'm not boring you?"

Oh, no; no indeed, he wasn't boring her. She thought of the bank.

"So that from copy to copy the readings became almost unintelligible. It is my life's ambition, I may tell you, to reëstablish out of all this confusion what Catullus really wrote. I can show you an example of how even a letter alters the reading." He dived into a pocket for a pencil.

"Do try these *finocchi*, doctor. They're delicious." If she didn't stop him he would go on forever.

He slid the pencil back into his pocket. "Thank you, no. Now it has always been my theory," he continued, blowing through his mustache, "that at the fall of Constantinople the Turks cast, as heathen literature, a quantity of valuable uncatalogued manuscripts into the vaults of certain mosques. I wrote an article once on that subject, which I shall be glad to send you. It seems nothing less than a miracle that your husband ——"

Hal stroked the dark right wing of his mustache. "Pure luck, my dear doctor," he modestly remarked. "I'd done the fellow a good turn. Remember our last visit to Constantinople, Nita?"

He needn't drag her in. "So long ago," she murmured.

Marshall turned to Hal. "Wasn't it last summer?"

"Best little woman in the world, my wife, but she has no idea of time." Hal slanted at her down his nose and hurried on. "The fellow couldn't do enough for us while we were there. I'd have bought the manuscript then if I could have afforded it. He insisted on my taking the photographs. Writes me now and then. Got a letter from him the other day. He's ready to take big risks. In his official position ——"

"I should think," the professor interrupted with a dry note of humor, "that a Turkish gentleman so well aware of values would be willing to take a few risks for six thousand dollars."

Six thousand dollars! Her fork clicked against her plate. He had said six thousand dollars! She saw him, bulging of brow, his glasses shiny pools in which his eyes like little blue fish seemed to be swimming around and around.

"Six thousand dollars!" She heard her own voice struggling uphill. And she caught Hal's triumphant eye, the lid flickering in a wink.

"About fourteen hundred pounds," he chuckled. "Just shows what your word stands for over there, professor. Nita doesn't know. Tell her."

She stared at the bald white head, the droopy mustache that fluttered as he talked. She must be dreaming. He had—what?—cabled to an old graduate of his university, Herman Slade, for the money, which had been promptly cabled back that morning. Hal was to send a special messenger with an advance payment of three thousand to Constantinople.

The messenger was to bring back the manuscript, on receipt of which Hal was to send the remaining three thousand to his mythical friend, whose identity must be kept in the dark.

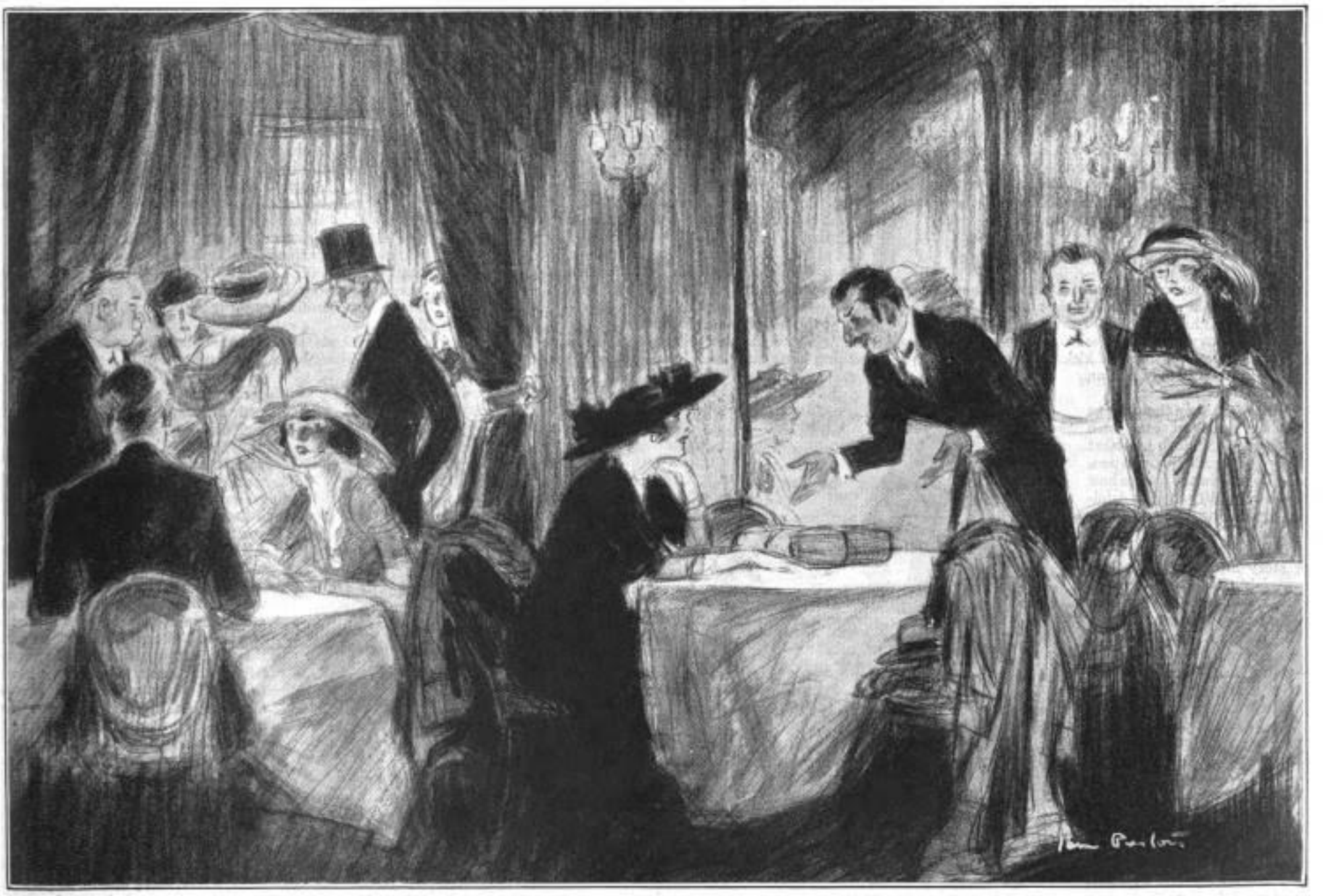
How Hal had ever managed! Why, he must have three thousand now! And the manuscript—she slid her hand between the wall and her chair. Great heavens, she had forgotten Antonides, who was coming back here! In the excitement Hal must have forgotten him too. If he got wind of Marshall ——

Their distinguished guest, absently cutting slippery strands of spaghetti with his fork, seemed to have drifted into a scholar's paradise while Hal held forth. Great thing for the States! They'd have every blinking old—every illustrious man of learning in the world trotting over there to look at that manuscript. A country could be proud of men like this Herman Slade who ——

She fumbled in her bag, tore out a leaf of her notebook.

"Mr. Slade has known me for a great many years," Marshall was saying a trifle complacently. "It was I, in fact, who persuaded him to donate our fine library building. He often consults me about his remarkable collection."

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"We Have No Friends Who Would Care for—Shall I Say an Old Manuscript?" She Looked at Him Deliberately

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THE SONG BUILDERS



By One of Them

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THERE is a trick in song writing, just as in laying bricks. Unless you get it you will not write a successful one. What is more unfortunate, the chances are you will never get that trick unless you are around where the trick is being done. A person must live in the atmosphere of the song business and be in constant touch to pick up ideas and make them workable. That is why the outsider has so little chance of success; why he or she is so easily swindled.

Personally I have never been able to consider a song writer a composer. Real composers are finished musicians who create new thoughts in music, mostly instrumental music. I am talking about what we know as popular songs.

Some of our very best song writers know nothing about technical music. A majority of them could not put their melodies on paper if their lives depended upon it. There is always some smart technical fellow to do that.

For instance, the most successful popular song writer that I know came in the other day to see me. This man made a fortune out of being able to think up an idea or a tune that seems exactly to hit the public fancy at the time the song appears. He has a knack of thinking from six weeks to six months ahead.

"Say," he said, walking briskly up to the piano where I had been running off some new manuscripts, "see what you can make of this." He began to hum:

"Te-da-de-da, diddlety-e-te dum-dum, da-da —— Get the idea?"

I did get the rhythm of it instantly.

"Get a key that will suit my voice," he suggested. "Here's the chorus."

He hummed the words softly and I filled in the gaps on the piano. It was a peach of an idea.

"Good!" he smiled. "See if you can get your arranger to make some sort of orchestration—at least a piano score—by tomorrow night. I'm going to sing it at a benefit."

We had it ready for him. The song was a pronounced hit.

And that's all he did—apparently.

As a matter of fact, that fellow had thought of that for weeks. It had run through his head until it haunted him. His work had been in thinking. Our work was simply putting it on paper, just as you would dictate a well-thought-out letter to a stenographer.

The ordinary layman, observing that performance, would say, "Well, that's a cinch. There's no use in working when you can make money that easy."

But they forget some important details. In the first place this man is among the very few who can originate both the words and the music for a song. Those rare birds are geniuses. In the second place he had the idea so definitely formed in his head that I caught the entire theme before he had hummed three lines. You see, he was able to convey his idea, though incomplete, to me.

Silly and Mushy—and Popular

IT'S just like one of those wonderfully simple stories that you read in a magazine or book, and say, "Why, anybody ought to have thought of that!"

Even with my years of experience—I have written more than fifty successful songs—I kicked myself for not having bumped into a melody and an idea like that.

The simplicity of these things and the apparent ease with which they are done are what mislead the public—those people who read in the papers how a man made fifty thousand dollars by dashing off a song overnight.

The idea for some great book or story has been dashed off overnight, I suppose—just the germ. And that's what gets the money—the idea. It isn't the laborious detailed work. The idea may have been formulating in the author's mind for several years. The main part of the work was done when he had it in such shape that he could jot it down on his cuff.

The prevailing idea about popular songs is that they are a silly lot of mush. They may be, but about one-fifth the population of the United States is quite willing to be considered silly and mushy—for a consideration. I have to look over more than ten thousand of their contributed efforts in that direction every year. I do this in the hope of finding something worth while.

From this great mass of manuscripts sent in by unknown but ambitious song writers last year I found just one that would do. Later I found that the author had formerly been in the vaudeville business.

The great trouble with the average layman is that he has little idea of the requisites of a song, the mere mechanics. He knows a good song when he hears it, of course. But he or she doesn't know what is a bad one, especially if he or she writes it. He doesn't live in the atmosphere of songs.

I had been intimately familiar with the song writing and publishing business for many years before it ever even occurred to me that I might write a song. The first job I ever had was shipping clerk in a music store run in combination with a big publishing house. In time I got to be head salesman on the floor. I could play the piano and had some natural knowledge of harmony. Otherwise I couldn't have got a job in the first place.

My main duty was to play new songs for visitors to the store. When there were no customers I used to amuse myself running off improvised melodies suggested by some song that I had been playing. To exaggerate these tunes is a lot of fun. A pianist gets as much amusement out of that as actors and writers often find in burlesquing some tragedy or melodrama. One day, in high spirits, I was ripping off a sort of burlesque air, highly jazzed. It got a laugh out of the fellows about the store.

"Say," said a song writer who had dropped in and was leaning over the piano, smiling, "you've got a real idea there. You know," he added, "that crazy melody suggests to me something about monkeys and coconut trees—jungle."

I thought he was kidding. I had never seen a wild monkey or a coconut tree in my life.

"No kidding," he assured me seriously. "Wait a minute! Play it again."

When I had done so he went into a little office in the back of the store and began scribbling. In an hour he had written a rime that would do for a chorus. It was all about monkeys, coconuts, palm trees. I had a bigger laugh than ever.

The spirit of the thing got me, though. I jazzed it some more, chasing monkeys up and down trees and occasionally booming a note as if somebody had been struck with a coconut.

"That's it!" exclaimed the song writer. "I believe we've got it!"

He went home and completed the verses—lyrics, we call them. In a few days we had a pretty good song, all about the jungle. The boss agreed to print it. Monkey-and-palm stuff was new then.

In three months that song had sold more than a hundred thousand copies. For my end I cleaned up twenty-five hundred dollars in royalties, and the old song is still selling some.

That is a good illustration of how songs are usually written. That is also the way fads are started. Songs, you know, run in spells just like plays and books. For two or three months everything will be school-day and kid songs. Then it will be a spell of good-by songs. Next will come the seashore melodies, the bounding main, the sighing breeze, the roaring surf, and so on. Then there will be an epidemic of mammy songs.

The Duties of a Song Smeller

RIGHT after our monkey-and-coconut song there came an avalanche of jungle stuff. My friend and I turned that old piano into a jungle roar for two or three months. We knew nothing about these things, of course. That made no difference.

In that same period somebody turned out an Indian song that hit the popular fancy—Tammany, I think it was—and we were surfeited with big chiefs and tepees.

After years of that sort of thing, with a pretty fair degree of success, I have been taken in as a member of the publishing company.

I am what is known as a song smeller. In other words, I am supposed to be able to tell pretty accurately whether a song will go or not. I've had pretty good luck at it. I don't often miss the real good ones. At that, I can pass on the merits of somebody else's song better than my own.

A song smeller occupies a position very similar to the editor of a magazine or the final judge of a book in a publishing house. If I O.K.'d a lot of songs that didn't go I'd soon lose my job. It costs a lot of money to publish songs, and no firm can live long if it puts out a big percentage of dead ones.

Our methods are also very similar to those of a magazine editorial department. We want new stuff badly. We will go to most any financial extremes to get a hit. We have the same trouble with writers who feel sure that their stuff is good and who try to influence us into publishing it. They often accuse us of playing favorites. And we do that very thing—for the same reason that magazine and book publishers do. These favorites are the people who turn out stuff that sells. We'd take on a lot more favorites if we could get them.

Pick up any magazine and you will notice that most of the stories are written by a well-known group of authors. You'll notice the same thing in songs. It isn't that those fellows have any pull. They have the stuff. If a new writer comes along with a hit we jump on it like a terrier on a rat. It's the thing we're looking for. I have waded through five thousand manuscripts without finding a single germ.

In other words, we run the business to make money. If we published 1 per cent of the stuff sent us from the outside we'd go broke in three months.

Therefore, being unable to get any results from songs that are submitted



"Te-da-de-da, Diddlety-e-te Dum-dum, Da-da —— Get the Idea?"

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by unknowns, we have to go out and look up people who are known for their ability. Frequently we give them ideas to work out, selecting men and women who have a special faculty for developing certain classes of stuff.

The outsider has very little chance in the song-writing business, and we do not encourage him to waste his time.

Occasionally the heap of rubbish turns up a song that shows promise, a touch of song-writing ability—but a mere touch. As a rule, though, the man or woman is too far out of touch for us to point out the thing needed.

If, for instance, we should attempt to write a constructive criticism of every song that comes to us we would have to triple our force, and then we wouldn't have a minute for attending to the business of publishing and selling.

There are dozens of fakers who take advantage of this situation to prey on the innocent. It is, indeed, a fertile field for men who are willing to do anything to pick up a few dollars. The damage they do is not limited to the pocketbooks of the unfortunates. Their activities litter our place with useless stuff not worth the paper it is written on, and they know it. But they have the money and we have the trouble of answering the hundreds of letters of those who are ambitious and gullible.

A woman came in to see me the other day after having telephoned for an appointment, explaining that she had come all the way from the Middle West to see a member of our firm personally. Out of pity I agreed to see her and look over her stuff.

I had expected to see some scatterbrained girl who thought she was going to make a hit as a song writer. Imagine my surprise when the telephone operator out front brought back an elderly, gray-haired woman!

From her every action I could see that this woman had weighed her words in advance and looked upon this as one of the most important events of her life.

"You have some songs, I believe," I said.

"Yes, several. I have had so much trouble in getting my work criticized that I have come all the way to New York to go over it with you personally."

"You are a professional writer, madam?" I asked.

"In a way, yes. But I have never sold any of my songs. It is rather hard, too. I have three children—I am a widow—and I had figured to support them with my song writing."

The first song she exhibited tipped me off to what she had been doing, or rather what had been done to her. It was printed in regular form, a form that I know mighty well. I wanted to be fair, though, hoping that lightning might strike and I would run into something good. I motioned her to my office piano, a small instrument of the baby-grand type, soft in tone, but very true.

A Deluded Amateur

HER playing was something terrible. The woman had no idea of melody and what it meant. I could have excused her execution—she played exactly as you have heard some high-school girl play a piece at the music-class concert—but there was no melody.

I asked to try the piece myself. It had been arranged mechanically correct, but as a song it was impossible. I knew that she had not arranged it, because amateurs don't know how to do it that way.

"You paid someone to put this together for you and print it, madam?"

"Yes, fifty dollars. One song writer who advertises that he will help beginners said that he liked this piece very much. You know him, I suppose."

She mentioned a name that I knew only too well.

"You have sent him others?"

"Oh, yes, quite a number."

To my dismay, she opened a manuscript case and dumped fully fifty songs on the piano top. She had written them all!

There wasn't anything like a good idea in the whole lot. Her favorite, it developed, was one called America, the Greatest Country of All. She expected to make a lot of money out of this. She thought it very patriotic and the theme up to the minute.

I hated to tell this woman how she had been deluded. I did, though. But that won't stop her, I'm afraid. That old lady, I'll bet, is sitting up writing songs right at this moment. She lives in a little town out West.

After thinking up her first song, White Stars on a Field of Blue, some of the neighbors told her it was good. They always do. Not knowing what to do about it, she saw an advertisement in the paper.

She answered it, sending her song along.

A few days later she received word that the song had promise. The lyrics, the man said, were excellent. It would be necessary, though, for him to adjust a snappy bit of music to the words. He would do this and would guarantee that the song was published for fifty dollars. If the woman did not have fifty dollars to pay at once, she could pay ten dollars down and five dollars a week until the full amount was paid. The man did print the song, but that was all. It was then up to her to sell it to some big publishing house—get it on the market. In the meantime he would also try. The copy she exhibited was a sort of proof sheet that can be got up cheaply.

In the course of three years this poor woman had paid out five hundred dollars. Now she had saved up two hundred and fifty dollars more to make a trip to New York to see that her songs were properly marketed!

While I was advising her to give up the song-writing business and stick to the method by which she saved up five hundred dollars, a friend of mine, a song writer, came in. I introduced him to the visitor.

"You won't mind, will you," he said to her, "if I run over this? We may have to run it in as a special number tomorrow night, and we shall have to get it orchestrated." She was delighted—looked at him in awe and wonder.

Billy sat down and ran off the melody.

"I don't care much for that," I said. "I don't believe it will fit."

"Well, that's that," he said, tossing it aside. "How 'bout this one?"

We Have the Same Trouble With Writers Who Feel Sure That Their Stuff is Good and Who Try to Influence Us Into Publishing It



I rather liked that one. There was a catchy note in it. I nodded.

"Who's good on canoe stuff around here?" asked Billy. "It's about the water, the lake, and so on. Got to get a lyric by morning."

I happened to recall to him a good canoe-verse writer who wasn't busy. Billy called him upon the phone. He hurried away. Such a song was needed as a fill-in number in a show.

"When will they have that song ready?" asked the astounded woman.

"Oh, they'll finish it tonight," I told her. "It's a hurry-up job."

"And is that all they do to turn out a song?"

"Yes, ma'am. It's their business."

"Will a song like that be successful?"

"Oh, you can't tell. It's merely a filler and will answer the purpose for the time being. It might or might not be a hit."

"I'm afraid," she said wearily, packing up her many manuscripts, "that I am too far away."

I assured her that she was; that her environment was not such as would keep her mind whetted as to what was going on and as to what was needed. I also asked her to stop her neighbors from sending any songs to the fellows who had bunked her. She promised to do so. Her departure was pathetic.

I had given that woman more than an hour of my time simply because I felt a great pity for her. I couldn't do that often.

There are thousands just like her throughout the country. There is one dentist in a distant city who has sent me a song every ten days for the last three years. Not one ever had the slightest chance. But he keeps right on writing them.

Repeatedly we send out a form letter to those who submit manuscripts, informing them that our own special writers supply us with practically all the material we can publish and that we cannot consider additional numbers. Just the same they keep coming. We advise these people to try other publishers and assure them that these publishers make no charges for the publication of numbers they accept; that we do not recommend writers or arrangers. In this letter we suggest that the writer consult the local music dealer.

One day I received a letter from a woman explaining that she would have to rely on me for information by mail, as she was unable to consult her local dealer, or anybody else, for that matter.

This woman, it developed, was a cripple and confined to her home. The stuff she wrote was hopeless. All of it, though, teemed with cheerfulness. I always felt very badly over not being able to see that writer get a start. Imagine, if you can, a helpless cripple in a small town trying to make other people happy with what she thought were bright, jazzy, cheerful songs.

By the more thoughtful contributors I am often asked to point out just what are the requisites of a salable song. It is very easy for me to explain; but it is very difficult, it appears, for the average layman to understand. The artist, the fiction writer, the designer, the editor—anybody engaged in creative work—will understand immediately; but the average person doesn't get it at all. He appears to believe that there is a certain rule, something like the one laid down in copy books for punctuation.

The most direct answer to that is: Something that will strike the imagination immediately—something catchy. That, of course, to the lay mind means nothing.

What Makes a Song Salable

ASIDE from a certain necessary amount of mechanical knowledge or craftsmanship, here are what I would consider the requisites of a salable song:

First, it must have heart interest, something that reminds you of things you have seen and emotions you have felt. The homelier this thought the better.

Second, it must have simplicity of melody, a tune that is easy to sing and to remember. A song that cannot be committed to memory—something that you cannot whistle—is no good commercially.

Fancy twists or elaboration in the melody means utter ruin to the popular song. Few minds have that good a musical memory. It is much the same as a story told with elaborate words and fancy descriptions. Popular songs must be direct and simple. Even one with bad English and impossible rimes is better than a highfaluting arrangement that no one can understand or remember.

We often hear criticisms to the effect that songs are not original; that one is simply a steal on the other. That is partly true, but it is not a fault. A song to be popular must suggest something that you have heard or thought of before. An absolutely original composition would be unintelligible to the average lover of popular songs.

The very trick that a writer seeks to put over is to have one, after hearing the new song, say, "That's catchy, isn't it? Sort of reminds you of So-and-So, doesn't it?"

I imagine the same thing applies to stories. Often I have read a story and been impressed with it because it made me think of something that I had seen or heard before.

I don't mean, of course, that a writer can deliberately copy the melody or the words of another song. I mean that the music strain or the thought in the words of one should suggest the thought for another. For instance, there are several gorgeous strains in the famous Blue Danube waltz that have suggested musical themes for any number of popular songs.

By transposing some of the powerful strains in Nearer, My God, to Thee, several songs have been written. The auditor is caught by the haunting melody and knows that it reminds him of something—something that he cannot locate. He does not forget it, and goes about whistling the song for hours. There you have a popular song.

I have heard that Paul Dresser, a famous ballad writer of several years ago, was so attracted by a combination of notes in Nearer, My God, to Thee that it suggested to him the air for On the Banks of the Wabash, an enormous seller in its day. All songs of that type are easy for amateur quartets; and, if for no other reason, that alone would make them last.

(Continued on Page 85)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 14, 1922

Another Argument Gone Wrong

MANY manufacturers—in the small towns as well as in the great centers of population, and west of the Mississippi as well as east of it—are addicted to shedding tears over the imaginary handicaps imposed on them by restricted immigration. This is due to the fact that, like most advocates of unlimited immigration, they fail to see beyond the ends of their own noses.

Thanks to the immigration policies formulated by short-sighted legislators, the United States has suffered, among all her other immigrant-induced evils, a most unhealthy growth in the past half century. The great centers have been overloaded with tremendous masses of the world's cheapest labor; while many of the small manufacturing towns west of the Mississippi or out of the line of immigration have stagnated and failed to prosper.

In asking for more immigrants the manufacturers in the latter towns are merely demanding a state of affairs under which they would get one immigrant for every nine that settled down in the great centers. That has been the percentage that they have steadily received and that they would continue to receive.

It seems impossible for these out-of-the-way manufacturers to understand that it is of no earthly benefit to them to get one cheap immigrant or one thousand cheap immigrants or ten thousand of them if at the same time their competitors in the great centers are getting nine to their one, or nine thousand to their one thousand, or ninety thousand to their ten thousand. The manufacturer's condition as to labor without regard to his competitor doesn't count; the only thing that counts is his relative advantage as compared to that of his competitor. If his competitor is getting nine cheap immigrants to his one cheap immigrant the competitor can make him look like thirty pfennigs in German money.

If the protesting manufacturers will take the trouble to remove the lid from immigrant labor and examine its internals with care they will find that immigration has been a welcome asset to industries that have ready access to Ellis Island alumni, inasmuch as these industries can hire immigrant labor freely and cheaply while they are running on full time, and keep this labor on tap without expense to themselves in times of depression. Industries that do not have this access to Ellis Island alumni are therefore handicapped by unfair competition where man power is concerned. If it were not for this competition industries in the smaller centers would naturally grow by drawing their workers from surrounding territory. Because of this competition native American labor can scarcely afford to work for the prices that factories not manned by immigrants must pay in order to compete with immigrant-manned factories. In one New England town almost entirely populated by native stock, for example, there are some industries that compete with similar industries in immigrant-populated cities. The average yearly earnings of the women employed in these industries in the New England town is five hundred dollars; and even so, the industries are barely able to hold their own against the factories that are located in the immigrant centers. In other words, immigration—and the settling of swarms of immigrants in the large centers—has been responsible for curtailing the growth of industries throughout the rest of the country, and has in countless instances prevented the establishment of other industries in smaller communities.

It should be apparent to every manufacturer outside of the great centers that the healthy growth of this country depends on the increased prosperity of the smaller towns, supported by industries manned by natives who have stakes in the towns. It is only by such a process of decentralization that this country can adhere to American traditions and put the brakes on its steady advance toward centralization in the large cities, with all its attendant evils.

There is no sound argument in favor of any immigration that this country does not actually need; and there are always several unanswerable arguments against admitting to this country any immigrants that are not needed for some specific purpose. Even those whose unsound arguments are inspired by their pocketbooks instead of by their patriotism will have to realize, when they study the matter more closely, that the yearly influx of unwanted and unneeded thousands of low-grade aliens will in the end wreck their bank accounts, just as it has already hurt our civic life, our political institutions and our national unity.

War Debts and Indemnities

THE two most perilous international embarrassments of the present day are the grotesque size of the war debts and indemnities, and the grotesque cost of the military and naval establishments which nations once rich but now impoverished are compelled by their fears or by their governments to maintain. If all armaments, war debts and indemnities could be simultaneously reduced by international agreement credit would no doubt revive, trade would improve, and both the United States and Great Britain might gain far more in real wealth than they would lose by paper sacrifices. But a downward revision of legal debts and legal indemnities cannot be justified if the remissions made by one country to another are to be used by that other country for the maintenance or extension of armaments. If wiping the slate would wipe out the probability of future wars it would be cheap at the price. Yet, even though a conclusion cannot be reached at present, there is everything to be said for public discussion. It is a healthy sign that the press is teeming with controversial letters on the subject of war debts and indemnities.

Perhaps the principal source of bewilderment in all those discussions of international finance is the fact that the figures are far beyond the capacity of the ordinary mind. Who can comprehend the meaning of billions of dollars, or quadrillions of rubles? An American might do well to reflect upon the difficulty which the Government of the United States found, after the War of Independence, in paying back to France the few million dollars which the French Government had lent the American colonies during the later stages of that struggle. Frenchmen again might well revive the memories of 1816 and 1871. In 1816 about 150,000 German, Russian and British troops were occupying portions of France in order to extort some £30,000,000 of indemnities. By the influence of the Duke of Wellington the armies of occupation were rapidly reduced, a portion of the indemnity was remitted and within a year or two the occupation ceased altogether.

In 1871 victorious Germany imposed an indemnity of £200,000,000—5,000,000,000 francs—upon France. The revenue of France in the year preceding the war was about £87,000,000; and the funded debt of France, when the war closed early in 1871, was about £500,000,000. The population of France at that time was about 37,000,000. The value of the franc was maintained, and with it the credit of the French Government. Their bills were backed in London and Amsterdam, and the whole indemnity was successfully discharged in September, 1873, when the last German troops evacuated the soil of France.

After a war lasting eight times as long and costing the German people at least thirty times as much as the war of 1870 cost the French, the German Government was compelled by the Allies to promise to pay £6,600,000,000, 34 per cent of Germany's coal output, 40 per cent of its shipbuilding capacity, together with an enormous annual sum for the armies of occupation.

Up to the time of the collapse and default of Germany in August, 1922, nearly four years after the end of the war, Germany had paid to the Allies £415,000,000; rather more than double the amount paid by the French after 1871. The present population of Germany is probably about 63,000,000. The revenue of the German Government before the war was about £184,000,000. These figures tell their own story.

It would be a very beneficial thing if statesmen and politicians, and independent citizens who influence public opinion, could mark, learn and inwardly digest these comparative statistics, remembering all the time that war debts are not productive, and that wars always leave nations not only with larger debts but with smaller capacity to pay them.

The Misfortunes of Cattlemen

ACCORDING to the Department of Agriculture the shrinkage in value of cattle in this country during 1921 cost the producers $447,000,000. The losses were due partly to lowered values, partly to decrease in number marketed. Our exports of beef and cattle products fell to almost nothing.

The world situation in beef is no better. The slump in sales of dressed beef is illustrated in the table below, presenting the figures for chilled and frozen beef in the export trade of the world for the year 1921 and preceding years. The figures are in thousands of tons:

	1915	'16	'17	'18	'19	'20	'21
From Southern Hemisphere	521	662	724	734	673	693	661
From Northern Hemisphere	117	108	166	286	132	51	15
Imported into United Kingdom	380	352	305	384	324	493	580
Imported into other countries	258	428	585	636	481	251	96

The relative expansion was much greater in the Northern than in the Southern hemisphere, and the relative decline has likewise been heavier. Argentina had the largest expansion and has suffered the least decline, Australia the most.

Striking is the increase in imports into the United Kingdom since the war; equally striking, the falling off in imports into other countries. In 1920 France, Italy and Belgium imported 304,000 tons of beef; in 1921 only 175,000 tons.

The German position is peculiar and Teutonic. The present meat consumption of the country is less than half the prewar amount. This is largely because the Germans prefer fat to lean and use their importing power for lard and vegetal oils. Germany cannot buy from her neighbors as was her custom before the war; their prices are too high. She looks far afield. A German syndicate, under official sponsorship, has recently made a proposition to Argentina to buy annually for two years 60,000 tons of frozen beef and 70,000 head of live cattle—to be paid for with German goods. The city of Vienna once bartered a railway bridge for a large parcel of hog fat.

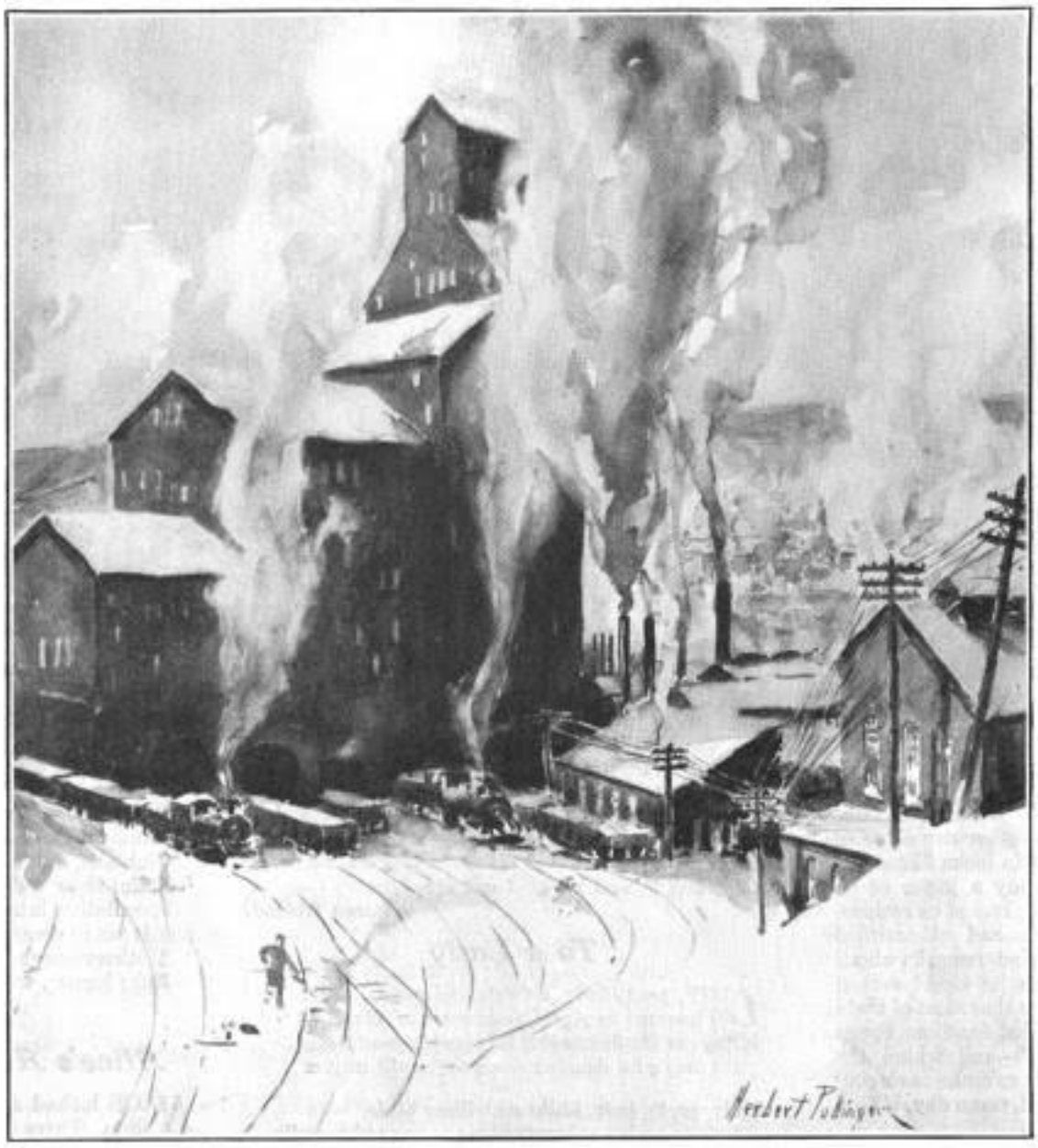
The American consumer is apparently the only one able to buy American beef at the current costs of production. Beef has always been the premium meat in trade, and at present is suffering from its superiority.

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COAL REMEDIES

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

DECORATION BY HERBERT PULLINGER



NEVER before have the people of the United States passed through such a time of false reports and distortions of fact as during the months since the commencement of the coal strike. For five months we listened to a daily hymn of hope, the refrain of which was "Don't fear; everything will be all right." But a great many millions will be taken from consumers of coal, for no other reason than that the grave truth was withheld and the main issue obscured by discussions of matters of secondary importance.

One must conclude from the sugar-coated policy followed by our eminent leaders that we are a race of weaklings, with fluttering hearts and a disposition to sit down and cry under the shock of ill news. The whole nation should have been told plainly and sternly early in the summer that the moment coal supplies in the United States were reduced to 30,000,000 tons the safety limit would have been reached, and any further diminishing of coal stocks must be followed by social and industrial disaster to the nation. For many weeks after a calamity was certain the public was fed with daily reports that railroad equipment was in good shape and service unimpaired. The middle of each week attention was called to the large number of cars loaded with coal on the previous Monday; but no mention would be made of the fact that ever since coal mining was started in this country Monday's shipments always have represented the maximum loadings of the week, the reason being that the mines are idle on Sunday and the railroads have an opportunity to place cars on the colliery sidings.

All through the month of August propagandists spread the news that the railroad trouble was practically over and that the places of the strikers had nearly all been filled with competent workmen. Though such statements were displayed on the front pages of the papers, no mention was made of the truth that coal mines in many fields were operating at only 25 to 50 per cent capacity, due to railroad disability. Every hopeful item was taken from the weekly coal-production reports of the United States Geological Survey, but no one appeared to observe the figures relating to railroad deficiencies. Also, though wide mention was made of the fact that passenger service was well maintained, small notice was taken of the enormous losses resulting to fruit growers and others in many parts of the country, who were compelled to allow their products to rot because of inadequate transportation.

An Intolerable Situation

FEDERAL officials say the public was not informed fully concerning the true situation because things were so serious that a buyers' panic might have resulted, causing record advances in coal prices. As a matter of fact the great need of the day is for something to happen that will stir the country to remedial action that has already been too long delayed. If the coal producers are gougers and profiteers it is time we were so informed. If employers and employes in the coal and transportation industries are inclined to consider only their own private interests and give only passing thought to the welfare of the nation, we should know that fact. If we have never realized it before it certainly must be plain today that the businesses of supplying the country with fuel and transportation cannot be carried on by interests that are uncontrolled and unregulated.

We hear the slogan "More business in government, and less government in business," but in the light of what is now happening we may be forced materially to modify our views respecting Federal interference in industry. There are some lines of business in which the workers and their bosses may fight to their hearts' content, and the effects of the controversies will not greatly inconvenience the general public. But when it comes to air, water, food and fuel the curtailment of any one of these life essentials constitutes an act that cannot and must not be permitted. For many years the people of the United States have waited for the coal operators and miners to stabilize their industry and establish the business on a basis of law and order, but the only reward the public has received for its patience is another, and let us hope final conflict, the economic waste of which is beyond description.

Is it true that the American public can be fooled not only some of the time but all the time? Is it a fact that we are concerned only with the ending of strikes, and that we are not interested in the terms on which peace is established? Is it possible we are too dull to know when we are being abused, and too stupid to recognize the perpetration of a gross injustice? Do we lack the grit and backbone necessary to see this thing through right now and, no matter what the suffering and the losses may be, refuse to accept any settlement of the issue that does not forever end the possibility of fuel famines here in a country that literally rests on a coal foundation? Shall we stupidly accept as final the statement that the operators and miners have settled their differences, and then with voices choked with emotion are we going to express our gratitude to the miners for going back to work at wartime wages to save the country from freezing this winter?

Only a Truce

FROM the very beginning of the strike John Lewis, the president of the United Mine Workers, has been master of the situation, and in carrying on for his men, a mighty good job he has made of it. The agreement he had the operators sign at Cleveland, which was used as a basis for agreements in other fields, cannot be considered a settlement of the controversy, from any possible point of view. All that has been effected is a truce, which may give us several months of peace, and then, next year, when the opportune moment arrives, we shall in all probability witness another fight and be compelled again to go through all the agony of uncertainty concerning the possibility of another fuel-less winter. If we let this thing happen or fail definitely to eliminate the possibility of such an outcome, then the Government we have set up deserves to be pilloried on the score of incompetence.

Fortunately, this winter we shall have sufficient unpleasant experiences to keep the fires of memory burning. Day after day things will happen to drive deep the truth that it is about as unsafe, from a national standpoint, to permit two or three men, or groups of men, to control coal supplies as it would be to permit a few of our citizens to control at will the air we breathe or the water we drink. Though we should adhere closely to the ideas of government set down by our forefathers, it is pertinent just now to remember that even the wisest statesmen one hundred and more years ago could not comprehend the necessities of a mechanical age such as has been ushered in by science today. Two or three generations ago coal mining might have been looked upon as a purely private business, but that time has passed, and it requires a wide stretch of the imagination for anyone to picture a time in the near or even the more distant future when Americans will be free of the domination of fuel.

The common question is, What can we do about it? A year ago many people believed that the coal industry might solve its own problems. Today not one citizen in a thousand entertains any hope concerning such a possibility. John Lewis won a great victory for his union, but he has also opened the nation's eyes to a menace that cannot be tolerated. A short time ago the miners looked with favor on the plan of nationalizing the coal industry. Their recent victory has given them an idea that they can

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

From the Salome Sun

MANY tourists and Easterners ask about the past, present and future history of Salome—so here is it: Salome is the principal stopping point on the Santa Fe Railroad and the International Auto and Air Route, between Phoenix and Los Angeles—which means that when you are not in the auto you ought to be in the air—and Salome put the air in Arizona.

The train stops here twice each day—when it goes from Phoenix and when it comes back from Los Angeles. Some folks have wondered why it comes back from Los Angeles, but the engineer's wife has the asthma and lives in Phoenix—so he comes back. The train stops here because Salome has the only good water for a long ways—and the engine has to have water. The train goes through here becuz it can't get through the Granite Wash Mountains without going right through Salome—otherwise some of the natives might not know what a train looks like.

When the train stops some of us buy a paper or an orange from the news butcher, while the rest of us reciprocatingly make faces at the supercilious and self-satisfied day-coach passengers, who make unkind remarks about our town and comment audibly upon its God-forsaken appearance—not knowing that we know that most of them come from even smaller and more God-forsaken towns than Salome—"Where She Danced"—and where the peace and quiet and the scent of Desert so make one's soul content that we should not be surprised, some day, if God himself should come this way.

Some Folks and Some Papers say the Salome Sun and our Road Signs are silly. Sure they are—and WE KNOW IT, but Some Folks and Some Papers are even sillier—and either don't know it or won't admit it. Better be just plain silly sometimes than super-sillyous all the time. Oil that spring, Bill, it's squeaking.

Please help buy a Bath Tub for our Frog. He will be Seven Years Old next month and he hasn't learned to swim yet. If it does not rain soon we are afraid he will turn into a long-horned toad.

Here's luck to the lady that rides the back seat—which takes muscle. She stands on her head and sits on her feet—or her bustle. She has wished every day that she had never left home. My, how she rants! But now she feels gay, she has got to Salome—"Where She Danced."

IT MIGHT BE A WHOLE LOT WORSE.

—*Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.*



"The Next Time You Paint a Bacchante, Henry, I Will be Your Model"

New York

A Rimed Editorial

JAZZ, rattle, bang, crash, asphalt and cobblestones,
Roar of the Subway—clangor of the El,
Battering the brainpan—shattering the consciousness,
Some call it living, but I call it hell!

Jazz in the cabarets, the theaters and the phonographs,
Crashing of the trucks on the torn-up street,
Banging of the gates on the high-speed elevators,
Rattle of the clubs on the hobos' feet.

Howls of the traffic cops bawling out the draymen,
Shrieks of the singers in the vaudeville shows,
Felonious assault on the eye by Canal Street,
First-degree murder by Jersey on the nose.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Racketing cacophonies!
Bull in a china shop! Essence of a yell!
Noise! Noise! Noise! Noise! Hammerings and clamorings!
Some call it New York—I call it hell!

—*Baron Ireland.*

To a Lady

LADY, pretty lady, delicate and sweet,
Timorous as April, frolicsome as May,
Many are the hearts that lie beneath your feet
As they go a-dancing down the sunlit way.

Lady, pretty lady, blithe as trilling birds,
Shy as early sunbeams plays your sudden smile.
How you quaintly prattle lilting baby words,
Fluttering your helpless little hands the while!

Lady, pretty lady, bright your eyes and blue,
Who could be a-counting all the hearts they broke?



The Dining-Room Door During Dinner

Not a man you meet that
doesn't fall for you;
Lady, pretty lady, how
I hope you choke!
—Dorothy Parker.

Market Report

Flappers' Page

EVENING gowns, lower with a slight falling off noticed. No surplus.

Skirts show a downward tendency. Few dealers selling shorts.

Heels show a sharp advance to the highest level. May be followed by a downward movement of pronounced character.

Bagsshowsomesnap. Extra fancy preferred.

Sweaters show good figures. Do not fear local pressure.

The new crop of Flappers shows curious and unexpected movements. Lively, with exciting effects. Public wary.

Chappies show sensational advances. Good financial backing, but unsteady at times, owing to liquidation.

College boys, lively; quickly snapped up. No reserve.
Millionaires, disappointing. Fail to rally.
Clubmen, dull and unchanged. Inclined to bearishness.
Belles show a declining movement.

Speculative interest is felt in Futures, and Sealed Proposals are in demand.

Mothers show some expansion but are quiet and inactive.
Jinks higher, with an upward tendency.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

Alice's Adventures in Normalcy

ALICE looked around and saw that she was in a large shop. There seemed to be a great deal of bustle and activity, but she soon discovered that the silk-hatted, frock-coated gentlemen who were running frantically about were not customers but employes. Some of them wore red ribbons pinned on their coats, and some wore blue, and as they ran around the store they would rudely bump and jostle each other. The Red Ribbons would bump the Blues and dash madly away, and the Blues, whenever they had a chance, did the same to the Reds.

"It looks as though they were playing a game!" exclaimed Alice, and she looked about for someone to explain it to her.

Near the front of the store, at one of the counters, sat a small, tired-looking man. He had sandy-colored mutton-chop whiskers, and he held a large empty basket in his lap. Both the Reds and the Blues bumped him rudely as they rushed by, but he did not seem to mind it at all. He merely smiled and sat patiently at the counter.

"I beg your pardon," Alice said to him politely.

The little man looked up suddenly and burst into tears.

"You are the first person that has spoken to me," he sobbed, "since I came into this store."

"Have you been waiting long?" Alice asked.

"I've been sitting here since March 4, 1921," said the little man, "and no one has come near me to wait on me."

Near the door were several huge barrels labeled "Pork." Every once in a while the Reds and the Blues would stop at one of the barrels and help themselves liberally from it, and then rush off again.

"Why do you patronize them then? It seems like a silly way to run a store," said Alice.

The little man bridled indignantly.

"I should say not!" he exclaimed. "This is the finest establishment of its kind in the world. Every Wednesday each customer receives a package of seeds. Absolutely free. I wouldn't dream

(Continued on Page 92)

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

We never know when to stop,
We work till we're ready to drop.
There surely is need
For we've millions to feed
Who think Campbell's Soup is tip-top!





Tempting, delicious tomatoes sun-ripened on the vines!

Plucked and made into Campbell's Tomato Soup the very same day! No wonder you like it. Fresh, ripe, luscious tomatoes, the pride of the famous Jersey tomato fields—enjoy them any day of the year in that delightful tomato puree known everywhere as

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Every spoonful of it is just pure tomato, blended and spiced and enriched with smooth golden butter, according to the exclusive Campbell's recipe. Our French chefs are masters in their art. All the way from the planting of the seeds to the sealing of the soup, Campbell's add their individual touch. You'll notice it at once!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Have Cream of Tomato tonight!

Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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BACKBONE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

X

YVONNE DE MARSAY was learning the meaning of the word "loneliness." Her feeling was akin to that of a traveler who finds himself in a country with whose language he is unfamiliar, and who can find no interpreter. This is the most dreadful sort of loneliness. People were all about her, but she could talk to none of them, could discuss her problem with nobody. In all St. Croix she had no intimate. Her grandfather had monopolized her during her childhood, filling her volatile mind with his own archaic notions. He had taught her his own lofty attitude toward his little world, which was a mixture of affability to inferiors, and inapproachability. He encouraged fealty from retainers, loyalty from feudal dependents, but condescended to no friendship, no social intercourse upon an equal plane with any in the village. This attitude was instinctive in Yvonne.

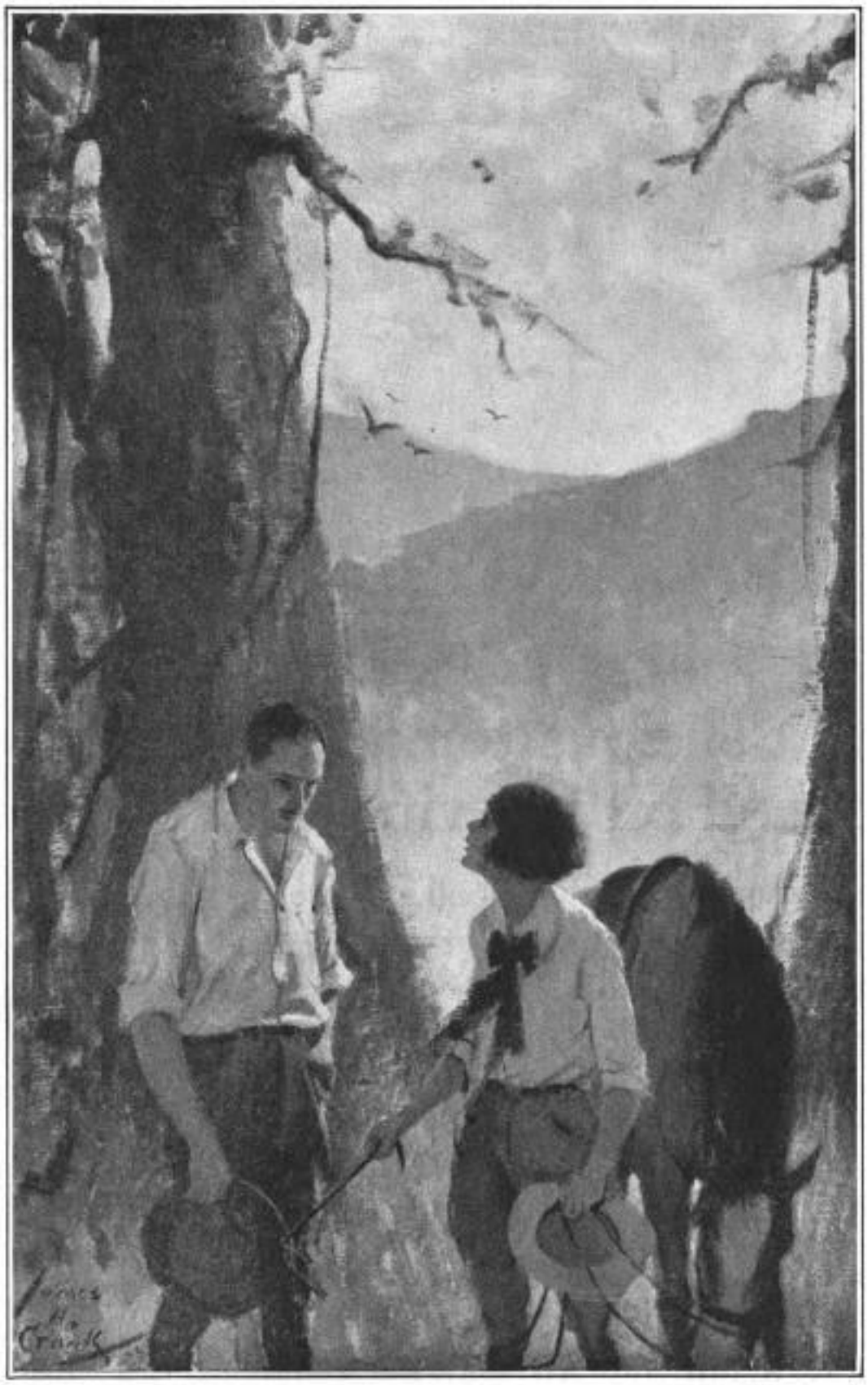
Now, deprived of her grandfather, she was alone. Beset by suspicions, by stealthy fears, she had none in whom to confide or from whom to ask guidance. She was assailed by a dread of the unknown; conscious of furtively watching eyes; breathing an atmosphere heavy with threatening mystery, there was no friendship to sustain her, from which she could draw strength.

She was rich in the courage with which history has endowed its aristocrats, a class fortitude capable of serenity in a tumbrel. This was a strange courage whose basis was privilege. These old aristocrats deprived the *canaille* of the pleasure of witnessing their terror from much the same motive with which they deprived them of bread. It was a species of selfishness. They substituted the reaction of haughtiness for that of terror, and had the peasantry been endowed with keen insight it would have been satisfied. Yvonne possessed this quality of carrying her trepidation with a high head and scornfully arched lips, but such satisfaction as she found in it was a lonely, gnawing satisfaction.

With Mrs. Whidden, her old housekeeper and nurse, she might have talked and wept. There was precedent for confiding in one's nurse. She might have talked to Mrs. Whidden of soft padding footsteps outside her bedroom door at midnight; of the awful stillness of her grandfather's sick chamber; of whispers that died at her approach. She might have told of coal-glowing eyes burning in recesses and dark corners, spying, always spying upon her. She would have asked questions, begged advice. But there was no Mrs. Whidden, and so she came to know why it is that human beings set so high a value upon the quality of self-reliance.

She had also determination, or stubbornness, if you will. Whatever unspeakable thing threatened her she would master it. That was her resolution. She would defeat and subdue it. If there was a secret she would penetrate it; if there was a plot she would frustrate it. Yvonne was as capable of hatred as she was of fortitude.

What she lacked was craftiness. She could not meet guile with guile. What battles she won would be by frontal attack across open fields, not by stratagem or surprise. She was as open and straightforward as a view from a mountain top on a mistless day. And she was splendidly reckless, most lovably impulsive. At the bottom of all of which lay the further fact that she was not in the least acquainted with herself, with that basic character which lay concealed deep within her, the living spring from which flowed her daily conduct. It is no aspersion against the spring if the brooklets which flow from it trickle down eccentric winding paths, nor if they leap recklessly over sudden waterfalls or with sudden anger lash themselves into foam among rocks and bowlders. Wherever the stream flows, however it conducts itself, its waters are still the issue of the crystal-pure spring. If Yvonne knew nobody else she knew herself even less.



"Have You No Defense? Is There No Decent Reason You Can Give for Such an Action?"

She had made one other resolution, and to the carrying out of this thing she subordinated everything else. She would see her grandfather. She was determined to see him face to face, to stand by his bedside, to hear from his own lips the facts of the matter. More than once she had essayed to enter his room, but always the Indian, Jean, wooden, impassive, had barred the way silently. If she moved about the house stealthy footsteps followed her. If she strolled about the grounds the figure of the Indian flitted in the background. As for the Chinaman, she could not make him out. He, too, became unexpectedly visible, always bland, smiling, the antithesis of the Indian, Jean. He had never affronted her, never dared, as the Indian had done, to bar her passage or to interfere with her movements. Yet she was conscious of him, certain that his sloe-black, slanting eyes missed none of her goings or comings.

He was not repulsive to her. Always he was gentle, solicitous, with a queer unexpected humor that might have gained her affection in other surroundings. She asked herself if there were not design in this; if it were not Oriental duplicity seeking to gain her confidence for unspeakable ends. He was the creature of Anthony Bracken, and that alone placed him in the ranks of the enemy. Apparently he despised the Indian; that might have been calculated strategy. At any rate, she suspected him.

One gesture she marked in Chow Chek Ken; it manifested itself only when he came unexpectedly upon the Indian; when Jean scowled at him or showed a desire to come to quarters closer than Ken deemed expedient. When this happened the Chinaman's right hand flew as though automatically to the back of his neck, and rested there, his palm clasping the base of his skull. It was a queer mannerism, and Yvonne noted it with curiosity.

The house, which she had loved, was now unbearable; it had no longer the atmosphere of gayety, the spirit born in high and gentle ideals. It had become a pile of stone, cold, dank, reëchoing emptily like a prison. Suddenly it had filled with shadows and dark corners. She shuddered as she passed through its halls, and knew comfort and ease only in her own room with shades flung high to admit the warm sunlight. It was no longer her home, the home of the De Marsays. Something had invaded and conquered it. She felt as if its every door and window should be opened to let the pure air of heaven blow through and through cleansingly. Because of this she spent her waking hours abroad, riding for the most part over mountain roads, alone.

She was dressing now and stood, slender, flamelike, in whipcord riding breeches, shoes that laced almost to the knee, a shirt of fine white flannel, and upon the blue-black mass of her curling hair a Panama hat with down-turned brim. She seemed almost tiny, fragile, yet fragility was far from being one of her defects. Her slenderness was the slenderness of steel wire, her grace the grace of a Toledo blade. Soft and pliable she was, yet with the endurance of braided cable. Many a boy could well envy her strength, her skill, most of all, her daring. She stood, a glorified tomboy.

She descended the stairs, aware of the Indian, Jean, in the hall behind her, and passed out of the front door. Then by the graveled path she walked through the garden toward the stable in the rear. As she passed the easterly side of the château she paused and gazed upward at her grandfather's window. The shade was drawn; it was blank, expressionless. Whatever ailment possessed André de Marsay seemed to demand the exclusion of light and air. There were two windows, each of which gave upon a tiny iron-railed balcony tangled in the tendrils of ivy which for a quarter of a century had been spreading itself over the face of the building.

Yvonne looked about her, at first instinctively, then deliberately. It seemed, for the moment, she had escaped espionage. She turned negligently and moved toward the house, reached the foot of its sheer wall. Then negligence exploding in impulse she sought among the concealing leaves a stout three-inch stem, seized it as a sailor seizes a rope, and scrambling for footholds commenced rapidly to climb the vine to the balcony above. The room above held the secret she must fathom, and her moment had come to fathom it.

Exultation swelled her heart; she was conscious of a glow of impish delight. She was outmaneuvering her enemies; succeeding in her purpose despite their spying and precautions.

Then a hand grasped her heel. Clinging to the vine she turned her head and looked down into the coal-glowing eyes of Jean. He pulled, she clung. With her free foot she kicked his fingers, but they did not loosen their hold. He fastened to her foot with both hands and let her feel his weight.

(Continued on Page 34)

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Reaching Round the World with the Hupmobile

Expert Organizations Give Representation to American Car on Five Continents and the Islands of the Seas



Organization of Mariano Sancho, Paseo de Martinez, Campos 9, Madrid—Hupmobile distributor for Spain. This organization is typical of those which represent the Hupmobile throughout Europe, Africa, the Orient and Australia

LARGE numbers of men, and vast sums of money, are engaged in the foreign representation of the Hupmobile.

Here at home, our dealer organization spreads far and wide.

The same kind of an organization busies itself in serving the Hupmobile demand abroad, and in safeguarding the interests of our foreign owners.

Our foreign dealers are fully cognizant of the good name the Hupmobile bears.

They know how the car is regarded in the United States—not only by those familiar with its splendid qualities through ownership, but by all owners of cars, and by the people at large.

They have seen it quickly reach the same plane in public regard across the oceans.

They know it is thought of in the same terms that the finer European productions are thought of—and for the same reasons it is so well thought of here.

They are proud to be known as Hupmobile representatives; and they are jealous of the car's good repute in their own lands.

Almost a hundred business houses are engaged in the wholesale distribution of the Hupmobile abroad; and close to a thousand retail dealers form the final consumer contact.

Except in Russia, and some of the smaller of the Balkan States, the Hupmobile is actively represented in all the foreign countries of the world.

England, France, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries of Europe; Africa, China, Japan, India, Australia, New Zealand, the republics of South America—all know the Hupmobile well, and favorably.

It may be surprising to you that the Hupmobile should thus have covered the world.

But it really is not surprising when you remember the kind of a car it is—when you recall all you have heard of its wonderful endurance, its rare need of repairs, its low running costs and its fine performance.

Buyers abroad set even more store by these qualities than we do here. They are, many times, hundreds of miles from a source of supply—even a road-side blacksmith shop.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Puerta del Sol, the heart of Madrid. Troop of Lanceros in foreground



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Harbor of Barcelona, one of Spain's principal seaports

Their cars must not fail them. They must go through where sometimes there is only the merest semblance of a road.

In the light of these things, it seems most natural that the Hupmobile should hold its high place in a world-wide way, instead of merely a domestic way.

For everybody seems to know that it is a car that can be relied on with the utmost of confidence.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

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(Continued from Page 32)

"Let go," she said in French. "I'll come down."

He continued to imprison her heel, and she, lest she be dragged from her hold, commenced to descend. When she was well within reach he released her and stepped back, his beady eyes alertly upon her movements. She dropped to the ground, discomfited, humiliated, raging.

"Go," said Jean in his barbarous French. "I lock you up till he come."

"Lock me up? You'll do nothing of the sort! Step aside!"

He blocked her way and she backed off along the wall to pass around him. Yvonne had never experienced such rage or known the dreadfulness of impotency.

"Go," he said, motioning to the house.

She eyed him with the glint in her eye that one sees in those of a cornered cat. Lock her up! They would dare to put that indignity upon her! Jean advanced, arms outstretched. She could read his purpose to seize her and to carry her into the château. The thought of his touch was unendurable. Then a voice, soft, placid, came to her:

"Missee say Ken, eh? Missee think call Ken?"

The young Chinaman passed before her, stood between her body and the Indian, who towered a full head above his slenderness. He smiled blandly, deferentially.

"You no likum Cabbage Face?" he asked in exactly the tone he made use of to inquire if she would have cream in her coffee.

Then she was aware of that peculiar gesture. Ken's hand rested against the base of his skull—a seemingly negligent attitude.

"Go 'way, Cabbage Face. Missee no like you."

The Indian's shoulders dropped, his hands lifted, his eyes glinted as he tautened for the leap upon the young Chinaman. Ken's hand flicked away from the back of his head and came to a rest in front of him some eight inches from Jean's abdomen—and the eight inches were steel, pointed and ready.

"Go 'way," he repeated. "I pushee once, you go 'way for all time." He paused and half turning his head said with bland interrogation, "You like I keel him now?"

"Hold him there while I climb," she said breathlessly.

"No climb. Go lide horsy. Ken no like you climb; like ver' much you lide horsy."

She stood irresolute. Here was mystery upon mystery. Ken had come to her rescue, stood ready to kill for her, yet, it appeared, was as ready to prevent her seeing the inside of her grandfather's room as was Jean. The thought came to her: If these men fight, while they are fighting I can get up there. But she dismissed it as ingratitude unworthy of a De Marsay. She was puzzled. Why had the Chinaman befriended her? If he were willing to stand her champion why did his assistance stop short of her desire?

"Will you be safe? Can you manage him?" she asked, reluctant to desert in a moment of danger.

"I manage, you bet. Missee go lide horsy."

She moved toward the stables, paused and turned again.

"Thank you, Ken," she said.

"You much 'bliged," said Ken in return. "G'by."

Yvonne saddled her horse, mounted him and trotted out of the yard. Once in the street she urged her mount to a gallop, then to the mad gait of a runaway, and so she dashed through St. Croix's sleepy street, scattering chickens, children and populace to right and left. Her lips were set and white, she sat low and forward, her legs well back as they should be in a daring horsewoman—and St. Croix paused, after it had scuttled to safety, and admired. It was not the first time the girl had passed through the streets like a shooting star. They hoped it would not be the last, for it was a sight worth seeing.

She swung out of the village toward the east, easing her pace as she approached the upslope of the mountain. Presently she was walking her horse, forgetting him in the rush of her thoughts and of her emotions. The Indian would have locked her up! This he would not have done without orders—therefore Anthony Bracken would have dared to make a prisoner of her! Anthony Bracken! What was there about her grandfather's illness that compelled Bracken to lock her up if she showed a determination to enter André de Marsay's room? Instinct carried her more certainly than reason. The answer flashed into her mind and made itself permanent there. It was fear! From this she reasoned, taking it as a major premise.

Bracken was capable of fear only for himself. Therefore he had some personal reason to fear the consequences of her penetrating to her grandfather. If she succeeded in entering that room she would discover a thing that spelled danger to Anthony Bracken. Now she knew the name of the look she had seen on the man's face so often of late. Its name was fear. He was terrified of something. There was a thing that threatened him, and he trembled in constant apprehension. She reviewed with keen recollection his every word and action. Then, as thoughts will do, she found herself wandering down a bypath as she named John Thorne.

Anthony Bracken had led her to Thorne, because Bracken had forbidden her to see or converse with the strange young man. She held this fact up and looked at it from all sides. It must mean that Thorne had some connection with the mystery; that something might arise from her association with Thorne which would be dangerous to Bracken. Either Bracken was afraid of Thorne or he was afraid of what Thorne might say to her. She fancied that was it.

She scrutinized Thorne, as much of him as was visible to her. He had come to St. Croix to see her grandfather. Bracken was preventing the meeting as he was preventing her from seeing old André. Did that mean she and Thorne should become allies? Allies and friends? In that moment John Thorne assumed an importance he had never before possessed. She acknowledged she was prepossessed in his favor, yet was conscious of a capricious contrary impulse to stick little pins into him. She felt a certain solidity in the man, but her femininity was irritated by his placidity and by the evident fact that he had fallen no easy victim to her beauty. She had not disturbed him in the least. On the contrary, he rather seemed to disapprove of her, and had stepped close to the border line of rebuking her. He was not good-looking, yet, as she conjured up his picture, he was something rather better than good-looking. Her conclusion was that she would like to be friends, modified by her contrary impulse to cause him discomfort by her behavior toward him. This is a dangerous state of mind. At any rate, he had been promoted in her estimation from the ranks of the almost negligible to those of the carefully considered.

Her horse took his own time to climb the mountain, and then in the same unhurried way descended the rough winding road down the opposite slope. It was a rutted stony road which followed the vagaries of a mountain stream in its erratic lovely course to a junction with the East Branch of the river. Its course was through a forest of upstanding virgin timber; beech, birch and maple predominated on the heights, but lower down, the blacker shades of towering spruces filtered the sunlight. Yvonne was the descendant of generations of lumbermen. She had breathed the air of the woods from babyhood, had lived in an atmosphere of timber sapience. She was as able to cruise and estimate a tract as many a man, and now with subconscious eye she delighted in the wealth that surrounded her. These trees she saw were destined for the De Marsay Mills, a part of her heritage, some day to be incorporated in the De Marsay principality. The fact that the ownership rested for the moment in somebody else did not affect her. It was to be a De Marsay conquest when the moment arrived, and as such she regarded it with proprietary affection and pride. The East Branch! For years upon years she had heard the stream discussed and the day approximated upon which the De Marsay invasion must begin. It was more than an *irredenta;* it was a possession in all but legal title.

Presently she could hear the murmur of the stream, then the surge and rush and foaming of the falls as the water descended The Devil's Stairway. She urged her horse to a trot. In a moment she debouched upon the little tableland that formed the right-hand jaw of the falls, and then in sheer astonishment she jerked her horse back upon his haunches. She could not believe her eyes.

(Continued on Page 96)



It Was a Rutted Stony Road Which Followed the Vagaries of a Mountain Stream in its Erratic Lovely Course

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The Standard of Comparison

A Fine Sedan at a Modest Price

The 1923 Buick Four—$1395

For those seeking the comfort, refinement and convenience of a closed car, this distinguished five passenger sedan affords every satisfaction at a cost well within the average purse.

The body, built by Fisher, rides low to increase the smart streamline appearance that a long wheelbase, higher hood and full crown fenders have given to this new model.

Beautiful plush trim and upholstering, handsome hardware, silk window shades, soft dome light and fine carpeting are all of a quality found only in closed cars of a much higher price.

The marked refinements in the chassis and in the famous Buick Valve-in-Head engine, the long wheelbase, the completeness of the equipment not only bring an enhanced riding comfort but add materially to those inherent Buick qualities of power, performance and dependability.

No closed car as fine as this sedan can be obtained for a like price.

Included in the appointments of this model are:—Transmission lock, drum type head and cowl lamps, heavier door locks, longer steering column, aluminum steering wheel spider, new style door pockets, pull-to door handles, adjustable rear side windows.

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ONE HALF DOZEN RAW

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

A CERTAIN party which I am acquainted with got off a wise crack the other day when he remarked sotto voice that I was in soft. "Jimmy Conroy does all the fightin'," he says humorously, "an' you grab off 25 per cent of the jack. The only thing I know softer than that," he says, "is a egg which has been boiled one minute."

He got a big laugh, that guy did, and a lot of them which heard him shook their heads and wished out loud that they had it easy like I have. Me, I didn't say nothin' an' I kept right on sayin' it. 'Only it kinder riled me, thinkin' what dumb-bells them babies are, which is the reason I'm puttin' this into cold type; so as the world will know once an' for all that when it come to gittin' headaches Jimmy Conroy had a snap alongside of me. All he had to do was get hit, which was a pretty easy job for him. I had to pick the guy which did the hittin' an' see to it that he couldn't hit too hard.

I was rockin' along pretty down in Atlanta when Jimmy Conroy drifted into town. I was gettin' 10 per cent of the gross for matchin' 'em up at one of the fight clubs there, an' I'd gradually built up a stable of ham-an'-beaners which knew just when to lose and why. Funny thing about that. A guy which has a match-makin' job 'most always has a cinch gettin' a gang of fighters to split their earnin's with him. Maybe it's because they think that if they don't let him do their managin' they might not get any fights. Which ain't far wrong, at that.

Anyway, I had a pretty good bunch of boys fightin' under my wing then. There was Freddie Walters, lightweight; an' Lou Harrigan, ditto; Pete Jernigan an' Battling Kalesch, welters; a snappy little bantam named Tommy Johnson and an old-time middleweight called One-Round Watson on account of the fact that it never took him no longer to get knocked out. They tell me said Watson slings a wicked waffle now in one of them side-street eateries.

I had an old loft rented at forty a month and I'd spent good hard credit for a set of pulley weights, a heavy bag, a light one and a rope—a real rope. You could jump with it if you was awful good. We put on bouts twice a month, and I usually managed to have at least two of my boys in the main bout. They was gettin' 25 per cent of the gate per each, an' I was gettin' the same split offen what they got, so I didn't worry much about when the rent collector come around.

It was a busy afternoon when Jimmy Conroy hove into that gym. Over in the corner One-Round Watson was givin' Jernigan an' Kalesch a dress rehearsal in a grudge battle they was to pull off two nights later in Columbus, an' Tommy Johnson was ripping away at the light bag. At first I didn't know there was nobody there, an' when I did see him it was just to remark that the sign read no smoking or bums allowed. He didn't seem to take a hint so I repeated what I had said before. He flang me a deef ear.

"I'm lookin' for a fight," he says.

"You're dog-goned close to gittin' one," I counters.

"I can make 133 ringside."

"Can you do the hundred in ten flat?"

"Pretty near."

"Then do it—outa that door."

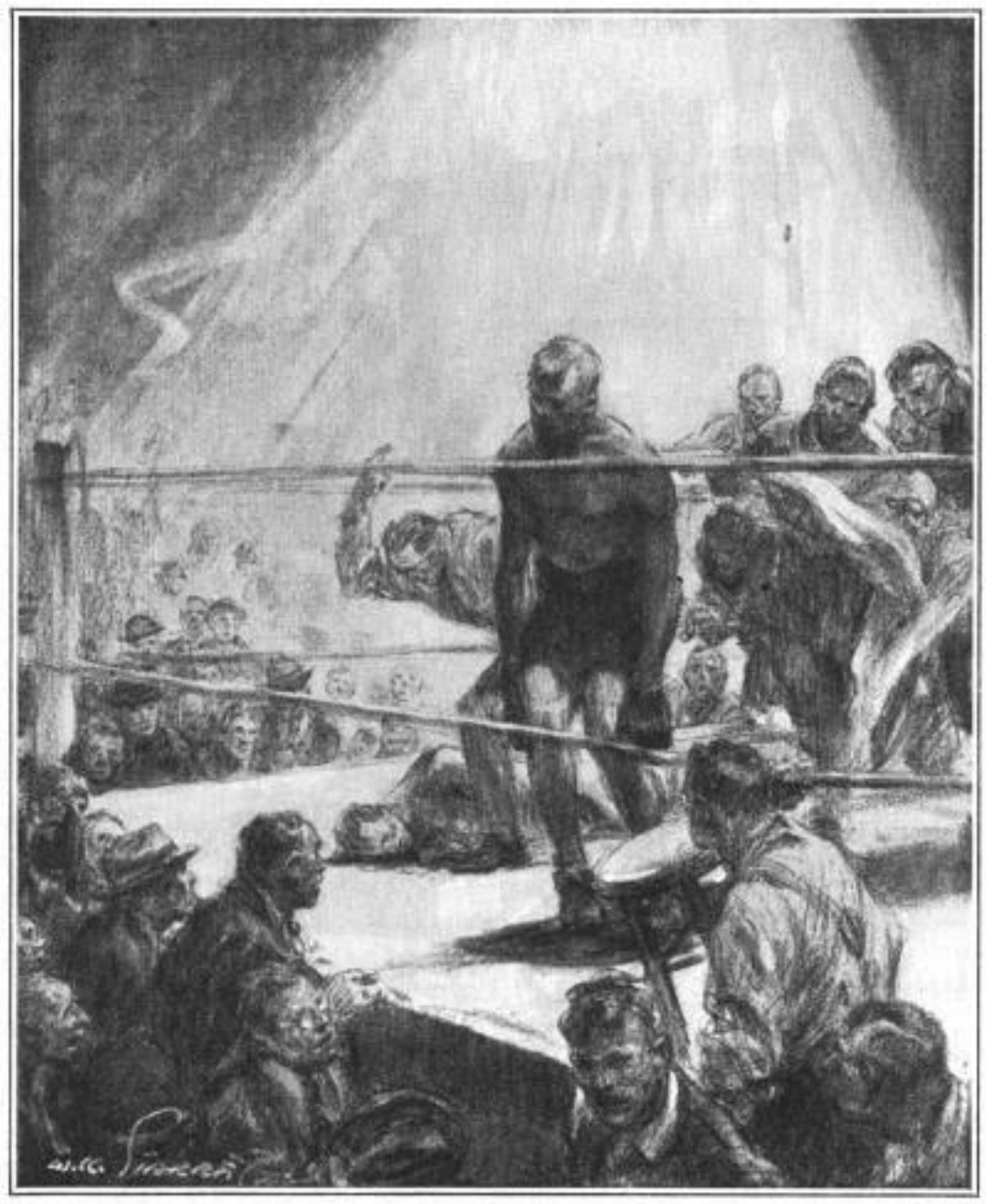
He broke loose with a smile and I sort of thawed out. That's one thing I'll hand myself—I'm a feller which uses his head for somethin' besides havin' photographs made of it, an' right away when I seen the way he smole at me I realized if there was any safety sprintin' to be done around there I'd be the one which was doin' it. I'm awful keen on sizin' fellers up. He was a nice-built chap an' couldn't of be'n a day more'n twenty-two.

"Thirty-three ringside?" I asked.

"Yeh. Twenty-seven now."

"Trained down?"

"Uh-huh. Ain't et for two days."



Ol' Bill, the Ref'ree, Was Square. It Took Him Twenty Seconds to Count That Ten

I slipped him two bits.

"That's good for four hot dogs an' a cup of coffee. Beat it!"

A half hour later he was back. He looked terrible satisfied.

"Where's Jack Dempsey?"

"Why?"

"I feel like lickin' him."

He was grateful, that kid was. He told me his name and borrowed a razor offen Tommy Johnson. Fifteen minutes later I wouldn't of knowed him. Good-lookin' kid, an' I seen right away that maybe I had been mistaken in thinkin' he was just a tramp.

"You really can box?" I asked him.

"Try me!"

I waited two hours to give them hot dogs a chance to git settled for the evenin'. Then I stripped him down. He shaped up real pretty, hefty, an' well developed, with a good pair of legs an' not too much muscle. I give him a pair of twelve-ouncers an' done the same for Freddie Walters.

"One of you birds is the best man," I announces. "Lemme see which one."

I seen in just about three rounds. If they had of been five-ounce gloves instead of sofa pillows Freddie would of been sleepin' beneath the daisies. I let the shine trainer give Jimmy a rubdown an' I pulled him into my office.

"How about me managin' you?" I asks.

"Can you get me any fights?"

"I'm matchmaker at one of the clubs here."

"Show me the contract."

I showed it to him; same ol' stuff us bush-league managers always use, givin' us 25 per cent of all the money our boys makes from fightin', an' bindin' us—absolute an' legal—to git 'em all the fights we can. I ain't sayin' it ain't a sort of one-sided contract; but a gent has got to live, an' I ain't been able to fight for the last five or six years on account of my lamps goin' bad.

Jimmy signed quick.

"When do I fight?"

"How about Monday week? Can you be in shape by then for ten rounds?"

"If I was in any better shape they'd arrest me. Who do I fight?"

"Freddie Walters."

He released that slow grin of his.

"That bird I was just sparrin' with?"

"Yeh."

"Say"—his forehead puckered up—"do you own an insurance policy on him or somethin'?"

"You think you can lick him?"

"Ask dad," he chuckles. "Say, listen here, Mr. Garrison, I ain't claimin' to be no world champ—see? I've got licked more'n once since I started out. But if you was to ask me to pick somethin' soft I wouldn't have the heart to choose that boy. I sure hope the murder laws ain't very strict in Georgia."

I lowered my voice; that's a sort of habit I've got into when I'm prophesyin' how a fight will come out.

"Carry him along, son; about to the ninth round. It'll make you more popular than stoppin' him right off. Make it look good. He gets sleepy after about twenty-six minutes of fightin' anyway. Get me?"

Jimmy didn't make any bluff at not bein' wise.

"Sure! It's too easy to be a cinch. I make it look right an' then the fans love me, eh? There might even be a return bout."

I knowed right away he was a lad anybody would be proud to manage. He had a natural instinc' for logic.

"You said it, son. When there's so few fighters in a town as there is in this a manager has to be awful careful how he let's 'em get knocked out."

Well, Jimmy Conroy fought Freddie Walters a week from that Monday night. He beat Freddie so bad in them first three rounds that there wasn't no chance of Freddie double-crossin' him an' slippin' one over. Then he pulled a line of stuff which would of done credit to the late lamented Richard Q. Mansfield. He took all that Freddie had to give an' wabbled around the ring an' faked grogginess until he almost had me fooled. In the eighth he come like a whirlwind, an' in the ninth he hit the key an' let Freddie hear the birdies sing. The fans all went home enthusiastic; some yellin' that it was the greatest fight Atlanta had ever saw, an' others howlin' that it was a fluke an' I should sign 'em up for a return bout, contestin' that Freddie could lick this bum any day in the week except Sundays, which was vacation.

Well, I an' Jimmy got along fine. I was too wise a bird at the managin' game to think I had a champ under my wing. I've seen these would-be champs too often. They look like a million dollars when they're fightin' in their class, but stacked up against a real topnotcher the original Limburger looks like a four-carat diamond alongside.

Not that Jimmy was a slouch. Matter of fact, few of these fourth-raters are slouches. They often know as much as a champ, but they can't do what they know. There was only one thing I'll say about Jimmy: He had a most deceivin' punch. It started from nowhere and it usually found the button, and when it found the button it rang the bell.

In his return match with Freddie he let one fly three rounds ahead of time, an' Freddie was eatin' milk toast an' chicken broth for the next three days.

It was a few days later that Jimmy come to me an' shows me a telegram that he's booked for ten rounds in Birmingham.

"You don't get no cut out of this," he explains. "Jerry Thomas, which is my manager in Birmingham, got me the fight an' he gets the 25 per cent, not you."

(Continued on Page 39)

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Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1922		1921		1920		1919		1918	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Anderson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models									A	A
Briscoe			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (4 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 490, G & Lt. Del.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant Four	Arc	Arc								
Earl	A	Arc								
Elgin Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Federal (Model 32)	A	A								
" (Cont. Eng.)									Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Cont.) (Mod. 12)							A	Arc		
" " All Other Models			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
H. C. S.	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Haines	A	A	A	A	E	A				
Hudson Super Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar (12 cyl.)									A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Fayette (Indianapolis)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Lexington	A	A	A	A						
" (Cont. Eng.)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Liberty	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lincoln	A	A	A	A						
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Cont'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Meyers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Model 671)									A	A
" (Cont'l) (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (1 & 2 ton)	A	Arc	A	A#	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
National (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile (6 & 8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (Cont. Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
(Cont'l)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models									Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Cars 7 tk ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" " All Other Models	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
R & V Knight	BB	A	B	A	B	A				
Rex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rolls Royce (6 cyl.)	B	A	B	A						
Stearns (Model 22FC)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
" All Other Models			A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	E	E
Stephens-Salient (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stilson (7 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (Model 58)	A	Arc								
" (Falls Eng.)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (Cont.) (½ ton)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Wescott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White (Models 15-40 & 20-45)	A	A								
" (16 valve)							A	A	A	A
" (3 and 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Wills Sainte Claire	A	A	A	A						
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Makes of Engines

(recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Amsted	A	A	A	A			A	Arc	A	Arc
Buda (Mod. OU, QU, TU)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Mod. RU & WU)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Continental (Mod. R)	A	A								
" (Model R2)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (Model Y)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Herschell-Spillman	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. JC, L, V, & VA)							A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Lycoming	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Midwest (Model 408)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A				
" (Model 409)	A	Arc								
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Northway	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Waukesha (Models CU, DU, EU, & FU)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Weidely	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wisconsin (Mod Q & QC)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.



Lubrication Wild Oats

How to avoid a harvest of Troubles

WHY is "Give me a quart of oil" so rapidly going out of fashion? Because "green" drivers are becoming veteran motorists. Owners are determined that their cars shall last longer. Poor lubrication has been the root of at least 50% of all engine troubles—and engine troubles are no joke. The experienced motorist has paid good money to find that out.

Today there are more requests for Gargoyle Mobiloil by name than for any three other oils combined. The more careful and conservative the buyer, the more he insists on Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Save Dollars instead of Cents

At most, your lubricating oil costs you but a few cents per day—only a small fraction of the cost of your insurance, your gas, or your tires. And that tissue-thin film of lubricating oil is all that protects you against destructive friction. It alone postpones noise, wear, trouble, repairs, and excessive carbon formation.

The cheapest oil made costs *you* but a few cents less per gallon than Gargoyle Mobiloil. By the month or year it rarely fails to cost many dollars more. You can't have both your yearly dollars and your gallon pennies. Which will you save?

Caution against By-product Oils

Most of the lubricating oils sold to motorists are simply by-products secured in refining gasoline. 9 out of 10 oils fall in this by-product class. They are made from crude oils chosen and "cracked" for the highest possible gasoline yield.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is produced by the world's leading specialists in *lubrication*. The crude oils are specially chosen to yield the highest possible type of lubricating oil. This one purpose is kept in mind during every step of manufacture. The superior economy of Gargoyle Mobiloil is the natural result. Remember this when you buy oil.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

GARGOYLE

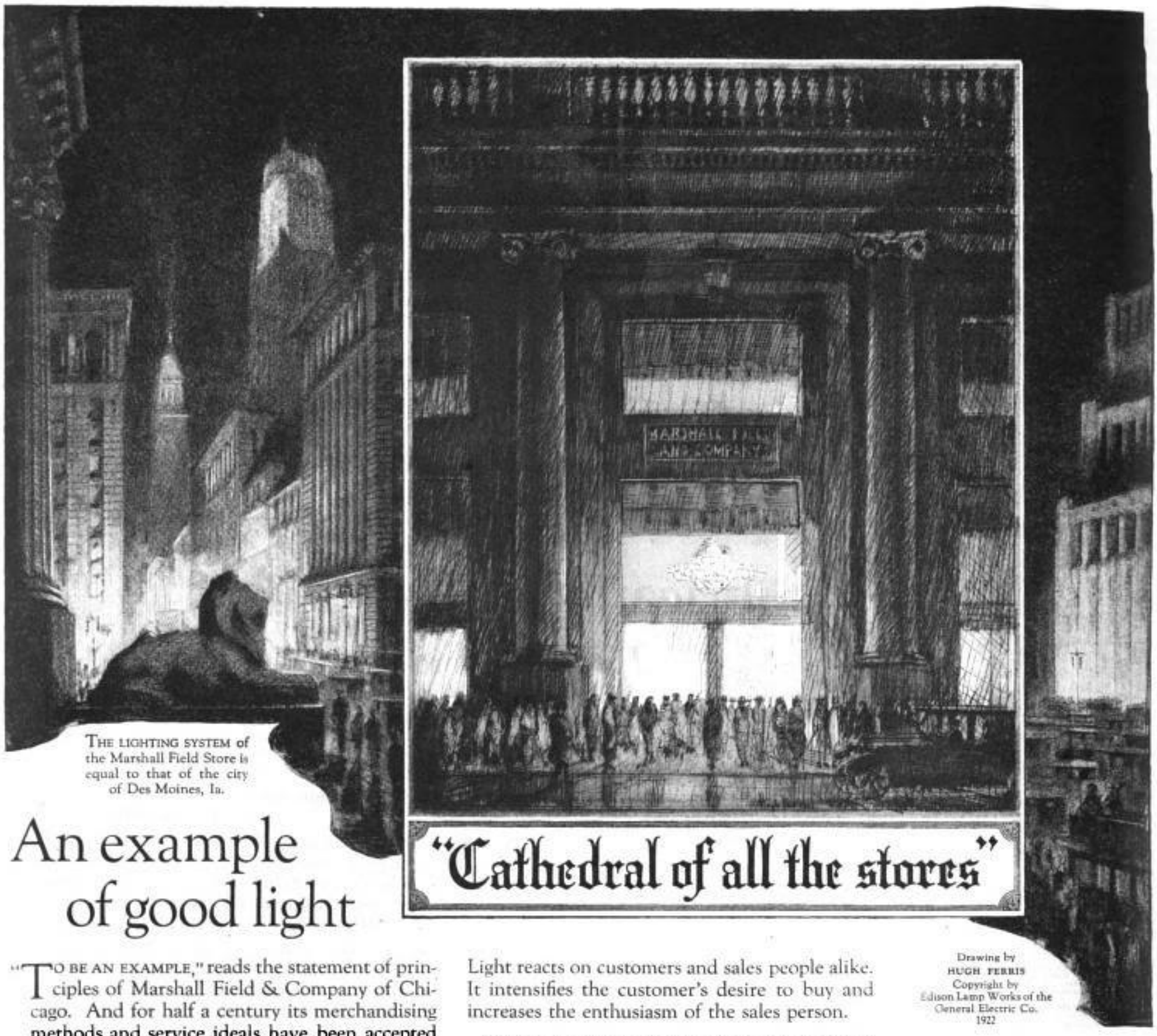
Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches: New York *(Main Office)* Boston Chicago Philadelphia Detroit Pittsburgh Indianapolis Minneapolis Rochester Buffalo Des Moines Dallas Kansas City, Kan.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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THE LIGHTING SYSTEM of the Marshall Field Store is equal to that of the city of Des Moines, Ia.

"Cathedral of all the stores"

An example of good light

"TO BE AN EXAMPLE," reads the statement of principles of Marshall Field & Company of Chicago. And for half a century its merchandising **methods and service ideals have been accepted as standard by thousands of smaller merchants throughout the country.**

The lighting of the Marshall Field Store exemplifies the proper use of Light in retail selling and service.

"Our records show that the proper lighting system for a department increases the sales of its goods," says Frederick J. Pearson, electrical engineer of Marshall Field & Company. "Good Light reacts on customers and sales people alike. It intensifies the customer's desire to buy and increases the enthusiasm of the sales person.

"We use Light to enable customers to make satisfactory purchases under satisfactory conditions. That moves merchandise more rapidly and creates good will."

* * * * *

Today progressive merchants everywhere are increasing turnover, reducing selling expense and creating confidence with Light. And the lamps which light the stores of many of the out-standing mercantile successes of the country are Edison MAZDA Lamps.

Drawing by HUGH FERRIS
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EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 36)

That suited me all right. That's the way some of these ham-anders have. They've got a manager in every town where fights are held, an' even though they've got bindin' contracts with each of 'em, they only split with the bird that gets 'em the bout. It ain't the way the contract reads, but it's the custom. Just to get the lay of the land I asked Jimmy how many managers did he have.

"You make six," he explains. "I got one in Birmingham, one in Memphis, one in Chattanooga, one in Shreveport an' one in N'Yawlins. That keeps me pretty busy."

It was a good system at that, an' I didn't have no kick comin'. To make a long story short, Jimmy jumps to Birmingham an' gets a ten-round decision, then he hikes to Shreveport an' goes on with Frankie Butler, who has fought all the topnotchers. For eleven rounds of that fifteen-round bout Jimmy gets hit with everything but the smellin' salts, an' when he comes back to Atlanta he looks like something which has just escaped from a wiener fact'ry.

The following Monday night I stick him on for ten rounds with Lou Harrigan, which is goin' better then he ever has in his life. I gave 'em the reins an' let 'em go to it. Lou flattens Jimmy in the first an' nearly bumps him loose again in the second. But Jimmy comes back an' proceeds to give Lou the trimmin' of his life from then on. Referee remembers them two knock-downs an' calls the fight a draw, which makes it easier to match them up three weeks hence, Jimmy this time bumping Lou off in the fourth session.

From that time on there wasn't nothin' to it but Jimmy. He fought every once in so often in the towns where his other managers lived, an' I managed to import a few soft ones to Atlanta for him. He done himself proud on all starts, an' first thing you know the Atlanta bugs would sit up an' beg whenever his name was mentioned. An' when he beat Young Barber, from Macon, which was supposed to be the lightweight champeen of Georgia—whatever that means—there wasn't a fight fan in Atlanta which didn't swear that Jimmy could lick the world an' then have somethin' left over. They was all for gettin' me to book him for a return fight with Frankie Butler, which had stopped him in Shreveport; but I was too wise. Frankie was a topnotcher an' would of murdered Jimmy, so I just wired Frankie that I would give him 15 per cent an' one one-way ticket, an' the wire which he sent back I turned over to the sportin' editors. They hadn't seen my wire to Frankie, an' his answer made it look like he was afraid of Jimmy.

Me an' Jimmy had got to be real buddies. The kid had developed into the likeliest-lookin' meal ticket I'd had in years, an' he was a willin' worker. One afternoon I taught him all I knew about the game, an' we settled down to a coupla years of soft coin, when what should I do one day but get a letter from New York tellin' me that Herb Warren, lightweight champeen of the world, was bookin' a tour through the Sunny Southland, takin' on all comers at 35 per cent of the gross an' two tickets. The letter allowed he was willin' to fight in Atlanta August tenth against some good local boy, an' no decision, on account the big ones are afraid of these small-town referees' eyesight, for which I ain't blamin' 'em. The letter went on to say the lad had to make 133 ringside an' the champ was comin' in just as he pleased, which meant pretty close to 140. I took the letter to Jimmy an' asks him how about it.

"Herb Warren?" he says. "Who's he?"

"George Washington," I answers. "Who's he?"

"You don't mean the real champ?"

"I do! Just that! Will you fight him?"

"How much do I get?"

"Fifteen per cent," I says. "Under my matchmakin' agreement I give the main-bout boys 50 per cent of the gate. If Herb gets 35 that leaves you 15, if I ain't forgot my algebra."

"Pretty soft for the champ," he comments.

"Pretty soft for you, you poor fish! We draw a two-thousand-dollar house easy, which gives you three hundred berries, same bein' more money than you've saw at one time since Frankie Butler give you that sleepin' portion over to Shreveport. An' from then on you can talk about when you fought the champ. 'When me an' Herb Warren had our last fight,' you'll say, 'I remember I clouted him in the third round an' he come right back with a right cross to the jaw, an' ——'"

"Three hundred plasters, eh?" he muses. "An' all I got to do is to git hell beat outa me."

"By the champeen! Think of it! Think of the glory of fightin' a champ! It'll pack the house."

"With birds that'll see what a bum I really am."

"They're bound to find it out sooner or later, Jimmy. An' anyway, our contract says you accept such matches as I make for you, an' I've a'ready matched you with Herb. So that's those."

"Thanks," he returns. "I guess I'm in for a pleasant evenin'."

"You won't have no trouble goin' to sleep anyway."

Two days later I called a concave of the sportin' editors an' told them that Atlanta was goin' to have a battle for the lightweight champeenship of the world, an' that Jimmy Conroy, the famous local idol, was goin' to be the lamb. One of them birds shakes his head.

"Do you think Jimmy can beat this Warren?" he asks. "I hear Herb is awful good."

For a few seconds I thought that guy was tryin' to be witty, but then I see he's serious.

"Well," I says, "I ain't sayin' that maybe Herb oughtn't to be the favorite; but Jimmy is an awful hard socker, an' there ain't no tellin' when he might hang one on Herb's jaw. Funnier things have happened," I says, "although I ain't never heard of 'em."

Well, eight columns was the smallest headline we got the next day, an' before we even put them tickets on sale every ringside seat was reserved an' we was rearranging the house so's to add a couple hundred more. Those Atlanta folks were standin' up on their hind legs beggin' for punishment. They couldn't see a thing to it except Jimmy. Remember, they hadn't seen Jimmy only when he was winnin', an' anybody which is winnin' looks as good as a bathin' beauty in a barber shop. Of course they admitted that maybe the champ would hang one on Jimmy an' fluke out a vict'ry; an' there was an awful howl about that no-decision business, they claimin' that the champ was a yeller bum which wouldn't take a chance of losin' his title, an' altogether they was so anxious to look Jimmy over before layin' their money that I found it necessary to charge two bits a head for watchin' his work-outs.

That was where I an' Jimmy went to the mat.

He claimed that the work-out money was all hisn. I said it was 25 per cent mine. We finally compromised by us drawin' up a new contract, stipulatin' that everything I got was all mine an' everything he earned was 25 per cent mine; that is, anything which was related in any way to pugilistic endeavor. With that contract all signed an' sealed an' paid for, I felt easier. I made up my mind then an' there I was always gonna have them sort of contracts. There ain't no tellin' where a few good dinners might drop from.

Jimmy trained. I'll hand him that much. I ain't sure yet whether he trained so hard because of them twenty-five centses which was comin' in or because he figured he had a chance with Herb Warren. But if he thought he had a chance, I'm here to admit I didn't. An' I don't believe he did neither.

"He's a set-up," Jimmy would say, with that funny little grin of his that made him so popular with the fans. "It's gonna be a shame for me to take the money."

I hate to encourage my boys too much; it's liable to make 'em overconfident.

"It's good you're trainin', Jimmy, because the better condition you're in the sooner you'll git out of the hospital."

"After I lick Herb," he says, "I wonder couldn't I get down to 126. I'd like to be the featherweight champ too."

That was Jimmy Conroy all over, jokin' all the time, even up to the day before the fight, when Herb Warren come to town an' worked out at my private gym.



It Was Downright Crool. Them Poor Fish Hadn't Saw That Much Money Since They Last Thought of Robbin' a Bank

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Jim Henry's Column

Why Don't They Change?

Why is it that a lot of otherwise normal-minded men hang on to the old order of shaving until some unusually painful session makes them grit their teeth and decide to try Mennen Shaving Cream—like a confirmed bachelor resigning himself to the uncertainties of matrimony?

The funny part of it is that once they try Mennen's, they stick. They're sold! Nothing seems able to make them change again.

Why? Do they like our green barber pole tubes? Or does the cream really live up to my obviously unrestrained enthusiasm?

I'm willing to admit that I could trade upon the sporting instincts of several thousand good fellows to give Mennen's a one-time trial. But when a couple of million hard headed males buy it and stay sold, doesn't it seem reasonable that Mennen's must have something you're missing?

Isn't it just possible that Mennen has discovered the secret of the ideal shave—that three minutes' brushwork with lots of water (hot or cold) will produce the most miraculous mountain of meringue that ever decorated your morning countenance?

Isn't it within reason that when your razor starts down the course, you will experience that delightful non-resistance of a head-barber seance? And haven't you a suspicion that afterwards your face will feel soft and friendly?

Why not try it? If you are still a bit skeptical, don't plunge 50 cents for the giant tube at your druggist's. Just send me a dime for my big demonstrator tube and say, "Dear Jim: I'll try it." If you can use Mennen's once and then go back to hard soap you're the one man I'm looking for.

Incidentally, I want you to try our Talcum for Men—made expressly for the male hide—face or body. Great after shaving or bathing. Has all the well known Mennen virtues—*and it doesn't show!* I'll send you a sample.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



Before I go any farther with this true confession let me remark a few remarks to them which ain't wise, said remarks havin' to do with prize fighters in general an' champeens in particular. I've been in the game for fifteen years, an' I'm statin' right here an' now that while maybe a champ ain't always the best in his class, he's better'n any pork-and-beaner which ever split with a hard-luck manager like me. There's just the same difference between a third-rater an' a topnotcher as there is between a ten-second man an' one which does it one second slower. One second ain't much, but the eleven man ain't got a chance unless the speedy boy breaks a leg or somethin'. So when Herb Warren showed up there wasn't no false delusions runnin' around inside the old bean on account I knew that what was gonna happen to Jimmy would make him think the Candler Building had fell on him.

Herb an' his manager come over to me confidential-like when Herb finishes workin' out.

"What kind of a boy is this Conroy?" asks Herb.

"Well," I says, perfectly honest, "he ain't exactly a tramp, but he ain't got a thing."

"Hard socker?"

"Frankie Butler darned near ruined him."

Herb chuckled.

"Frankie's a pretty good boy; but any lad which Frankie can lick was made to order for me. Frankie ain't got nothin' but a left jab."

"Yeh," I answers, "Jimmy has met it."

"Shall I carry Conroy along?" asks Herb.

"I'd be obliged," I says gratefully. "He's in awful strong with the bugs here. Of course I don't want you to take no chances or nothin'; but if you could let him go the route I'd feel thankful. He's one of my best meal tickets."

"All right," says Herb. "If he don't get too rough I'll let him ride; if it don't look too raw, that is."

"Thanks. An' I'll tell the ref'ree to give him long counts."

When I told that to Jimmy he didn't seem as happy as I thought he oughta be.

"I got to get knocked out for fifteen seconds, huh? You're a terrible thoughtful guy, you are, Mr. Garrison."

"Well," I explains, "the fans are payin' out their good money to see a fight, an' I an' Herb are tryin' to make it look like something."

"I'm the one you're gonna make look like something," answers Jimmy sarcastic-like, "an' that something is gonna be a nickel's worth of dog meat."

We was holding the bout out to Ponce de Leon Park, where the Atlanta ball club sometimes wins a game. Eight-thirty was the zero hour for the first prelim, an' when it come time for them boys to climb into the ring it took a cordovan of police to make a alley for them to stride down. The house, not countin' passes an' a perfectly legitimate shakedown for the ticket seller, was about three thousand dollars.

"Wonderful!" I says to Jimmy. "We make pretty near four hundred and fifty bucks."

"Minus doctor bills," he says pessimistic.

"Huh! That's the way with you tramps. You don't appreciate a good match."

"The hell I don't!" says Jimmy, just like that. An' then he repeats over again, "The hell I don't!"

Well, as the newspaper boys say, it was a large an' enthusiastic audience which greeted Jimmy Conroy when he negotiated that aisle an' climbed through the ropes. A lady friend of hisn had made him a new pair of trunks of a sort of death-purple satin embroidered with the letters J. C., an' the get-up did sort of remind me of that town.

About that time there was a beller from the spectators, an' I looked over from the ring to see the champ an' his manager an' handlers comin' through the crowd in a solid phenolax. He was up in the ring in one jump, an' strolled, grinnin', across to where my boy stood up to greet him, an' they smole into one another's eyes friendly like. They took their corners, an' Herb's manager ties on Jimmy's gloves while I'm doin' a likewise service for the champeen. Then the ref'ree, a big husky guy which used to play football in Syracuse, called 'em to the middle of the ring for the farewell sermon. Herb didn't pay any attention, because it was all old stuff to him, an' Jimmy only made one remark.

"Tell my seconds not to throw up no sponge," he says. "Tell 'em to use a towel. It can be seen plainer."

Well, they took their corners again an' a solemncholy hush fell over those multitude. The poor suckers thought they was really seein' a champeenship fight. Then come the gong. It was an awful loud gong. The boys come out fightin'. That is, Jimmy did the comin' out an' Herb Warren did the fightin'.

It's like I said—when a guy gets to be a champ there might be other boys which can beat him at his weight, but there ain't many. An' anybody which ever called Herb Warren a cheese, an' his name is lesion, had ought to of been there that night. It looked like one of these here shambles.

There was only one good thing about it: After the first forty or fifty punches Jimmy was sort of in a daze. At the end of the first round he opined that maybe he was gonna get licked.

"That guy is pretty fast," he says; "but it ain't fair for a man to have more'n two fists."

I give him some advice; that's what a manager is for. It ain't always good advice, but a manager which don't give advice between rounds is a bum.

"Make him lead," I starts, "an' then ——"

"Make him lead?" howls Jimmy, gettin' all excited. "My Gawd! I want to make him stop leadin'!"

You can't argue with a guy like that.

The second round was just like the first, only more so. Once Herb worked him over into my corner an' he says to me, "I'm tryin' to make this look like somethin', Mr. Garrison, but it ain't no use. This kid is terrible."

Well, he did look pretty rotten at that. Even his best friends was beginnin' to suspect that somethin' was wrong. An' in the third round they knew it. It was in the third round that Jimmy begin hittin' the floor. He never in his whole life hit nobody as hard or as regular as he did that floor. He'd go down an' stay down for twelve or thirteen seconds, an' then get up again when the referee would say "Nine!" He was game all right. In the fourth round matters went from worse to rotten, an' I felt real sorry for Herb Warren. The poor feller was havin' his hands full tryin' to hold Jimmy on his feet. Every once in a while the referee would break 'em an'



"Can You Do the Hundred in Ten Flat?" "Pretty Near." "Then Do It—Outa That Door"

Jimmy would do a Brodie. I reckon that floor looked awful comfy to him with the air all full of boxin' gloves.

The fifth round come up. I pulled Jimmy's stool from under him an' he stood up in preference to floppin' on the floor right there. He stood still, kinder wabblin' around, an' Herb come slidin' across the ring, easy an' congenial.

Herb come closer. He jabbed Jimmy fifteen or twenty times before Jimmy went down. He got up at nine. Herb shook his head an' poked out his left. Measurin' Jimmy for the knock-out, that's what he was doin'. Reckon he didn't have the heart to punish the kid any more. So he led with the left an' stepped in with a right cross.

An' then somethin' happened. Instinc', I reckon. An' maybe there was even a little bit of luck in it; but I'm on record as always havin' said that Jimmy Conroy was an awful hard socker, which if he hit the Statue of Liberty right the light would go out.

Up come Jimmy's right fist; an' it come up hard; it come awful hard. It landed square on the button. A hush fell over the crowd which could of been heard to the Ansley Hotel. At the same time an expression appeared in the face of Herb Warren. His lips spread out into a sort of sick, surprised grin, an' he spun around a bit. His knees sagged an' then suddenly he pitched forward.

Ol' Bill, the ref'ree, was square. It took him twenty seconds to count that ten, but he could of counted twenty more an' it wouldn't of been no use. An' when I seen Herb Warren lyin' there an' Jimmy Conroy still standin' up I got an idea; got it right out of my own head, although maybe the yellin' of the crowd was a sort of reminder.

"Sufferin' tripe!" I says to myself. "I'm the manager of the world's lightweight champeen!"

Now listen! Suppose you was a single man an' broke—which ain't likely—an' the most beautiful woman in the world come up to you an' said she was worth a million dollars which you could have all of it if you would marry her. I reckon you'd be pretty happy, wouldn't you? Well, that's what was occurrin' to me just then. I was as happy as a bridegroom on his natal day, an' just as dazed. Poor Herb Warren lyin' there on the rosin didn't have nothin' on me for bein' s'prised.

As for Jimmy Conroy—well, that kid was beat up too bad to know what was happenin'. He stood teeterin' aroun', lookin' kinder foolishlike at his fallen foe an' wonderin' why Herb didn't get up an' knock him for a ghoul. But by that time the crowd had become delirious, an' they was sweepin' through the ropes an' into the ring, yellin' that they knew all the time Jimmy was pullin' a Leach Cross, an' I got to Jimmy first an' I yells congratulations in his least cauliflowered ear.

"F'r what?" says he.

"You're the lightweight champeen of the world!" I howls.

With that he turns his one open eye upon me.

"I've been kidded enough tonight, Tom Garrison. If you try any wise cracks ——"

"Wise cracks nothin', you poor ham!" says I. "You made the weight an' you stopped the champ. Now you're him."

The crowd got to him then an' he was carried off triumphant on their shoulders. I reckon he must of recovered his equilibrist some, because the sportin' editor of the Constitution interviewed him, an' this was the statement he give out as it appeared the next mornin':

"Herb Warren is a mighty good boy, and he gave me one of the toughest fights of my career. One of us had to go down, and what happened only goes to show how true the old saying is that may the best man win."

I ain't kiddin'. That's exactly what the newspaper man said Jimmy told him.

I won't go into what happened for the next few days. It's enough to say that Atlanta, which is a town which always believes in boostin' home products for a little more than all

(Continued on Page 42)

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36th Season

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(Continued from Page 40)

they're worth, went plumb nuts about Jimmy. There he was, a local lad by adoption, which had won the lightweight champeenship of the world. It was all a guy's life was worth to say he done so by a lucky punch. Herb Warren was howlin' bloody murder an' beggin' for a return bout. Me, I issued a statement which was put on the wires which said as follows:

"Jimmy Conroy, new lightweight champion of the world, intends to be a fighting champion. He is prepared to defend his hard-won laurels against all comers. He is particularly anxious to give the ex-champion a shot at his crown and is awaiting bids from the promoters."

That got 'em. It was a new line of stuff, about his bein' a fighting champ, an' it didn't bind us to nothin'. Well, we hadn't hardly give out that statement when we begin to get wires from promoters in New York, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Newark, Brooklyn an' Boston, sayin' please to come on at their expense to discuss a contract. I wired three of the biggest, askin' if that expense stuff meant one ticket or two, an' did it include Pullman. They said it was good for the whole works, includin' a drawin'-room, so I accepted the four best offers, which made a net profit of six tickets an' three drawin'-rooms.

It was on the Special, New York bound, that the reaction set in. We had just pulled out of Gainesville when Jimmy turned to me an' loosened up his grin.

"We're in a helluva fix, Tom," he opines.

"Huh! We should worry."

"I'm serious. I'm gonna have to fight, an' the first topnotcher I step into the ring with knocks me for a row of doughnuts."

"Well," I says, "what of it?"

"What of it? What of it, you poor drink of water? Don't you suppose that havin' won the world's title I wanna make a little grubsteak?"

I'd been studyin' that part of it over while I was busy buyin' myself new clothes an' silk shirts as befit the manager of a champ; also redeemin' my best di'mond pin.

"Jimmy Conroy," I explains, "mush is hard in comparison with how soft in we are. First place, we pick up a little easy jack around New York—chances are we can get a few weeks in vaudeville at about a couple hundred a week. Then we choose the best offer we get for a fight. We might even get as high as twenty grand for lettin' Herb tickle you on the jaw. That'd be fifteen thousand for you, clear profit, an' five thou' for me, which is more than either one of us ever thought of at one time. Furthermore, after you have been beat, we'll go back South an' you'll get all the bouts you want on account you'll be the former lightweight champeen of the world, an' that'll pack 'em in everywhere. Jimmy," I says, "Eve had a hard time selectin' her gowns compared to your troubles from now ensuing."

I never knew how many newspapers there was in New York until we was met at the train by their reporters an' photographers. The New York papers was even willin' to make the cuts at their own expense. That was the first champeenship taste we had. I an' Jimmy both was so scared we didn't have hardly less than nothin' to say, an' when the mornin' papers come out with our pictures they all wrote us up about how modest an' unassuming we was; an' here was one champ an' his manager which was willin' to let their fists do their talkin', which if that was true we would of been deef mutes for the rest of our lives.

Next morning bright an' early a guy comes in to see us. In his hand was a contract. He was a vaudeville agent, an' he offered us a thousand berries for four weeks. He was also to furnish the act an' rehearse it himself. I an' Jimmy almost died of excitement.

"That's two hundred an' fifty a week," I thinks awfully. "Ain't it a graft?"

I signed up so quick it made that agent groggy, an' it wasn't until the next day that I read that contract over—an' what do you think? It was a thousand a week! Seven-fifty for Jimmy an' two-fifty for me.

"There must be a trick in it," says Jimmy. "They ain't that much jack in the world."

Well, I kind of agreed with him until another vaudeville guy come to us an' offered to us fifteen hundred. I didn't tell Jimmy about that, because there wasn't no use makin' the kid feel as unhappy as I. I learned a lesson there, too—whatever they offer they'll pay more. An' then, with Jimmy rehearsin' himself into a bad actor, we got busy talkin' with them promoters.

They started right off biddin' at twenty-five thousand for a fifteen-round decision bout in New York, with five thousand for trainin' expenses throwed in extra an' advance. The Jersey crowd was offering twenty grand for twelve rounds, no decision. Well, that no decision didn't interest me none on account I knew that the only way Jimmy would stand a chance of goin' the route was to have a one-round fight, an' then it wasn't no odd's-on bet.

About that time I and Jimmy begin to figure that the best thing for us to do was to stay out of the ring. Anybody could knock him for a row of grapes, an' we knew it; an' if there was this much easy money comin' to him just because he hung one on Herb Warren's jaw, there wasn't nothin' to it but stall off any fightin'. So right then an' there we decided that Jimmy was gonna be one lightweight champeen of the world which was gonna retire undefeated.

He done his four weeks in vaudeville, an' then eight weeks more at fifteen hundred. We let a guy write a swell piece in the paper about how clean, healthy livin' an' untiring work won a title, which was signed by Jimmy's name an' Jimmy got a thousand smackers for that. We had an offer of ten weeks with a burlesque show which Jimmy was awful keen to take on account of wine an' singin' never bein' his worst vices, an' we held that offer up a little while to see what was gonna happen.

Well, after four months of stallin' around an' livin' easy an' watchin' the bright lights wink the newspapers begin to holler about wasn't Jimmy gonna defend his title. Struck me we was defendin' it the best way in the world, but what they meant was fight. Herb Warren was beggin' for a bout at any price on account of him knowin' he could stop Jimmy easy, an' then when the public begin to get wise that we wasn't gonna scrap unless they made us the New York State Boxing Commission said that if we didn't sign up for a bout with Herb Warren inside of the next thirty days they was gonna take our title away from us.

It was the flooie end of a perfect dream, an' there wasn't nothin' doin' but to make it as big a shakedown as we could. So I went to the promoters an' told 'em we'd sign for Herb Warren—fifteen rounds to a decision—for thirty-five thousand dollars. At first they sort of stalled, but fin'ly, when they seen I wasn't comin' down a nickel, they said all right.

"We can put the bout off three months," I says to Jimmy, "an' we can pick up somethin' in that time. An' we'll split a nice pile. Course I'd rather go on this way, but they won't stand for it. I reckon we better sign."

"A'right," sighs Jimmy. "But it makes me feel like measurin' myself for a coffin. For another six months I'd give most anything. I got a sort of likin' for this champeenship stuff. It makes a guy awful popular."

Well, there wasn't no more stallin' to be done. The newspapers was yellin' Camembert an' the boxing commish was frownin'. An' just when we was all ready to sign up with Herb Warren an' I had give out a statement to the newspapers sayin' that my boy wasn't the kind to pick no set-ups, but would give the ex-champ a chance, provided he was willin' to agree in the contract that he'd give Jimmy another fight, in case the title was won back—just when everything was set, something happened.

It happened all at once, an' Jimmy's face was a sight when he seen 'em settin' in the hotel lobby when we come in from interviewin' the promoters. There they was; all five of 'em—count 'em—five! There was Jerry Thomas, from Birmingham, an' Jed Herrick, from Shreveport, an' Frank Monroe, from Memphis, an' Billy Furey, from N'Yawlins, an' Aleck Gunster, from Chattanooga.

"My Gawd!" states Jimmy, "there's my other five managers!"

I got 'em up in our soot an' asks them what was what. Jed Herrick, which had a pretty good gift of gab, done the chatterin'.

"Every one of us has got a contract with this cheese champ," he said, "which gives us a 25 per cent split of whatever he makes from his fights. We're here to collect out of this bout with Warren."

Well, for a minute I couldn't think of nothin' to say, an' then I forgot that. Fin'ly my arithmetic comes to my assistance an' I commenced doin' sums on the back of an envelope.

"You poor flock of fish!" I says to them. "You're cuckoo, the whole shebang of you. You ain't got one brain among the five."

"We got contracts," says Jerry Thomas.

"Contracts be hanged!" I replies. "On account there's five of you an' me added, makin' an even half dozen, an' if each of us gets 25 per cent of Jimmy's purse when the fight is over Jimmy has got licked an' also he gives us 150 per cent of his profits. Which means," I expostulates, "that he ain't got a dime for himself, an' also he owes us seventeen thousand five hundred dollars."

Jimmy took a hand in the conversation.

"Repeat that over again," he says. "I'm sort of thick-headed t'night."

I explained. It was simple as the nose on a parrot's face.

"When it's all over," reflects Jimmy, "I not only ain't got nothin', but I've got seventeen thousand five hundred dollars less than that?"

"You said it, Jimmy."

"Garrison," he says to me, "you call up the New York State Boxin' Commission an' tell them there's one champeen gonna be barred in a short time. Also you tell Herb Warren that if he gets his title back it's gonna be give to him an' not won in no ring. If these highway robbers thinks they're gonna gyp me out of all I've got an' something more besides they might as well buy return tickets, because, Mr. Garrison, I may be a sucker, but there's a limit to everything."

I finally got Jimmy out of the room an' I held a session with them five other fatheads.

"You know good an' well," I says, "that you bums ain't gonna get what you come after. I'm askin' you, what do you want?"

They told me all right. Each man wanted his 25 per cent split an' not a copper cent less than that.

"Nothin' doin'," I says. "You know as well as me that the custom is for the manager gittin' the fight to get the split."

"That ain't what our contracts says. Our contracts is plain an' simple, an' we've all saw our lawyers, which advises that we get our 25 per cent from any money Jimmy Conroy makes fightin'. We ain't in on this side-line graft you're gettin', but we're sure gonna grab our rake-off when he steps in the ring with Herb Warren."

"You are like sin!" says I with some hotness. "A fine trout you must think I am! Things would be bad enough ordinary, but I'm dad-blamed if I'll let Jimmy give you everything he makes an' a heap more besides."

I an' Jimmy was pretty melancholy that night. Of course I had knowed all along about them other five managers, an' I never thought nothin' particular about it. Most ham fighters do that. It means more bouts. An' nobody never thinks nothin' of a contract until it stings them, which is where I an' Jimmy was then. We seen a lawyer the next day an' give him the lie of the land. He allowed that them contracts was hidebound an' we didn't have a leg to stand on, an' on his say-so I called in all the sportin' editors in New York an' give 'em the story simontaneously. It made what they called swell copy. We got enough publicity in the next three days to satisfy a circus man. An' on our lawyer's petition the New York Boxing Commish agreed to give the bunch of us a hearin', an' meanwhile postpone their suspension.

I'm here to say that hearin' was a bird. I an' Jimmy was there with our hired mouthpiece, an' them five bimboes from the South was there with also a lawyer. The contracts was produced, an' first crack out of the bat the commish held that all six contracts was legal.

"You fellers have to get together," said the commish.

"Give us two weeks," I suggests.

"O. K." says the commish.

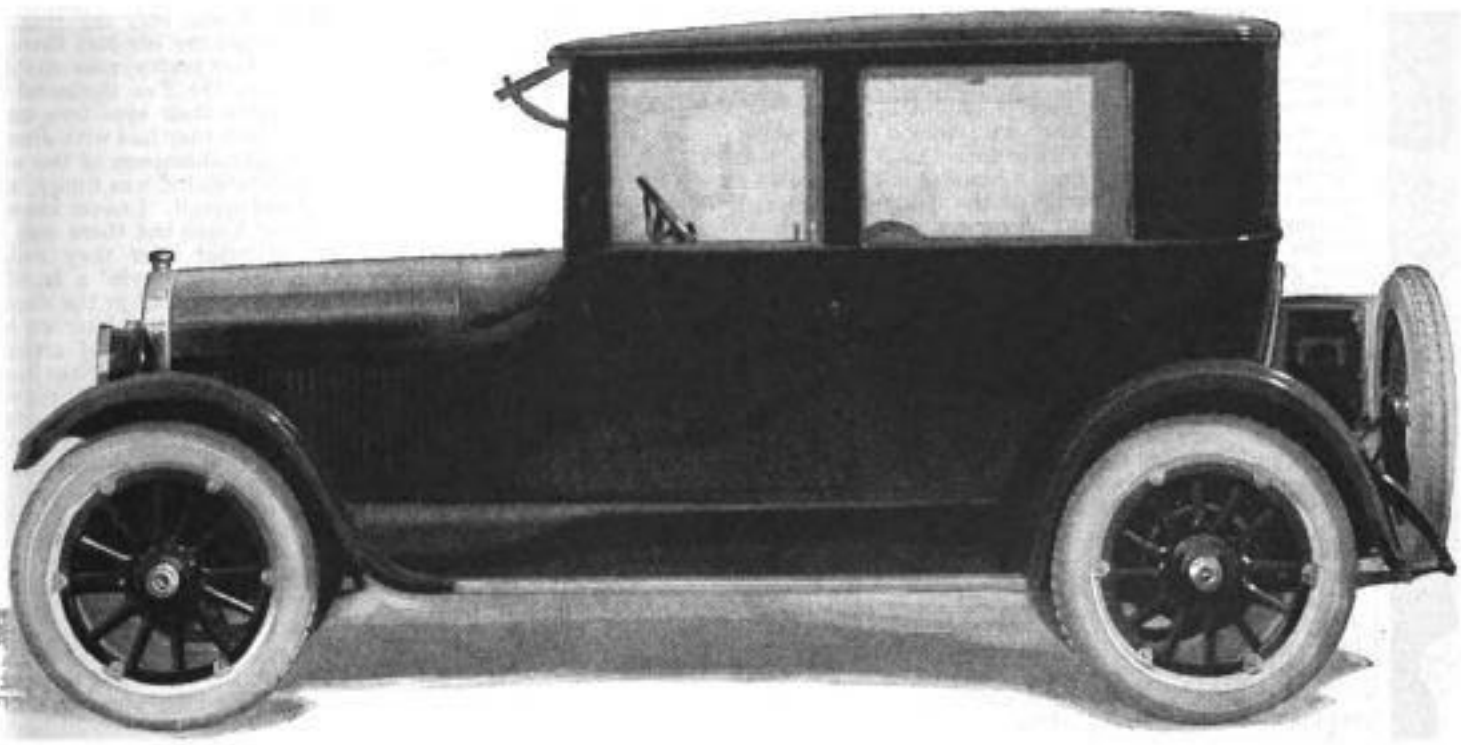
We played two weeks in vaudeville while we was tryin' to get together. It was a regular pick-up. An' when it come time for another hearin' we wasn't no nearer together than the Giants an' the Phillies.

"It ain't fair to make the kid fight under these conditions," I argued. "No matter what happens to him, he owes seventeen thousand and five hundred dollars when the bout is over. Then one of these other birds can match him up again an' he owes us money when that's done."

"The contracts are legal an' bindin'." says their lawyer.

"But their effect ain't equitable," counters mine, which seemed to dent the commish. (Continued on Page 44)

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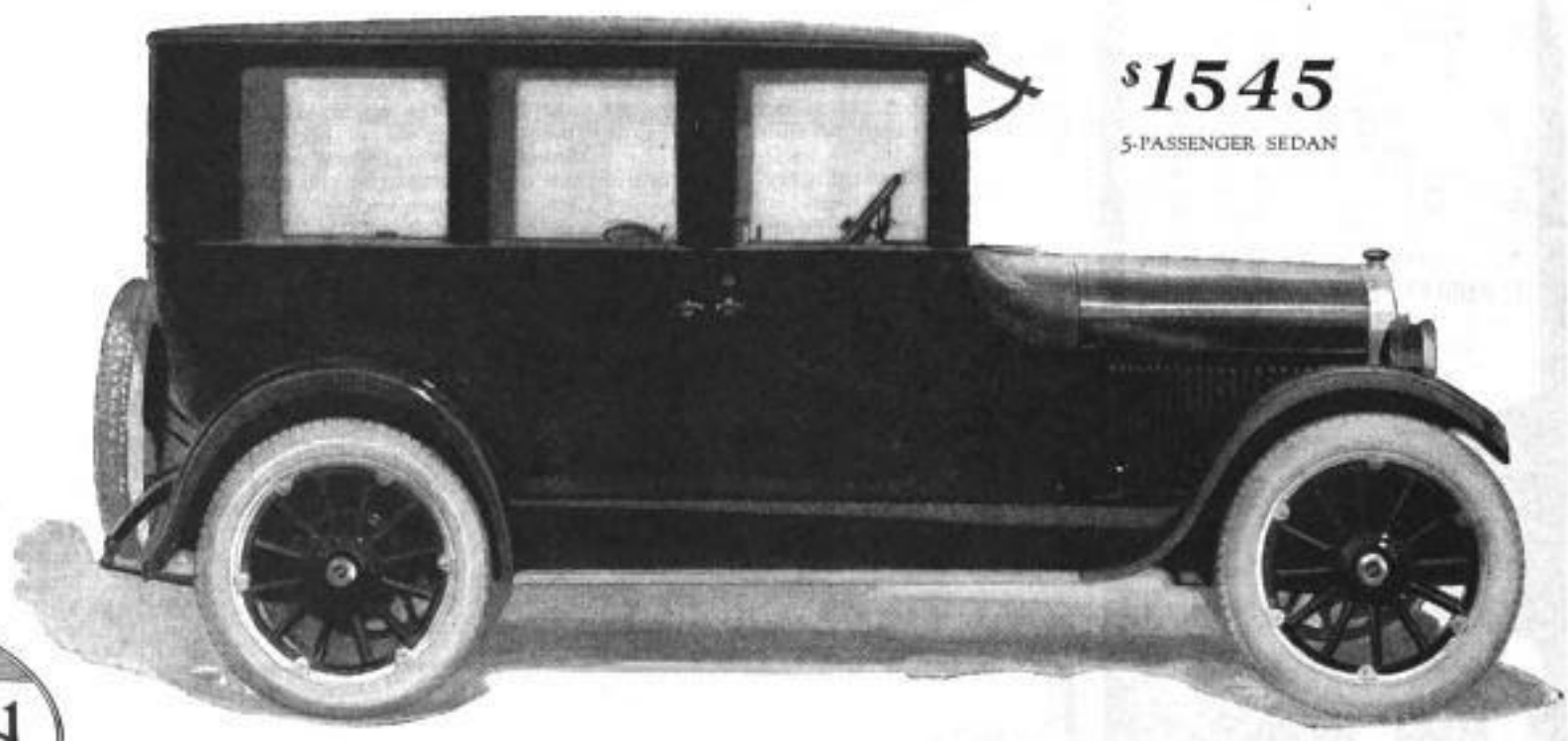
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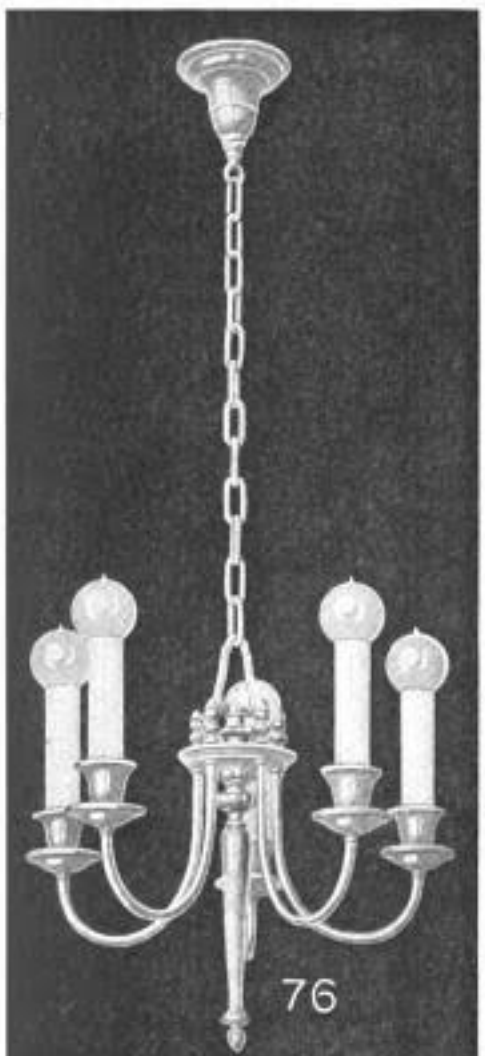
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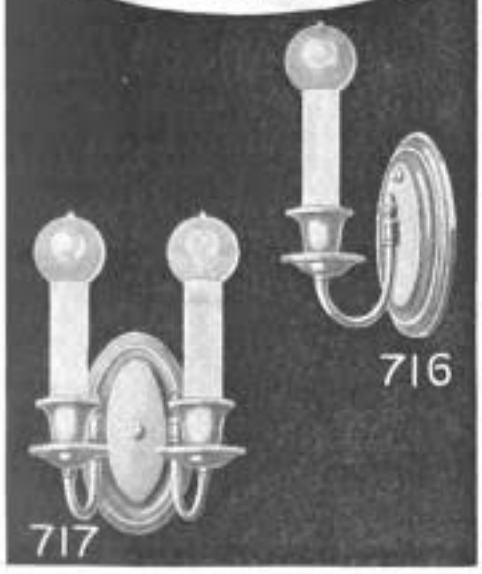
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(Continued from Page 42)

Well, they was up a tree as bad as we was. An' sportin' editors all around the country was writing articles about us. They was surprised to hear of a champ with six managers, although they said they'd heard of ham scrappers which done that; but they all agreed that Jimmy couldn't be made to fight an' lose money on the bout. So, instead of bein' sore at us for not defendin' the title, they was all with us an' sore at them five other managers.

There y'are. They wouldn't make Jimmy fight an' they couldn't say the contracts wasn't legal. I an' Jimmy walked Broadway tryin' to look sad, but inwardly we was singin' hallelujahs. We was gettin' an awful lot of publicity, an' the public was with us, an' we was grabbin' off a new wad of soft jack. An' it was soft. Once again we was a good card in vaudeville, an' they even used us down to the circus which come to town about then. The money was just rollin' in. It was just naturally too good to last.

"An' the best thing about it," says Jimmy, "is that it's extra. I thought that bird would of long ago knocked my block off."

"He would of," I says, "if these other managers of yourn hadn't showed up."

Yes, sir; them other five managers had give us what we needed, which was a good stall to keep from climbin' between the ropes with Herb Warren, which could lick Jimmy in his sleep an' with both hands tied. Accidents don't strike twice in the same place an' we knew it.

For six months we rocked along, with the commission puzzlin' its noodles over what to do an' us rakin' in the coin an' Herb Warren yellin' for a bout an' them five managers remainin' macadam in their position. I was doin' all I could to cheer 'em up.

"You birds ought to be enjoyin' yourselves," I says to them. "You're seein' all the sights of a big city an' you're gettin' your names in the papers as a bunch of tinhorns. Your business down home is goin' to hell an' most likely when you get back somebody else will of grabbed off all your meal-ticket fighters. Best of all, you ain't gonna get nowhere by stickin' around here, because you know as well as me that the commission ain't gonna make Jimmy fight under these conditions. You're a bunch of bums," I finishes, "which ain't got sense enough to see no wall where there might be some handwritin'."

Cheerin' folks up—that's my specialty.

Well, after a long time it seemed like they was comin' to see the truth of what I said. They had all moved out of a good hotel into a rotten one, an' from there to one that was worse. Their clothes was gettin' kinder wore at the knees an' elbows, an' their eyes held a sort of hopeless, hunted look like what comes to a feller when he brings comp'ny home to supper an' finds out the cook has quit. He knows he's gonna catch hell sooner or later. At that, I couldn't help but admire their esprit de corpse.

I'll say one more thing for them babies—they died hard. It wasn't until I explained to them that they'd be swappin' nothin' for somethin' that they was willin' to listen to reason. An' by that time they'd give I an' Jimmy an extra seven months which stood us in about twenty thousand fish clear profit which we wouldn't ever of earned if they hadn't come there in the first place.

More an' more they was comin' to realize that the longer they hung on the less they was gonna get, an' they commenced to see that they was doin' I an' Jimmy a favor on account they give us a swell excuse for not fightin', an' we was rakin' in the soft coin right along. I reckon that sort of peeved them, but they didn't know what to do. They had all they could handle an' was yearnin' to return South, but after the play they'd made they couldn't see their way clear to just lightin' out an' lettin' things slide.

Personally, I let 'em suffer. The longer an' the harder they suffered the happier I was. I an' Jimmy was workin' out every day at four bits a head an' sportin' around the cafeterias at night in dinner coats an' doin' vaudeville occasional an' considering a movie offer an' all the big promoters was ravin' for a match on account of all the publicity we was gettin', same only bein' rivalled by Georges Carpentier before his stummick got in the ring with Jack Dempsey's fists. Well, there is one promoter in New York which when he wants a bout he usually gets it, unless a feller is color blind an' don't recognize the long green, an' fin'ly we agreed that when the tangle got all cleared up I an' Jimmy was to sign with him to fight Herb Warren, an' we was to get seventy-five thousand dollars flat for our end, plus 20 per cent of the picture rights an' five grand more for trainin' expenses. An' the fight wasn't to be for three months after we signed up.

"All you got to do now," he says, "is to get rid of them hams which want to split with you an' Jimmy."

"Yeh," I says, "that's all. On the other hand," I says, "it ain't gonna be near as hard as it would of been seven months ago when they first come an' made it possible for I an' Jimmy to collect all this extra cash in hand."

An' that wasn't no lie either. I called them birds into a conventional an' I honest got awful sorry for them, sittin' around tryin' to look like they had et since last night, which they hadn't. Well, I got them sittin' around my luxuriant hotel soot an I cleared off a table an' then out of my pocket I takes fifty one-hundred-dollar bills. Fifty—fifty hundreds—five thousand.

It was downright crool. Them poor fish hadn't saw that much money since they last thought of robbin' a bank. In horrible contrast to them I was all dolled up in a refined new check suit an' Jimmy reclinin' on the chaste lounge in a neat striped suit an' lavender shirt an' tie, with socks an' handkerchief to match. We looked like ready money an' they looked like an unsuccessful strike.

"I reckon you poor trouts are about ready to throw up the sponge, ain't you?" I inquired.

They bluffed that they wasn't, but their eyes was fixed sort of watery on that five thousand.

"I asks you, what ever give you the idea in the first place of comin' to New York?"

Well, Jed Herrick always done the talkin' for them, even when he was hungry, an' he gives the explanation now.

"It was this way, Garry," he says: "I an' the boys wasn't aimin' to bother you an' this Roquefort champ none at all. We was surprised to hear he had lucked one over on Herb Warren an' was wishin' you the best in the world. But three or four months later we all begin gettin' letters from unknown friends which said what suckers we was to let you get away with all that graft when we held contracts with the champ. An' it was awful logical, Garry, an' with that many folks thinkin' we was simps we just naturally got together an' come North ——"

"An' made bums outa yourselves sure enough."

"We ain't admittin' this or that. But we are admittin' that we're good an' sick an' tired of the whole mess, an' the only reason we ain't beatin' it back home is that there ain't one of us which has had no experience in ridin' the rods."

I waved a hand at them five thousand bucks.

"That's for your five contracts," I says. "One thousand simoleons apiece, provided I get all five. How about it?"

Well, it was only my ring generalship which saved my life just then on account those fellers pretty near mobbed me. I paid them the five thousand dollars an' right before their eyes tore up them contracts which they had with Jimmy Conroy, lightweight champeen of the world. They was so grateful it was funny, an' I wasn't awful sad myself. I never knew when they left New York, but there was a train out forty minutes after they collected their money, an' I'm layin' a hundred to one they was on it—an' in the diner.

Twenty-four hours later we had saw the big promoter an' signed articles to meet Herb Warren three months hence, fifteen rounds to a decision. Our five thousand expense money was paid over in advance, an' that evenin' the sportin' sheets blossomed forth with the news of the battle of the century which at last was comin'.

That night I an' Jimmy faced each other in the parlor of our hotel soot while I handed Jimmy his 75 per cent of the trainin' money an' kept the other 25 per cent for myself, we havin' made arrangements to train free at a downtown gym where it wouldn't cost us nothin'.

"Soft," I says, "ain't the word for this, Jimmy. Them lads show up here just when we'd stalled all we could an' was bein' forced to fight. We get seven months extra time an' twenty thousand additional money which we wouldn't of otherwise got. We've got the public ten times as anxious to see you get your block knocked off an' the promoter raises the ante from thirty-five thousand dollars to seventy-five thousand dollars. Altogether," I says, "on account of them managers showin' up in New York we get to split sixty thousand dollars which we otherwise never would of saw. Ain't that a fact?"

"Yeh, it sure is," agrees Jimmy. "Of course Herb is gonna cut me into sausage, but I reckon that had to come sooner or later. An' we've had an awful swell time." He stares out of the window silently an' without a word for a few minutes, an' then turns to me. "Pretty near a hundred thousand in the last nine months," he says. "That gives me seventy-five thousand dollars clear."

"Just a minute," I says. "There's a few expense items. First off, there's the five thousand I paid them bums to gimme their contracts."

"O. K.," says Jimmy, "an' cheap at the price."

"An' furthermore," I says, "there's a little item of five hundred dollars which comes outa the gross."

"Five hundred?" he asks. "For what?"

"Well," I says, "you think it was pretty lucky that them guys showed up in New York just when they did, don't you?"

"Luckiest thing that ever happened to me," he says.

"Well, you poor fish," I explains, "there wasn't no luck about that a-tall."

"How you make that?"

"You remember," I says, "that them birds said they never would of thought of comin' to New York if they hadn't of got a whole slew of letters from admirin' friends tellin' them they ought to?"

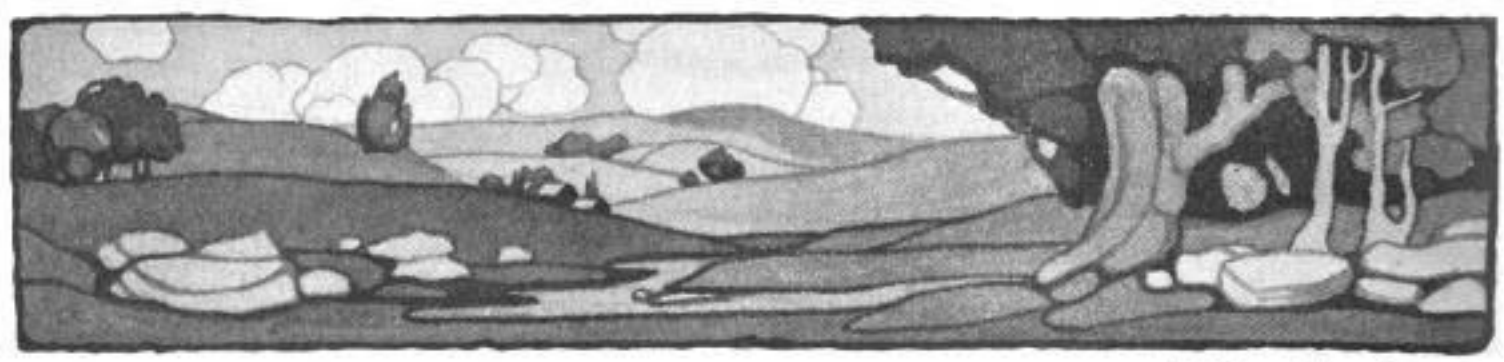
"Sure," says Jimmy, "I remember that. But ——"

"But nothin'!" I responds. "Except that the five hundred expense money you don't understand was what I paid a guy to write all them letters. He wrote 'em because I told him to. I knew what would happen when they come to New York—an' it happened."

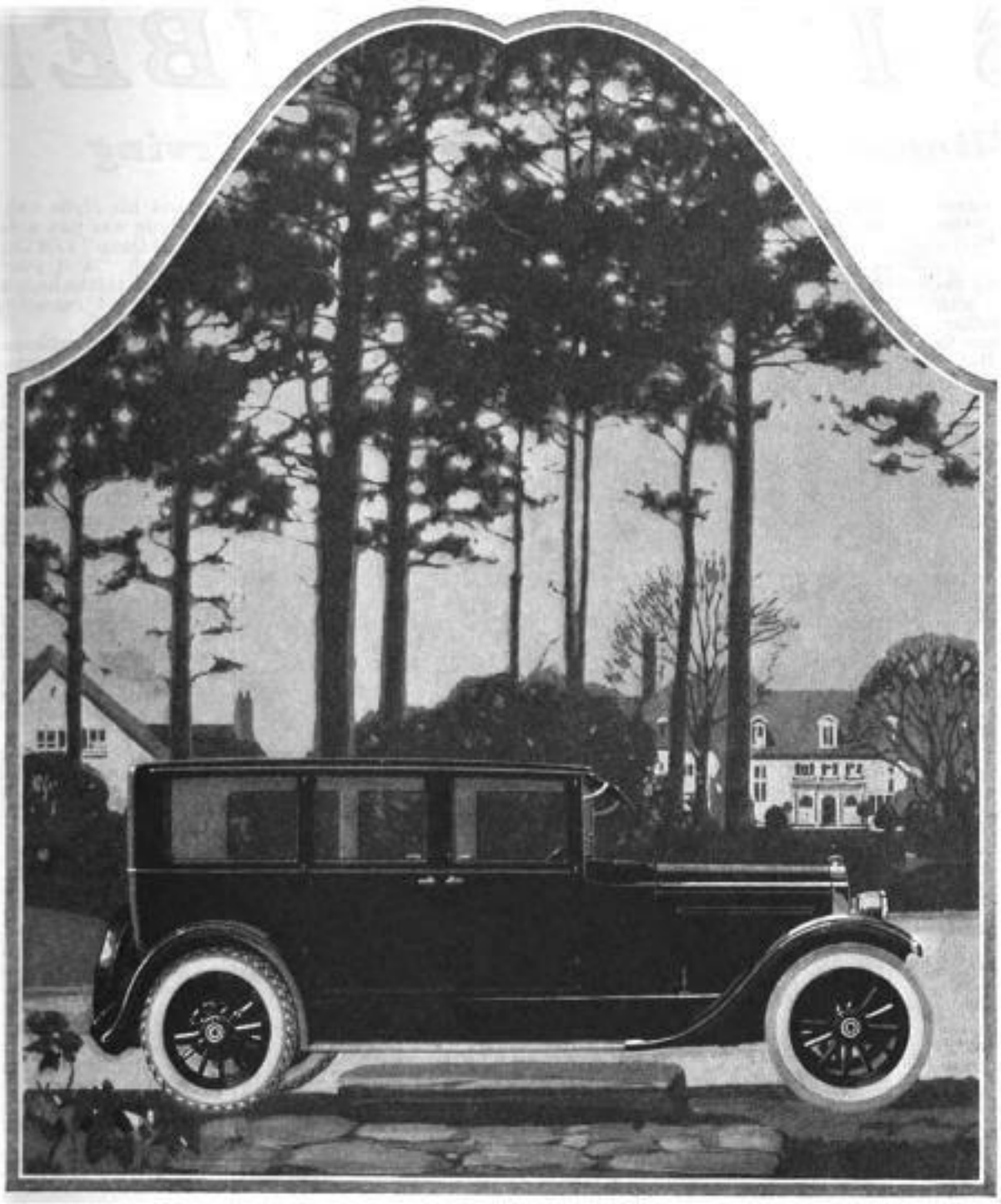
Jimmy's eyes was poppin' wide.

"Mr. Garrison," he says, "I sure got to hand it to you!"

"Sure you do," I agrees modestly. "An' I'll just conclude by remarkin', Jimmy, that there ain't only one piece of real good luck ever happened to you—an' that was when you got me as your manager."



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AS I REMEMBER

Glimpses of Old Actors—Henry Irving

By JEFFERSON WINTER

O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! — *Shakspere.*

OF ALL the many famous persons with whom, one way or another, it has been my fortune to come in contact, Henry Irving was—excepting only my father, William Winter—the most interesting, the noblest and the greatest exemplar in ambition, courage and virtue. If ever there was a man "who had a heart to pity and a hand open as day for melting charity"; if ever there was one whose life made the world of his time better to live in, it was Henry Irving.

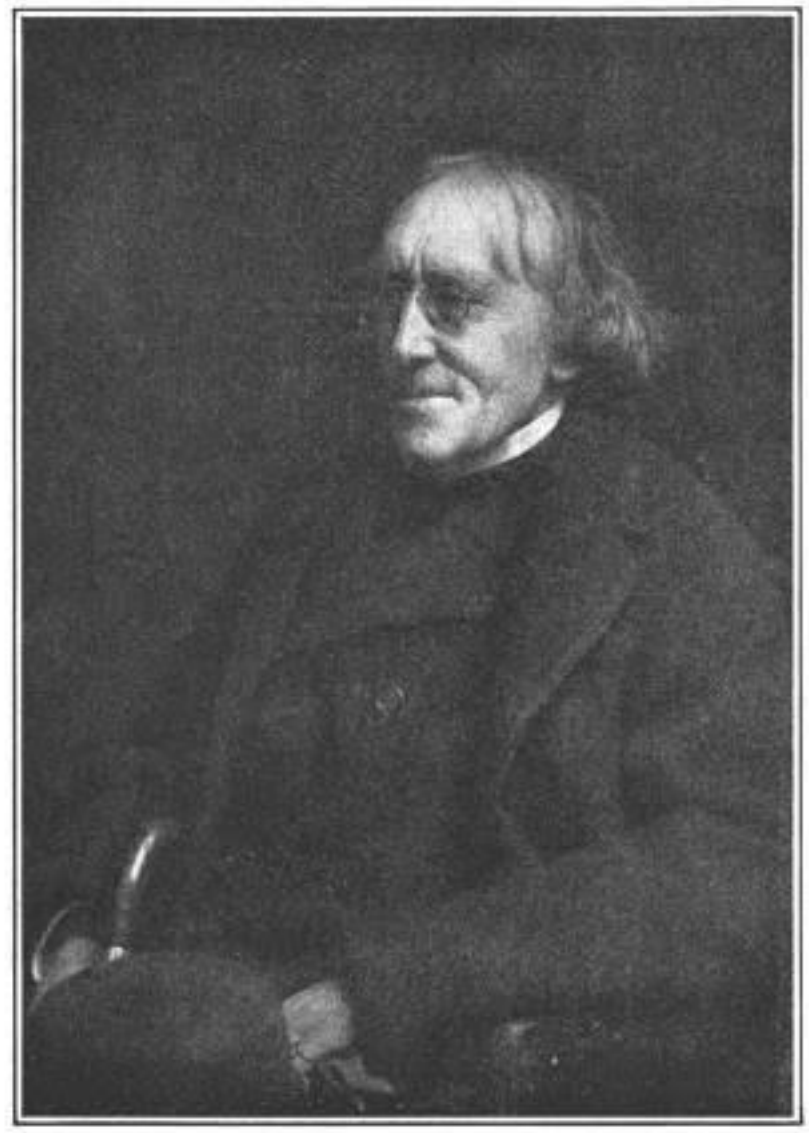
But there was one person toward whom Irving felt a lasting animosity—that erratic, brilliant, often irresponsible genius, Richard Mansfield. It has been recorded—by my father, who introduced them and who did all in his power to harmonize their jarring estimates of each other and to make them friends—that, after a considerable period of open and bitter alienation, though they never became friends, they were reconciled and met on amicable terms.

That, of course, is exactly true—as far as it goes. But the whole truth is that, privately, they detested each other; Mansfield cherishing rancorous, bitter envy of Irving; and Irving entertaining for Mansfield profound sardonic contempt. Irving, however, knew and respected my father's affection for Mansfield, and therefore avoided saying to him any of the harsh things he felt about the younger actor. Mansfield, on the other hand—indiscreet, impulsive, inconsiderate, quarrelsome—frequently voiced his animosity, sometimes in private, sometimes in public, in the most vituperative strain. This led to several extremely sharp exchanges between Winter and Mansfield—of which, also, some were public, some private. One of the sharpest of the former was an article by Winter, of which the following is the first paragraph:

Mr. Richard Mansfield's recent colloquy with himself at Cincinnati [March, 1895] was conceited, rude, ill-bred and foolish; but there is a comic side to it. "What is Irving?" asked Mr. Mansfield; and, himself responding to his inquiry, he replied: "He is no better actor than I am!" This recalls one of the Ellenborough ancedotes. "Now, My Lords," said Lord Westmoreland, "I asked myself a question." "Yes," said Ellenborough, unconsciously murmuring his thought, "and a damned stupid answer you'd be sure to get to it!" Mr. Mansfield's answer, however, is doubtless satisfactory to himself.

A little later, in a personal letter to Mansfield, Winter wrote:

And for God's sake, Dick, do stop talking about Henry Irving; or at least—if you must go on talking about him instead of attending to your own business—stop talking like a fool! You cannot rail him out of his well-deserved reputation and popularity, and you cannot rail yourself into either the one or the other. An old editorial associate of mine used to say, "It is always better to prove a man a liar than to call him one." That is the wisest way in all things. If you wish to be accepted as a better actor than Henry Irving, you have only to show that you are so—by your acting.



Last Picture of Henry Irving. Taken in 1904

And in yet another message to Mansfield my father wrote:

I received your letter this day about your relations with Mr. Irving. I am very glad to hear that the money is paid and the business part settled. [Mansfield left London in 1888, owing Irving, for theater rent, £1675 and money loaned, £1000—which finally he paid in full, with interest due, though under legal process.] Perhaps you and he will one day understand each other. I hope so. I never heard him say an ill word of you. It is a great pity that two men, whom God has blessed with such genius and such power for the good of the stage and society, should not agree and get on in kindness.

Irving—being aware that I had had a vigorous personal disagreement with Mansfield and felt lively resentment towards him—displayed no reticence in expressing his views to me, well knowing that, whatever my feelings, I would not repeat his remarks while doing so could make bad blood.

I remember that while I was acting with Joseph Jefferson I stayed over in Cincinnati to see Irving, and sat up with him most of the night—April 8, 1900—in his rooms at the old St. Nicholas Hotel. Much of our conversation was of Mansfield. Irving was explicit and particular in his denunciation of him. His views were summed up in these words:

"Iago was a child to Richard Mansfield, my boy—a mere child. As to his acting, he does not know what Richard III means! Our friend the Wily One [by which name Irving was accustomed to designate Herbert Beerbohm Tree, whom he also disliked] was a much better Beau. I saw his Jekyll and Hyde. His good man was most uninteresting, and his Hyde—why, his Hyde was just a damned bad Quilp" [Old Curiosity Shop]. "And your dear father thinks he is a great actor! I cannot understand it!"

What an unpleasant rise in the social temperature there would be if actors and artists and writers in general were to air all their private opinions of each other! It was, I often have occasion to reflect, indeed a fortunate thing that my dear father invariably took men and women as he found them, not as they regarded each other; and that in judging acting he was able to appreciate all schools, and saw only with his own acute, considerate eyes, and estimated according to his own equitable, exact standards.

As to Mansfield's views of Irving, they made Irving on Mansfield seem almost tame. I still marvel that a man who could speak as I have heard Mansfield speak of Irving could ever enter the same room with him.

Having contrived at last to quarrel with my father, the kindest, most patient man that ever lived and the best friend he ever had, Mansfield appealed several times to my mother to intercede for him with his old friend. In one of the singular letters which he wrote to her he reverts to his grievance, which was, in fact, nothing but jealousy:

VICTORIA HOTEL, CHICAGO.
November 14, 1893.

MY DEAR MRS. WINTER: We are struggling in the very slough of despond, and God knows how we shall come out of it. Business is wretched for us and does not begin to pay our expenses. We get no aid; the people will not come, altho we play a different play every evening. Irving can play to $36,000 a week! We can barely play to $4000; our share of that is $2400; our expenses over $3000.

The work of the critics is bearing fruit—and it's dead-sea fruit! Irving has, as usual, left the slime of his trail behind him; he fêted, wined and dined and supped and beringed the critics. They condemn my "Merchant of Venice," to please him, and send him the articles to read and nod over—and we *starve* here, where we have worked so long. I think I could bear it if he were really great and good.

I have quarreled with Willy. I can't help it! He must know—he does *know*—or he can have no sense of sound or sight.

I put all my strength into "The Merchant of Venice" and spent a great deal of money—all in vain! I do good, honest work. I am received with immense enthusiasm—by a few.

Wherever we go, Irving has just been, or is just coming, and the people desire to pay $3—to see The Freak!

It is well to say be patient—I have been patient for fifteen years—and we must live—and I am growing old. [He was then in his thirty-ninth year.]

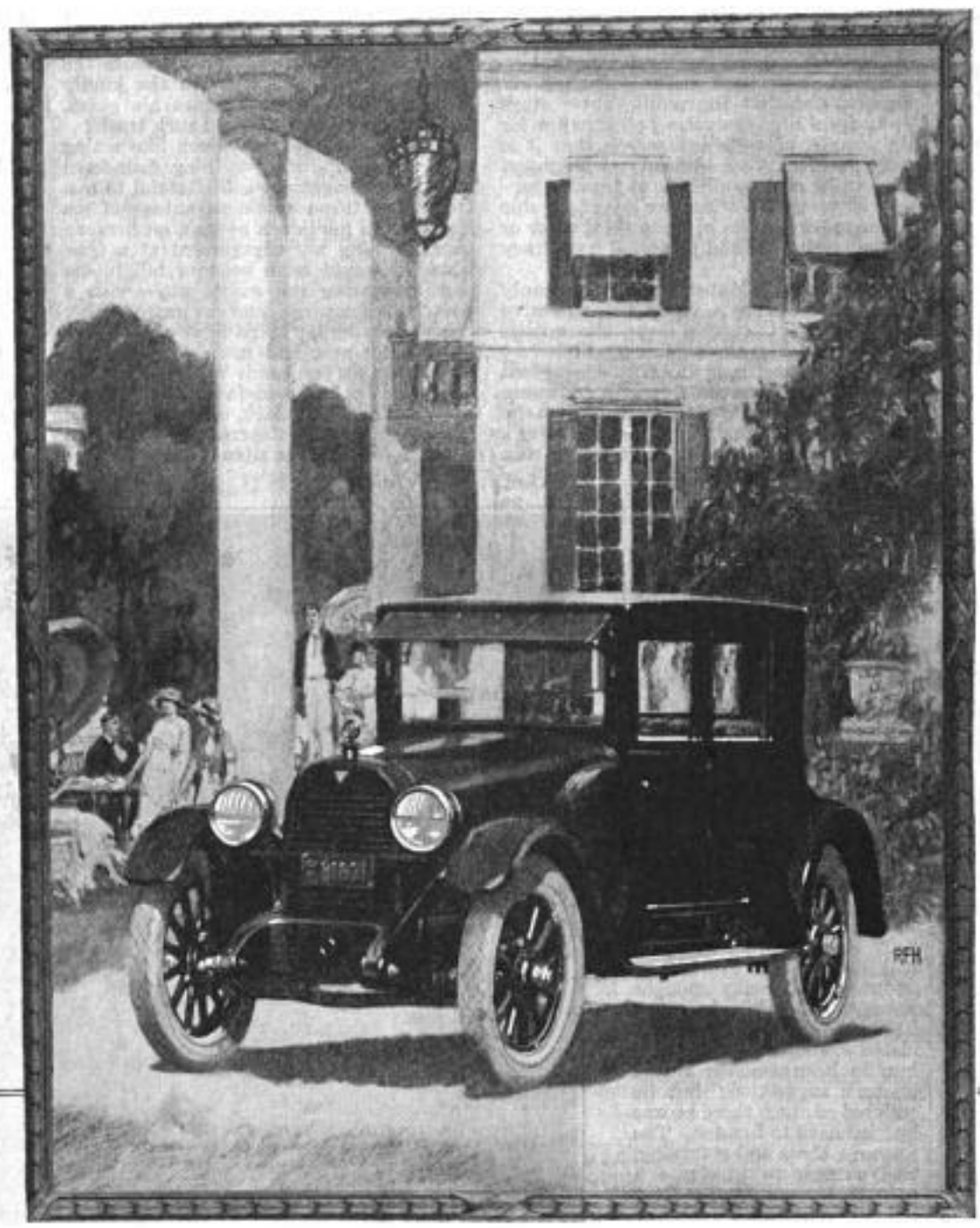
We shall need every straw to keep our heads above water, if we can do that. Managers are writing to us, from all over the country, asking us to cancel our dates and repudiating their guaranties.

Irving's latest announcement is that he will play "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde!" *My* friends *cannot* and *shall not* be *his* friends!

Always yours sincerely,
RICHARD MANSFIELD.

(Continued on Page 48)

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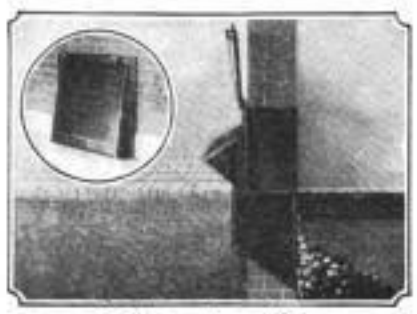
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THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 46)

After much observance of the theater I have about reached the conclusion that no actor was ever with justice criticized adversely, and that the public never stays away from any dramatic performance for the simple, all-sufficient reason that it is not attractive. All adversity of judgment concerning acting, all lack of popular support of things theatrical, are invariably due to the machinations of some rival actor or to the celebrated and perennial conspiracy of critics.

Others than Mansfield have meanly ascribed to Irving a vast, comprehensive and malignant control over the critics, blandly ignoring the significant little fact that no other actor, in any period, ever had to endure and overcome greater and more persistent adversity of criticism than he did. One of the undying fables of Irving's malignity is a story that he tried to ruin Edwin Booth by the singular expedient of inviting that actor to alternate with him at the London Lyceum in Iago and Othello, never having himself played Iago and not having acted Othello—in which, with the general public, he was a failure—for five years. The testimony of Booth himself about Irving in letters to my father may fitly be recorded here; and because the letters are, like most of the letters the great tragedian wrote, so good, I give them almost *in extenso:*

ST. JAMES HOTEL, PICCADILLY,
LONDON, January 22, 1881.

DEAR WILL: After I had finished *Othello* last evening, I was told of poor [Edward A.] Sothern's death. I had spent an hour with him on Monday, and really thought he might die while I was by his bedside, so weak and emaciated was he. They had taken him to Bournemouth at the doctor's suggestion; but he suffered so much there he was hurried back to London. The journey, there and returning, was enough to prostrate a man in his condition. Poor fellow! What a full company of players has made its exit this twelvemonth past!

I think I've acknowledged all the books you sent me, as well as papers; some of the latter came yesterday. [John] Ryder [the famous old actor who played in support of Macready and, later, Charles Kean] remembers you with apparent delight, and wants to see your Trip [to England]. Can it be got here? He's a dear old boy—full of good.

I'm after The Era for you. One of the Almanacs, 1879, I think, is out of print; but [Frederick] Ledger says he will hunt for a copy, and let me have it if he can possibly get one; soon as I get them, they shall be mailed. [John S.] Clarke sails on Tuesday, and perhaps I can send them by him.

I have sent no criticisms home, to anyone; don't know why; have lost my interest in such matters, though some of them were very ——

Forget what I was about to say. Twenty-four hours have elapsed since I said "very"; but you may guess how "*very*" some of them are!

Othello has been damned by the severe snowstorm, the worst in fifty years, and by the faintest of faint praise from the few critics who ventured out last week. My *Iago* is "clever." My *Othello* "feeble." Both are compared with [Herman] Vezin's and [Henry] Forrester's. The former I've never seen; the latter I *wish* I never had seen, for his acting is about as direful as you'd find in Ypsilanti or Oshkosh. Comparisons, too, with pumpy old [Samuel] Phelps, whose tragedy was dreary, are still indulged in, and not very complimentary. The fact is, I'm not *sociable.*

The public should not be judged by the critics—in London, at all events. The *applause* has not flagged since the first night of my engagement. The houses have been well filled, and commendations from private sources continue—verbally, as well as by letter. I never felt more warmth and genuine appreciation and have seldom seen such demonstrations of satisfaction at home, yet the critics say I fail to touch the hearts of my audience, and attribute the applause I receive simply to the kindly feeling the Englishman bears his guest. Isn't it encouraging to read such trash?

True, I have not felt much like acting since I began, for everything connected with the management is distasteful to me. Gooch has taken a vile advantage of me and coerced me into a bargain on his own terms, closing my engagement at a time when it should have been in full bloom and hampering me every way—with a wretched company, and in many other things, making my spirit ill at ease.

No actor ever had more odds to fight against, on the one hand; while I must confess, none has had more favorable auspices, on the other. My lack of judgment and foresight and my idiotic credulity prevented me from securing the advantages that were



Henry Irving as Hamlet

really in my hands. I failed to close my fingers tightly, and the chances slipped from my grasp. What opportunity may be offered in the spring I know not; at present, I see nothing.

I can hire Irving's theater in the fall, but I've had my swing at that season, and want the Springtime "Nobs," who come just as I go. Irving has been very pleasant of late, and I cannot blame him for guarding his own interests, which are very important and not to be neglected. I hope the American press will treat him kindly [Irving's first American tour, 1883–84, was then being negotiated]. His friends think the newspaper treatment of me will influence the American critics; I hope not. I've already seen several such hints in print, and many "blatherskite" compatriots of mine have openly threatened to roast the English actors, &c., &c. People I don't know, thank God!—but their remarks come secondhand to me; and I'm told they have been used as coming from *my friends.* I've no doubt the "spread eagle" has created a sour feeling for me, in certain quarters.

Yes, it *is* strange that "scalliwags" are permitted to remain, while the good are so frequently called away. And how sad it seems that, when the good fellow—who had such a host of friends—goes to his grave (very often, of late, at all events,) he should be so poorly attended; witness [John] Brougham's and [William R.] Floyd's cases. I don't know what is to be done in Sothern's. I've heard nothing; and, on account of a severe cold which I fear to aggravate while acting, I shall not be able to take any part in the affair, beyond visiting the house of mourning. I doubt very much if there will be many, of the hundreds who flocked about him in *life,* to *follow* his corpse, or think of him *after* today.

I do not dread "The Referee" and "Bolton Rowe" [a pen name assumed by Clement Scott] clique. The latter has greatly moderated his tone; the former is an ingrate and a falsehood, to the core.

Have lunched with Lady Coutts and Irving lately; she saw *Bertuccio* [The Fool's Revenge] and *Othello,* but is too much occupied to think of theaters just now—or, perhaps, I'd ask her to build me one! Supper is being served and I must again defer this interesting epistle.

(Supper's done gone.) What have I gained by acting here? I haven't "knocked the dust out of old Drury's [Drury Lane] cushions" (I think you prophesied I should), nor "scattered the old owls from their roost"—or words to that effect. It seems to me a loss of time and labor. I shall leave no impression. There seem to be few minds here worth impressing. The actor's art is judged by his costumes and the scenery; if these are not "æsthetic" (God save the mark!) he makes no stir. I believe Clarke is the most disappointed of my set, for he had built high hopes on the tradition of Kean and others' great successes here; which I never did. I did expect, however, more interest for the Shakespearean drama than is manifested. Charles Kean, Fechter and Irving have feasted the Londoners so richly, they cannot relish undecorated dishes. I was at the same ill-work at home, but was, fortunately, checked—first by fire and afterward by bankruptcy. I do not regret my losses now, since I've seen the evil results of "grand revivals."

[February 15.] I send two "Era" Almanacs; the third cannot be obtained, although I have a scout still on the search for it; with them will be mailed a "Saturday Review," about *Othello*—my conception and performance of which part are so rarely understood or commended by my critics. A Shakespearean (!) friend, who gloats over my *Iago,* fails to discover in *Othello,* either read or acted, by me or anyone, anything but "a beast—as Shakespeare *intended him to be!*" Did you ever? ! ! ! ! I cannot possibly see the least animalism in *Othello.* To my mind, he is poetically pure and noble; even in his rage, which wrings from him occasional "*curse*-ry" remarks—not over-refined, perhaps—I perceive no *bestiality* such as my learned friend discovers.

Last night I produced "Lear," and from the wild demonstrations that greeted my every scene, from first to last, I judge it to be a "go." I've seen but two articles this morning. Most of the papers wait a day or two before publishing their notices of important plays and players. All the critics were there in force, however, and I dare say tomorrow's press will record their opinions. I'm glad I've been able to "hit 'em again" with a test part, Shakespearean, before my too-brief engagement closes.

Day after to-morrow I play at Irving's Lyceum, the Fourth Act of "Richelieu," for [F. B.] Chatterton's Benefit; don't know why—but "everybody" said I ought to, and so I consented. Shortly I shall act again (Drury Lane) for the Benefit of the Dramatic Fund (*Petruchio.*) This is alright, of course; but 'tis hard to be acting in the day, at other theaters, and other parts, while working at *Lear.*

I am in doubt as to what I shall wind up my term with; "Richelieu" is asked for, but I somehow feel as if I'd like to give a week or two of "Richard II." The company is bad, the management mean and very disagreeable, and I rather rejoice at the prospect of getting rid of such embarrassments; but—where else to go? . . .

The 26th will terminate my "job" with Gooch and, after a month's rest, I shall begin a series of performances, alternating *Othello* and *Iago,* during May—perhaps longer—with Irving, who very kindly met my request for an occasional matinee [at

(Continued on Page 50)

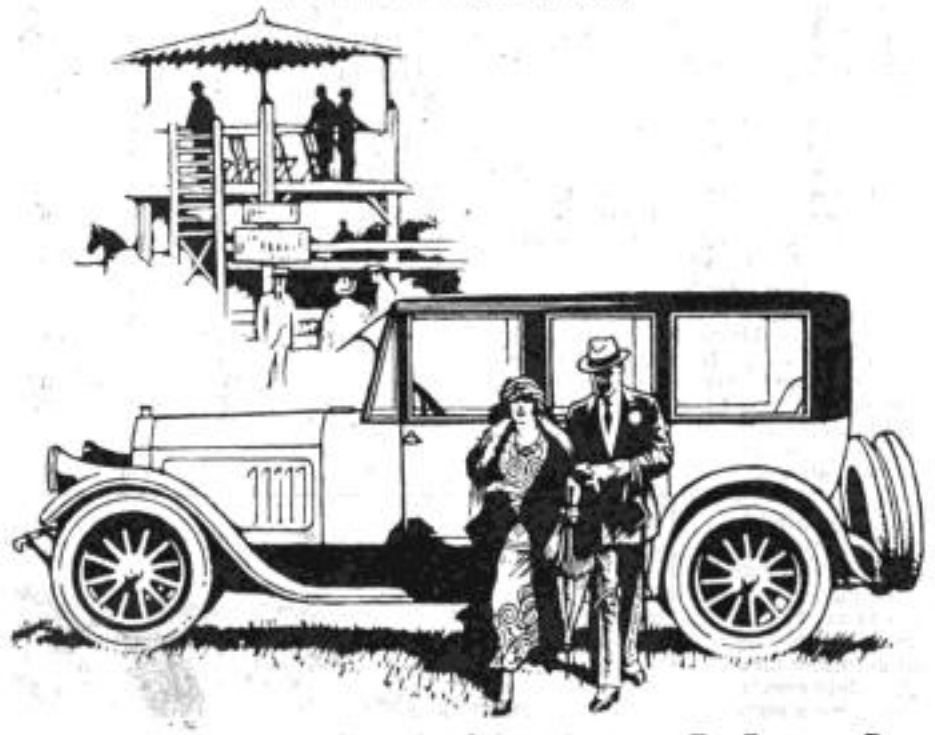
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MANUFACTURERS & PATENTEES

(Continued from Page 48)

the Lyceum Theater], during the season, with the proposition to act three nights a week with me, instead. This is very good in him, and proceeds, I am sure, from a genuine artistic feeling. If you can give him a "lift" and let him know that I appreciate his feelings, I'm sure 'twill make him happier than anything *I* can say. He had a doubt of how he would be received in America, on my account, though I assured him he would receive a cordial welcome there, and that no ill-feeling whatever existed concerning us "poor players," except, perhaps, among a few feeble-minded, little-brained bummers of the press. Edwin Forrest set all such damned nonsense at rest, by the bloody farce of 1849. [Meaning the disgraceful Astor Place Riots, instigated by Forrest, because of his vicious jealousy of and animosity toward William C. Macready, and which resulted in the slaughter of twenty-two persons.]

Lear, to my surprise, has toppled over even *Richelieu* and *Iago!* 'Tis the one character that even Hazlitt admitted my father [Junius Brutus Booth] to have acted better than Kean. I have received many flattering congratulations on the performance, while not a few want to see *Hamlet* again. But I see no opportunity, at present, to do that. If I could only have a swing at a theater, for a year, untrammeled by cheap-John managers, I could do something worth working for.

[April 28.] Various worries prevented my writing you even a line, as you requested in yours of March 30, until the advent of John [McCullough]; so I thought I'd wait a day or two longer to tell you the result. So far as one can judge of these Englishers, he has made a very favorable impression. The papers treat him well and the "first night" audience seemed mightily pleased. 'Twas the second time, only, that I had seen him "from the front"—once, at the Opera House, as *Coriolanus*. On both occasions, I was impressed by his repose and his freedom from that fault we tragedy-boys indulge in so freely—over-gesticulation; both qualities are most difficult to acquire, but I think they are natural with him. If he had a longer engagement, in order to keep up the newspaper talk about him, it would be better for his popularity. As it is, the one play [Virginius; before he ended his engagement at Drury Lane, McCullough brought out Othello] may not give him the means of riveting the nail. I heartily wish him the fullest success.

I have been rehearsing *Othello*, with Irving, the past two weeks. The play will be finely set, and will be well acted by the subordinates. Whatever may be the opinions concerning Irving's histrionic ability (which, after all, is but a matter of opinion) he certainly has the element of greatness, largely developed, for the very difficult art of stage management. His patience and untiring energy, his good taste and superior judgment in all pertaining to stage-craft, are marvellous! He is very gentle and courteous, though tried, to the extremity of endurance, by "the awkward squad." To be on his stage, and find all one's ideas perfectly carried out, is delightful! He imparts to the humblest member of his corps a somewhat of the true artistic feeling that animates himself. Rehearsals, which were always an exhaustion and a bore to me, are, on his stage, with him as director, positively a pleasure. It revives all my old interest in my profession. He deserves all the honors heaped upon him, and he wears them modestly.

[May 22.] My engagement continues with Irving till June 12, and is very great, in all respects; only my domestic misery [meaning the mental breakdown of his second wife] prevents it from being the happiest theatrical experience I've ever had. I wish I could do as much for Irving, in America, as he has done here, for me.

A suggestion has reached me, yet indefinite, that I should again take the reins at Booth's [Theater, New York]—but be relieved of all financial cares, &c. I cannot scrape up even the scraps of my old-time ambition to decorate the plays and to act as unceasingly, as I should be obliged to do, were I at the head of affairs, as once I was, on that stage.

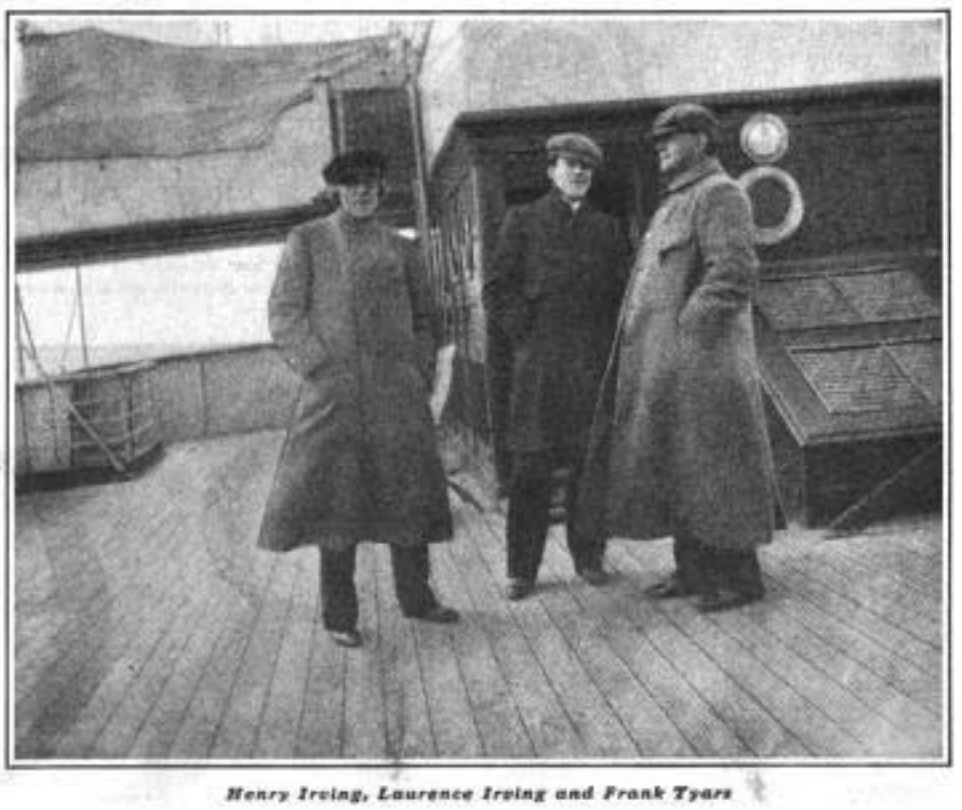
John [McCullough] closed his engagement last night, and this evening I shall meet him, at dinner, at Mr. Bigelow's (of Philadelphia). Nearly all the newspapers speak highly of him, and many call him—as they did me—"old school," &c., &c. I wonder what the devil is the "*new*" school of Tragedy? Thine, EDWIN.

To revert for a moment to Mansfield: His only real grievances against Henry Irving were that the latter excelled him as an actor, and as a man had treated him with princely generosity.

"I did not buy the English rights of Jekyll and Hyde," so Irving told me in the course of that Cincinnati night, "until I learned that Mansfield was circulating stories to the effect that I had tried to make him pay rent for two London theaters. What, actually, I did was to save his London first appearance at my theater by hiring the Opera Comique, so that [Daniel E.] Bandmann was unable to get into London ahead of him with an unauthorized version of Jekyll and Hyde. I protected Mansfield. Then I learned, too, that he was paying other debts—contracted after those to me, about which he did not write me even a line. I became very angry, and I made up my mind to have my money—which, had he treated me decently, he need never have paid at all, if he did not wish to. I told Bram [Stoker, his business manager from 1878 to the end] to attach his property and see that he paid up—if at the rate of only one hundred dollars a week, or even fifty dollars a week. 'Do not make trouble for him,' were my instructions, 'but see that he pays to the last farthing.' And that was done.

"As for the play—I mean to do it some day. But a good dramatization will have to be made." [One was made for Irving, by O. Booth and J. Dixon. He never produced it.]

"The transformation should not be made on a darkened stage, with green limelights. It is a psychological change, a change of soul, which affects the body. I mean to do it—the first time—in a soft, clear light. I am going to have Jekyll take up a newspaper and read in it the account of a child being trampled in the street by a miscreant—whom he knows, of course, to have been himself, as Hyde. Then in an agony of distress he sinks back in his chair, concealing his face with the newspaper. In a moment it slips to the floor, and the audience sees that the change from Jekyll to Hyde is just taking place."



Henry Irving, Laurence Irving and Frank Tyars

Irving acted this scene as he described it to me, and the effect—even without stage lights, settings or make-up—was grisly and thrilling beyond words.

Irving, like many another actor and manager, has been much and bitterly blamed, because, as alleged, he did not do anything for the modern drama. The detraction is nonsensical. Irving was not a dress-coat actor. He was a legitimate tragedian, and a player of romantic and of what are called melodramatic characters. Most of his greatest successes were achieved in Shakspere. He was, however, at all times vigilantly on the lookout for new plays suitable to his requirements. He sought great themes and great characters. Among new plays which he caused to be written and which he produced are The Bells, Wills' King Charles I, Eugene Aram, Ravenswood—on the Bride of Lammermoor—and Faust; King Arthur, Don Quixote, Peter the Great and Robespierre. He gave to the stage both The Cup and Becket, by Tennyson, and it was because of a suggestion of his that the great poet wrote The Foresters, which eventually was produced by Augustin Daly.

During his last stay in New York Irving told my father in my presence: "I have paid close on to fifty thousand dollars for new plays that I have not been able to produce—and some of which, though paid for, have never even been written. I have between twenty and thirty on hand now—which will never bring me back a penny."

Among new plays written for him are J. M. Barrie's The Professor's Love Story, which finally he rejected as not suitable to his special needs, and in which the late Edward S. Willard—a wonderful actor—achieved notable success; and Frank Marshall's Robert Emmet which Irving turned over to Dion Boucicault, who tinkered and then produced it.

Irving was, among other things, remarkable for willingness to stand comparison with other actors of first rank and established standing, in characters in which they had been accepted as preëminent. It was in large part this belief in himself which led to his proposing to alternate with Edwin Booth in Iago and Othello—parts which Booth habitually played, and in one of which at least he was deemed incomparable.

When Irving engaged Ellen Terry as leading actress of his company he bought Wills' play of Olivia, which had previously been brought out at the Court Theater with great success by John Hare, presenting Miss Terry as its heroine and Herman Vezin as the vicar. Irving revived it, himself assuming Doctor Primrose and entirely eclipsing the precedent player, one of the best actors of his time.

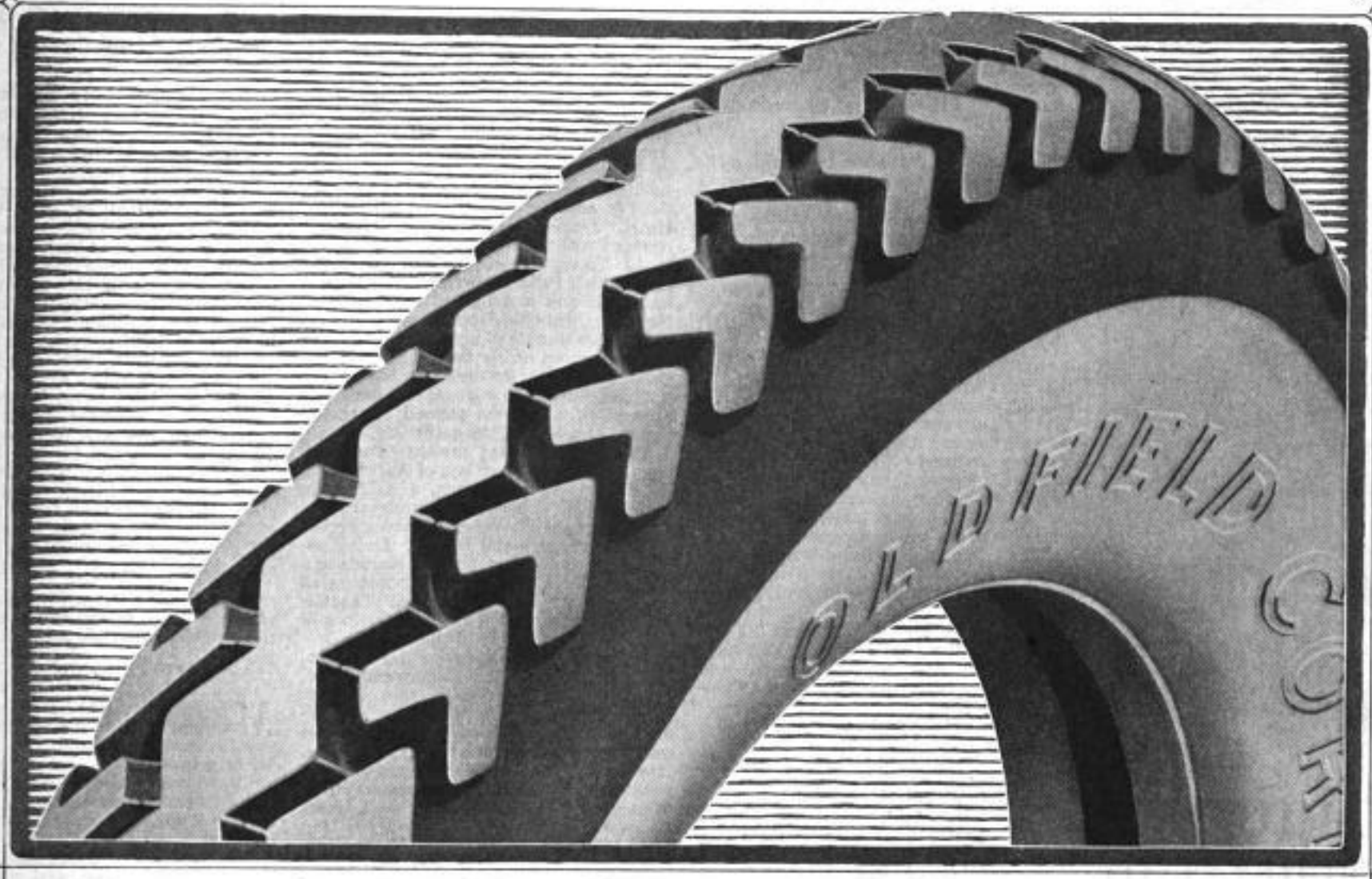
The only comparison that he ever shunned was when he, by my father's very urgent and repeated counsel, dropped Richelieu from his American repertory. Writing to Irving in 1885 on the subject of his presenting that play in America, Winter said:

I can only repeat again what I have before said and written to you about *Richelieu*. It is not *good management* for you to play it here. *It is Edwin's* [Booth] *part*. His performance of it is better than yours—for it is perfect. It never has been, and it never will be, equaled. Even if you were "to act it like an angel out of Heaven," they would not accept you in it, here. You are stronger without it than with it. Therefore, I counsel you again, most earnestly, to omit it.

It was the same when Booth went to London, five years ago. I entreated him not to open in *Hamlet*, but, instead, to begin in *Richelieu*. And I told him why. He promised to do as I advised; but, after he got to

(Continued on Page 52)

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Facilities not to be surpassed make it possible for Barney Oldfield not only to produce better, longer-mileage tires, but to put them on the market at prices that make them a genuine economy.

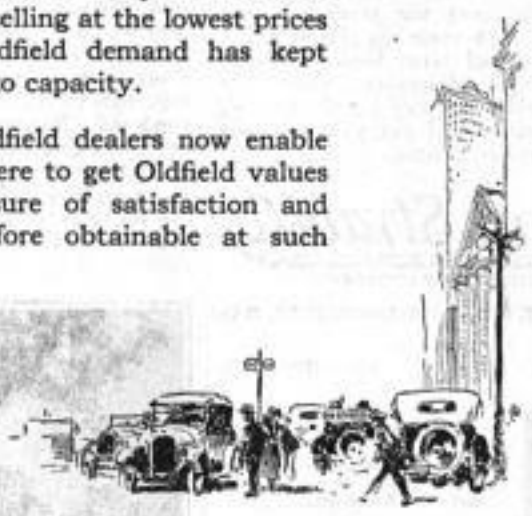
For three years they have fulfilled everything promised and everything expected of them—winning every important race and establishing notable mileage records on thousands of cars.

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Get a Box

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Small cost.

(Continued from Page 50)

London, he was over-persuaded (largely by Clarke and by his unfortunate wife) to open in *Hamlet*. It was a grave error of judgment.

Where public and press alike are committed to support of a sterling performance, why *force* comparisons? Old *Richelieu's* "grand maxim" is the wise one in this situation: "First employ all methods *to conciliate!*"

In answer to the letter from which the above passages are quoted, and also, I think, to an earlier one—of which I have no copy—referring to the same subject, and telling Irving of his purpose to make a book about him—which he did—the actor wrote:

GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, CHICAGO,
22 June, 1885.

MY DEAR WINTER: "It is the favor I would have asked of thee, had I dared!" To be recorded by William Winter, in company with Joseph Jefferson—nothing could gratify, or satisfy, me more! The fact of your wishing to do this book delights me, and it will be of the greatest—the very greatest—interest to my friends at home. A book that will live when I am forgotten—a poor subject, which only you can adorn, with your lenient tenderness, your friendship, and your genius. . . .

Before we play it [Eugene Aram] in New York, I should like to talk it over with you; and if you can come to see it, I know you will.

Your advice about "Richelieu" I follow—and I thank you for it. You have good, kindly and sufficient reason—and that's enough; so ends it. After next Tuesday, I play it *no more*.

Good-by, dear friend. God bless you!—and yours, HENRY IRVING.

Robespierre—which, though not history but entirely fiction, is a capital play—was first produced April 15, 1899, at the Lyceum Theater in London; and in America at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, October 30, the same year. It was the chief feature of Irving's sixth American tour—1899-1900—which lasted for twenty-nine weeks, and during which he played to gross receipts of about five hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That tour came after a protracted period of trouble, illness and ill-fortune—growing professional dissension with Miss Ellen Terry; an injury to his knee on the first night of his revival of King Richard III which incapacitated him for months and cost him thousands of pounds; an almost fatal attack of pneumonia; the destruction by fire, February 8, 1898, of the scenery for more than forty plays—and its success saved Irving from absolute ruin.

These were Irving's own words, spoken to my father in my presence, driving down to Pier 39, New York, to board the steamship Menominee, May 19, 1900, "America has saved me! Without this tour I should have been utterly ruined!"

And then he spoke with deep feeling of the love and fidelity of his old comrade and friend, John L. Toole.

"Just before I sailed from home," Irving said, "Toole sent for me and I went to bid him good-by. His state is very dreadful"—Toole's disease was locomotor ataxia—"but he may live for years yet. He could talk but little, and several times became confused. But when I was coming away he held my hand with extraordinary strength, and kissed it and said, with tears running down his face, 'If you need money draw on me for twenty thousand pounds.' I think that is every penny he has!"

Among my father's notes, I find the following:

[1894. Edinburgh.] November 1. Yesterday Willy and I visited a jeweller's shop in Prince's Street, to see the process of making jewelry. Bad weather! I walked to the top of the Salisbury Crag and composed my speech for the night. Irving called. Was anxious about his speech, and the others. Very earnest conversation. I gave him my views about the occasion. Arranged for a cable to the paper. Spoke of Robespierre; Henry much interested. At night attended the supper to Irving, by the Pen and Pencil Club, at the Waterloo Hotel. Delivered my speech, which was received with great favor and sympathy—N. B. To try to recover the opening part of it, which I did not write down. It was humorous and it delighted the company. No MS. Spoke all from memory and repeated five stanzas of my poem in honor of Henry, written nearly ten years ago. Beginning at: "But let the golden waves leap up," and on to the end. A tidy little feat of memory, and I am pleased to think I pleased him and all the gathering.

About 150 persons present—fine company. G. W. W. Barclay, of Aberdeen, in the Chair. Vice-chairmen, J. C. Dibdin (grandson of Charles, who wrote the Sea Songs) and A. W. Vokes. Good speeches by G. A. Peacock and Dibdin. Irving, replying to the chairman's address, made a capital speech and earnestly advocated establishment of a Municipal Theater. Musical exercises, and clever imitations of Gladstone, Disraeli and Johnny Toole—which latter, I think, Irving did not like. He is very sensitive and dislikes caricature. Bram Stoker spoke with rare felicity. Home about 5:30 A. M. *Memo*—To remember story of the Scotchman who, after consuming two quarts of champagne, expressed a desire to have something to *drink*, because "these mineral waters are so tiresome!" [This story was used, years afterward, with amusing effect, by Ian MacLaren in a speech at the Lotos Club, New York—J. W.] N. B. That the Waterloo Room, in which we had supper, was once *a theater*. Irving said that he played *Claude Melnotte* in it, for the first time, and had played many other parts there, at the outset of his life. The occasion was the twentieth anniversary of Irving's appearance as *Hamlet*, at the London Lyceum, under old Chain-Lightning Bateman's management. Rather used up. The morning after a banquet is not the pleasantest part of it. Like *Mr. Pickwick*, I am today inclined to "silence and soda water."

Irving did not much indulge in letter writing. I remember to have heard him say, in the indescribable accents of sardonic scorn which he could utter with such pungent effect, "I have not Mansfield's gift; he's great at letters!" [which, by the way, was exactly true. Mansfield wrote some of the most interesting letters I have ever read] and several times I have heard him express approval of Talleyrand's maxim, "Never write a letter and never destroy one," and also of Napoleon's observation that "all letters will answer themselves, if you give them enough time."

In all the years that I knew him, though he sent me many telegrams—he was more addicted to the telegram habit than anybody else I ever knew, excepting David Belasco, who radiates them perpetually—I received, I think, only four letters from Irving—all short. Nevertheless, he did sometimes—especially when his feelings were deeply moved—write real letters, particularly to my father, who gave to me an invaluable collection of them, from which I select the following characteristic and interesting specimens, which are of special note as revealing the true quality of a man so often alleged to have been devoid of sympathetic human feeling; of whom one of his closest associates, Ellen Terry, has—most untruly—said that "he was gentle, never tender."

BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK,
31 December, 1883.

GOD bless you, my dear Winter, and God bless yours, is my heartfelt wish on the eve of this New Year.

I am longing to be in your home and in your midst and by your fireside, but whether that can be this week I hardly know. Brooklyn and back is an expedition which I have twice to take, daily.

Shall we wait till this play-acting business is over, and spend our last Sunday together, in your home; and will you come here one night this week and have a bed and a chat and "a crack wi' a friend?"

On Saturday night we are off to Chicago. I'm almost sorry, for the further I get from New York the more I regret it.

The book you sent to Boston—indeed, made with your own hands!—I shall ever treasure as a tribute of affection.

You have no friend would wear you closer to his heart than I, and at the close of this year I cannot help telling you so.

"I am ill at these numbers," but yours ever, dear friend, H. IRVING.

The following was written not very long after the death of one of my brothers, as the result of a horrible accident:

15A., GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, W.
LONDON, 2 June, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You are not coming over to me. I am coming to you, to hold your hand with a true and loving grip.

I have been with you in all your sorrow, and my heart is ever with you.

Words, words, words! I have none. I love you.

For the sake of those who love you—for your wife's sake, and your friends' sake—be brave, old friend! 'Twill make the happy and dear spirit happier; the spirit that, I'm sure, is ever hovering near you, to guard and bless you.

I shall see you, please God, in about two months' time—the seventh or eighth of August. We close on 31 July, and start by the Fulda on August 1.

Dearest Ellen Terry comes, too; and if she knew I were writing, would send you her dearest love. You have no warmer friend than she.

News I have none—and would not bore you, if I had.

I am prospering beyond my expectations or desert.

My love and respects to Mrs. Winter. And my love and friending, ever, to you.

HENRY IRVING.

The lad referred to in the foregoing was a child of rare genius, of whom Irving was exceptionally fond and with whom he much liked to talk. Once, at the actor's request, he recited two of Hamlet's soliloquies—that beginning "Now I am alone" and that on life and death. After the boy had finished and gone about his play my father said, "Irving, that child reads those speeches better than you do."

"Yes," Irving answered, "he does. But he does not know what they mean. His reading is elocution only. He cannot illumine and interpret them. And that is the difference between reciting and acting."

Editor's Note—Another article by Mr. Winter on Sir Henry Irving will appear in an early issue.

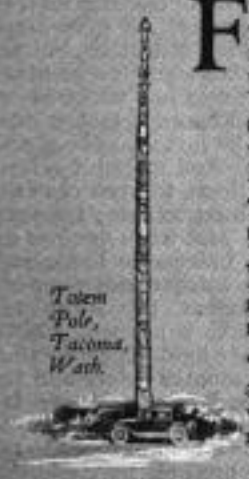


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This remarkable ten thousand mile trip was made by Mr. A. F. Van Ornum and Mr. J. W. Cooper of Pasadena in a Willys-Knight roadster, the trip occupying forty-nine days, including stopovers, actual running time being thirty-four days.

"'A Tribute to a Marvelous Automobile' is a fitting title to this unsolicited testimonial written after making a double transcontinental trip *without so much as a moment of engine trouble or a flat tire from any cause,*" writes Mr. Van Ornum. "Average miles per gallon of gasoline was 22 over all roads in all gears. Average miles per gallon of oil was 690. Between Conway, Ark., and Minneapolis, Minn., (by way of New York) just 3443 miles, we used exactly 3½ *pints* of water."

This trip demonstrates in a practical way the inherent qualities of all Willys-Knight cars. Exclusive features, like the wonderful Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor that grows smoother and more powerful with use, are responsible for such extraordinary service records. Performance alone is rapidly making the Willys-Knight one of the most popular cars in America.



A Glimpse of the Capitol—Washington, D. C.

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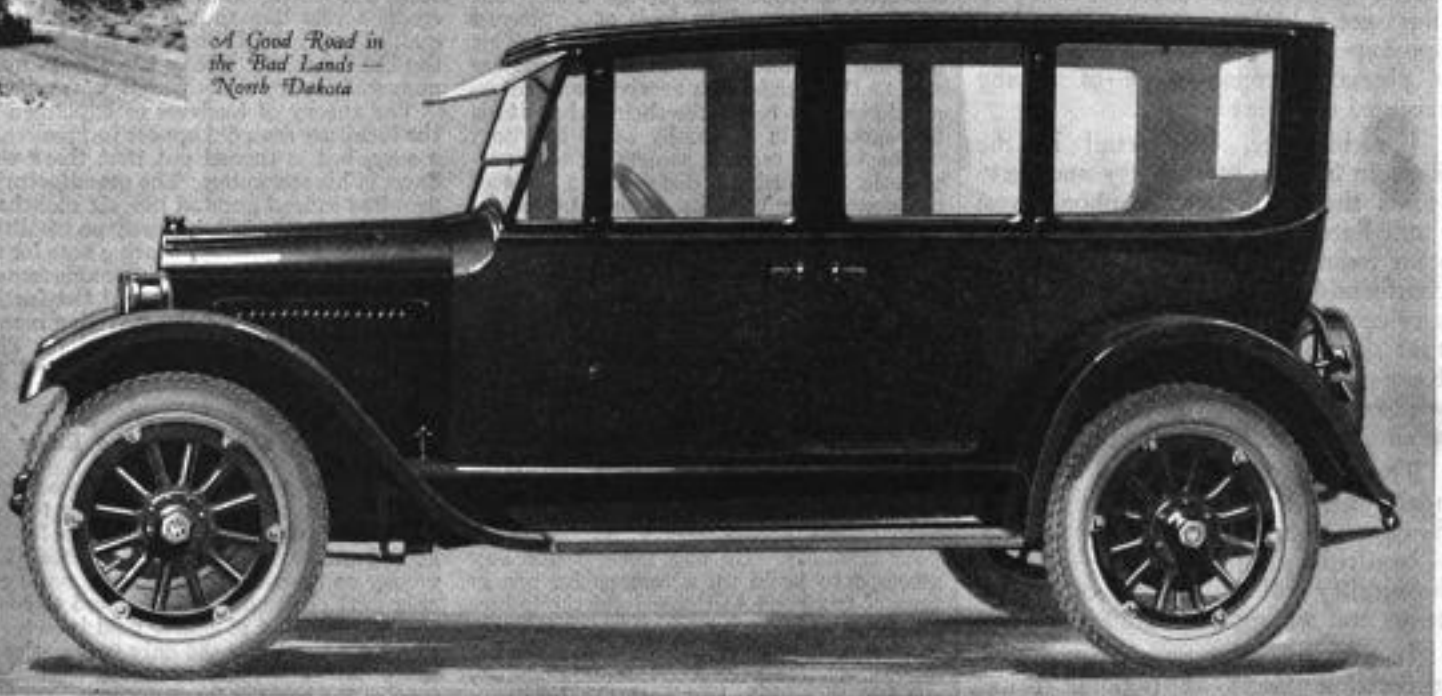


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BUILDING A RESERVE

By J. R. Sprague

IN A LITTLE family restaurant which I used to patronize there was one table reserved for near-by business men who liked to get together at lunchtime to discuss mutual problems. One of these regular lunch customers was a young man who had a furniture store up the street a couple of blocks. He was a large young man with a heavy voice, which he liked to exercise, and his main topic of conversation was the tremendous amount of business that he did in his furniture emporium. He was so wrapped up in his success that he did not always observe the niceties of table manners. He was, to tell the truth, a little careless in the handling of food, and this was accentuated by the fact that he ate and talked at the same time. But trifles like this did not take away the respect we felt for him as a successful business man. Each day he had some special triumph to report.

"Sales ran a thousand dollars before eleven o'clock this morning," he would announce exultantly between knifefuls. "I guess maybe I'm doing my share of the business of this town!" At other times he went more into detail. "Man and wife in the store today who drove fifty miles especially to trade with me. Furnishing up their whole house. I guess that's going some!"

Sometimes, as concrete evidence of his prosperity, he would have his bank book with him and allow the other restaurant patrons a peep at it in his inside coat pocket with the tens and twenties sticking up over the edge. But we did not need the sight of a bank book or stories of distant patrons to believe that the young furniture man was a power in his chosen calling. His establishment down the street was four stories high with a double front, and the great show windows were always impressively trimmed with the latest in bedroom sets, dining-room tables, fancy lamps and electric washing machines. Inside, one could see long vistas of furniture on each side of cool-looking aisles, with groups of customers being waited upon by the young furniture man and his assistants.

Smartness Comes to Grief

But this appearance of prosperity, apparently so stable, came to an untimely ending. One morning the furniture establishment did not open up as usual, and passers-by stopped to look at a placard that was pasted on the front door. This bore the brief information that the business was in the hands of a receiver and interested creditors might file their claims at his headquarters in a near-by office building.

The failure created something of a surprise in the business district. In spite of the young furniture man's eccentric social manners he had been recognized as an industrious merchant and an exceptionally good salesman. He himself never offered any explanation other than to state that if he could just have kept on a couple of years longer he would have had all the furniture trade of the town. But there was no way to prove this, and he left shortly afterward to accept a position as salesman in another city.

It was not until the receiver made his report to the creditors that the matter was explained. The furniture man had been a good salesman, the receiver stated, but a poor financier. He had never made any attempt to build up a reserve for use in time of trouble. At the time of the failure his bank balance was nothing, while his store was filled with merchandise—all four floors and basement. And this merchandise, the report added, had cost the furniture man too much money.

This explanation was not at all in line with the talk which the young furniture man had been in the habit of making at the restaurant round table. He had, in fact, frequently told of incidents to show how shrewd he was in both buying and financing. I remember one of these incidents distinctly. It had to do with the purchase of a carload of merchandise and he had gone into it with considerable detail.

"You bet I know how to handle those drummers who come around all the time trying to sell me goods," he said. "I treat them rough. Even if I want to buy some of their stuff I pretend that I am not interested. I tell them I'm busy and make them come back two or three times before I will even talk business with them."

He looked around at the group of listeners to see if they appreciated his astuteness and then proceeded: "I pulled off a good one this morning. Day before yesterday a salesman came into the store; I saw him standing around waiting a chance to talk to me, but I pretended to be awful busy and let him wait half an hour before I gave him a chance. Then I said I wasn't very keen about buying anything from his house because I didn't believe their prices were as low as their competitors'. Of course the salesman argued this point, but I acted indifferent and told him he would have to make some special concessions if he wanted to do business with me.

"He asked me what concessions I meant and I told him flat-footed that I did not propose to buy anything from his house at their regular credit terms. If they wanted to get me on their books they would have to open up a little. I said I might consider a little stuff if they would bill it out on six months' time. Then I walked away from him and acted as though I didn't care whether he accepted the proposition or not."

Again the young furniture man glanced around at his hearers to see if they caught the shrewdness of his methods.

"You see what I was driving at?" he chuckled. "I was making it so hard for him that he would be extra anxious to sell me. He followed me up and said he had no authority to change his firm's credit terms. I told him if he was a regular salesman he would get his firm's permission to do what I proposed; I said the telegraph wires were working, and he could afford to spend a dollar or two in the interest of getting a good order.

"To make a long story short, he did as I suggested, and yesterday he got his firm's permission to grant me the terms I demanded if I would buy a carload lot. He wanted to close the deal yesterday so as to leave town last night, but I made him stay over until this morning. I wanted to let him know who was boss when it came to doing business with me.

"Of course," the furniture man concluded, "I didn't exactly need a carload of stuff, but when you can make people grant credit terms like that it pays to buy in quantities. I bet I'll have it all sold before the bill falls due. That's the way to make money. Work on the other fellow's capital!"

The theory of business as explained by the furniture man did appear impressive, in a way, but it turned out that there were flaws in his reasoning. The manufacturing firm had indeed granted him six months in which to pay the bill, but only on condition that he give an interest-bearing note for the amount involved, a very reasonable request in view of the long terms and the further fact that he had kept the traveling man in town three days to get the order. This, however, was not all, according to the receiver's report.

Skating Too Near the Edge

The furniture man had been overoptimistic about working on the other fellow's capital. When the six months' note fell due he had not turned his carload purchase into money as he had expected, and could pay only part of the amount; he had to renew the balance, and of course paid interest on that. Nor was this the only transaction of the kind. The receiver stated that along toward the last the furniture man was paying interest in twenty different places. His interest charges amounted to as much as his store rent, and a good deal of his time was taken up each day in running around to different banks to arrange for renewing notes which had been sent in by different firms for collection. He was crowded so closely that he could seldom pay even his electric-light bill on time, and it cost him 10 per cent extra because he would be a few days late each month.

The receiver, who had been a merchant himself, let drop an informal opinion at the creditors' meeting which contained a good deal of business philosophy.

"The furniture man," he said, "seemed to believe he could skate along on the edge without ever falling in. Apparently his idea was to buy all the merchandise the factories could turn out, for fear his competitors might get some of it. It never occurred to him that he ought to try to build up a reserve to carry him over a bad time."

The receiver's comment as applied to the young furniture man's disastrous finish is particularly applicable to the present time. Business men in all lines who expanded themselves too optimistically during the period of rising prices and easy credit are now wishing they had not been quite so optimistic. It is surprising how few of the rank and file of business men made any effort to create anything of a reserve during the flush period.

The trouble, perhaps, lies in the fact that the average small business man looks upon a reserve as something quite important for banks and big institutions, but not for him. He figures that sometime or other when he gets his business just where he wants it he will begin taking some money out of it; but meanwhile he just goes along and does the best he can. And indeed it is hard, even in the best of times, to wrest cash money from a going business, as many thousands of men can testify. Just when one has managed to get a little balance in bank and it seems that he may safely divert some of it for outside investment the most aggravating things are liable to happen. A note may suddenly come to light which the business man had signed months before and forgotten to enter on his books; someone fails to pay an account which had been confidently counted on to help out on the month's expenses; or business may suddenly go flat and continue that way until the balance in bank has duly disappeared. I need not remind any business man of these discouraging things; he knows all about them without being told.

Amateurs in Business

But the events of the past couple of years have shown conclusively that the small business man needs some kind of reserve just as much as the big institution. The other day I sat in the office of an able lawyer who handles the credit troubles of a great organization of wholesalers in the Middle West. On the lawyer's desk and in his files were documents representing the embarrassments of nearly a hundred men in various lines of business.

According to this executive there are two main reasons for the troubles that come to him for attention: The first is that so many men go into business without any particular knowledge of the line they enter and expect to compete on even terms with the old-timers. It is a case of amateurs, the lawyer said, going up against professionals. This is a condition that has been especially noticeable since the war. For a couple of years it looked so easy to make money in merchandising lines that hundreds of men jumped into the game of buying and selling who had no knowledge of the thing they had jumped into, and now they are falling by the wayside.

But this was only one phase of the business troubles which were contained in the documents about the lawyer's office. By far the greatest number had to do with the misfortunes of business men who had failed to make provisions for a rainy day. He showed me the papers on a particular case, that of a department-store owner in the lawyer's own city.

"There is a man," the lawyer said, "who thought, two years ago, that he was worth a hundred thousand dollars. Now he is asking his creditors for an extension of his debts. Of course he will get what he asks, because we never force anyone to the wall who shows signs of trying to do the right thing; but we would feel a good deal better about it if he had displayed an ability to lay aside something out of his business when he had the chance.

"I know the merchant personally," the lawyer continued; "he is a man who talks a good deal about thrift to his employes and in fact even makes speeches about it. I heard him make a speech once to an audience of young fellows at the Y. M. C. A. He told the boys how important it was for them to lay aside something out of their wages, and how much better they would

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Squibb's Flexible Collodion—(liquid court plaster) produces heavy and lasting film.

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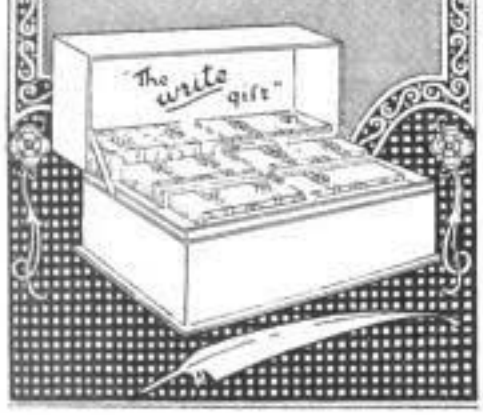
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stand in the business world if it were known they had a nest egg saved up. He closed his speech by stating that if two young men came to him for employment, one of whom had a savings account and the other hadn't, he would always choose the one who had it.

"But the merchant himself has never practiced what he preached. He has not seemed to realize that the same rule applies to business men as to those who work on salaries. There has been no time during the past ten years during which he might not have pulled a little cash out of his business to set aside as a safety fund, but he has not done it. Instead, he has slapped all his profits back into his business and gone into debt besides, and now that the slump has come he is up against it."

In one of the big Texas cities I had an interview with a man who has decided opinions on the subject of building a reserve. He has a reserve himself which he states saved his business life on one occasion. This man is in the lumber business and specializes on the building of homes for people of moderate circumstances. It is, he says, about the most satisfactory business in the world. On Sundays when he takes his family out for a ride he can point with pride to numberless houses which he has helped to build, and every householder a satisfied customer. It is a standing joke in the family that he thinks more of his lumber business than of his wife; but there are no hard feelings about it, because she knows it is not so.

Although the lumberman is in a most prosperous condition now, he has had his ups and downs and knows what it is to sweat over finances. The hardest knock of his career came just about a year after he started his business. A money panic swept the country, and in the general mix-up the bank at which the lumberman transacted his business closed its doors. In any line of endeavor it is embarrassing for one's bank to quit, and especially so in the lumber business. His customers were not ordinarily able to pay cash for their homes, and the lumberman had an arrangement with his bank by which it discounted the notes his customers gave him. As the bank was now closed he had no outlet for these notes. Manifestly it was impossible for him to go ahead and finance any more homes on credit. Unless he could find someone able and willing to take his paper off his hands his business career was at an end.

The Man of Last Resort

The lumberman had a couple of unhappy days following the closing of his bank. There were plenty of other banks in town, but naturally none were anxious to take on heavy-borrowing customers at the height of a money panic. Nevertheless he had to try them out. Not having been in business long enough to acquire much of a reputation, and besides, being only thirty years old and young-looking for his age, the lumberman says his quest for a bank connection was the hardest job he ever did. He admits that he walked up and down in front of the first institution he tackled for two hours before he worked up courage enough to go in.

When he did sit down in the president's private office he did not feel much better. He laid his problems before that official, explaining that he had forty thousand dollars' worth of lumber ordered from various mills which would have to be paid for, and at present he did not have enough cash even to pay freight charges on the material when it should arrive. Whatever money he had was tied up in the closed bank and it was very problematical when it would be available. But the forty thousand dollars which he needed to pay his bills was not all. He wanted the banker also to furnish him with an outlet for the notes that his customers gave him in paying for their homes.

The banker considered the situation courteously but without enthusiasm.

"I'm afraid I can't do anything for you," he said. "What you are asking might be all right in normal times, and if you had been doing business with us right along probably I might be able to fix you up now. But the way things are, we've got to use our resources to take care of our regular customers. I'm sorry, but I can't do what you want."

The turn-down was final. The lumberman tried two or three other institutions on succeeding days, but with similar results. One banker went a little further than the others and advised him that there was not much use for him to try to work out of his difficulty. He suggested that the lumberman would do well to close out his business to the best advantage possible and take a job on salary somewhere.

This was just what the lumberman did not want to do. Closing out a business in panic times is a wasteful proceeding; he had spent his life so far in accumulating what he had in the enterprise, and besides, he was not the sole owner. It was a stock company, in which several other men had invested money, trusting in his business ability to make their investments profitable. There was every reason for him to try to keep afloat if possible.

There was in the city at that time a banker, an old-timer, who had the reputation of being somewhat hard-boiled. He was not much of a mixer among the business element, and it was understood he did not take many chances in his loaning operations. It was even rumored that he could be acrimonious on occasions when he thought a would-be borrower wanted accommodation on insufficient security. The lumberman dreaded an interview with so formidable a character but it was about his only chance, because he had been turned down by most of the other financiers of the community. He had never met the banker and was afraid he might not even get an interview, so took the precaution to have a friend of the financier's make an appointment for him.

A Dramatic Interview

This interview, held in a dismal-appearing office in the rear of the bank, did not start out happily. The lumberman had learned his piece pretty well by that time and began to explain what he wanted, when the banker broke in impatiently.

"I don't want to listen to your life story," he said. "Show me the figures. I want your financial statement."

The lumberman explained that he had not brought the statement with him as he thought he could explain matters orally, but he could run back to his office and bring the papers in thirty minutes.

"I don't wait thirty minutes for anyone," said the banker. "Come tomorrow at ten. Probably won't amount to anything, but I'll look at the figures anyhow."

At the appointed time the lumber man was on hand. The banker glanced over the typewritten sheet in an impersonal way, scanning the opposing columns of assets and liabilities. The lumber man, sitting anxiously on the edge of his chair, realized that the figures were not very convincing. The banker was, in fact, in the act of shoving the sheet aside in a dismissing gesture when his eye caught an obscure item at the bottom.

"What's this?" he demanded. "It says, 'Reserve, $3600.' How does it happen you have a reserve when you are so near busted?"

The lumber man did not know if the item in question was hurting or helping, but he explained it in detail. His concern, as before stated, was a stock company. He held a controlling interest and presumably could dictate when dividends should be declared, but he wanted to avoid unpleasant consequences.

"It's this way," he told the banker: "None of the other men who have money invested in my company actually work in it. They are in it merely as an investment, and I know they will want dividends. But I know, too, that a lot of firms have gone broke because the stockholders insisted on having dividends regardless of consequences.

"I figured that my company ought not to pay out any money in dividends until it got thoroughly on its feet; perhaps in four or five years. So I thought of a scheme. I would set aside a certain amount each month and put it in a special savings account.

"If my stockholders pressed me too much for dividends I could show them the bank book and tell them their dividends were there all right, but they couldn't have them yet. That, I thought, would keep them satisfied, and if a crisis ever should come the fund would be there to help out.

"But now," the lumber man concluded dismally, "the crisis is here and my reserve isn't any good because it is tied up in the closed bank. Anyhow, it wasn't enough to help much."

The banker pulled the typewritten statement sheet back across the desk and looked at it more interestedly.

"You've been in business about a year," he commented, "and you've got thirty-six hundred dollars in this reserve. That means you dragged three hundred dollars out of your business every month?"

"Dragged is the right word," responded the lumber man. "Some months it seemed as though I couldn't manage it, but I always found some way to squeeze it through."

For the next five minutes, the lumber man says, he did not know whether to go or stay. The banker sat looking out the window without a word. When he did speak it was to call loudly to his cashier requesting that official's immediate presence. The cashier came and stood beside his chief.

"I want you to look at this fellow here," the banker said, pointing at the lumber man. "He's been in business a year and he's got a reserve! He's got what a lot of these fellows around here who have been in business twenty years haven't."

Then in a tone of authority: "I want you to look at him good, because he is going to borrow money from us. Take him up front and fix him up with what he needs. I think it will be about forty thousand dollars."

I have told the foregoing story without frills and precisely as the lumber man related it to me. Its value does not lie in the fact that it was a dramatic incident in the career of a business man, but as showing how a very shrewd financier appreciated the importance of money which has been set aside as a reserve in case of emergency. In the lumber man's case he could not even get at his reserve when he most needed it, but the banker did not consider that; it stood as evidence that he had had the character to do it.

But the lumber man states that the incident has had a more important bearing on his later operations than the fact that he got out of a tight fix. Always he has kept up the habit of pulling a certain amount out of his business each month, no matter how hard it has been to do it. It has, he says, been an incentive to economy.

He took me out of his office and into the long sheds which house his stock of fresh-looking lumber and showed me the rows of neat bins in which various sizes of boards were stocked. The main feature of these bins was that none of them were very large.

"I had them made that way as a sort of moral control," he said. "I can't get myself into trouble from overbuying; when these bins are full there just isn't any other place to put anything."

Loss on Overstock

"I have noticed," he continued, "that most failures in business come from men buying more than they can pay for. They get their whole capital tied up in stock, and then some. There is always a temptation, when a salesman comes around, to buy in big quantities so as to get a little lower price. But the man who yields to temptation of that sort forgets how fast he can lose money on his overstock. The interest on his investment works days, nights and Sundays, and it costs money to keep it insured. But the main loss is usually on the overstock itself. Many a man has bought ten thousand dollars' worth of stuff he had no immediate need for, only to find at the end of a year that its value had gone down to six or seven thousand, and then he wonders why he doesn't get along better.

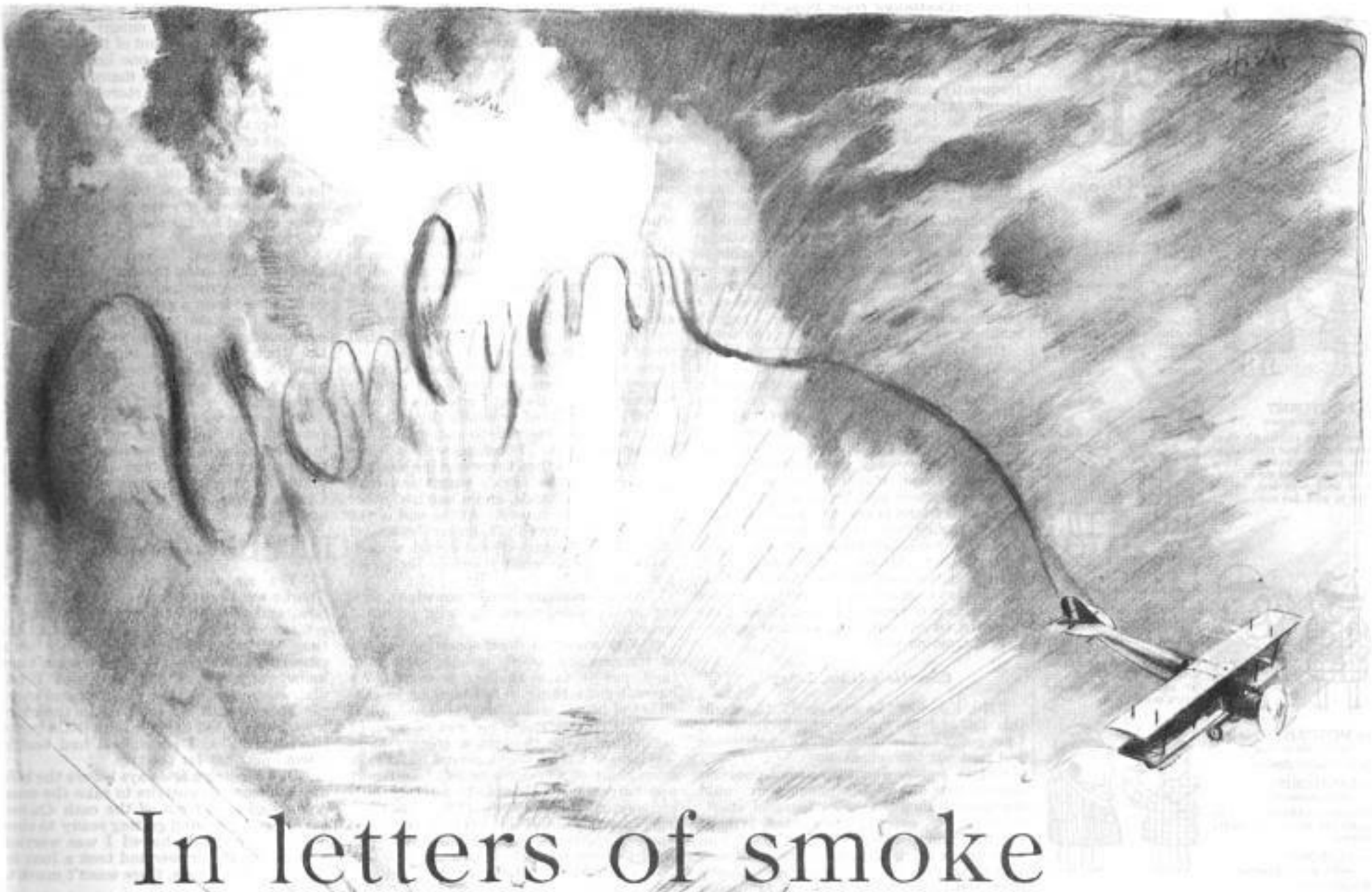
"If such a man would only put the burden on himself of taking a little out of his business every month, and stick to it no matter what happens, he would not dare to overbuy, because he would be afraid it might interfere with his saving program."

There must be a good deal in what the lumber man told me, because it certainly has worked well in his case. The reserve which served him well at the beginning has grown steadily until it is now nearing the hundred-thousand-dollar mark, all nicely invested in registered government bonds. He has never had to touch it because the credit of a man known to have such a background is always ace-high. And best of all, the lumber man said, his reserve has given him many a good night's sleep when otherwise he might have lain awake to worry during squally times.

Many small business men believe their enterprises are exempt from ordinary rules because of their smallness. One of the

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In letters of smoke

IN a suburb of a certain large city, two manufacturers who are warm friends live side by side. One of them has advertised his product to the public for many years; the other has just begun to advertise a new product.

Not long ago, while they were reading their newspapers on the way to the city in the morning, the man who has advertised for many years turned to his friend and said:—

"I have just been reading here about a device which makes it possible for an airplane to write across the sky in letters of smoke. It reminds me of something I want to tell you—something that I consider the most important lesson that an advertiser has to learn.

"When you and I have as many as four or five urgent things to do in a day we write them down—we don't trust ourselves to remember them—the human memory is too frail a vessel.

"By the same token, it is hard enough for the public to remember the products that are advertised *now*—advertised regularly, month in and month out—without remembering the ones that appear in the newspapers and magazines for a little while and then step out of the picture.

"From what I know of your proposition, you ought to be a highly successful advertiser. In fact, you will probably be so successful—and some day business will seem to come so easily—that you may forget the part that advertising plays in making it come easily. You may get the idea, as others have, that you can stop your advertising—or cut it to a shadow of itself—and never miss it.

"But the public memory is no better than your own, or my own. It must be jogged continually. If the time arrives when you think you can forget the public and not be forgotten yourself—put away the temptation. It is the law in advertising, as in everything else, that permanent success requires permanent effort. If you try to dodge that law, as sure as you are here you will find that your name and your fame are written in letters of smoke."

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO



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next winter's tale:

Avoid a Tragedy by Using a WINTERFRONT



1st MOTORIST
bitterly
B-r-r-r-r! Don't you dread the cold weather! If I didn't need it every day, I'd rather store my car than go through the winter worries—engine trouble, clumsy covers, frozen radiator.



2nd MOTORIST
with assurance
I've been through that worry mill, but those days are gone forever. This winter will find me as carefree as I was last, riding day in and day out.



1st MOTORIST
doubtingly
How do you do it?
2nd MOTORIST
firmly
I'm rid of all those out-of-date trouble breeders. Twelve months ago I put a WINTERFRONT on my car and I've been sitting pretty since.

1st MOTORIST
with mild interest
New fangled device?
2nd MOTORIST
enthusiastically
Greatest addition to car comfort since the self-starter.
1st MOTORIST
with growing interest
What's it like?

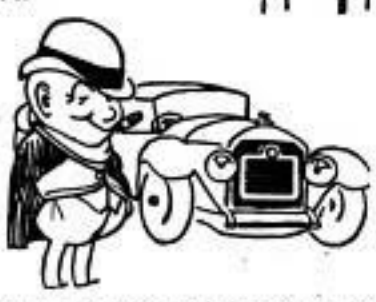




2nd MOTORIST
briefly
It's a handsome looking steel shutter made in patterns to fit over the radiator of any car. Looks fine and is so easily attached that the slip of instructions is just a formality. A thermostatic device controls the shutter and keeps the heat in or lets it out automatically.

1st MOTORIST
Then what do I do?
2nd MOTORIST
You enjoy yourself. You sit back and let Jack Frost rave.
1st MOTORIST
Say, you've about sold me. Suppose I can get it at my dealer's?





Any enterprising motor car dealer in your vicinity can show you how the WINTERFRONT overcomes cold weather motor troubles. To locate him quickly, write to us and we will direct you on the road to perfect motor comfort and no winter detour

Write for descriptive literature to the
PINES MANUFACTURING COMPANY
408-10 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago



PINES WINTERFRONT
AUTOMATIC RADIATOR SHUTTER

(Continued from Page 56)

hardest jobs the credit agencies have is that of getting intelligent financial reports from men who operate the smaller establishments in any community. Such men frequently make no effort to keep books or records, apparently feeling that the figures would be too trifling to be of any use. What the small business man needs to feel is that his enterprise is just as important in a way as the largest concern in his community, and subject to precisely the same rules. If reasonable bookkeeping and an intelligent, systematic attempt to build a reserve are valuable to the First National Bank, the same things will be valuable to the Acme Bakery or the Bon Ton Cleaning and Pressing Club. Recently I ran across an incident that showed what may be accomplished in the matter of reserve building when one's heart is in the work.

On a street only a block or so from where I live I had been noticing the growth of a building evidently designed as a duplex apartment house. No passer-by could help noticing it, in fact, because the carpenters inconsiderately monopolized the whole building lot and part of the sidewalk. As I picked my way past one morning I noticed a friend standing around looking at the operations with an air of proprietorship. This friend bears the name of Charlie among the citizens of the suburb, and is the proprietor of our favorite neighborhood grocery store. My own acquaintance with Charlie dates back to the time when he quit his job as street-car conductor to enter the grocery business. I asked him if he intended to sell out his store and go into the contracting line.

Charlie's Own Story

"No, I'm not," he answered. "I bought this lot and am having the house built. I am going to live in one of the apartments and rent out the other."

Charlie's store down the street does not appear like an establishment that could legitimately finance the building of apartment houses, even of the modest type of the one under construction. I told him with an air of alarm that I guessed it was about time for me to change my grocery store and patronize someone whose profits were not so expansive.

He assured me earnestly that he guaranteed his prices to be as low as anyone's else—lower even, if the truth were known. His reference to the apartment-house project was brief.

"I'm building it out of my reserve," he said.

Then lest this statement should seem too much like bragging he explained that he had only twenty-five hundred dollars to invest, but that sum had paid for the building lot and enough on the house to get a good start; the balance was to be paid off in monthly installments.

To one familiar with Charlie's grocery establishment even this detailed explanation was hard to understand. His store is of the most modest sort, a frame structure with living apartment above and salesroom below. He employs a clerk at all times but a delivery boy only intermittently; in slack seasons Charlie does the delivering himself and saves expense.

In spite of my rough joke I knew he sold his groceries as cheap as the big downtown stores. And yet here he was, talking grandly about his reserve, and building a duplex apartment house. I asked him to tell me how he had done it. The banging of the carpenters' hammers punctuated his story as he related it to me.

"I didn't know much about business when I quit the street-car company and opened the grocery store," Charlie explained. "I wouldn't have had the nerve to do it except for my wife. We had saved up a little money out of my wages and she got to arguing that we ought to invest it in some business and get ahead in the world. I knew the man who had this grocery store at that time, and he tackled me to buy him out. I had told him how much money I had saved up and he offered to sell me the place for just what I had. I guess he would have sold it for most any price because he had been in business nearly ten years and he wasn't ten dollars better off than he had been when he started.

"I never stopped to think about that, though. It seemed an easy proposition to buy stuff at wholesale prices and sell it again at retail prices. I knew I could handle customers all right, because I had always got along with the street-car patrons, and that's no easy job itself. But when I had bought the store I began to learn why merchants don't make as much money as outsiders think they do. It's the expenses. My wife and I are both country raised and we lived economically, but the store somehow seemed to eat up all the margin of profit. I had to keep a horse and wagon, and then there was the electric-light bill and the clerk's wages and stuff spoiling on my hands, and a hundred other things that cost money. At the end of the first year we weren't a dollar better off than when we started and I had worked twice as hard as when I was on the street car.

"We were talking it over one night, feeling pretty blue, when my wife proposed something.

"'You ought to draw some money out of the business every month,' she said, 'and put it in a savings account. We haven't got a thing to fall back on in case either of us got sick or anything.'

"This remark made me sort of mad. I asked her if she thought a grocery store was kind of a bank that a person could take money out of whenever he felt like it. It was hard enough, I said, to pay my bills anyway.

"'Just the same,' she said, 'I believe it could be done. Say about thirty-five dollars every month.'

"The thing looked so impossible that I wouldn't answer at all, but next day she came at me again.

"'How would it be,' she asked, 'to take out nine dollars each week? Saturday is always a pretty good day in the store. You could draw nine dollars out of the drawer every Saturday night and probably you would never miss it.'"

His Wife's Experiment

"'All right,' I said, pretty irritated, 'I'll do that if you will promise to face the collectors from the wholesale houses every Monday morning. Many a time I haven't got nine dollars left over after I have paid them all off.'

"My wife is a persistent woman when she sets her mind to a thing, and she kept up her argument.

"'How would this be, then?' she said. 'We'll take out a dollar and a half every day. When you count up your cash at closing time just slip that much aside. I know we can manage that.'

"I said I couldn't see where the difference would come in between taking out a little every day or all of it once a month, because it all came out of the business anyway. But she was so set on the scheme that finally I gave in, and from that time on, every night at closing time she would come downstairs from the living apartment and get her dollar and a half. She kept it in a shoe box and once a week carried her nine dollars downtown to deposit it in the savings bank.

"The funny part of it was that I really didn't seem to miss it much; and yet if I had waited until the end of the month and tried to take it all in one lump I know I would have fallen down many times. You know a small grocery store often has to skin along on pretty narrow margins. Probably the secret of it was that I worked a little harder every day because I had that dollar and a half on my mind. I know I often cut down a little on an order I would be giving some salesman for fear I wouldn't have enough to pay the collector when he came around for his money the next Monday morning."

Charlie paused to reflect on the perplexities of business life and the difficulties attendant on the man who tries to wrest cash money from a going business.

"But I'm here to tell you," he finally continued, "that it wasn't easy sailing all the time. The first summer was the hardest. That was the year the other grocery store started up in competition with me."

I remembered the year Charlie had competition. The other grocer had made so many glowing promises that numbers of families in the neighborhood had basely taken their trade to him, only going back to Charlie when the newcomer had failed and gone away.

A Close Squeak

"Yes, sir, that was a hard summer," Charlie went on. "Business was dull anyhow, and that other fellow was trying to get my customers away from me all the time. I remember Fourth-of-July week especially. It seemed like there wasn't any money anywhere. My wife and I had planned to take the two children and spend the Fourth with her folks up in the country. She wanted to show off a little before the home folks, I guess, and had bought a swell new hat for the trip.

"One evening a few days before the holiday she came downstairs to take the usual dollar and a half out of the cash drawer. I was fussing around getting ready to close up, and I guess I showed I was worried. She opened the drawer and took a look inside, and, believe me, there wasn't much to look at.

"'Looks like business was pretty dull today,' she remarked quietly.

"I'm afraid I was sort of snappish the way I answered.

"'It's a whole lot worse than dull,' I said. 'There isn't any business. I don't know what I'm going to do next Monday morning when the collectors come around.'

"She didn't say anything more, only rattled the coins in the cash drawer and went on upstairs. It was about the same way for several days. On the morning of the Fourth when we started on our trip for the country I noticed she wasn't wearing her new hat, and I asked her why.

"'I just thought I wouldn't,' she answered. 'It's most too fancy to wear before country people anyway.'

"It wasn't until pretty near a year afterwards that she told me she had taken the hat back to the millinery store and got a refund. She hadn't taken any money out of the cash drawer that Fourth-of-July week; only pretended to. She made up her savings-bank deposit out of the hat money. I darn near cried when she told me about it."

Charlie paused again to find just the right words for his conclusion.

"That was the closest squeak we ever had," he said. "It makes me tired when I hear these fellows say they can't ever manage to accumulate anything out of a business. They can do it if they want to bad enough; and if they will take it a little at a time."



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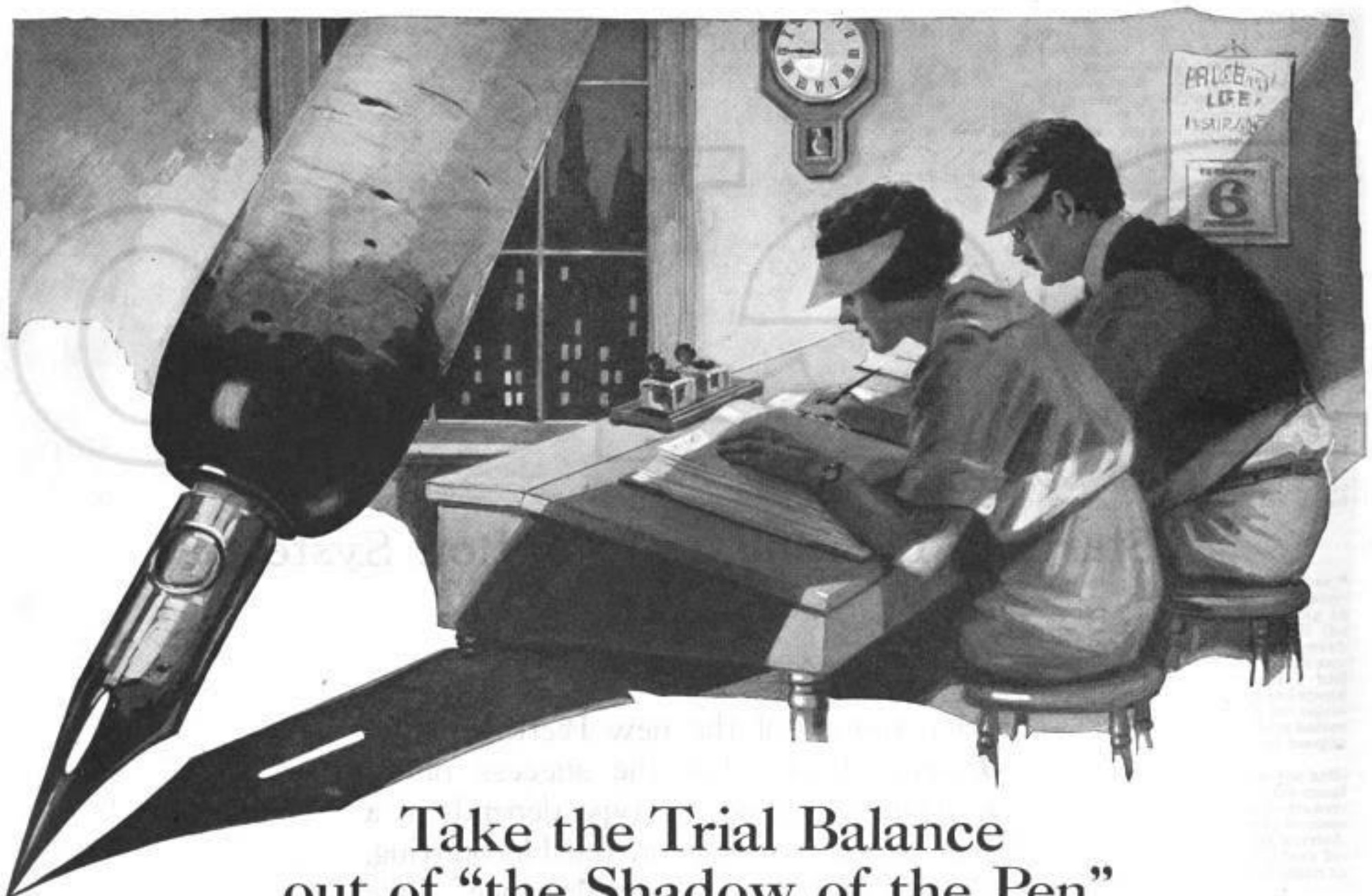
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The Hotel Under Prohibition

By JAMES H. COLLINS

SINCE prohibition there has been much grumbling about hotels—that is, more grumbling than usual, for the present-day hotel is an institution about which people rather like to grumble. Particularly the wicked luxurious New York hotel. New York's wicked luxury is a topic of ceaseless national interest. Writers are constantly walloping it in news dispatches, magazine articles, short stories, novels. It makes up three-quarters of the foreign traveler's book about America, is the text for more than one sermon in every parson's barrel, and furnishes the background of about one movie production in every three. Take New York luxury apart, however, and it is found to be largely the glitter and expensiveness of New York hotels.

But this is the normal standardized grumbling. Since prohibition there is a distinctly new wave of grousing that involves hotels all over the country. Prices for rooms and food have advanced. The traveling man on the road complains of the high cost of selling—so high, with increased hotel and railroad rates, that some concerns have reduced their sales forces and even contemplate giving up the salesman altogether. Buyers who come to the big wholesale centers complain not only of increased hotel expense but sometimes of being neglected in the scramble for accommodation, charging that hotel men favor the pleasure-seeking patrons who spend money extravagantly.

Prohibition started a readjustment in the hotel business that promises to work ultimate good for both the public and the hotel man. It will probably require several years. A little more knowledge of the hotel business by the public might help. The hotel man himself is acquiring new knowledge about his own business.

One of the first effects of prohibition in New York was to close several famous hostelries. Despite the shortage of hotel accommodations they have been transformed into office buildings. For the elimination of liquor demonstrated that they had never been profitable as hotels, and were so badly out of balance that they could not be made so.

One striking instance of an unbalanced hotel was that of a famous house at one of Broadway's busiest corners. It had only three hundred and fifty rooms. That is altogether too small a plant to be profitable in so expensive a location. Its popular bar had been doing more business than the hotel, meeting the overhead. When the bar was closed conversion into an office building became necessary. Rented for office purposes, the building will bring about the same revenue, without any expense for furniture, linen or room service, or loss during summer months, when hotel business usually falls off.

Rising Costs

In both the hotel and the restaurant business John Barleycorn was the guest who paid the overhead—the rent or real-estate investment with such fixed charges as taxes and insurance.

"This is not simply one business, but a dozen," said the proprietor of a well-known Broadway establishment. "I carry more meats than the average butcher shop, have more silver than most department stores, enough linen to stock a dry-goods store, enough furniture to embark in the retail-furniture business on a big scale. Until prohibition went into effect I ran these different departments with some confidence, because liquor paid the overhead. From the efficiency-expert standpoint perhaps I was running loosely. The business paid profits, but we did not always know where or how. With liquor gone, all the overhead had to be distributed and each department put on a stricter cost basis. It was not easy to find out where prices must be increased, or how much, or where we could effect operating economies in each department.

"There was the additional factor of rising prices for food, materials and labor. Many details are still to be worked out, but when we get the overhead scientifically distributed we shall have a better business, and there will be benefits for the public."

Had prohibition come to the hotel business in normal times, when there was a margin of accommodations over the demand, with competition for patronage in the dull summer period, many more hotels would have been closed. For many had been running out of balance. Liquor made up too great a percentage of their revenue, and with liquor gone they would have been unable to compete with better-balanced hotels. An expensive location or too small a plant would have put them at a disadvantage. But the change came at a time when there was a shortage of hotel accommodations over pretty much the whole country, while in metropolitan centers the slump in summer business had become imperceptible.

Liquor paid not so much in a high-profit margin as through volume of business, low labor cost in handling, and the way it stimulated spending in other directions. The crowd in a popular hotel bar setting 'em up again all day long and far into the night, helped pay the rent and taxes. But drinks served at tables and in rooms paid also, because service was effected through waiters and bell boys, without additional labor. A good liquor business in the dining room, for example, might require one or two additional bartenders, but once drinks were ready, the serving was performed by regular dining-room waiters. Thus prohibition brought a heavy loss of revenue, and it was a loss without salvage, as one hotel man expresses it, because the number of employes could not be materially reduced. Many of the New York hotels kept their bartenders and wine men, fitting them into other parts of the organization.

The Demon Candy

Three general lines have been followed in making readjustments: First, candy and soft drinks were substituted for liquor in the effort to earn the same kind of revenue in some other way; second, some of the overhead was distributed over rooms, with price advances; third, the hotel men called in efficiency experts to study their business and evolve methods of running it more economically.

Bonbons are supposed to be a dietary substitute for booze, though many an orphan left by old John Barleycorn fails to develop a sweet tooth. Candy is a real substitute for liquor from the revenue-producing standpoint, some hotel men find, though naturally it does not yield the same volume of revenue. For one thing, more people eat candy than drink liquor. For another, it is like liquor in that the labor expense of selling and serving is reasonable. Less space is required for selling and storage than for liquor, sales are made by girls instead of highly paid mixed-drink experts, and the regular staff of the hotel can do some of the selling. Though volume is not so large as that of liquor, still candy and soft drinks are now the third largest item of revenue in some of the big Broadway hotels, restaurant revenue being first and rooms second.

This candy revenue looks so promising that the hotel men have in many cases organized it as a separate business, forming a distinct subsidiary corporation to manufacture and sell sweetstuffs. They are also reaching out with their candy sales in ways not possible with liquor. Confectionery specialties associated with famous hotels, like the Louisiana pralines made in the kitchen of a New Orleans hostelry, are now being advertised and distributed nationally. The name of a famous hotel, it has been found, has selling value when put behind candy, and the candy in turn has advertising possibilities for the hotel.

Remember the lure of the rumseller and old John Barleycorn?

Well, there now begins to emerge the lure of the Demon Barleysugar, and posterity may have to deal with it.

"Moth-er! We are going to the Van Razzle, ain't we—moth-er?" pleaded a seven-year-old coming into New York on a West Indian steamer. With the insistence of seven he had been asking that question a dozen times daily during the voyage. Some months before, the family had stopped at a big New York hostelry whose candy sales have already been built up to a quarter-million dollars yearly. The woman floor clerk had asked his little sister how old she was, and where she lived, and the date of her birthday. Back home a few weeks later, when little sister's birthday came around, a box of the hotel's candy had been delivered to her home. Her brother's anxiety that they stop at the Van Razzle was simple—his birthday came that week.

Room prices have been advanced everywhere, carrying some of the overhead, but the hotel men insist that advances have not been unreasonable. In New York the increases are said to average about 35 per cent. That is, a room formerly rented at three dollars a day now brings four dollars, and a five-dollar room, six and a half to seven dollars.

Rooms are quite a story. The balance sheet of one group of metropolitan hotels shows that overhead costs twenty-five cents for every dollar in the room price—rent, taxes and insurance. And practically everything that goes into room service, from the carpet on the floor to the towels in the bathroom, has advanced in price.

"I simply won't stand it!" protested a carpet manufacturer when notified some months after prohibition that the price of his hotel suite would be increased 25 per cent. "It is unreasonable—outrageous!"

"Mr. Smith, you have been living here ten years," said the hotel manager. "In that time we have not advanced your rental."

"That's so," admitted the manufacturer. "During that time how much have carpets advanced in price—and other things that go into our furnishings and service?"

The carpet man said no more—the argument was unanswerable.

A heated protest of a dry-goods organization over New York hotel rates was answered in the same way recently by the hotel-men's organization.

"We are large dry-goods users!" the hotel men said succinctly.

There are undoubtedly abuses in this matter of room charges, taking the country as a whole, and remembering that there are thousands of individual hotel proprietors and splendid opportunities for overcharging on such occasions as conventions and the like. But the country over, straight through the year, hotel men insist that their room rates have not been advanced unreasonably, considering the startling shift of overhead caused by prohibition and increases of one hundred to several hundred per cent in the things they use. Moreover, as taxes and prices fall, and new hotels restore competition, room prices will unquestionably fall too.

Market Price and Menu Price

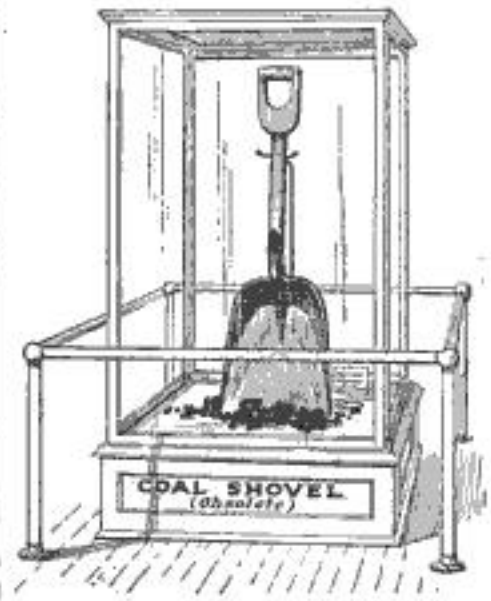
In New York, restaurant prices have been advanced, but chiefly to cover increased food and labor costs; hotel men say that they have not redistributed any of their overhead in the dining room. Criticism of restaurant prices usually takes the form of a comparison of food in the market with prices on the menu. Because most of a hotel's organization for handling food between the supply dealer's delivery wagon and the table is out of sight, the public does not understand what happens in between, or make allowance for it in comparisons.

"I see brook trout on your menu," said a guest to the manager of a Broadway hostelry. "It is priced at one dollar. How many fish do you serve to a portion?"

"Two," was the answer.

"Well, I happen to know that brook trout are now one dollar and twenty-five cents a pound in the market."

"Then there are four or five trout to the pound," said the manager, "for our menu prices run just about 100 per cent above the market price. For this margin we store the stuff, cook it, serve it, stand spoilage, breakage and wear and tear, and get our profit. On many a dining-room order,



A Museum Piece

The ancients made fire with flint and steel. Future antiquarians will look back on 1922 as a time when people kept themselves warm by shoveling coal.

Coal is hard to obtain and very high priced—its use entails unnecessary labor—dirt—dust and ashes—it must be stored and paid for in advance.

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You save on piping. You save space—basements can be used for other purposes, or in some cases no cellar excavation or chimney is necessary. You pay for fuel *after* it is used—turn on heat when you need it—turn it off when you don't. GASTEAM can be quickly installed. Stocks are available for immediate delivery.

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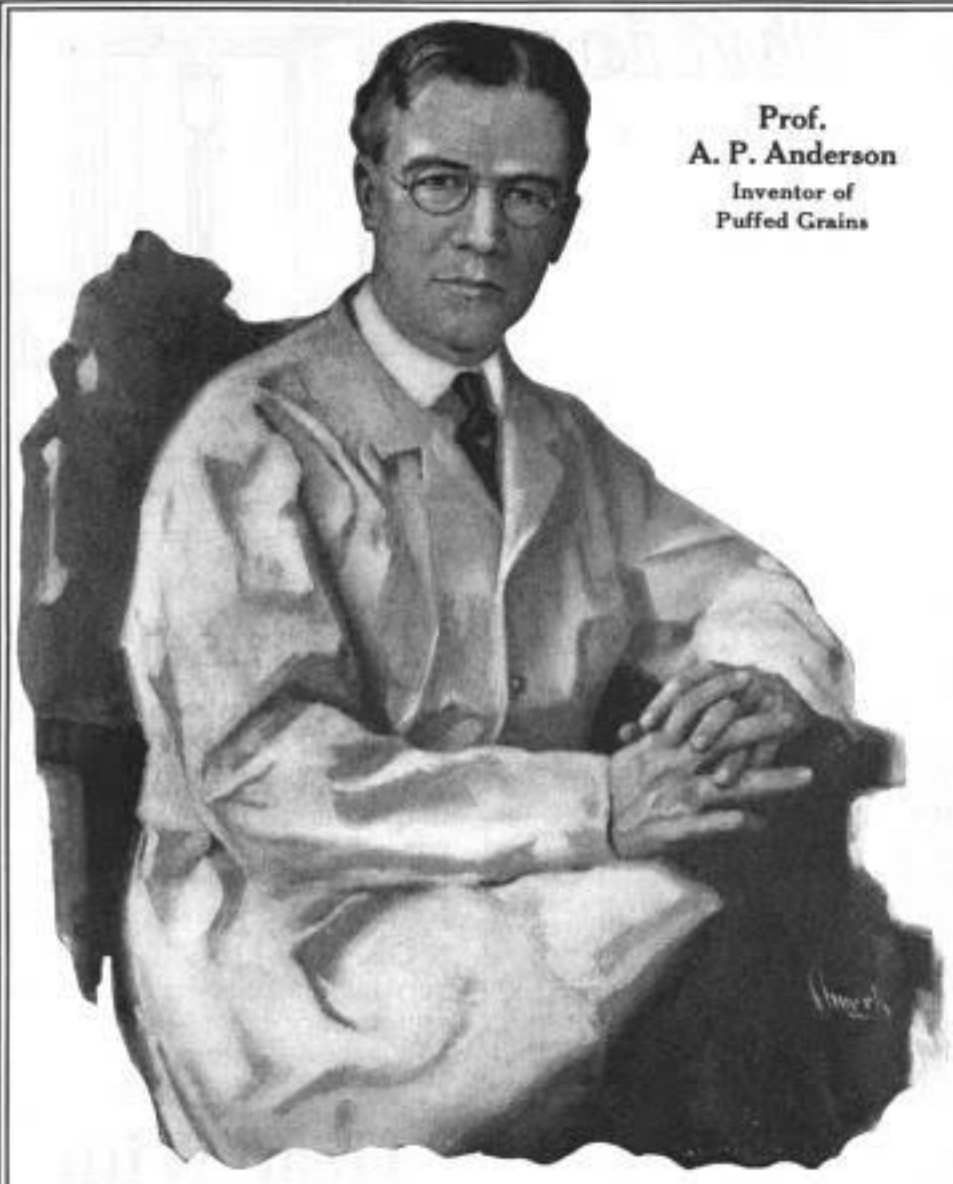


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More Real Food

More whole grains—more milk

Children are underfed—a large percentage of them. They get enough food, but not the right food.

That is why so many able authorities write articles to mothers on this vital point.

They need more whole grains, need more milk.

The supreme dish for a child

Whole wheat is practically a complete food. It supplies 16 needed elements, including essential minerals.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed in like way.

These grains are tidbits—flavory, flaky bubble grains. Children revel in them. They make whole grains wholly digestible.

They make the milk dish tempting to a child.

Serve them morning, noon and night—with cream and sugar, mixed with fruit, in bowls of milk. Or doused with melted butter for after-school delights.

Children who get such foods in plenty are not underfed. And there's nothing that children like better.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice



Whole grains
steam exploded—
Puffed to 8 times
normal size

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

particularly at lunch, where the average bill is between one and two dollars, if a waiter breaks a glass or plate he wipes out our profit on that meal."

Nor when it criticizes does the public know that in the coolers and on the pantry shelves of a big hotel there must be carried several thousand separate articles of food, some of which may be called for only once a day. A story is told of a wager made with the steward of a New York hotel by a globe-trotter who bet that he could name a dozen articles, none of which would be served.

"All right," agreed the steward. "Go ahead—if they are not against the law or out of season."

Bombay duck was the first order. It was produced immediately—not a fowl, but an East Indian fish. Heart of palm was next—the tender new-leaf growth of the royal palm, to obtain which it is necessary to cut down the tree. That was produced also. It comes in cans from Madagascar. Other outré dishes were demanded, and the hotel had two out of three. Finally, in desperation, the widely traveled guest took a new tack in naming the twelfth article.

"Liverwurst!" he ordered, thinking that a fashionable hotel would not have such a plebeian kind of sausage—but it was also produced.

When restaurant prices were at the very peak, some months ago, an antiprofiteering investigator told the manager of a metropolitan group of hotels that it was impossible for a skilled menu reader to order from his daily bills of fare a meal that could be considered reasonable in price. After studying his own menus from this standpoint the manager admitted that there was much truth in the statement. Whereupon he met the criticism by listing a fixed-price meal in all his dining rooms. This meal was different every day, but made up of the same articles, no choice being left patrons. Its economy came through increasing the volume of orders for those articles and simplifying service. Or rather, economy would have been secured in that way had a large number of patrons ordered the fixed-price meal. But they didn't! The number of orders was disappointing. The novelty has been continued, but the public still prefers its own selection from a wide range of dishes.

Another menu specialty popular in clubs has been tried in hotels—the club plate, a large platter upon which a full meal is served, a meat or fish portion garnished with vegetables, the variety being changed daily. This has not become popular in hotels, however, and efforts to introduce such economies seem to show that the public, though grumbling, will not coöperate.

Since prohibition the efficiency engineer has come into a good hotel practice, and the hotel men themselves are becoming efficiency experts.

Chain Hotels

Once upon a time the hotel was a tavern, prospering largely upon the geniality of its proprietor, who personally knew his guests, served them at the bar, supervised the waiters, and helped his wife in the kitchen. Then the tavern grew into something approaching the modern hotel, with a staff of cooks and bartenders and a head waiter. Acquaintance and the personality of the proprietor were still factors. Yet more growth, and the hotel of several hundred rooms evolved. The proprietor knew some of his guests, but possibly not one in twenty.

He disappeared in an office and ran an organization. On his demonstrating marked ability to deliver personality through an organization, capitalists would build him a bigger hotel. Sometimes they would build him two or three, but one was the general rule, and if he ran more than one, each was a separate organization, operating without regard to the others—perhaps in separate cities.

The idea of group management was just around the corner then, but it took prohibition to make it widely effective.

When capitalists find a great hotel keeper today they take him out of his hostelry altogether and set him up in a separate executive organization to run a group of houses. There his job becomes chiefly one of comparisons. With a half dozen big hostelries turning in monthly reports showing the operations of each house and every department in minute detail, he can measure one against another, set up standards in costs and revenue, and locate both efficiency and waste.

Under the old plan of individual management each manager, steward and chef worked in his own air-tight compartment. Sometimes he met managers, stewards and chefs from other hotels and exchanged information, but there was little understanding as to what might be the important information and what unimportant, and no regular systematic comparison of important data.

Today the managers, stewards and chefs of a hotel group are watched by the executive office, and also meet regularly for discussion—and they know what to discuss. The chefs of one New York hotel group, for example, get together every month for a conference and lunch. They meet at each hotel in succession. Ideas are not merely exchanged but demonstrated. The chef whose turn it is to act as host this month makes a point of serving something new, and tells how it is cooked. At one of these luncheons recently the chefs journeyed to an out-of-town hotel belonging to their group, and brought back an excellent new recipe for as common a dish as cheesecake.

Through group control it is being found possible to cut expenses through large central purchases of staple supplies. Things like towels, soap, potatoes and canned goods can be bought in large quantities, often direct from producers, saving money by the elimination of middlemen's profits and repeated handling. If everything were purchased in this way, on the contrary, individuality in the different hotels might be lost—and individuality in the hotel business is something worth keeping. So the steward and chef in each house still purchase the dainties and novelties that give individual character. They are encouraged to effect their own improvements and economies, and group management makes it possible to know when one of them has found a better way of doing a certain thing in his department, and to pass it along to the others.

Dreaded Competition

Very often such a better way materializes in the cold figures of a monthly report. It is found by simple comparison of reports from each hotel in a group that Brown, the steward at the Van Razzle, has made a record in the volume of his breakfast business, or is running the grill at an unusually reasonable cost. Scrutiny over six months' returns from the cigar stands of one hotel group not long ago showed that a certain cigar man excelled all others in his way of handling and increasing trade. Whereupon it was possible to extend his system to others—he was sent from one hotel to another to install it.

Group management is bringing into the hotel business something that was lacking in the days of individual management, even where it was considered skillful and profitable ten years ago. That something is balance. Consolidations of manufacturing plants almost invariably showed some factories so inefficient and out of date that they had to be scrapped. Group management in the hotel business is showing up properties so badly out of balance that they are being scrapped in the same way.

One day before they tore down the old Grand Union Hotel a newspaper reporter came to Simeon Ford, the hotel-man humorist, with startling information.

"Mr. Ford, do you know that they are going to put up a big new thousand-room hotel right across the street from you?"

The Grand Union had stood for a generation opposite the Grand Central Station, and held loyal patrons despite the building of one great metropolitan hotel after another. Ford looked troubled for a moment. Then his face cleared.

"You say a new hotel?" he asked. "Oh, well, if it's a new hotel, that's all right. The only thing I'm afraid of is, somebody might build an old hotel in this neighborhood."

Since prohibition, however, old hotels are not such desirable property, and under group management they are often being turned to other uses. This is a matter of policy, the anticipation of days when new construction will bring a reasonable balance between the supply and demand for accommodation. Many of the old hotels would then be at a disadvantage. Some of them were antiquated, others out of balance from an operating standpoint. The staid people who used to stick by an old

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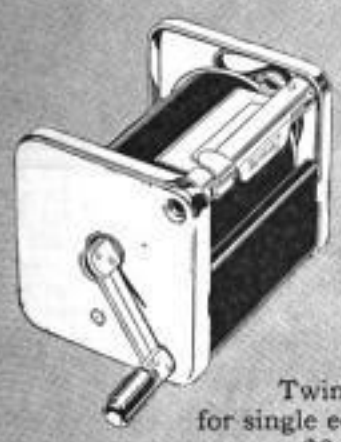
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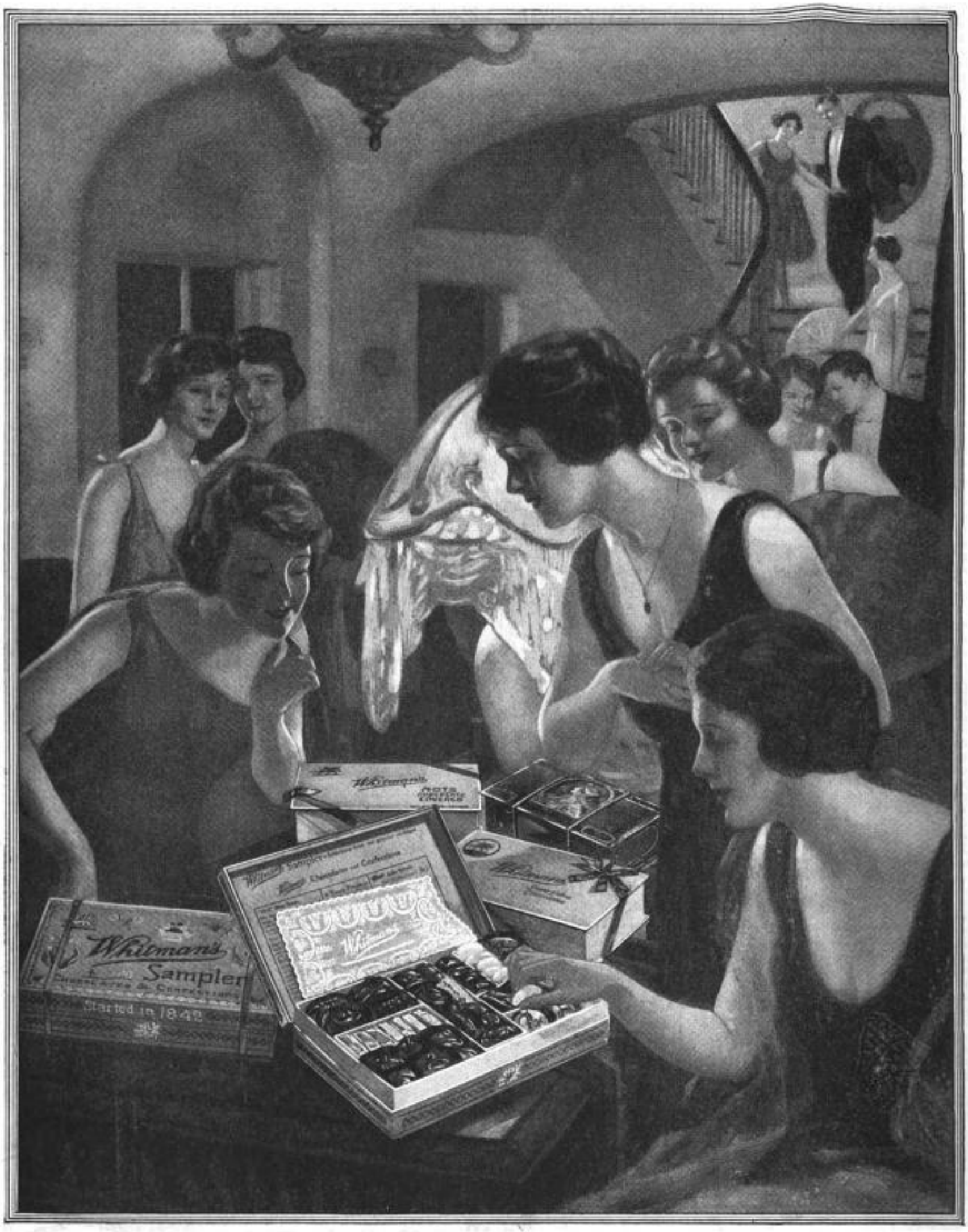


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Guests in "Quality Street" greet Whitman's quality group of distinguished candy packages as welcome friends.

In any social gathering they give an added sense of sociability. There's magic in eating together. There's conversation stimulated whenever the hostess produces the Sampler, Salmagundi, Pleasure Island, or any others of the favorites in "The Quality Group."

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(Continued from Page 62)

hotel for its comfort, quiet and associations, have either disappeared or want to be where the young people are, in the gay new hostelries. Eliminating these houses is therefore another means of stabilizing the hotel business and bringing it into harmony with new conditions.

The tavern was generally the personal property of its proprietor, as is the small-town hotel of today. The modern city hotel, however, calls for so large an investment that it is owned by a corporation, although direction is left to the manager, who sometimes leases the property from the corporation. The ownership of a group of hotels is a corporate enterprise calling for millions of dollars, and attracts business ability of a sort decidedly different from the hotel-corporation directors of five or ten years ago. These were usually able men in local lines—the banker, merchant, manufacturer and others with money to put into such an enterprise, often for the benefit of the community as much as for profit. In the directorate of the hotel corporations controlling groups of houses are now found men prominent in national banking, industrial and transportation affairs. Hotel keeping has become big business. These executives handle it exactly as they would any other national enterprise, and are attracted by its new magnitude and better methods of management. That such men would have served on the board of directors of a hotel years ago, when a real balance sheet was almost unknown in that business, is not thinkable.

The hotel balance sheet under group management will compare with that of any big corporate enterprise in its completeness. Costs and other operating data are as comprehensive as those of any big manufacturing enterprise.

Fixed Prices for Rooms

"And since prohibition," said one of the executives of a New York hotel group, "if any efficiency man demonstrates to us a possibility of making improvements or economies we are glad to have him come in and show what he can do—one of the best illustrations I know of the changed viewpoint in this business."

There was a time, not long ago, when the hotel man had different room rates for different guests. The stranger paid one price, the commercial traveler another, the clergyman another. There were always a few guests who paid nothing, boarding out advertising bills on the loose scheme whereby the hotel paid for space in newspapers in accommodations instead of money. When business was bad anybody who knew the ropes could probably get an attractively low rate by dickering for a room.

But today prices are becoming fixed, with the rate for each room posted in that room. The management of big city hotels would as soon think of selling cigars at different prices to different people as to dicker or make distinctions in room rates. Better accounting knowledge of their business has shown them that the old practices were dangerous.

The same impartiality and standardization have been applied to food prices. In days when sirloin steak was ten cents a pound and eggs ten cents a dozen, the old-style American-plan hotel made it a point of pride to list as many articles as possible, giving patrons free range of the whole menu for a fixed price—seldom more than a dollar. Room and board were lumped together at two or three dollars a day, and reductions were frequently made to attract patronage. Cost keeping in the kitchen was unknown. Waiters often worked for nothing in popular establishments, taking their pay in liberal tips. Any disparity between receipts and expenses was automatically made good by the bar.

But rising food, labor and overhead costs have changed all that. Itemized cost keeping had begun before the war. War and food conservation made it still more vital. When it became necessary to economize with meats, wheat flour, sugar and other staples needed by the Allies, substitutes were found, portions reduced in size, and many economies of a permanent nature worked out in the chef's and steward's departments.

Ways of increasing revenue are also being found, so that though food prices are not saddled directly with any of the redistributed overhead, the steward's department pays more overhead indirectly by increasing the volume of business. Food earns the most gross revenue in a group of metropolitan hotels. As shown in a recent balance sheet each dollar spent by patrons of such a group divides as follows:

Food	$0.50
Rooms	.33
Candy	.08
Cigars	.03
Telephone	.03
Beverages	.015
News stand	.005
Valet	.005
Theater tickets	.0025
Laundry	.0025

It was feared that prohibition might reduce the hotel's banquet business. Much of the sociability of such affairs seems to rest on alcoholic stimulants. This apprehension has not been borne out, however. The banquet business is just as large, and constantly growing. Skeptics point to the fact that many big dinners are still illegally yet decidedly wet—liquor is smuggled in somehow by guests. But the dry banquet, becoming more frequent, appears to be just as attractive and successful, and growing just as fast. Some restaurant men complain of diminishing business in smaller affairs, such as the private dinner and lunching party. They say that prohibition has changed taste. The connoisseur who formerly ordered his little entertainment exactingly, with a nice balance between foods and vintages, no longer values the social possibilities of eating, but eats just because it is necessary. This may be so, but the big public dinner with its speeches, music and stunts, though liquor be eliminated, runs just about as merrily on its own steam.

The guest who pays seven dollars for a room that cost four or five dollars a few years ago thinks chiefly about the increased rate, and accepts service as a matter of course. He knows little about service, because it is largely out of sight. On the same principle he forms his conclusions by a few outstanding things—his dining-room check, the lordly head waiter and autocratic room clerk, the gilding and upholstering in the lobby, the hat boy and his tip.

The man who growls about his seven-dollar room would probably be astonished if told that from one and a half to two employes are working to give him for his money the value called service. For the metropolitan hotel with a thousand guests will have from fifteen hundred to two thousand employes. Roughly, half of them are in the steward's department, this including not only dining-room waiters, but also cooks, kitchen helpers, floor pantrymen and waiters—everybody who handles food. The other half are in the housekeeper's department, room service, office and maintenance forces.

Unseen Service

As an illustration of service out of sight, he would probably be interested in investigating one employe with whom his contact is usually most casual—the head porter, in a blue flannel shirt, who takes his baggage checks, gets his trunks into his room and out, and performs odd chores, such as purchasing railroad tickets and reserving Pullman accommodations. Handing this functionary a quarter or half dollar for himself, he is not likely to think of him as the executive of an important business. Yet the head porter in a thousand-room hotel has far more responsibilities than many business men. In person and through trustworthy assistants he must be practically a twenty-four-hour man every day in the year. He will have fifty men under him to handle the baggage of one thousand incoming and one thousand outgoing guests. He has wagons and motor trucks to haul baggage, operates a messenger service, traces lost luggage, is responsible for valuable personal property, such as jewelry, furs and clothes, often handled carelessly by owners. He is expected to tell offhand what trains or steamers go anywhere and everywhere, making suggestions as to the best. Thousands of dollars for the purchase of transportation pass through his hands daily, some of this business involving extensions of credit to guests who have transportation charged on their hotel bills.

Again, it will be interesting for him to investigate the hotel as a bank. If he needed money and were unknown at any bank in a strange city, obtaining cash on his check would be difficult, if not impossible. By establishing his identity and responsibility at the hotel where he is a guest, however, he can probably obtain money without trouble. The credit department of the hotel that takes care of him is as large and elaborate as the credit department of a good-sized business house. A big metropolitan hotel must have forty to fifty thousand dollars cash on hand when the banks close Saturday noon, for the accommodation of its guests until the banks open again Monday morning. This is only one of many such revolving funds that show up in its balance sheet. Each restaurant constantly carries several hundred dollars to cash checks, make change and transact its business. Each cashier's window must have its revolving fund; likewise each cigar stand, news stand, soda fountain, porter's desk. There will even be a revolving fund downstairs at the pay office, so employes who suddenly quit or are discharged can obtain their wages. Altogether, seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars will be constantly tied up in the hotel's banking operations.

The Hat-Check Boy

Room rates in many hotels are now not only as fixed as railroad rates but no price distinction is made between one and two occupants in a room. This probably causes more suspicion and grumbling than the rate advance itself. For example, a business man and his wife visit New York together, he to buy goods and she to shop. They occupy a comfortable room at seven dollars a day, which is higher than of yore, yet they may not think it unreasonable. When the business man comes back alone a few weeks later and is asked to pay the same rate for the same room it seems like extortion.

But look at it from the hotel man's standpoint. One guest in a double room involves practically the same service, linen and wear-and-tear as two. One guest, compared with two, reduces by half the possibility of selling incidentals—eats half as much in the dining room, spends half as much at the news stand, perhaps nothing at all at the theater-ticket stand; and so through the whole range of extras upon which the hotel counts to pay overhead. It is estimated that a guest in a first-class New York hotel spends daily in incidentals a sum equal to the price of his room. Married couples and families are better patrons than single guests. A business man alone will probably go outside and breakfast at a cafeteria, take his lunch downtown in the business district, and be entertained at a restaurant and theater in the evening. If his wife comes to town with him, however, she will breakfast and lunch in the hotel, perhaps entertain at tea, and they will both dine there, often with guests.

The public's criticism centers on other outstanding features of hotel service—the things with which people come most in contact. There is the hat-check boy, for one. He bobs up everywhere at dining room, banquet hall, restaurant and cabaret entrances, grabbing your hat, coat, umbrella, stick, bundles; and awing you into buying his good will with a dime. In summer, when you have only a hat, the amount of money spent in tips for taking care of it would buy a new one about every two weeks.

Around the hat-check boy there is growing up a real folklore. He is supposed to work for a boss who really gets the tips, and wears clothes without pockets to prevent his keeping any of the dimes or quarters. He is reputed to be more wealthy than the patrons whose hats and overcoats he takes care of, owning hotels himself. More commonly nowadays he is a girl, a meek little thing, chosen for her pitiful appearance, which is valued as a tip-extracting influence, her boss really getting the tips, and so forth.

The hat-check concession is still let to outsiders, but chiefly by the cabarets and showy all-night restaurants. Hotels and better-class restaurants seldom lease such a privilege nowadays, but operate it themselves. Attendants are paid good wages, and turn tips in to the cashier's office like any other revenue. Tips more than pay wages and other expenses of the service. There is no obligation to tip. Instead of owning a hotel or two himself the hat-check boy may be a sophomore in some college. Such work yields good wages for a few hours' employment in the evening, and casual work when hat-checking forces are being increased for special occasions. Even the hat-check king—there are several of



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Head waiters and tips for dining-room tables are another common subject of criticism. In gay restaurants and cabarets on crowded nights like New Year, tipping undoubtedly goes beyond reason. But in the first-class hotels it is not nearly so common as people assume. The truth about tipping is that the people who patronize the first-class hotels like to pay for service. The extravagant tip to the head waiter often comes from people who want to feel important and have a fuss made over them, and are willing to pay for it. At various times efforts to abolish tips have been made by hotel and restaurant managers, but the rules posted against tipping are broken by the public rather than by employes.

Its showy luxury, too, is one of the outstanding points of the modern hotel. The public likes it. It is something of its own creation, brought into existence by popular demand. At the same time, the public likes to denounce it—and particularly to kick about the price. What the public regards as luxury the hotel man figures partly as service, partly as advertising. Twenty or twenty-five years ago he began giving things away, not only to his guests but to people who never spent a dollar with him. New hotel buildings had ample lobbies, waiting rooms and mezzanine floors where anybody could come in and meet a friend, take a rest, write a letter, and often be entertained by an orchestra or organ. Room clerks appeared on each floor upstairs. In addition to soap and towels in his room, the guest found free washcloths, free polishing cloths for his shoes, and shoehorns and buttonhooks to put them on.

One hotel recently closed had a special procedure for people traveling without baggage. The room clerk probably collected the night's rent in advance unless the guest was known. Having got it, however, he began to do things. Instructions were telephoned upstairs to the chambermaid. When the guest reached his room he found nightgown or pajamas in a paper bag on his bed bearing the words, "With the compliments of the management." In the bathroom were a diminutive tube of tooth paste, a toothbrush, a little stick of shaving soap, a little box of talcum powder—all with the compliments of the management. At the time, these things were excellent advertising. Since the war most of them have disappeared.

Our Love of Luxury

That luxury was popular is shown in the way it spread over the country. Though expensive hotels were once found in only a few big cities, people in the towns demanded a Hotel Van Razzle of their own. The hotel promoter stepped in and built it. The manager went to New York for employes to operate it. Thus, today there are hotels in cities of moderate size which, in plant, service and atmosphere, might be transported to Broadway and go right on doing business—except that some of them might be too small for profit in the metropolis. The center of many a community, and the institution that makes it known afar, is its hotel, which has been carried beyond other community developments.

People are awed by hotel luxury, grumble about it, complain of the price. But they grumble more if it is let down or eliminated.

The manager of a Broadway hotel has an acquaintance who likes to chaff him about restaurant prices, maintaining that a meal as good as he serves for two dollars can be had in many of New York's foreign restaurants for fifty or seventy-five cents. The other day this spaghetti hound took him to an Italian eating place for a lunch that cost sixty-five cents. The hotel man freely admitted that the meal was ample and wholesome.

"But look at this," he said, holding up a napkin with several holes in it. "The moment you found a hole in a napkin in my dining room you'd complain. Our napkins are twice the size of this, real linen, and as soon as one shows wear—out it goes. Your plate is chipped, mine is cracked—would you tolerate chipped or cracked crockery in my dining room? We have eaten a table-d'hôte lunch. I have a good table-d'hôte meal on my menu at one dollar and twenty-five cents, but you won't eat it, even when I camouflage it as a blue-plate lunch."

The hotel man today is figuring harder than ever before. Net profits on his activities will compare favorably with those of any staple business. In many cases he and his directors are satisfied with something under 10 per cent, though there are individual hotels, particularly small ones managed by their proprietors, that earn higher profits. The hotel business is one in which retrenchment to meet losses or failing patronage is difficult—almost impossible. Cutting down the service or staff merely announces to the public that something is wrong; with the outcome that disaster is hastened, and the business loses its chance to come back.

People who line up before the room clerk in high-peak seasons of the year, and consider themselves lucky to get a room at all—reserving the right to growl about the price—probably know nothing of the seasons when the curve of patronage slumps down into valleys. Yet these dull seasons necessarily affect the overhead and the room rates. During the summer months, with slackening in general business and departures for the country and on vacations, hotels are but partly filled, and operate at a loss.

The Hotel Man's Ideal

About ten years ago the newest hotel in New York offered the novelty of room and bath, strictly first-class, at three dollars a day. Since then, with successive rate advances, capped by prohibition, its three-dollar rooms now bring five and six dollars. Six or seven years ago the writer, interested in demonstrating that New York was not so expensive a city as many people thought, made up a good-sized list of hotels where good rooms with bath could be had for two dollars a day. These rooms have now advanced to three and four dollars.

One of the greatest contrasts between the United States and European countries is our lack of middle-class restaurants and hotels. Between the high-priced establishment and the cafeteria and lodging house, little accommodation exists for such "middle-class" people as the professional man, commercial traveler, small merchant and their families. Before the war and prohibition, New York probably had more middle-class restaurants than any other city in the country—places in side streets where a clean wholesome meal with good service could be had for less than a dollar. Prohibition has put a surprising number of these places out of business, and increased cost of living has raised prices in others to the first-class-restaurant level of ten years ago.

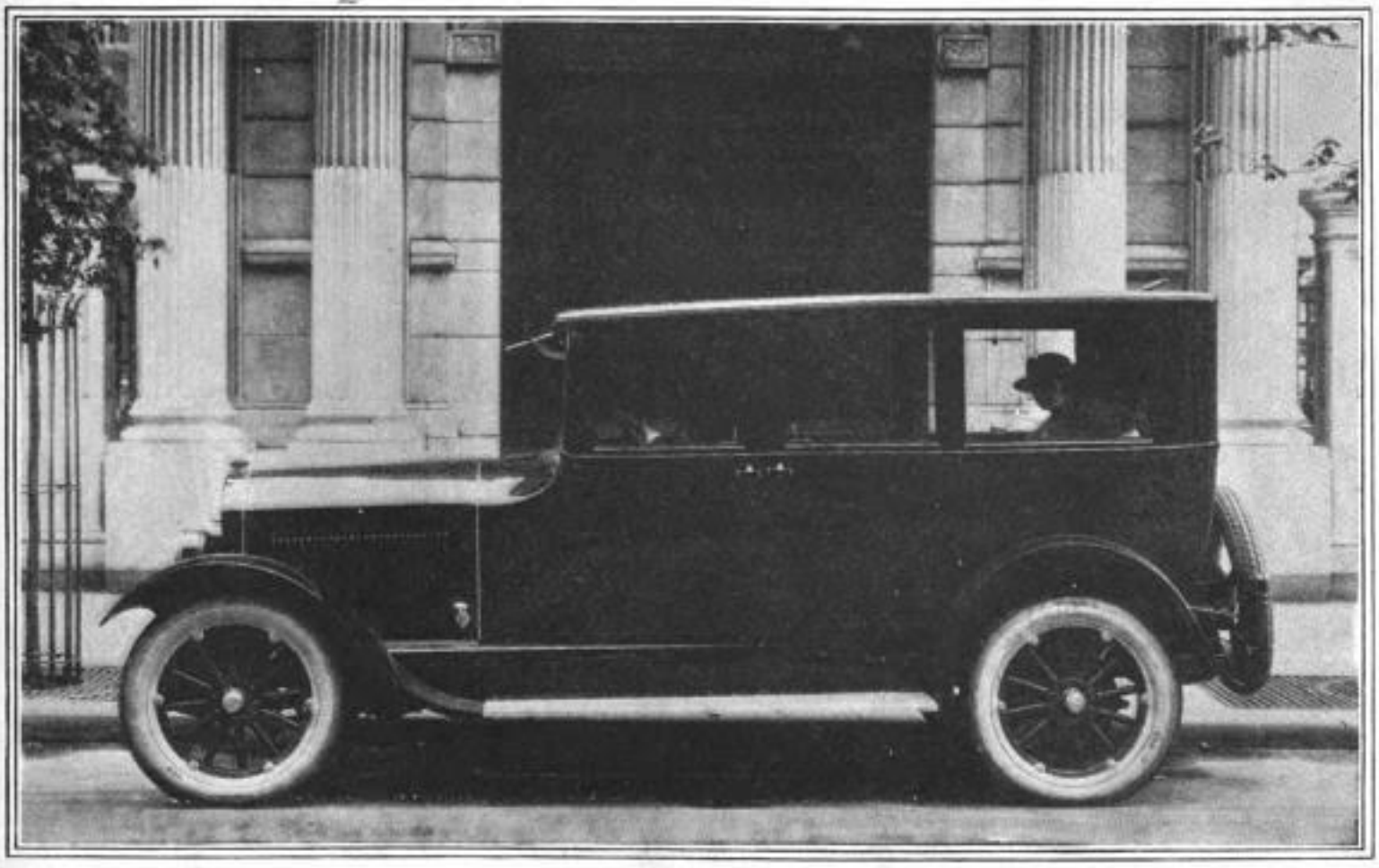
"My ideal New York hotel today," said the manager of an Eastern group of hostelries, "would be a house of two thousand rooms. Each room would be three-quarter size, for two persons, with shower bath, renting for one dollar and fifty cents a day. Each room would be the same size, so that carpets, furniture, draperies, linen, fixtures and everything else would be standard and interchangeable. The place would probably be located on the outskirts of the present hotel district, convenient to new Subway lines, but on cheaper land than the average New York hotel now occupies—that would cut into our 25 per cent overhead item of rent and taxes. There would be no luxury in this house, no big expensively furnished lobbies, no floor clerks, floor pantries, meals in rooms. The free-spending people who patronize first-class hotels are still willing to pay for luxury, but the commercial traveler and business man, as well as many people of moderate means, are tired of luxury, and want accommodations without paying for the showiness demanded by the spenders.

"There would be nothing for nothing in this house, either—no free writing rooms, lounges or music. It would have a restaurant on the cafeteria order. For years the cafeteria has been prospering next door to our finest hotels, and we have in most cases been afraid to bring it inside because, though undoubtedly profitable, it is not in keeping with the rest of the establishment.

"Briefly, it would be a first-class hotel in rooms, furnishings, comfort, and atmosphere upstairs, minus the factors that are so expensive in overhead and operating, making the present-day hotel lopsided—a well-appointed place to sleep or live, with everything found in a first-class hotel except the trimmings."

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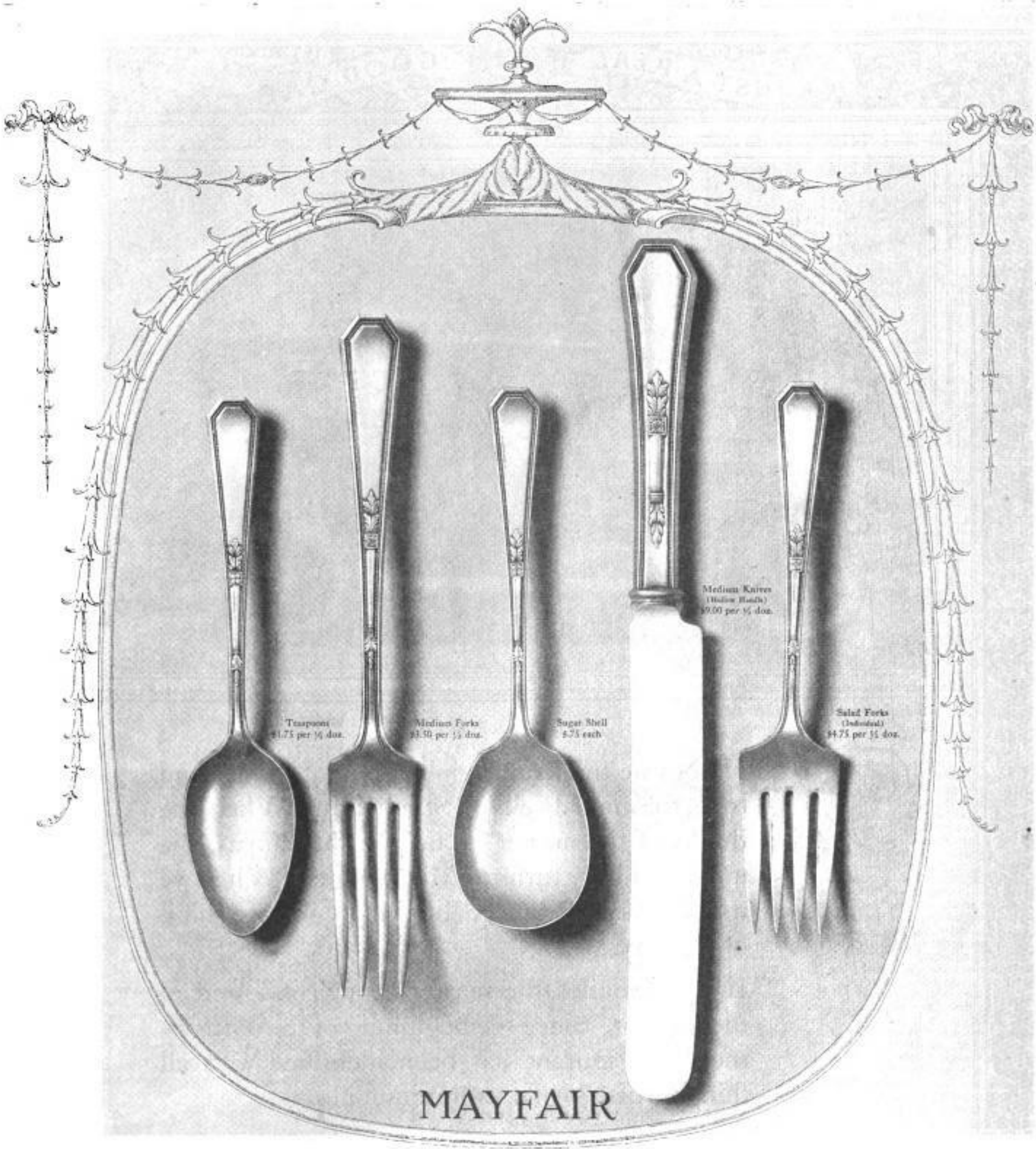
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THE LOST VERONA

(Continued from Page 25)

Scribble a warning under cover of her napkin; make Hal look at her. He was conveying a neat bundle of spaghetti to his mouth. She kicked his foot.

"What the devil!"

The professor, who lacked Italian training, had become engrossed in the bewildering contents of his plate. She raised her pencil above the table edge, wigwagged it. An old signal. Hal understood.

Keep Marshall talking. She had only to question on a note of admiration: "You can really tell about a manuscript from photographs?"

He was happily launched. "Yes indeed. We are forced to depend upon them, as the originals are scattered all over the world. In fact, sometimes I prefer them—for instance, to detect the corrections of a later hand by the color values of inks; or erasures by the almost imperceptible shadows of roughened surfaces. In my last book on Catullus," he proceeded chattily—"and by the way, I must send you a copy, major—I gathered a large part of my data from photographs. Of course, there are always different opinions. I expect ——"

Her smile held him as she slipped the small piece of paper under the bread basket. Hal reached out for a piece of bread. It was neatly done.

From under the large velvet brim of her hat she shone upon the professor, light brows lifted, lips parted—questioning, listening. He expected then that this manuscript would raise a storm of controversy? A life work to defend it? How splendid of him!

Chicken en casserole with mushrooms and salad. She coaxed sweetly. "You haven't eaten a thing, professor."

How could he eat when he talked so much!

Hal pretended to drop his napkin; dived under the table. He had read her note and wanted to see what she had done with his precious manuscript. He emerged apoplectic, twisted himself in a position where he could watch the door.

"When your husband asked for my opinion on the photographs I confess I was skeptical." Doctor Marshall's wispy voice went on and on. "You see, of the hundred-odd Catullus manuscripts in existence there are only four or five of major importance. I should say, there were. You see"—and he beamed upon Hal—"I believe them to be all copies of our manuscript."

Sort of an Adam among manuscripts, this lost Verona. She glanced toward the door.

"The Bodleian Library would never forgive me, major"—Marshall readjusted his glasses—"if they knew that you had contemplated, as an old Oxford man, presenting them with such a gift. Of course, they already own one of the finest copies—the one we call 'O.' The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris has 'G'; the Vatican Library, 'R'; and Saint Mark's, in Venice ——"

Hal was growing restless. "Only too glad to oblige you, doctor."

Fruit and cheese at last. She picked out a mandarin. Antonides wouldn't turn up at this hour.

The professor fidgeted as if he had something on his mind. "You expect to get your messenger off this afternoon? You have someone in view of course?"

"Oh, yes; yes indeed," Hal hastily assured him.

One of those pauses that mean trouble. Then, "Would you have any objection to my interviewing him?" came from Marshall. "I am naturally anxious ——"

He wasn't the only one. What could Hal say? She dared not look at him.

"Very natural indeed, my dear sir." The genial tone of a doctor addressing a nervous patient. "Certainly, you can see him if you wish. But ——" He must have some plan. From the corner of her eye she saw him—a florid gentleman of military bearing, leaning impressively forward. "But I think it would be a mistake. Have a cigar, doctor." His new case with the silver crest. There was something about an expensive cigar. "Tell you why." Hal, very cool, paused to strike a match. "I give my man his orders and the sealed envelope we fixed up at the bank. He brings me back a sealed package. All there is to it. But you, coming in on it, rouse his curiosity. Understand? He'd be likely to talk when he gets there. And if my friend—charming fellow, but well—you can't trust a Turk." Hal moved his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. "If he hears that an American is at the other end of this—this little transaction, I'm afraid he'll hold us up for more. However, suit yourself, professor, suit yourself." And Hal, as if he didn't care one way or another, flecked an ash to the floor.

"Dear me, I hadn't thought of that." Marshall looked worried. "I'm rather inexperienced in such matters. Perhaps you're right, major."

"Pos-i-tive-ly right." Hal grew rather boisterous. "You've got my receipt. You leave it to me. You shall have your manuscript in ten—say, twelve days. Count five to get there. He goes by Paris, Milan, Venice, Triest, Belgrad, Sofia. Looked it all up. Two days for the business. Five to get back."

The professor sighed. "It's a long time to wait. The responsibility ——"

With a little start she turned her head. Antonides stood in the doorway, staring at their table. How long had he been there?

"Hal!" She spoke softly.

He gave one look, jumped up. "Excuse me a moment." Hands in his pockets he swaggered across the floor.

Watch them in the mirror. Couldn't tell a thing from Antonides' face. Hal straddled in front of him, talking.

"A friend of your husband's?" Of course Marshall could see too, in the mirror.

"I don't know." Change the subject. "How do you like London, doctor?"

He did sound worried. "I shall be glad to get home. I dread these twelve days. I had meant to sail —— Of course, your husband may be right. I ——"

"Trust Hal," she said quickly, and again she glanced toward the door. Once he had his forty pounds Antonides couldn't do anything. Couldn't he? She sipped her coffee. Must keep up the conversation. Those smooth dark eyes were watching Marshall.

"You speak Greek and Latin, don't you?" The girlish note was most successful.

Those blue eyes could twinkle. "Not fluently. You see, we don't get much practice."

She glanced once more in the mirror. Hal was handing over something. Well, with three thousand in his pocket he could afford a hundred. If Antonides knew! There now, at last he was going.

Hal marched back, flushed and smiling. "Who d'you think that was, professor?"

Too sure of himself. She didn't like that roguish gleam in his eye.

"Our messenger!" he brought out triumphantly. "Didn't tell you, but I telephoned him while you were at the bank. He'll be in Paris tonight."

Oh, why did he have to go and do things like that! There he sat, delighted with himself. Great idea, using Antonides.

Marshall fluttered with excitement. So that was the man! Glad to have seen him. Next to talking to him, that had been the most reassuring. No time wasted then.

No time wasted, certainly, in complicating the situation. The Greek in London, Marshall in London—always the chance of their meeting!

Hal was paying the bill. Waiter smiling, the padrone smiling, as well they might.

She reached down, picked up the parcel, at which Hal glared as if it held dynamite. Tease him a bit. "Would you like to carry my bundle, like a good husband?" And she held it right under the professor's nose.

"Give it to me!" Hal grabbed for it.

She laughed. "I'll carry it myself, thank you."

She tucked it under her arm, trotted toward the door. Marshall never even glanced at it as he took his leave in the chilly gray street. From the taxi window she saw him, an odd little figure in his long coat and wide-brimmed squarish derby, trudging through the mist, crossing Shaftesbury Avenue. A red bus almost knocked him down.

"Hal, what did Antonides say?"

"Not much." Hal was busy drawing forth a sealed envelope; broke the seal. "Wanted to know who the old bird was." Bills in his hand, bills that were crisp and new. "How's that for a day's work? Seven hundred pounds!" He thrust them toward her, gleeful as a boy.

"Did you tell him who it was?"

"Not much." Hal chuckled. "Said he was a friend of your family. Cheerio, Nita, why the glum face?" He swept the bills into his wallet, thumped her on the knee.

You couldn't be angry with him for long. She glanced out of the window. Bond Street. Crowds moving, heavy and dark in the gray. Tea shops, tobacco shops, shop windows flattened in the mist, their wares but dimly seen as the taxi sped along. Things to buy. Money to pay with.

"What on earth possessed you to tell Marshall that Antonides was your messenger?"

"Well, perhaps I did overdo it a bit," Hal admitted. "Thought the old gentleman needed something of the kind. We can always skip if anything goes wrong. Seven hundred pounds isn't so bad!"

Yes, skipping was their usual pace.

"Now, Nita, you're not going to ——"

No, she wasn't going to worry. After all, could anything be funnier than a famous scholar vouching for a manuscript that Hal had bought for forty pounds from a disreputable Greek? A joke on all those stuffy old fogies who thought themselves so wise!

She brightened to laughter. Not for long.

"Oh, Hal, if it ever gets out!"

II

IT DID get out.

"The devil!" Hal cried one morning, staring at his Daily Mail. "There it is!"

There it was, or a reporter's garbled version of it—a beautiful story of how Herman Slade, well-known patron of letters, was paying a fabulous price for a mysterious old manuscript which Professor Marshall, the distinguished Latinist now in London, had unearthed in Constantinople. Mr. Slade refused to say where the manuscript was at present. No mention, as yet, of Major Brassington-Welsh. But Marshall's photograph was on the back page. The old idiot must have written Slade when first he saw the photographs. And Slade, later receiving the cable, had talked.

According to Hal's schedule only seven days more to go before the wretched manuscript could be delivered to Marshall and the final three thousand dollars handed over. Now this—publicity! The one thing ——

Suddenly Hal began to laugh. Sprawling back in the one comfortable chair, his beige dressing gown folded around him, his red-slippered feet in the air, he opened his mouth, closed his eyes, heaving and wallowing in merriment. The breakfast tray on the table beside him rattled. His paper slid to the floor. Against the light background of that polite bedroom he showed up violently colored.

She stood staring down at him. Glad he thought it so funny. Her own sense of humor was not in working order. At this hour of the morning she always felt puffy of eye, droopy of lip, and like turning her back on windows. She clutched her kimono with one hand; with the other she shook him.

"Ho, ho!" he roared on a subsiding wave. "Can you see the old duffer's face when he reads this?"

No, but she could see them skipping, and she told him so. "Limelight isn't becoming to you, Hal."

He sat up, his hair rumpled; whistled; he hadn't thought of that.

"Oh, I say, old girl, we can't get out now."

That was precisely what they were going to do, and quickly. Why take risks when they had, already, seven hundred pounds? "D'you want a swarm of reporters inquiring into your private affairs?" She let this sink in while she hunted for the key of the trunk.

He rose, tying the cord of his dressing gown. He was growing fat. "Marshall won't talk." But he didn't sound convinced. He prowled to the window, where he stood staring at the wintry, lemonish light of another London day. "Suppose I telephone and explain?"

"The less explaining you do, the better."

She was in the closet, unhooking hangers. Lay the clothes on the bed. These wardrobe trunks were convenient. After all, three thousand dollars, about seven hundred pounds, or what Hal hadn't spent of it, would carry them quite a way.



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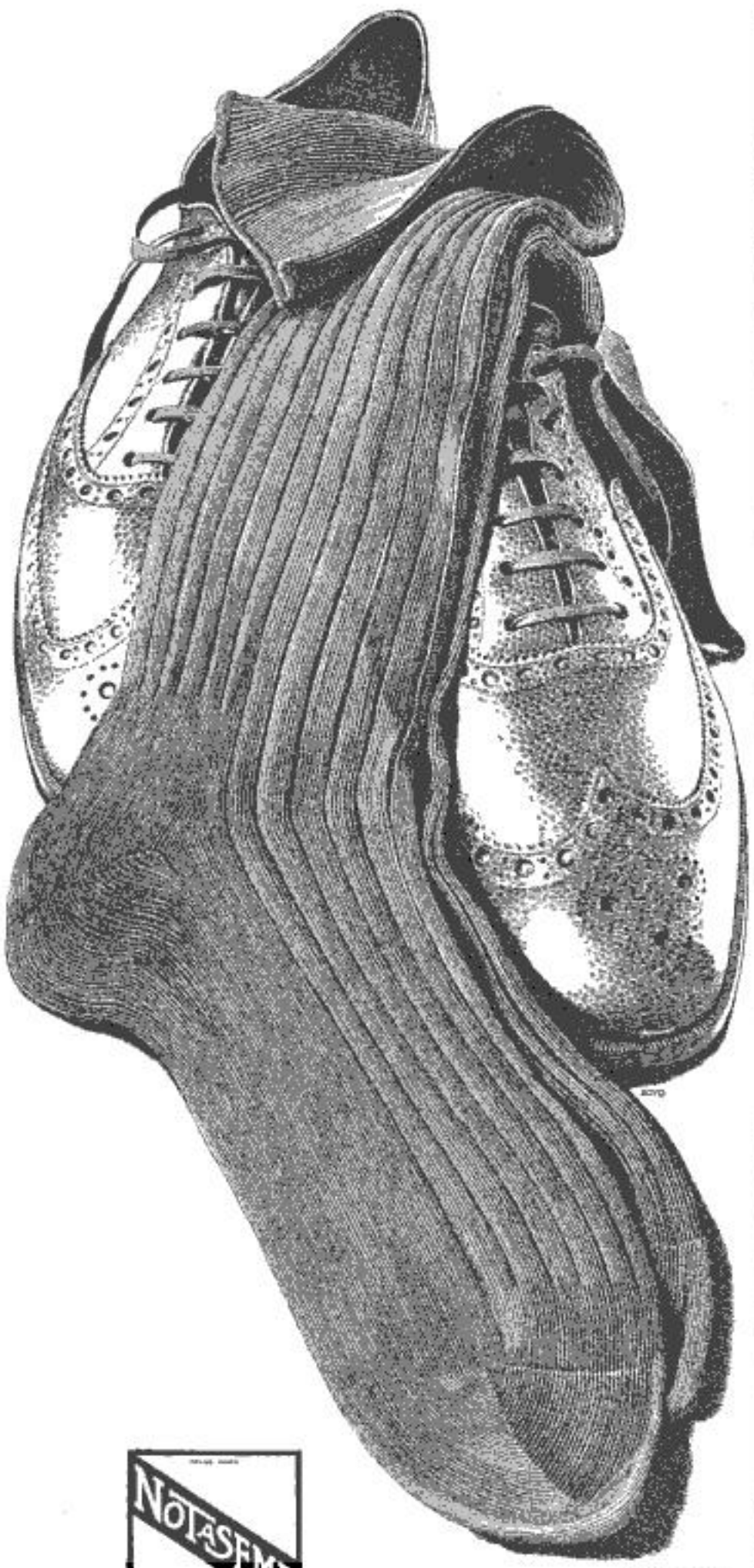
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He'd have to leave behind all those seedy old books he had bought—books on Catullus, a fat blue volume of Marshall's, autographed, a Latin dictionary. A pompous row of them on the mantelpiece.

"You'd better dress and go get tickets for somewhere." She may have sounded a little tired. It was hard luck!

Obediently he strode into the bathroom, from which, presently, came the intimate racket of splashing and swearing.

She sighed. They were comfortable here. Well, it might be worse. Nice, Monte Carlo. She lit a cigarette, trotting back and forth. She took up the sequin gown of memories, dulled and torn. Pack it with the others; with the blue dress Hal had insisted on buying her in Paris. Black was the only ——

"I say, Nita, where shall we go?" Hal, in his shirt sleeves, suspenders dangling, peered from the bathroom door, a razor brandished in midair. His face was a soapy mask from out which gleamed a bloodshot eye.

"Oh, anywhere." She brushed back strands of hair; needed another wave.

The old weary sense that there was no other way out—packing, traveling, boats, trains, new fields, fields that had grown again over the paths they had trodden.

Pull out the bureau drawers. There now, cigarette ashes over everything. Hal's passion for handkerchiefs and neckties was equaled only by the empty whisky bottles, of which he left a trail wherever they went.

Crinkly gold hairpins and whisky bottles—that was all they left of themselves in hotel rooms.

"You've made a holy mess of the place!" Hal again, peevish, poor dear, fumbling among piles of stuff on the bed.

"Leave those alone." With his great big clumsy hands he was upsetting everything.

"Hang it all, Nita, I want a necktie!"

"Well, there's one on the chair."

Drag out the black valise. She knelt before it. What a jumble! Two empty Haig & Haig bottles. Simply have to leave them in the closet. One, half full; orangewood sticks; a pencil, point broken; an unwrapped piece of soap; that shoe horn she had been looking for everywhere; some loose French francs jingling about. Under rumpled packing paper, the manuscript. Hal must have spilt some whisky on it. She held it, scrambling to her feet. Of all smudged, stained, forlorn bits of rubbish!

Hal, his face askew, his elbows crooked as he squeezed into one of his tight collars, turned to glare at it.

"What are you going to do with that?"

"Send it to your professor." Had to give him something for his three thousand! Then laughter came up in her as it had come to Hal.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" she gasped. Hal regarded her sourly.

The telephone. The bell joined in her last peal, cutting it short. Should they answer?

"Must be Marshall." Before she could stop him Hal took up the receiver. She stood at his shoulder, strained, listening.

"Who? Mr. who? . . . Antonides waiting downstairs? Be down in a moment."

Antonides! What did he want?

"Oh, Hal, why do you see him?"

"Have to," he answered shortly, jerking into his coat. "He said he'd wait if I wasn't ready." Pretended to hunt for a handkerchief. Too busy to look at her.

She followed him to the door. "Hal, be careful what you say. I don't trust that man."

He stood, dapper in his blue suit. How gray his hair had turned along the edges! "Don't you worry, old dear." He bent to kiss her, and was gone.

Empty, empty room with its elegance muddled by human things—bedclothes tossed, crumbs and ashes on the breakfast tray, trunk and valise yawning. Things—things on the little desk, on the bureau, on chairs. The reek of cigarettes. Water dripping in the bathroom, and towels flung about.

She should have gone down with Hal.

Dress quickly. She thrust the manuscript back into the bag. Finish packing later. She put on energy with her stockings and powder; courage with the red wings that helped her lips to smile. Now her black gaberdine with the leather trimmings, the leather-edged box coat. Better wear a hat and veil.

Trouble. She knew it as she hastened across the spacious lounge to where Hal and his visitor were sitting in a corner among palms and wicker furniture. At this hour the place was almost deserted. She passed an old man reading a paper; an American consulting a Baedeker; a bored couple sitting bolt upright, waiting for someone.

The two men rose, Antonides suave, Hal savage. The veins about his temples swelled purplish and throbbed.

"I say, Nita." He kept his voice down, trying for control. "Here's a bally joke on us." A joke he didn't relish, from his manner. "Our friend has an idea that I've made a fortune out of his manuscript. Perfect rot of course."

She had feared something like this. She sat down facing the Greek.

"You've read that absurd story in the Daily Mail?"

Under her veil her lips curled in obedient amusement.

Antonides waved his tiny hand with the horrid scarab ring. "It is the truth, is it not?" He spoke softly.

Better not deny too much. She met those smooth dark eyes with the deepening green of her own. "A very exaggerated story, Mr. Antonides. But even suppose"—she leaned forward—"suppose my husband did sell the manuscript for a little more than he paid for it. You got your price, didn't you?"

"My price—then."

Smiling he drew out a gold cigarette case. His small hand, soft as a woman's, held it out to her. Brown cigarettes, gold tipped.

Rather take poison.

Hal scowled, his fist heavy on the table. "You have no business ——"

The Greek turned slowly, still smiling. "No? But then, neither have you, major. You are very clever. Let us be frank. The manuscript may have come from Constantinople. I think I gave you that idea. It is worth something as an idea. This Doctor Marshall would be interested, would he not, to know where you got the story—and the manuscript?"

"Well?" Her voice hardened.

"D'you know what that fellow has had the infernal impudence to demand?" Hal burst out. "Eight hundred pounds! I told him I didn't have it."

"But you can get it—not so?"

Her eyes warned Hal, whose voice had risen. The old gentleman peered over his paper in their direction. The American strolled past them, staring.

Her foot tapped the floor. "Look here, Mr. Antonides," she said as quietly as she could. "We haven't any such sum. You have nothing—nothing," she repeated, "to gain from us."

The Greek rose with one of his supple movements. He stood stroking the silky wisp of his mustache as he gazed down at Hal. "Eight hundred, major. I do not know what arrangements you have made with Doctor Marshall and his rich, his generous friend, but let me advise you ——"

Hal glowered, red of eye. "You and your advice be damned!"

"Hal!" It didn't help any to curse the creature.

"Madame is more reasonable." He turned toward her. "Let me then advise you not to leave London—although the weather is bad at this season—until you make me that little—compensation. You would not get far." His voice grew sharper. "It would be disagreeable, not so, to be forced to return from Dieppe or Calais? You see, my friends"—his small white hand fluttered in a deprecating gesture—"I have nothing to lose this time. And I should feel it my duty to inform Doctor Marshall that I sold to the major a manuscript for what it is worth, forty pounds."

"You think you can stop us from leaving London?" She was on her feet, facing him.

His eyes were expressionless, as if painted on glass. "I regret—you cannot go without my knowing. I have friends in the hotel. And I shall also be watching—and waiting."

He bowed and turned away, threading among tables and chairs to sit down in an opposite corner.

Hal lit a cigarette, puffed, flung it down and ground his heel on it. "If that little rat thinks he can frighten me!"

But he knew and she knew that the Greek had meant what he said.

"Oh, Hal, don't be a fool! He's got us. We'll have to stay and see it through."

She rose wearily. Hal stood up beside her, tugging at his mustache.

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 70)

"I'd like to wring his blinking neck."

As they crossed the lounge Antonides prepared to follow.

"Telephone, sir." A boy met Hal in the lobby.

Surely Marshall this time. "Remember, Hal. Hold on to yourself. I'll wait in our room."

She waited, restless, pacing to and fro. The room at least was in order, the bed made, the tray gone, the Daily Mail folded on the table. She read the article again. If Marshall held his tongue they might still ——

Hal's heavy hand opening the door.

"We're in for it," he groaned. "Marshall's all up in the air. Swears he saw my messenger on the street yesterday. Confound Antonides! What with that and the story getting out, the old boy's distracted."

"Will he talk?"

"Talk!" Hal mopped his brow. "Wish you could have heard him jabbering over the wire. I'm off to see him now. Do the best I can." He tramped to the window, wheeled around. "I say, old thing, shall we try and give Antonides the slip?"

Not a chance in the world. "Better not. We'll manage somehow." She tried to sound cheerful.

He grunted, took up his hat. She kissed him and let him go.

Nothing for it but to unpack. Everything out again on bed and chairs. Dresses and suits hanging in the closet once more. Take this opportunity to look over Hal's socks.

She sat down to her darning. In and out—out and in—the needle creeping. How ever had he worn through these new socks so soon? Oh, dear, think of being anchored to the Carlton Hotel by a beastly Latin manuscript. Antonides wouldn't hesitate, he wouldn't —— If she let the thing worry her those thin little bird claws would dig in deeper, and the red-winged lips sag.

Where was her sense of humor? As lost as the lost Verona, and not so easily found.

III

HAL said he had settled everything, and not to worry. All they had to do, he said, was to hold down Marshall, avoid publicity, and between now and the delivery of the manuscript, lose Antonides. A simple little program.

To begin with, he had only half convinced Marshall that he couldn't have seen in London a man who must now be on his way back from Constantinople. They could get in the police, Hal had gone so far as to propose. Of course an investigation would involve them in a most unpleasant matter of smuggling and bribery. However, if the professor wished ——

The professor, as Hal had expected, did not wish. He fell into a panic at the mere idea of compromising himself further. He cabled Slade not to give out any more information, and shut himself with the photographs in a study which had been lent to him in Dean's Court. Morning and afternoon he telephoned to ask if there were any news.

Meanwhile Antonides refused to be lost. One felt him everywhere in the smoky baffling pattern of London—dodging behind the lions of Trafalgar Square, blending in with the yellowish fog that webbed streets and gardens, padding along the embankment to the haunting sounds of the river. One felt him in the ordered spaces of the Carlton, dissembled behind drifting groups, screened by tables and plants.

There was always a chance that Marshall might catch another glimpse of him, for on the two occasions when Hal went to Dean's Court Antonides followed to linger in the shadow of the neighboring Abbey.

Hal returned from the second visit to report that he had found Marshall in a fearful state—beginning to doubt his own judgment, wondering if he hadn't made a mistake.

Hal flung himself at the valise, rattling papers and bottles. "The old boy looks as if he hadn't slept or eaten for a week. He just sits there poring over those photographs until he can't make any sense out of them. I couldn't myself, in his place."

Came the tinkle of bottle against glass.

She turned in her seat at the desk, where she was writing her monthly cheerful letter to her mother—all about the latest plays and the lovely things Hal had bought for her in London.

"Something's got to be done," Hal fretted. "Why, Nita, if I'd really found his blinking old lost Verona he wouldn't believe it." He set down his glass with an injured air.

Well, she couldn't help it. She went back to her letter. "Hal and I haven't done much sight-seeing. The weather has been so ——"

Thump-bank-creak. Hal marching to and fro, tugging at his mustache, muttering, taking up a book, opening and slamming it shut.

"Hal dear"—mildly—"I can't write if you ——"

Silence. He had settled down with a book. The scratch of a match. Cigar smoke hung in the air.

She wrote "Hal joins me in love. Affectionately ——"

There, that was done. He had left his bottle on the mantelpiece. Must put it away; rinse the glass.

"By Jove!" He sprang from his chair. "I've got it, Nita!"

"Got what?" She watched him anxiously from the bathroom door. Oh, dear he was having another inspiration!

He wouldn't tell her what it was. And presently he bustled out, his book under his arm.

Came two beastly days of Marshall, querulous on the telephone; of Antonides, sleek, smiling, dogging their footsteps.

At night the manuscript seemed to rise from its hiding place and come to sit like a monstrous weight on her chest. Nightmares in Latin. The darkness wriggled and swarmed with angular ciphers tumbling like elfish acrobats through her dreams. The ghost of Catullus haunted her from the domes of gigantic mosques.

Then one morning Hal came bounding back about lunch time, exultantly brandishing something that looked as if he might have fished it out of a scrap basket.

"This will fix the old boy, Nita!"

She felt cross. Here she had been waiting, dressed and idle for over two hours. "What on earth is it, Hal? A letter?"

"Clever girl!" He straddled in front of her, his head cocked on one side.

She took the thing—a sheet of parchment folded; more Latin!

"Where did you get it?"

"I made it."

"You made it! Oh, Hal!"

"Well, I didn't exactly make it," he admitted impatiently. "I got the idea from a letter in one of my books. Remember the book I was reading the other day? A chap I happen to know—used to be at Oxford; fact is, he was fired same time as I was—worked it out for me. Doesn't it look like the real thing, though?"

It looked, she thought, like more trouble. "What are you going to do with it?"

Well, he was going to pretend that the Turkish gentleman had sent it on by mail. It was supposed to have been found folded in with the manuscript.

She set it down on the table.

"I don't see the use ——"

"Look here, Nita." He followed her to the window. "You don't understand. It simply proves the manuscript to be genuine. Suppose a fellow in Florence, patron of letters like this Slade, wanted a copy of Catullus ——"

Catullus, Catullus—she was sick of the sound of Catullus.

Hal trailed her back to the table. "He'd have to borrow a manuscript to have it copied, wouldn't he?"

She supposed he would. She would even grant that the Verona people might have intrusted their precious Catullus to a messenger who never reached his destination, losing himself and the manuscript somewhere en route. But ——

"If you'll only listen, Nita." Hal grabbed up his masterpiece, glowing again with pride. "Here, I'll read the address in Latin so that you can hear how it sounds. And I'll translate the rest. Now the address goes like this: '*Ad Reverendum Patrem Bibliothecae Veronensis Praefectum* ——'"

Quite clever of him, really, to read Latin. Didn't doubt his cleverness so much as she feared it.

He gave a pompous imitation of Marshall.

"Now listen carefully, Nita, and you'll see the point. I'm translating, understand? Now! After the address, I begin: 'I am returning to you by a special trusty messenger the Catullus which you kindly allowed me to have in order that I might get a copy made for Calluchio, the Chancellor of Florence. Although my messenger will not have to pass through the disturbed regions of the city I have, nevertheless, ordered him to go thoroughly armed.' Then I put the signature. I looked it all up. 'Casparus de Broaspinis. A. D. 11 kal. decembr 1374.' Great stuff, that. Convince anybody."

Convincing enough, if you wanted to be convinced. But something warned her.

"I think it's wonderful, Hal. I don't see, though —— In two days now you can give him the manuscript. What's the use of this?"

That set him off. The use of it? Well, if she'd seen Marshall she'd know. This explained everything—how the manuscript had left Verona, and how the messenger had probably got into a fight. Hadn't she noticed that part about his going armed? He'd read a letter almost like it in his book. Only changed the names and dates. Here was a document proving that the manuscript must have been stolen by people who didn't know its value. Probably they passed it on to others, and so on, until, somehow, it reached Constantinople. Clear as day.

"And Marshall's getting it for nothing," Hal ended on a sulky note.

She had spoiled his planned effect, impaired his confidence. She put a hand on his arm. His face was all puckered and red with disappointment.

"Hal dear, let's wait, shall we? You can always use it at the last moment if you have to."

"Then I've gone to all the trouble ——" he muttered. "I tell you the old boy needs bucking up. Look at it, why don't you? I challenge any expert. Why, I'd be taken in myself!"

She didn't want to look at it. "Hal, will you do me a favor?" She clung to him, coaxing. "Let me keep it for you. If you really need it later ——"

"No!" he snapped, stubborn, frowning.

She loosened her hold and turned away; walked a few steps, head and shoulders drooping; felt him watching her.

"Why do you worry me so?"

She asked it of him wearily, trailing across the room to the window, where she stood staring out at the muggy sky.

"Have your own way then." Hal's voice, jerky, muffled. "I think it's bally rot. But I don't want you fussing and fretting. I say, Nita—don't!"

She was waiting for that, and flew to him, standing on tiptoe to give him a hug. "Dear old thing!" His bristly cheek scratched against hers.

He watched her moodily while she tucked it into her hand bag. Safest place she knew.

"Well, I don't answer for anything now," said he in the tone of one who has done his best. "We'll be in a pretty pickle, though, if Marshall balks at the last moment, and Antonides holds out for his money."

She tried for brightness. "Antonides wouldn't hold us in that case. Wait two more days anyway."

"Marshall hasn't telephoned, has he?" Hal pretended to be absorbed in his nails, wandered over to the bureau.

Why, so he hadn't. Bad sign.

Neither that evening nor the next morning did any word come. Something had to be done; that was evident. And Hal was too nervous to do it. He didn't say anything, but she knew what he was thinking. If on the high wave of confidence he had taken the letter to Marshall the situation might be very different now.

And tomorrow was the day, the twelfth day.

She waited until after lunch. Hal, silent, irritable, lay heavily on the bed. She covered him with a comforter. A nap would do him good.

Quick now—her hat, the large black velvet one. White gloves. She gave a last look in the mirror, tiptoed over to the bed.

"I'm going out to do an errand, dear. I'll be back soon."

He grunted, flopping over on his side. It wasn't like him to give in like this. She touched him lightly on the forehead, stole away.

IV

AN ANXIOUS plump little woman in black velvet, trotting along Whitehall. London seemed huger that afternoon, caught in the tarnished stuff of a mist almost palpable, through which people, drained of color, appeared to move more slowly—a brick-faced Tommy and his cockney sweetheart, a one-legged man selling postcards, with the white badge of ex-service on his cap, an athletic young girl in



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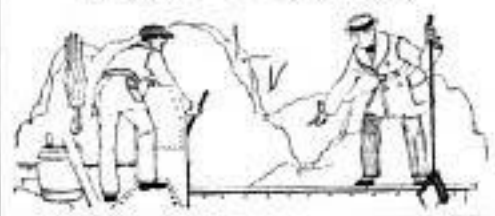
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a felt hat and muffler, a middle-aged man who looked as if he had been baked in his clothes.

Big Ben struck full and rich. One—two—three. She thought of the bells of Florence, the bells of Paris. Every city had its bells. Wished now she had told Hal where she was going. Antonides, stationed in the hotel lobby, had bowed as she passed. His smile linked him with shady business, linked him with Hal. She shivered, glanced behind her. No, he hadn't followed. She stopped to ask her way. These English bobbies were handsome creatures.

Nearly there now. The bulk of the Abbey rose grim in the fog. Dean's Court must lie behind. She felt shy coming upon it.

Pinched trees on a wintry patch of ground. Stone under foot, stone hemming her in. No place, this, for Nita Brassington-Welsh. Hushed and bleak in the mist, a solemn row of houses eyed her austerely. If she didn't hurry she would turn back.

That narrow-shouldered one must be the house. An effort now to mount the steps. Smile at the porter. Up narrow stairs, wanly lit. Offices, a musty smell of papers.

The top floor and a door. She knocked. No answer, but you could hear the faint sound of papers rustling. She opened the door.

"Mrs. Brassington-Welsh! How very kind! You must excuse me; I haven't been feeling well."

The professor bobbed up, startled, from a big littered desk. In the focused rays of a low-hanging green-shaded lamp his mustache looked like a dripping blot of ink. He wore over his eyes a green thing that resembled the visor of a jockey's cap. He pushed it higher on his bulging white forehead as, hurriedly, he advanced.

"Why, Doctor Marshall!" Her prepared brightness was lost in the small stuffy room. No wonder the man was half dead, mooning in here. "We were worried about you."

She stood, not knowing quite what to do while he groped for a chair. It smelt of old books and stale tobacco. Someone ought to take care of him. It was really a shame ——

"I don't suppose you have any news?" His eyes, behind their glasses, blinked, watery, red rimmed.

Poor worried old thing! She thought of the letter in her hand bag, hesitated.

"I can't really make out these photographs. You see, the readings are so different from any other of the manuscripts, and so near what I have always believed the lost Verona ——" He moved around to his desk, nervously shifting papers. "But they are so different; I'm afraid, too different. I don't know any more; I don't know." His voice sounded wispier than ever in this room of dusty books and papers.

Perhaps Hal was right after all. Her fingers moved at the catch of her bag.

"You see these?" He grubbed about in the litter, pushed a sheaf of cables toward her. "From my colleagues. Most upsetting to be congratulated before —— I don't know; I don't really know. I told your husband I was almost sure I saw the man, the messenger. Since then I haven't had a moment's peace."

Should she? She drew out the parchment letter, leaned forward impulsively.

"Hal told me to give you this, Doctor Marshall." No going back now. "He got it by mail this morning from Constantinople. It's a letter found with the manuscript. He thought ——"

Marshall was up from his desk, standing beside her. His hand trembled as he took the thing.

She sank back in the shabby leather chair, stared at an emptied milk glass on the edge of the desk; horrid stuff. Had she done right? Had she?

How still he was! He must have read it through by now.

He had turned and was groping for the window. She saw him—a dingy little figure in loosely fitting black, outlined against the sickly light. She wasn't afraid. But strangely her heart stirred, seemed to pull her toward him.

"Doctor Marshall."

He didn't answer.

"Doctor Marshall." The room closed in, stifling. She rose quickly, crossed over, touched his arm.

He didn't look at her. "This letter isn't genuine." He spoke in a queer tired voice, staring out at the looming gray towers of the Abbey.

"Not genuine? But, Doctor Marshall ——"

No, she couldn't pretend. Her throat went dry and tight.

"The date is wrong. Calluchio wasn't ——" The thin voice broke off. His gesture was hopeless. "It's a flagrant clumsy forgery. You say your husband got this from Constantinople?"

She could only nod, plucking at her bag.

"My child, this is a great blow to me; a great blow." He walked unsteadily to his desk, bent over the photographs. "I've made a mistake," he said. "The letter wouldn't have been necessary if ——"

An old man, broken and weary, he sank into his chair, covered his face with his hands.

She stood wavering beside him, caught with this old man in the hoary dust of some tragedy beyond her. All for a manuscript, just a manuscript. She hadn't understood, hadn't realized.

If he had only turned on Hal as others had turned before! How little and mean she felt! She and Hal—what were they but adventurers, sad adventurers, taking advantage of a credulous old man? No word of comfort to give him. She slid to her knees, took his poor cold fingers in hers.

"I'm sorry!"

"Don't worry, my dear, don't worry." He tried to pat her hand. "It isn't your fault. I should have known."

Words were hot within, beating, pressing to be out. No, she couldn't give Hal away.

"I'm sorry."

But he had forgotten her. She heard him like a far-away little wind sighing. "A laughing stock—never get back after this—my whole life ——"

It did mean his life. She saw that now. He had staked his professional reputation. And she had thought it a joke!

What was that? Voices in the hall. Hal's voice raised, arguing.

The professor didn't move. She stumbled to her feet.

Someone pounded on the door. Hal burst in, brandishing a flat parcel. Behind him, before he could bang the door to, slipped the Greek.

"Hello! Hello! Didn't know you were here, Nita. Professor ——" Hal plunged through the stillness as through a paper hoop. "I've got something here you'll be glad to see. My messenger arrived a day earlier." And he turned to glare at Antonides.

That's what came of leaving him alone. He hadn't been able to wait. He wasn't going to wait now. He snapped the string of his parcel in a way that meant business.

"Listen to me!" her voice whipped out.

The professor tried to rise, sank limply back in his chair.

End it; end it once for all.

"The manuscript is worth nothing." She stood very still, facing them.

"What?" Hal was in no mood for shocks.

She could deal with him. Between them there was always that awareness, as of a language known only to themselves. But Antonides!

She lifted her head. She felt the Greek, dark and foreign, uneasy. Her eyes met those smooth shiny ones. He had moved, edging nearer to the door.

"Hal, we can't let the professor suffer. He—we've made a mistake. You'll pay back that money, won't you? You'll want to do that." It was all she could think of. The very least they could do.

"I couldn't allow ——" came faintly from Marshall.

Ah, but Hal would pay it back. He didn't understand yet. When he did ——

Antonides understood, though. His hand was on the knob of the door.

He had nothing to gain, and he knew it. "Mr. Antonides, you'd better go. You see ——"

He saw. The door opened, shut softly.

"I say—but Nita ——" Hal wasn't going to give up so easily. The moment Antonides left, he thought—poor old Hal!—that she had played for just this. She had helped so often before.

And now with the Greek gone, and his assurance recovered, he pranced forward.

"Hal, the letter ——"

But with one of his handsome gestures he had unwrapped the manuscript, thrust it into Marshall's hand. "Take my word for it, doctor ——"

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "Oh, don't!"

The old man under the green-shaded lamp mechanically fingered the pages.

With a sob she took Hal's arm. "My dear, don't you understand yet?" She drew him into the shadows by the window.

"I gave him the letter," she whispered. "He knew right away."

Hal whistled, then was curiously still, staring out at the gaunt black trees, the masses of stone.

Suddenly she felt him close. "Nita, old girl, don't you worry. We'll manage."

"Hal dear, it isn't that; it doesn't matter about us."

A shrill cry whirled them around. Marshall, deathly white, stood wavering under the light, a hand flattened on the manuscript, the other gripping the table.

Oh, he mustn't break down! She started for him.

But now she saw him more clearly, transfigured. He was pointing down at the page. What was he saying?

Catullus—Catullus—the most extraordinary ——

Then Hal's voice, booming, filled the room. Hal's hand, swung high, the big heavy palm descending on the straightened old shoulders.

"Knew it all along, sir! There you are! If ever you need to find any more manuscripts you come to me. It's the biggest ——"

And Marshall's voice, tremulous: "You had faith, major. I didn't see how I could have made a mistake. But I ——"

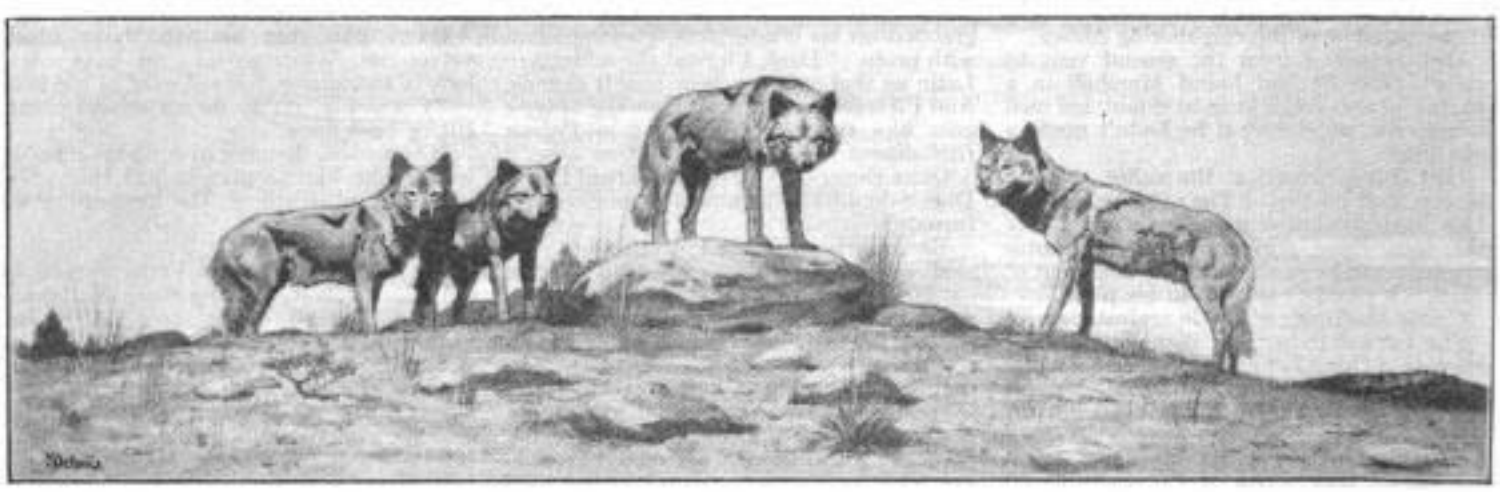
Faith! An odd kind of faith when even now she could hardly believe —— So it was real! They hadn't thought of that. They had thought of everything else.

Marshall's voice went on and on. She didn't need to listen. She wanted to feel proud. For once she and Hal ——

The professor smiled at her.

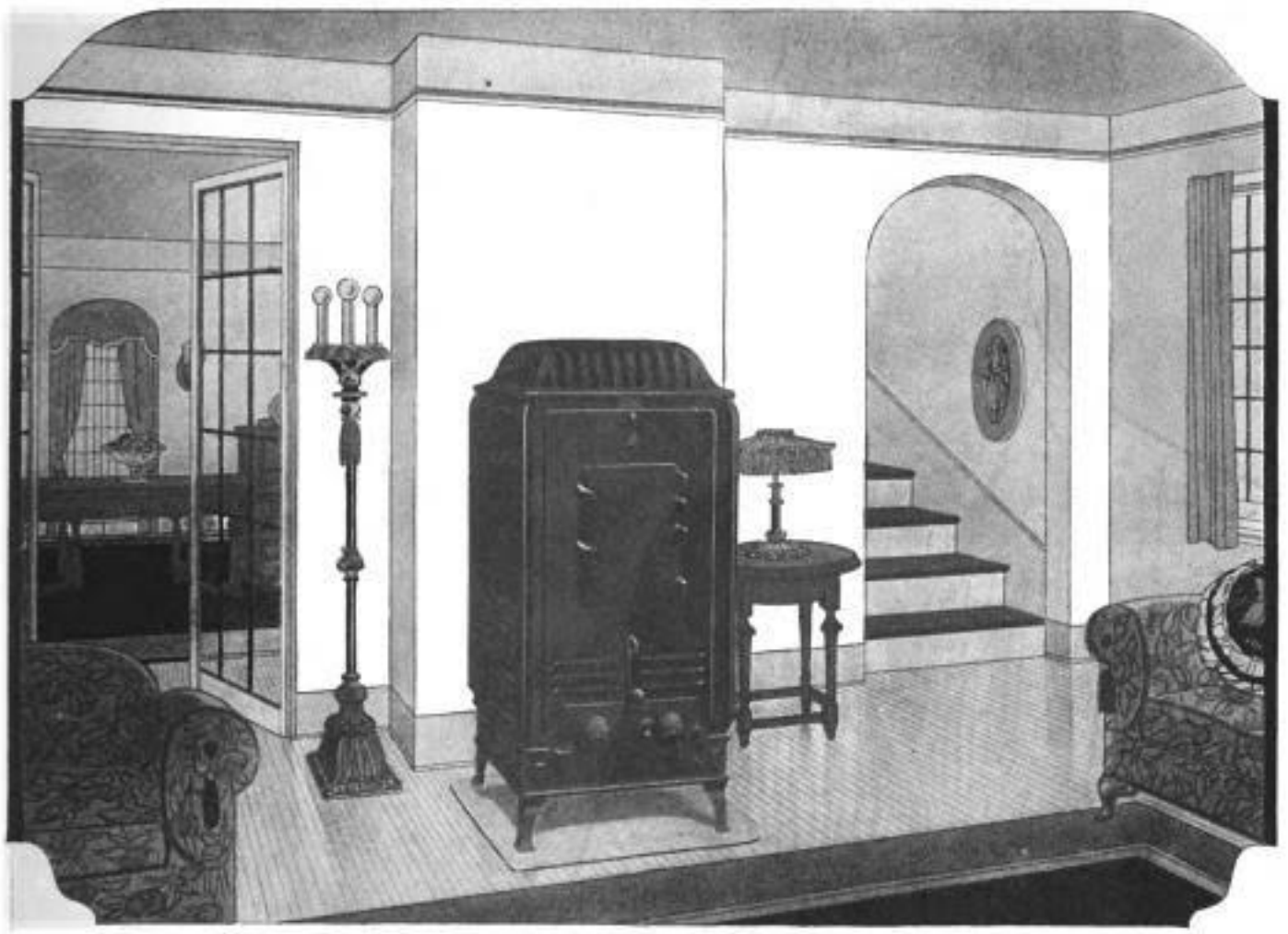
A great tenderness, a warmth filled her and made all things seem right. She went to him and took his hand in both of hers.

"Oh, I'm so glad! If you knew how glad!" And she looked up into his face.



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OUT-OF-DOORS

Soldiers of Fortune

IT WOULD take an old man to remember back as far as the time when the world was not going to the demnition bowwows. Old men of today easily can remember the time when their fathers turned them loose in the world with four dollars and the paternal blessing and admitted with tears that now there were fewer opportunities than in the days when they themselves were boys. Of course, the world does go on one way or another, and no doubt there are just as many opportunities today as there ever were. The Bolshevists of Russia have proved that rather conclusively, for instance. The great question is that of distribution; in other words, the problem of getting ours.

None the less, I fancy that most of us will agree that twenty, thirty or forty years ago there was more opportunity in the American West for a man who had no money than there is in the same country today, unless he operates on a nonpartisan basis. I can remember that country when it might indeed have been called a land of opportunity for all; when a man could, without detriment to himself, his character or his future, shift from one calling to another until he found the right one. I remember distinctly, and it perhaps has been mentioned in these columns, a sign which I used to see on a raw-board front of a shack out in a Kansas town: "John Blank, Attorney at Law. Life and Fire Insurance. Collections Attended To at All Hours. Fresh Ohio Cider." That sign carries much perspective.

The shifting and drifting earlier population of the frontier, as I saw it, had under it a great deal of the spirit of chance, luck and adventure. I have lived in a settlement of three or four hundred souls where there were not more than three or four women. We really did not ask questions of one another, so I am ignorant of the personal history of many of the men I knew there, for whom my regard never has ceased. They were good men, almost all of them; and I presume that almost all of them were, in one or another sense, soldiers of fortune.

Rather curiously, there has just now come to hand, through the offices of a friend, certain correspondence written by an officer of the United States Army, whose name in the circumstances it might not be delicate to give. In effect, it practically is the diary of an old-timer, a former inhabitant of the American West, who is not ashamed to refer to himself as a soldier of fortune. As the little running record of reminiscence so fully covers the early westward drift of young men in the days before the frontier passed, and as it has a great deal to do with precisely that part of the Southwest where I once lived, I cannot refrain from making a little résumé for the sake of auld lang syne, as well as for the sake of the story. The personal phase must be disregarded wholly.

The communication, which was addressed to my friend, himself also at one time a soldier of fortune in the Southwest, located the first scenes of the author's life in Minnesota. He graduated from a country school at the age of thirteen and went to work on the farm. He inherited that strange ambition for education which is the birthright of the real American stock, and always was determined to have a college education. He went to work with this in view as one of a party of engineers surveying the early lines of the Great Northern Railway. He also was with the astronomical party of the Northern Boundary Commission which in coöperation with the British Government, established the boundary line between the United States and Canada from the Lake of the Woods west to the Rocky Mountains.

The American survey parties were escorted by two troops of General Custer's famous Seventh Cavalry and one company of infantry, as at that time they were working in a country abounding with Indians as well as wild game. They withstood two Indian attacks and one attempt to burn them out by means of a prairie fire during a gale of wind.

Clinging to the main idea, our friend in 1874 began to study medicine at St. Paul, Minnesota. In 1876 and 1877 he attended lectures in the Chicago Medical College. This wiped out his savings, and as graduation then meant two courses of lectures at a medical college, he had to get something to sweeten the kitty. He now went West at just about the time when there occurred that strange wave of successors to the trappers and skin hunters of the plains—the thousands of well-born, intelligent and dead-broke young men who went West to grow up with the country in the wake of law and order. Many or most of them were soldiers of fortune. I can name a score of such men of my own acquaintance. I was one of them myself!

Our young man opened his first office at Deadwood, South Dakota, in May, 1877. Deadwood was at that time about as wild as mining camps ever get, but there seemed to be not much use for a doctor, mortality being usually too sudden. Our hero, with a party of three other adventurers, got together a trail outfit and struck south through Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico, as far as Santa Fé. They passed through hostile Indian country almost all the way, and had to stand guard every night, of course. They seem to have wandered through the country just for to see and to admire, as so many young men did in those days.

This party, from Trinidad, followed the old Santa Fé Trail. There was no railroad beyond Trinidad at that time. From Santa Fé two of the party started to Arizona, and the other two, including the writer of our letter, struck southeast across New Mexico toward the Pecos River. Here they got into my own old country.

This statement means nothing to one who has not seen that country in the old times. It was then a wild, free and open land, in the days of the open cattle range. It seems to have been a vague purpose on the part of these two young men to find old John Chisum, the old cow king who later was involved in the famous Lincoln County war of New Mexico, who controlled the Pecos Valley from Roswell to Fort Sumner, and then some. Chisum had accumulated a trifle of more than a hundred thousand head of cattle. Our young heroes thought possibly they could get some cattle of him and run them on shares.

In October of 1877 they arrived at old Fort Sumner, on the Pecos River. When I last saw Fort Sumner it was a wreck and a ruin. That was when Pat Garrett and I stood on the crumbled walls of the house where Garrett killed Billy the Kid. I don't know but there found place in these columns at an earlier day a picture of old Fort Sumner as it once was. Our soldier of fortune has this to say about it:

"We arrived at Sumner, I think, in October, 1877, and I shall never forget that beautiful spot. We approached through a beautiful avenue of cottonwoods, with vast orchards of peach trees loaded with ripe fruit and vineyards with the famous mission grapes extending in every direction. Tons of fruit were rotting on the ground. The fort was then owned and occupied by what was left of the famous Maxwell family. While we were pitching camp at a beautiful site on the banks of the Pecos a little, wizened, dried-up American came from the houses to investigate us as was customary when strangers passed, which was not very often in those days. I cannot remember the old chap's name, but he was an old retainer of the Maxwells', and had formerly been a great jockey in the palmy days of the senior Maxwell. He soon learned that I was a medico, and in a very few minutes a married daughter of Maxwell came and requested me to come at once and see if I could help one of her brothers. This was my first case in New Mexico. I accompanied her and found William Maxwell practically breathing his last with about the worst case of confluent smallpox I had ever seen. Nothing could be done, and he lived but a short time.

"We rested up there for several days, and the entire family were exceptionally nice to us. I had a supply of vaccine, and used a lot of it there. I got well acquainted with the youngest daughter. I cannot remember her name, but she was about fifteen and a beauty, and was the magnet that was the final undoing of Billy the Kid. She would change her dress several times a day—she always wore silk—and with a chaperon parade up and down near our camp, usually pretending she did not see us. Our short visit at Bosque Redondo was my first introduction to social life in the country, and I sure enjoyed it, although I couldn't speak a word of Spanish then. I learned that later."

It seems that the great John Chisum thought he could run the cow business pretty well by himself, and did not want to take in any partners. He was a very decent old scout, however, and offered to add the two newcomers to his army of cowboys, they to take their wages in calves. This was the basis on which he had employed Billy the Kid and others of his cowboys. The real cause of the bloody Lincoln County war was the falling out between the Kid and a few others and John Chisum, whom they accused of not toting fair with them.

Our young adventurers were advised by Chisum to go up into the Panhandle of Texas. He said it was then full of smallpox, and would be a fine place for a young doctor. Our young medico concluded to be a doctor, and not a cowboy. Chisum staked them for fresh beef and ammunition, and they struck out for Tascosa, then the only settlement in the Panhandle. There were then only two white women in the Panhandle. Tascosa also boasted a few stores, a blacksmith shop and a few Mexican adobes.

Unhappily, however, the smallpox played out, and there was nothing for our medico to do except turn cowboy, after all. He threw in with the Bates and Beals outfit, and in the course of a year, what with wages and cow punching, and savings from foot races and poker—all of which industries he practiced faithfully—he got together about fifteen hundred dollars and hit the trail for Las Vegas, New Mexico. He thinks he struck that town about 1878, which was about a couple of years before the time I first saw it.

While eating Thanksgiving dinner in 1877 in a buffalo hunting camp, on the present town site of Amarillo, they met Billy the Kid and three or four men, all famous desperadoes—John Middleton, Big-Foot Tom, Indian Brown—who had picked up about one hundred and fifty horses in New Mexico. There was no law in the Panhandle at that time, so these outlaws, as they now technically needed to be classed, were practically safe.

As showing the strange state of society that existed in that country at that time, when the laws were personally construed by each man for himself, it may be stated that the cattlemen met these young outlaws on a peaceable basis. Horses were needed in the Panhandle, and here were horses. Billy the Kid kept good order in his party, ruling them with a rod of iron, and they sold, traded and gambled in horses all that winter.

The Kid was about seventeen or eighteen years of age at that time, and our soldier of fortune became very well acquainted with that other soldier of fortune, and learned to like him very much. It seems that in a poker game our friend won a lady's watch, and Billy offered to buy it. The owner made him a present of it, and the Kid gave it to the young sister of Pete Maxwell, with whom he was much infatuated. Our writer here renews the story which I also heard about the Kid in New Mexico, and as he knew the Kid so well personally, he no doubt speaks with authority. He says that if it had not been for the girl the Kid would have taken the advice of his friends and would have pulled out for South America or Old Mexico. Of him our writer says, taking a viewpoint which was by no means unusual in that country, "Everybody I ever knew in the Panhandle was the Kid's friend. He was forced into outlawry by circumstances over which he had no control."

Even to-day Billy the Kid has friends in that country. In order to understand that, one must understand the very thin line which divided law and order in the old times. There never was a more interesting land to live in. I miss it, even now, after forty years.

Billy the Kid had a fine chestnut race horse that he called Dandy Dick. Not to



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be outdone in generosity, he made a present of this horse to the man who had given him the watch; and it was this horse which the young doctor rode up to Las Vegas. In order to protect the new owner, the Kid gave to him a bill of sale, a photograph of which has been sent to me. Regarding this photograph, our historian writes:

"I don't believe there is any question but that my bill of sale, written by Billy the Kid himself, is the only specimen of his handwriting in existence. It shows that he had some education. I knew him intimately for many months. He discussed his career with me from every standpoint many times, and I know that while he has a record for killing a man for every year of his life—twenty-two—it was all forced on him.

"This photo is signed W. H. Bonney, which was Billy the Kid's real name. The witnesses to the signature, James E. McMasters and George J. Howard, were of the firm Howard & McMasters, who owned the largest store in Tascosa. Their names on my bill of sale made it perfectly safe for me. Howard was formerly a deputy or sheriff in New Mexico, and had a reputation as a gunman. They were both fine chaps, as real men went in those days."

Speaking of a book called The Story of the Outlaw, which covered many of the incidents of the life of Billy the Kid, the writer of our little biography expresses great interest in the experience of another old-timer, and wonders how much inside information was obtained. He then goes forward with his own story, which I offer, thus extended, as a very human document of curious historical interest.

Las Vegas in 1878 was mostly Spanish. The great Hot Springs Hotel, built by the Santa Fe Railroad and later burned down, was not then completed, and the railroad was just dawning. Our young hero, with his fifteen hundred dollars, which he had picked up as the first practicing physician in the Panhandle—with a few side lines—put up at the old Exchange Hotel, in what we used to call the old town of Las Vegas. Everybody played a few cards in those days, and in a week our hero was broke, thanks to the hotel faro game. Being too proud to write home for money, he next went in with a civil engineer, and they laid off the new town of Las Vegas which you today may see—across the Rio Gallinas from the old town. I recall that there used to be a sort of no-man's land between those cities, where it was not especially safe to walk at night.

If there be any man disposed to scoff at the sign of the Kansas lawyer who had cider for sale, let him continue the record of our soldier of fortune. Since he could not pay his board bill, the owner of the hotel offered him a job at keeping bar at sixty dollars a month and board. He had no real equipment as a member of the bar on the farther side, but his late engineer partner told him that there were only four drinks much in demand—whisky toddy, the cocktail, the gin fizz and the sherry cobbler. In a few moments our hero learned how to make these, and he started out as a bartender with a little description of each drink on a paper up his sleeve. When in doubt he would quietly consult the paper until such time as practice made him more perfect.

He tended bar for six weeks, when the postmaster of Las Vegas came and offered him a job at one hundred and fifty dollars a month, explaining that he himself had been offered the management of the new hotel out at Hot Springs. The hotel owner then offered him one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month to stick at the bar. It now appeared that the net receipts of the bar were running about ten times what they formerly had. The postmaster figured that anyone that was safe at a bar would be safe handling United States money orders and currency. In any case, our hero took on the place in the post office, which paid him one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Just to show that honesty is a good policy, it may be added that his record as a bartender had been so good that he was not asked to give a bond in the post office.

About that same post office in Las Vegas, I recall that it was one of the places where I got one of my first shocks as a tenderfoot. There was a man with a large red nose behind the window, whom I now believe to have been the original postmaster himself. I wanted a two-cent postage stamp, and gave him a nickel. He gave me the stamp and no change. When, with Eastern thrift, I asked for the change, he replied contentiously that he did not know of any place west of the Missouri River where they had pennies. It never occurred to either of us that he might have given me at least one more stamp. In those days a shave cost twenty-five cents or fifty cents, and a newspaper cost twenty-five cents, or two bits, as we called it in the West.

Our hero now concluded to go into medicine again, or nearly into it. The leading druggist in Las Vegas staked him to an outfit for a drug store and a partnership, and he freighted it by bull train from the Santa Fé to Bernalillo, New Mexico, which was then ahead of the railroad. I shall let him tell of his own adventures in that charming old land of sunshine which I once knew myself:

"I was very successful at Bernalillo—was made postmaster there in addition to my drug business and practice. In a short time I bought out Herbert, my partner, and was in active practice at that place, one of the wealthiest cities in New Mexico at that period, until the fall of 1881, when I disposed of my holdings and returned to the north to graduate, finishing up in Columbus, Ohio, at what is now the medical department of the Ohio University.

"While in the Southwest from 1877 to 1881 I encountered a world of adventure, among which was the lynching of two men on the windmill in the Plaza in the old town of Las Vegas, my friend leading the Vigilantes; later four at the same spot; later two at Bernalillo and four at Albuquerque. I was well acquainted with Pat Garrett, who after his famous career was murdered near El Paso, where I practiced from 1906 to 1910. His lovely daughter, Elizabeth, who was blind from birth, sang for me at an entertainment I gave my father and mother who were visiting me at El Paso in May, 1907. She had a beautiful voice.

"While in the post office in Las Vegas the stage on the old Barlow & Sanderson line was held up twice not far from the city on the way from Santa Fé, and the mail robbed, as well as the passengers. Two years later some dishonest officials put up a job on an innocent man and actually convicted him at the court in Santa Fé of the crimes, and he was waiting for sentence, which for that offense was life imprisonment, when his lawyer accidentally met me at Bernalillo, and the information I handed him quickly resulted in a new trial. I was the star witness, and my testimony resulted in his acquittal.

"The bunch were so enraged at losing the enormous reward they thought they had pulled off that they arranged to have me shot down as I left the courthouse, but fortunately a former mail-contractor friend of mine, whom I had known in the Panhandle and later when in the post office at Las Vegas, accidentally learned of it through some Mexican friend of his, grabbed my arm as I left the witness stand and hurried me through the crowd to a side entrance that finally brought us through some rear rooms to an entrance on another street. Otherwise I wouldn't be telling this story in 1920. My friend's name was Teats, and I learned from some old-timer somewhere a few years ago that he was still living, not far from El Paso."

At that time Gen. Lew Wallace was governor of New Mexico, and our writer knew him and met him frequently. By this time Billy the Kid had been captured, after the Rock House fight, by Pat Garrett, sheriff of Lincoln County, and was in jail at Santa Fé, where our writer saw him. He saw him again for the last time at Bernalillo, in charge of two deputies, Ollinger and Bell, both of whom he later killed in front of the courthouse at Lincoln, New Mexico. Then the Kid went off on his last desperate trail, and Garrett killed him in Pete Maxwell's house at old Fort Sumner.

Just for to see and to admire! Such were some of the adventures of a young doctor in the early West, in the times when a man might be any one of several things, and get by with it. Life in those days was hardly like beginning at the foot of the ladder in a bank and staying on one stool till you got to be president. But that these drifters were not men of weak character—but indeed usually the contrary—we may perhaps attest by following out the later life and adventures of our narrator herein, after he had gone back to the States.

After graduating in medicine in March, 1882, he returned to St. Paul and took up the practice of medicine. Prior to 1898 he was commissioner of health in that city,

(Continued on Page 80)

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How the plan works

A jeweler says, "In the early Fall I spend a few days every week in visiting the leading farm homes hereabout. I take with me a selection of jewelry and Gruen watches—just a few good items. My sales more than pay me for the time employed, and the farmer is so pleased with this attention that usually he becomes a permanent customer."

A hardware dealer says, "One of my clerks, two days each week, uses a small truck, taking out merchandise and demonstrating it in farm homes. I pay him a small commission in addition to his salary, and he almost doubles his income as a result."

A woman's wear dealer reports, "Projected selling pays. I make up a portfolio of photographs of new coats and suits, and have one of my young ladies call and show it to the farm women in their homes."

Try projected selling for your store! To insure its success, select from the list below articles which you carry, take along a copy of Farm & Fireside, and open your talk by calling attention to the advertisements of these products in Farm & Fireside.

You will find many homes where Farm & Fireside is a regular visitor and where these advertisements have already inspired an interest in the merchandise you have to show.

Merchants in all lines are finding that this great national farm magazine is a business-building force which it pays to tie to. The products advertised in it are sure to be the ones best known and easiest to sell. Projected selling of these products as suggested above is increasing farm trade. Window displays of these products, coupled with a sign, "As Advertised in Farm & Fireside," bring greater results.

$25 for an idea

Probably you have some good ideas of your own as to how retail merchants can get more sales by co-operating with Farm & Fireside advertising. For any such idea, plan, or scheme that we can use we will pay $25.

To merchants who like to keep in touch with Farm & Fireside themselves, and watch its advertising pages as the great market place of the best merchandise, we make a special offer. Pin a dollar bill to your letterhead and simply say, "Send me Farm & Fireside for three years," and we will do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, Woman's Home Companion
The American Magazine, Collier's, The National Weekly, The Mentor



TIE *to these products advertised in*

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

Absorbine
Advance Brake Lining
All-Weather Corduroys
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Barrett Everlastic Roofing
Burpee Seeds
Chevrolet Cars
Champion Spark Plugs
Clothcraft Clothes
Columbia Dry Batteries
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
Dodge Cars
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators
Devoe Paints
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-A-Ce-A
Du Pont Products
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlight Battery
Freezone
Gillette Razors
Goodrich Tires
Goodyear Tires
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hood Wurksbu
Hudson Cars
Hupmobile Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvesters
Iver Johnson's Bicycles & Guns
Jewett Cars
Kelly-Springfield Tires
Lehigh Portland Cement
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Mellin's Food
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries
Planet Jr. Implements
Potash
Prest-O-Lite Batteries
Red Baby Speed Trucks
Red Star Timer
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Resinol Soap
Shaler Vulcanizer
Simmons Beds
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift Products
Titan 10-20 Tractor
Union Carbide
U. S. Tires
Viko Aluminum Utensils
Waterbury Watches
Wear-Ever Utensils
Whiting-Adams Brushes
Wright Bias Fold Tape

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Watch This Column

VIRGINIA VALLI is a sweet, lovable, old-fashioned girl. And that is a high compliment in these bobbed-hair, flapper days. Photoplay Magazine says "she has all the unconscious charm of modest and unpretentious womanhood and is simple, serene and sincere." I like the description, because it's true.



VIRGINIA VALLI

Aside from these rare, feminine attributes, she has proved herself a remarkable actress. In UNIVERSAL'S great screen version of "The Storm" she easily shared the honors with HOUSE PETERS and MATT MOORE, to whom fame was an old story. Now I have signed her for a long-term contract and am proud to tell about it.

Watch this old-fashioned girl in future productions and see what real charm and real ability can do. At present she is working with Lon Chaney in a UNIVERSAL-JEWEL entitled "Bittersweet," and later on she will appear opposite REGINALD DENNY in Jack London's famous story, "The Abysmal Brute."

Again you are reminded of the great things UNIVERSAL is doing and of the further fact that you can't see all that is good in motion-pictures if you don't see UNIVERSALS.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City



(Continued from Page 78)

and served in that capacity for nine years. He had a fine practice, and in 1893 became chief surgeon of the Great Northern railway lines, including the Eastern Minnesota and the Chicago, Burlington and Northern Railways.

He was now back home at the old farm, which he had left at the age of sixteen. He held his railway position until the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, when he volunteered and was commissioned major and chief surgeon, and ordered to Chickamauga for duty. He helped lay out the new camp at Anniston, Alabama. In the fall of 1898 all of the seventeen officers of the medical corps of that rank were mustered out of service excepting three, our author being one of these. In the following year he was ordered to the Philippines and served as chief surgeon on the staff of the late Lieut. Gen. Arthur MacArthur. He was in the Aguinaldo campaign, was wounded and sent home on sick leave, but returned to service in 1899. He personally participated in more than twenty-five battles and engagements, was often under fire and was the only chief surgeon wounded on the battlefield in the Spanish-American War or the Philippine insurrection. Mustered out in 1902, after four years of field service, he was recommended by President Roosevelt for a brevet lieutenant colonelcy.

If you please, yonder was a very honorable record for one of those drifters, soldiers of fortune—the sort sometimes called ne'er-do-wells—of whom I met and loved so many in my own earlier years on what was then left of the old frontier. This man I did not meet in the Southwest, and I am patching up his story from his letters to me and to another old-timer—who also was in the Spanish Southwest and knew old Fort Sumner and other ports of missing men in those days—himself now one of the best-known fiction writers we have, although not much of his work has been confined to what may be called the Wild West school. Those who knew most of the Wild West seem to have written least of it. I do not know of one early Western man who is doing any early West movie work today. In a personal letter to this writer, however, our soldier of fortune—and I think he may now be given that name without any disrespect, and of right—writes to me with further details which connected him with yet other exciting events. As to this, I think I shall quote him direct:

"I am going to give you a bit of aftermath of the famous Northfield, Minnesota, bank robbery in 1876. There were eight in that bunch of bandits, Jesse and Frank James, the three Younger boys, Charley Pitts, Bill Chadwick and another whose name I have forgotten. A medical student named Wheeler, then but a youngster—later Great Northern surgeon at Grand Forks, North Dakota—shot and killed Bill Chadwick and this other man whose name I have forgotten, from a second-story window across the street from the bank. The other six robbers rode out of town and separated, the James boys going one way and the three Youngers, with Charley Pitts, taking a diverging direction. The latter bunch were rounded up in a swamp by citizens and officers, well shot to pieces. It was here that Charley Pitts was killed.

"I studied medicine with one of my uncles at St. Paul, the late Dr. John H. Murphy, a famous surgeon, who was at that time surgeon-general of Minnesota on the governor's staff, who had Mr. Charles Pitts embalmed and placed in the capitol building at St. Paul, where he remained several days. In those days dissecting material was scarce as compared to now. My uncle had Pitts placed in a large barrelful of preserving fluid and put away for me to dissect when I came home from Rush Medical College, Chicago, where I was taking my first course of lectures—session 1876–7. I arrived in March, 1877, and in company with quite a class of students there we dissected the body. It was a splendid specimen of physical development, and I decided to keep the skeleton and have it mounted for my offices when I finished.

"As I was educating myself, I arranged to start for the Black Hills, where there was a great rush to the then new gold fields, hang out a shingle and do my best to earn enough to finish at college. What to do about Mr. P.? I soon solved that point by getting a good sized shoe box, in which I carefully packed all the bones, and after adding a few weighty rocks I nailed it up, and with one of my brothers loaded it into a light wagon, drove to Lake Como—now a part of the beautiful Como Park of St. Paul—transferred it to a boat, finally sinking it at about the center of the western arm of the lake. The idea was to bleach the bones for some time and then mount them. I left for Deadwood May 1, 1877, expecting to be gone not longer than a year, but instead I did not return for five.

"In a couple of years, from drainage and the like, Lake Como began to dry up. Later, one fall when Como was first frozen over, a young farmer living on the shore started with a spear, hatchet, and so on, on his annual first-freeze hunt after muskrats. While crossing the lake he noticed the corner of a box slightly protruding through the ice, so knocked a small piece of it off and saw it was filled with bones. When he got home he told the family of his find and offered the suggestion that it was a favorite dog they had recently lost. His father, being wiser, took an ax and, as the entire end of the box was removed, a human skull rolled out—to their horror.

"This meant murder, as bullet holes were in mute evidence in various places among the bones. Coroner's inquest, detectives, newspaper reporters, *et al.*, failed to solve the mystery, until my brother learned of the tragedy, quietly told the story to my uncle, who soon exploded the great murder bubble and took the bones. His coachman cached them upstairs in the stable, where they were to await my return.

"All this naturally resulted in more or less newspaper publicity, even getting into Chicago and St. Louis papers. Shortly after a letter came addressed to me at St. Paul, postmarked at some small town in Missouri, which was forwarded to me in New Mexico by my father. It was an illiterate affair, but a warning that the writer would 'git yer soon fer treeten the body of por Charley pitts lik a dog.' I am still alive very much, but where, oh, where is he?"

Just for to see and to admire! Our autobiographer who gives us this frank personal and historical document is now living at Long Beach, California. I suppose if he had started in at the foot of the ladder in some big commercial institution he might, perhaps, be president now. But he would have missed a lot of fun—believe you me, he would!

Other Early Trails

ALL the way from Yakima, Washington, comes a fine, big story, translated from the French of a frontier father. It is called The First Canadian Woman in the Northwest, and I may not discount its value by a review, since it may perhaps find publication elsewhere some time. It tells in matter-of-fact way the story of a healthy young French girl of Quebec, long, long ago, who fell victim to the charms of a *voyageur* of the fur trade, who came back from the Far Northwest to his home village and carried away by storm the romantic heart of the girl who heard of his tales of the borders. Here you have all the story of the fur trade in the old times, its hardships, its starvation, its adventure. Here you learn of how a frontier woman reared her family on the border, in the Red River country before that was our country, in the days before the Riel rebellion of the half-breeds. Fine reading, and historically valuable. I wish I could print it all.

Comes another series of manuscripts from a friend in Duluth, Minnesota, embodying yet more border history. This is the story of Capt. Jack Hart, who died in 1919, leaving to this correspondent his personal belongings and making him his literary executor.

Jack Hart scouted for Custer for eight years. He was in the Quantrell raid on Lawrence, Kansas, and was one of the survivors of Sandy Forsyth's nine-day battle of the Arickaree. He knew Jack Stilwell, who killed Chief Roman Nose in that fight. Still earlier he was a friend of Kit Carson, and was an intimate friend also of Buffalo Bill, Henry Inman and others. He was with Wild Bill Hickok when he killed Jack Strawhan in Tom Drum's saloon in Deadwood, and the bullet which killed Strawhan passed close to Hart's face.

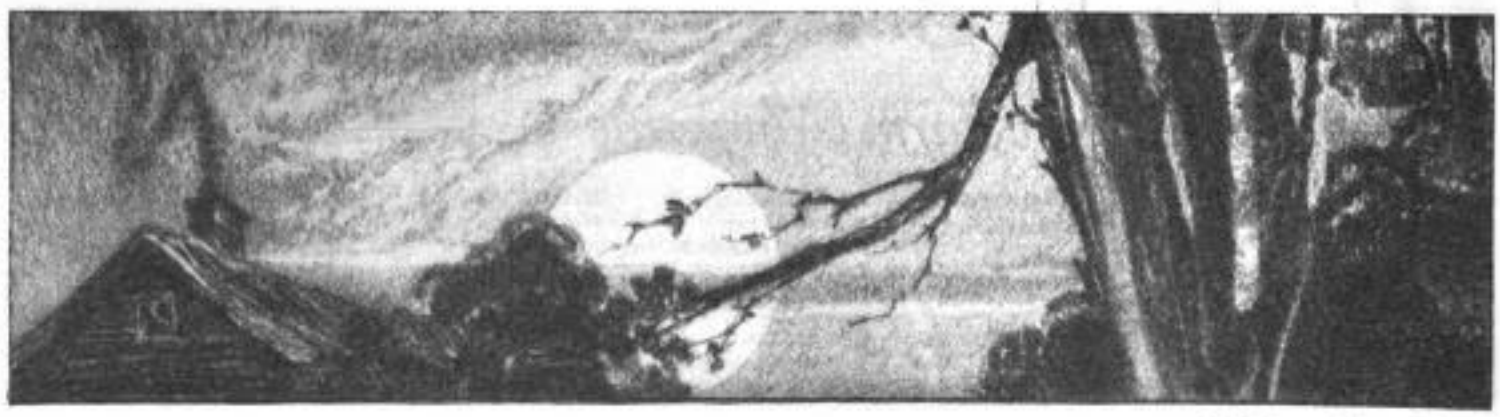
Hart was one of the Pony Express riders at one time. He worked for old John Chisum, the cattle king of the Pecos, and laid out part of the Chisum cattle trail from the Salt Fork of the Red River to the Canadian. That was the most westerly of the cattle trails at that time, and led to Abilene and Ellsworth, Kansas. Hart scouted out the location of Fort Sill, showing it to Generals Hazen and Grearson. It was from Fort Sill that the first party of exploration started for what now is Yellowstone Park. He was courier for Gen. A. J. Smith in 1865, and was official interpreter among the Comanches. That tribe presented him what was called their Masonic apron, which he got fifty-five years ago and which he says was old when he got it. It was recognized among other tribes.

In Newton, Kansas, eleven men were killed in one night, among these Tom King, the town marshal. Hart also was shot in this fight, and he killed the man who killed King. My correspondent has both of Hart's old six-shooters, a .45 and a .44, the latter his right-hand gun. It has four notches on the handle.

Hart appears to be one of the men of the border who was in the middle of things, but who never got into the publicity end of it. I don't doubt he was a far more valid man than a great many of the fakers who became better known. I am glad to pay him so much tribute here, and hope that his record, with that of more and more of these old-timers, may find permanent embodiment somewhere between covers.

Yet another letter blows in, this time from Idaho, and from a man whom once I mentioned in these columns as having been taken captive by the Indians on the Sun River in early times—one of the band who mixed some wolf poison in flour which the Indians had taken from them, with the result that they made about a dozen good Indians pretty pronto. This friend writes:

"I wish you could meet us as one of the old pioneers at one of our banquets and hear the old-timers tell stories of adventure which never will be recorded. At one time, when the old-timers at the end of their banquet would join hands and sing Auld Lang Syne, we could only circle in a hundred-foot room, and now the eight survivors of us could circle in an eight-foot room—I wonder if I will be the last. I am proud to be one of the Montana pioneers. They were all good men, at least they were all one hundred per cent American, and they all spoke United States."



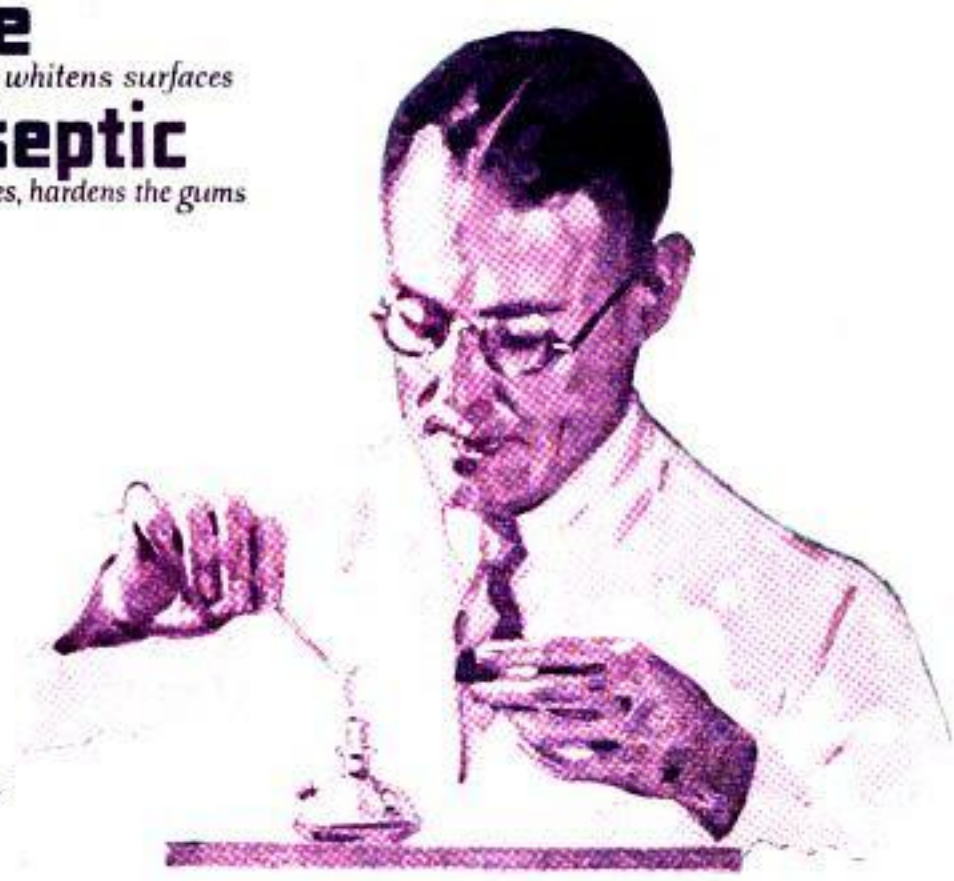
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Now *use both!*

SANITOL

Tooth Paste
–removes film, whitens surfaces

Liquid Antiseptic
–purifies crevices, hardens the gums



For years dentists found teeth decaying because not wholly cleansed —something more was needed.

This is why Dentists say USE BOTH!

ALL that stands between you and beautiful teeth is a yellowing film. Beneath this dingy coating your teeth are even now *naturally* white. Nature started us with white enamel. If you are losing it, see how Sanitol Tooth Paste clears away the unsightly film.

But dentists are no longer satisfied with keeping teeth clean and white on the *surfaces*. They want clean, sweet, sound crevices and healthy gums as well.



Use both!

Most decay starts in the crevices between teeth where stubby tooth-brush bristles cannot reach. Teeth may be clean on the surface and at the same time subject to decay in between.

Flush out fermenting shreds of food. Stop the development of acids in the unbrushable crevices. Use Liquid Antiseptic. How healthy and firm it will make your gums!

Restoring whiteness

Underneath the film are your white teeth. The glycerine in Sanitol Tooth Paste softens the film and the dental chalk in Sanitol completely clears it away. In this simple, direct, scientific way you restore the whiteness.

Glycerine, chemically pure, comprises one-third of Sanitol Tooth Paste. It is one of the greatest three solvents. It *softens* the film.

Dental chalk is a precipitated powder—very fine. It is the safest and most thorough tooth-cleansing agent known to dental science. Dental chalk forms one-half of Sanitol Tooth Paste. It is smooth, uniform and gritless.

Try Sanitol. See how quickly and thoroughly it cleans away the softened film and whitens your teeth.

Watch Sanitol Tooth Paste cream snowy-white and fragrant on your brush. Enjoy its piquant pep-permintiness.

Stopping crevice-decay

SANITOL LIQUID ANTISEPTIC works on the principle that a fluid can flow where tooth-brush bristles cannot penetrate.

It floods in and purifies every nook and crevice, rendering inaccessible cramped spaces between teeth sweet and clean. It bathes the entire mouth in healing, purifying antiseptics. The gums are hardened with an astringent action and made healthy and firm by the soothing essential oils and antiseptics.

Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic tones up, stimulates, cools and refreshes the entire mouth. It leaves you with an after-feel of *perfect* and *complete* mouth-cleanliness. It sweetens the breath and acts as a soothing antiseptic gargle for the throat. A few drops make a strong antiseptic solution.

Happy results

Step into your day's work with that freshened-up, exhilarating Sanitol after-feel. Be conscious of clean *crevices* and healthy gums as well as beautiful white *surfaces*. Watch your teeth as the natural whiteness of enamel, temporarily hidden by film, soon reappears.

Free! Two Samples—write to Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., St. Louis.

Makers of the famous Sanitol Tooth Powder and other toilet preparations

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Why Spend what Kalamazoo Buyers Save?



Get Manufacturer's Prices on Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces

Peerless Combination Gas and Coal Range



OVER 400,000 satisfied customers have saved money on the Kalamazoo-Direct-to-You Plan. Why should you spend what they save?

Figure it out for yourself—who can make prices as low as the manufacturer? No matter where you buy your range, furnace or stove, someone must first get it from the factory. Why don't you get the wholesale manufacturer's price and save money?

Send for Our Catalog

A postal will do. This is our 21st Anniversary. We are celebrating with lower prices. We bought our iron and raw materials when the market was low—you get the benefit. Our catalog shows over 50 styles and sizes of Kalamazoo ranges—shows our beautiful new blue and gray porcelain enamel combination gas and coal ranges, heaters, etc. Also shows Kalamazoo Pipeless Furnaces from $52.95 and up.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Thirty days' trial. Cash or easy payment. 24 hour shipments.

Also get our low prices on furniture, kitchen cabinets, sewing machines, washing machines, dishes, cream separators, roofing, paints, fencing—many other farm and home necessities.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Ask for Catalog No. 182.
Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Household Necessity

To GUARD against dangerous germs that cause disease use

CREOLIN -PEARSON



The Household Disinfectant

For Creolin is recognized as a reliable disinfectant and antiseptic for household use.

At your druggist's

Write today for
Home Book on Sanitation
(new edition—sent free)

MERCK & CO., 47 Park Place, New York

Merck

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Making It Snappy

THE late A. Toxen Worm, of New York, Paris and Copenhagen, came from a very aristocratic and distinguished Danish family. His grandfather had a summer home near Copenhagen, adjoining the grounds of the royal family. The ruling house of Denmark, being related to most of the other European dynasties, frequently entertained princes at this summer palace, and the youthful members of the Worm family struck up intimate friendships with their neighbors. Toxen became quite intimate in this way with the present King of Denmark.

It will be recalled that just after the close of the European War the Danish socialists started a number of disturbances. At this time Mr. Worm was in charge of the Shubert theatrical interests in Boston. One morning while a friend was calling at his office a messenger brought in a cablegram. Mr. Worm read it and handed it over to his caller. It was from the King of Denmark, thanking Mr. Worm for his cabled expression of interest in the political difficulties, and assuring him that all was now quiet once more in the kingdom.

"What did you cable him?" the caller asked.

"Oh, I just said 'Don't weaken, kid,'" Mr. Worm replied.

Practically No Escape

AS A PRESENT to their first baby Major Henry Vaughan and Mrs. Vaughan, who moved to New York from Spartanburg, South Carolina, were given a fancy bred Pekingese dog. They moved out to the country for the summer, and sent for Sallie, the old negro cook, to come up and look after the baby and Ming Toy, the dog.

Ming Toy had never seen a cat before. So, when a big tomcat came to the back porch Ming Toy, in the strongest bark he knew, promptly bayed the cat, showing great bravery for such a foolish-looking dog. Sallie looked out the back door.

"Ming Toy," she advised, "lemme tell you sump'n. You'd better quit yore projekin' wid dat tomcat. Fust thing you know, 'at cat's gwine to git mad and 'at ain't gwine to be no place for no dog laik you. Ef'n 'at ole cat gits started he's gwine turn you ever' way—but loose!"

Pity the Poor Box-Office Man

A STORY is told of Sarah Bernhardt during a tour of this country, shortly before she was operated upon. Thinking it might really be her farewell appearance in America she gave her entire repertoire; and it was so extensive, and the time was so limited, that she was acting not only every evening but giving a matinée each day in the week except Fridays.

The American company then playing Madame X was most anxious to see the great Frenchwoman in that play; and a request was sent that she give one matinée—which of necessity would have to fall upon her one free afternoon. Horrified, her manager refused to approach his star; but finally, after much pressure, he was induced to do so. Timidly he went to her, and then came back, a look of bewilderment and awe upon his face. Yes, madame would consent! Everyone was speechless.

The man in the box office heard of it. "Say!" he cried out, "a matinée on Friday? What does that woman think I'm made of, eh?"

Comparisons

MIDDLE-AGED SCHOOL-TEACHER: Johnny, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Here you are only in the sixth grade! When Warren G. Harding was your age he was in his last year of high school.

JOHNNY: Yes, sir. And when he was your age he was President of the United States!

Mistaken Assumption

AN ARISTOCRATIC lady through force of circumstances was obliged to board a trolley one afternoon. She sat stiffly on the edge of the seat, with her well-bred nose held high in the air, disdainfully looking neither to the right nor to the left.

The conductor rambling through the car collecting fares was enjoying a quiet chew, and as he passed the lady he spat with much force and gusto on the floor near her feet.

A workingman sitting beside her became highly excited and with much concern he turned to her.

"Say," he inquired, "that must 'a' splashed on yer leg?"

The aristocratic lady coldly glanced at him.

"Sir," she distantly exclaimed, "I did not come into this car to be insulted."

"Neither did I," he agreed. "If he spits again we'll both git off."

The Feathered Flivver

TOMMY, aged three, is city-reared, and is therefore better acquainted with the habits of the mechanical horse than of real Dobbin, and many other real things, including barnyard fowls in their live state; so when he went to visit his Aunt Madge in the country he was horrified one day to find her in the back yard, busily engaged in translating a chicken from the aforementioned state into the realm of the frying pan; that is, she was wringing its neck.

Tommy fled, gasping, to his mother, crying, "Oh, mamma! Come see! Aunt Madge is cranking the chicken!"

A Wise Driver

CORNELIUS COLE, the first United States senator from California, is living in Los Angeles, hale and hearty, at the age of one hundred. Mr. Cole tells a story of the old coaching days, when a certain Pete McCoy, one of the most skillful of the old stage drivers, operated a conveyance that made a circuit of Deadwood, Carbonate, Spearfish and Bear Gulch. Pete was famous for his fast, furious, daring driving.

One day Pete tore into Carbonate on his usual dead run. Up to the hotel door clattered the stage. There, suddenly, as it stopped, one of the four horses fell dead.

"Kinder sudden, that, Pete," said a bystander.

"Nuthin' sudden about it," said Pete. "That hoss died at the top of the hill, ten miles back; but I wasn't goin' to let him down until I got to th' reg'lar stoppin' place."

No Question About It

A BIG gangling country boy joined the Pittsburgh ball club in the spring as a recruit outfielder. Up to his discovery by a big-league scout this player had never traveled outside his immediate locality; had never stopped at hotels.

One day on the training trip when the team was playing exhibition games in several small cities and towns on the way North they stopped at an old-fashioned American-plan hotel.

The waiter came around, taking the orders. He listened attentively as the recruit told him what he wanted.

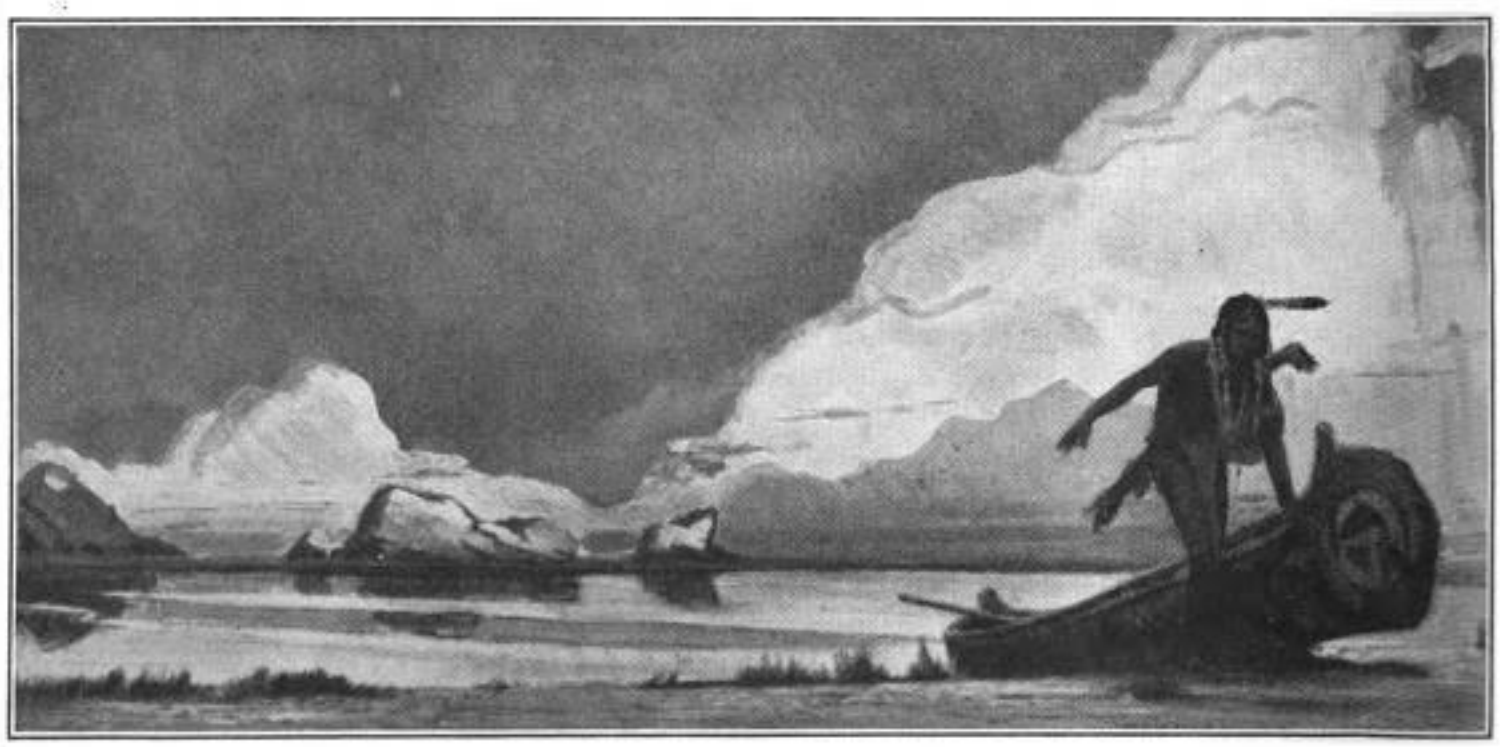
"Yas, sir," he nodded when the ballplayer finished. "Will you have coffee, tea or milk?"

"You're damn right I will," declared the young man most emphatically.

Why They Put in Extra Seats

THE heavy attendance at the World's Series baseball games is sometimes puzzling to those who do not observe the situation closely. They overlook the tickets that may be counted a year before the event. For instance, there are the 1933 fans who were off baseball for life when Judge Landis suspended Babe Ruth the last time. Added to the 1256 who said they would never go to another game because the suspension was not serious enough, these insured a heavy demand for the box seats. They arrived at the first game soon after the gates opened, but they found ahead of them the 5000 disgusted patrons who swore last year that they knew the series was fixed. Just behind these sat the 5000 others who had argued the question with them as they fought their war going home on the cars.

In the less expensive seats at the first game were 10,000 fans from other big-league cities who were so sore when their own clubs did not win pennants that they said they would never spend another dollar on baseball. Scattered through the stands were 15,000 home-town fans who last July asked high heaven to witness that their team was the worst collection of ivory-headed bushers ever assembled, and asked Providence to strike them dead if they ever attended another game.



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Few Stoves Wear Out. They *Rust* Out.

And the oven is usually the first thing to go—literally eaten away by rust, *from the inside, out!*

This destructive rust starts with moisture from cooking, which accumulates on the top and sides of the oven lining. Then, slowly but surely, twenty-four hours a day, it eats away the very vitals of your costly range.

You can easily prevent the ravages of rust by treating your oven regularly with

3-in-One *The High Quality Household Oil*

Keep handy a cloth saturated with 3-in-One. After using your oven, wipe the inside with this cloth. It will take only a moment and will add years to the life of your range.

3-in-One also keeps the outside clean and new looking—the plain metal and nickeled parts rustless, the enameled and painted surfaces shining bright. Oil the burner handles.

Use 3-in-One to prevent rust and tarnish on all metal surfaces indoors or out. Also oil all the light mechanisms about the house with 3-in-One for smooth, easy, squeakless operation.

It's all pure oil, gritless, greaseless. Won't gum or become rancid. On the market for 27 years; today the most widely used bottled oil in the world.

Ask for 3-in-One by name. Most good stores have it and won't substitute. Sold in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

FREE. Generous sample and Dictionary explaining 79 uses in the home alone. Request both on a postal or use the coupon at the right.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165R. Broadway, New York City.

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Company,
165R. Broadway, New York.

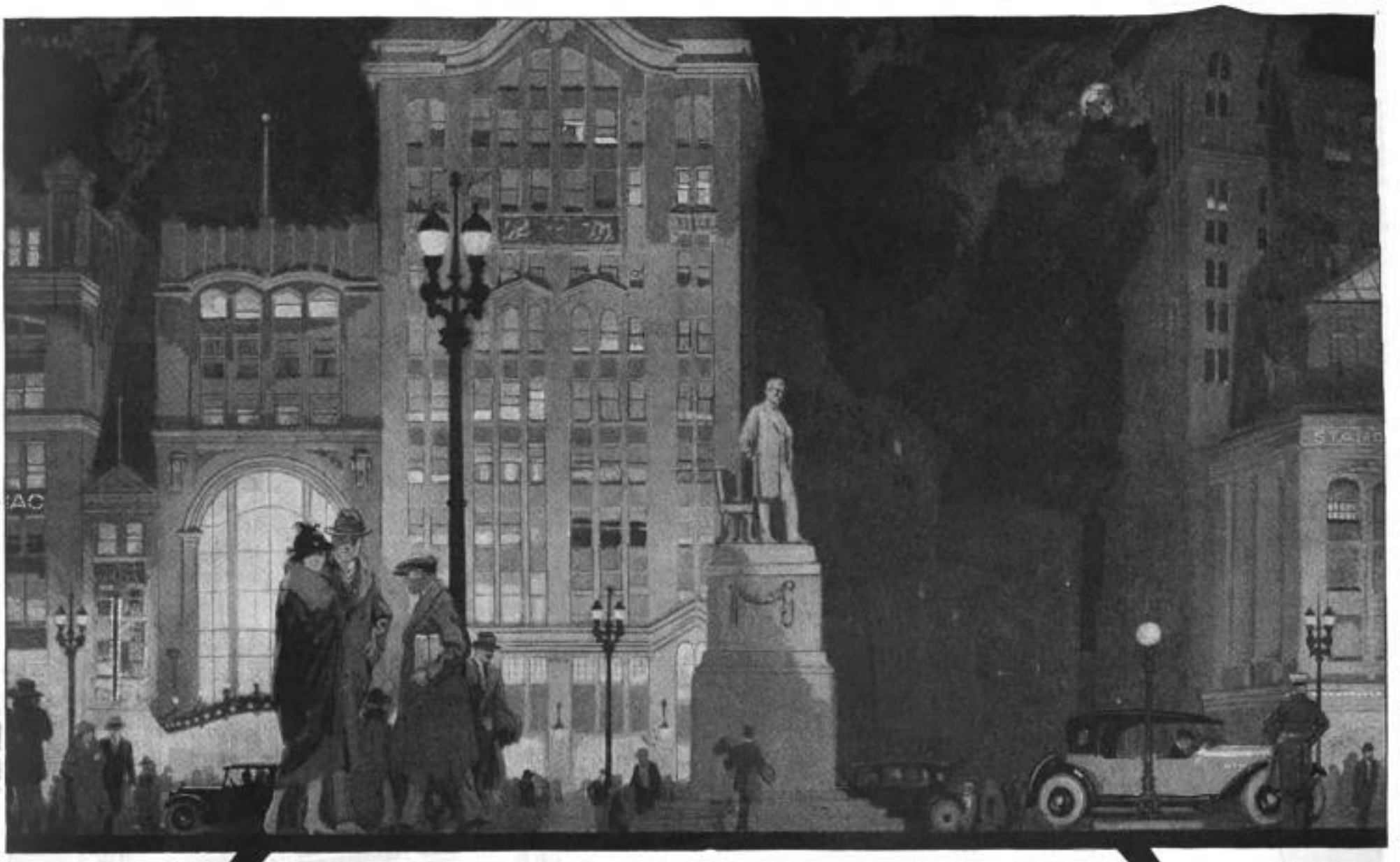
Please send sample and Dictionary of Uses.

Name_____

Street Address
or R. R._____

City_____ State_____

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Black Streets are Back Streets

Let no merchant whose shop faces on a poorly lighted street persuade himself that this is a small matter, even if he does close his doors at nightfall! People learn to avoid his street at night, and they unconsciously obey the same instinct in daylight.

Let no citizen whose community still does without modern street lighting believe that such denial is in the interests of true civic economy; for the well-lighted towns are the well-liked towns; and the real gains in values and business that follow the installation of modern street-lighting equipment offset its very low cost many times over.

And what about the benefits that modern street-lighting brings to *all* the people in a community?

It means safety for women and children who must traverse the streets alone after nightfall; the prevention of many painful and costly and even serious accidents; the enhancement of property values and the betterment of living conditions.

Does the highwayman select a well-lighted street for his operations? There is more for the overworked policeman to do in one poorly lighted block than in four that are properly illuminated.

Citizens who foster a movement for modern street-lighting nearly always find a lot of favorable opinion ready to crystallize at the first suggestion. Usually, too, they encounter objectors. But the facts themselves are impressive enough to meet every honest objection.

And the facts are available to anyone who wants them. They will be supplied fully and promptly to any good citizen who will address the Illuminating Engineering Bureau of the Westinghouse Companies at any Westinghouse office.

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THE SONG BUILDERS

(Continued from Page 27)

By simplicity of melody I mean a little tune that any layman can remember well enough to pick out on the piano with one finger. Just notice sometimes the tunes that a boy or girl tries to pick out the first time he or she gets a guitar or a mandolin and you will understand what I mean.

Recently we have had to republish many of the old-time songs because of their simple melody. We printed thousands of them for the soldiers. Among these are such as Sweet Rosie O'Grady, Little Annie Rooney, Daisy Bell, My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean, Paradise Alley, The Bowery, There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, and so on. There are dozens of them.

Many correspondents write to ask us which is the more important in a song, the words or the music. That is a continual source of argument among professionals. Both are absolutely essential. Moreover, they must exactly fit. The words must suggest the tune, and if you hear the tune it must suggest the words. The perfect coordination of the two makes a song.

Personally I have never written the words of a song. I devise the tunes. If the tune is simple and catchy it will suggest to an experienced lyric writer the words—anyway, the thought.

A waltz tune generally suggests something dreamy, something about love, moonlight, gliding shadows, and so on. A march tune suggests something snappy or martial. A jazz tune suggests humor. The new plaintive note that was first put into jazz by Irving Berlin—and I consider him the great creator of modern jazz—often suggests pathos. If a writer gets both humor and pathos into a song he has hit the bull's-eye squarely in the center.

It does not follow that the tune always suggests the words. The opposite is just as often the case. I have written many a tune to a set of verses. In fact, I believe the words more often suggest the tune than the other way around. That is particularly true of musical comedies.

Famous Song-Writing Teams

But we must have both working together. Unfortunately very few song writers can do both the words and the music. As a result they work in pairs, forming partnerships that become famous. Though a few geniuses have been able to write both words and music, the great majority of popular songs are turned out by teams.

Of the old-timers, for example, Cobb and Edwards started a great series of songs, beginning with School Days, Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by, and so on. Cobb wrote the words.

That team made a specialty of kid songs for years.

Williams and Van Alstyne started a fad of ballads with In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree. Incidentally there is a story to the effect that they wrote that song first as a sort of burlesque on funny old ballads. They tried it out for the amusement of a party of sophisticated song writers one night in their apartment. It went so well that they were advised really to put it on the market. They made a small sized fortune out of it and immediately began writing others. Harry Williams was the word writer and Van Alstyne did the music.

Madden and Morse started a fad of march songs, their big money-maker being Blue Bells. Right there, by the way, is a way to illustrate what I mean by words suggesting the tune. Just say the words, "Blue Bells, My Blue Bells," and the old air will come to you instantly. It fitted.

Paul Dresser, one of the few who wrote both words and music, was the nearest to Stephen Foster as the father of the American ballad. Foster, you will remember, wrote Way Down Upon the Swanee River, My Old Kentucky Home, Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, and others. Oddly enough, he knew very little about the Southern country of which he wrote.

Paul Dresser wrote an enormous number of ballads, nearly all successful. Some of them are sung to this day. Among dozens of big money makers he wrote The Pardon Came Too Late, Just Tell Them That You Saw Me, and so on.

Charles K. Harris had a great run of tear jerkers, starting with After the Ball.

As you may have observed from this, songs run in fads. For a few months they will all be comedy songs. Then they will be sad ballads, march songs and waltzes.

The amateur song writer tries to catch these fads, but is always a few months late. The amateurs usually select for a theme the most obvious thing in the world long after it has been laid on the shelf by others. They have an idea that a song on what is being talked about in the newspapers is sure to be a hit. I have received in the last two months more than a hundred songs written about the flapper. Spring is always a dandy theme for them. But they don't stop there.

When Roosevelt ran for president on the Moose ticket we had thousands of songs sent in about Good Boy, Teddy, You Are So Brave. When he went to Africa we got great stacks of manuscripts on When Teddy Comes Marching Home.

In a few months, after the baseball season is over, we'll get reams of baseball songs, naming the particular hero on the home team of the author.

Sir Thomas Lipton was always good for a thousand amateur efforts. After the yacht races the tone of most of these songs would be Lipton, Come Again, and Our Country Loves You, Sir Thomas.

This would naturally suggest yachting songs about the bounding main: Spread Out Your White Wings —— Well, just follow this out and you can think up a hundred.

It might surprise you to know that war songs are still coming in. There is no estimating the number of war songs that poured in on the publishers toward the end of the war. But the amateurs got in too late. The professionals also worked overtime on war songs. And out of all this stuff I think I am safe in saying that we did not have a dozen good songs about the war in the whole United States.

Even the sophisticated song writer falls down on what appears to him and to others a great song at times. We never know why it fails.

One of our most finished song writers wrote a piece about a little tin soldier and a little rag doll. The lyric was exquisite and the melody was sweet. Everybody thought it would be a knock-out. It was tried and retried, but it simply would not take hold. Later he sent it to England, where it was interpolated in a musical show then at the height of its run. The song took immediately and went big in England. Some time after that the show was produced in America with the song still in it. Both the show and the song flopped. There was no way of figuring that. All kinds of theories were suggested, but as yet no one has put his finger on the weak spot.

In mentioning song-writing teams I have merely cited a few old-timers. I would like to mention more modern ones, but the list would take up this entire article. I expect to be told of hundreds I have overlooked.

The New Mammy Songs

There are any number of teams and firms turning out mammy songs right now, and some of them are corkers. At the present moment the mammy songs are the fad, though I have never been able to write one. From the way they are coming in, though, it seems to me that about every third or fourth person in the United States is at this moment thinking up sad sweet thoughts about crooning mammies. The fact that there are no old-fashioned mammies, and these writers never saw one anyway, makes no difference.

A colored-mammy song, as a rule, must be written about Alabama or Tennessee, because both of those words rime easily and have many syllables. Alabama, for instance, has four syllables and can be made to fit most any form of melody or time.

One Michigan song writer, amateur, sent us a lovely thing the other day about orange-blossom time in Tennessee. Another had what she thought was a catchy idea about the Alabama coconut palm.

A contribution that got the biggest smile in our place was a ragtime song dealing with steamboating on the old Swanee. Have you ever seen the Swanee River?

After playing so many songs about it I took a trip down South once and had a look at it. At places this song champion of all rivers wasn't twenty feet wide. I walked across it on a foot log.

Occasionally there comes a shift and the song-writing mind turns to the snow girls of the Saskatchewan. That sounds good right off. Saskatchewan is another of those four-syllable words that are simply duck soup for the lyric writer.

The arrangement of a song is very definite in formula. You may vary the idea, but you cannot well vary the construction. To begin with, the writer of the words must be very direct. He must hit the auditor in the very first verse with his theme. The verses should be short and the chorus long. All the catch lines must be limited to the chorus, everything being aimed at the last two lines.

This catch line is all-important. In the vernacular of the trade, the catch line is called the wow. Naturally, therefore, the chorus must be written first, a sort of target to shoot at with the verses. To make this clear take the old song In the Good Old Summer Time. Now the writer tells a little story in the verse which finally brings the singer down to the wow—which is to say, the climax. Something or other will happen, just as the verse has said—In the Good Old Summer Time.

A song must tell a story. The verses introduce the atmosphere, just as the introduction to a fiction story, the kick coming in the chorus—the dénouement. In a story the climax is the finish, but not in a song. The chorus appears at the end of the first verse as a climax and is then used as a target to shoot at from all directions, with different treatments in the form of verses. It is like the hub of a wagon wheel with the spokes, as verses, pointing towards it.

Correctness Only Secondary

If the amateur will try to remember this crude attempt at illustration I am sure it will be of help when he or she begins to construct a song.

Never mind how coarse or crude a song may be, it must be poetic in thought. They hate to be told so, but song writers are all sort of poets at heart—just as temperamental too. My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean, for example, is a song that has been remembered for years. If the writer had written My Bonnie Lives Over the Ocean I doubt if it would ever have got by the first reader.

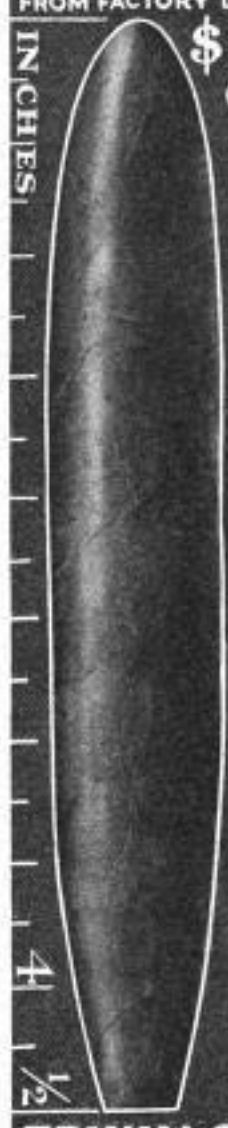
Of late we have tried to clean up the English in our songs and make them more grammatical. We can't always do that, however. "You and Me" might fit the rhythm much better than "You and I." If so we let it go. Good English is a nice thing, but we cannot let it interfere with the smoothness of a song. That also applies to riming. Writers make some execrable rimes at times in songs. They look terrible to the eye, but often sound all right when sung. We are often joshed about this in the papers, but literary critics should remember that a song is not a literary effort. We have had some very successful songs which made no sense at all when analyzed. If you want to enjoy them I would suggest that you don't analyze. I have even known newspaper criticisms that would not be so amusing to read if analyzed.

The profits from song writing and song publishing are not nearly so large as the public has been led to believe by the fake advertisers. The cases of sudden fortune are exceptional. A song writer may make ten thousand dollars this year, but he may not average four thousand for the next five years. The lean years are not brought to the attention of the public.

The chances are that I know every professional song writer of any standing in New York—99 per cent of them live in New York. In preparing this article I have talked to a number of them, old and young. We came to the conclusion that the average income of song writers of standing is not more than five thousand dollars a year. I am referring to those who have written big successes at some time or other.

Successful or well-known song writers are paid on a royalty basis. If we accept a manuscript from some outsider we usually pay a lump sum for all rights and make what we can out of it. I paid fifty dollars for the last song that I bought, and it has done fairly well.

Because of the varying overhead expenses of the different publishing companies I cannot give profit figures with exactness. Generally speaking, though, a song that sells for fifteen cents retail—provided the sale is big—will net the publisher

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about two cents a copy. The author's royalty will be about two cents also. Out of a song that sells above one hundred thousand the author and publisher are pretty sure of making that much. The forcing of these sales is one of the most interesting features of the business. The main idea is to teach the melody to as many people as possible through song plugging, our only sure means of advertising.

Out of this plugging has grown much bitterness at times. There are parasites in our business, the same as others, and we can't always get rid of them. A group of song writers threatened to go on strike a year or so ago unless a different arrangement was made. They claimed that some men in charge of the so-called plugging departments—men who engage the song pluggers—would not force a certain song unless the author agreed to cut up a share of the royalties with them.

It was a very difficult matter to straighten out, as the publishers were not all alike, and neither were the authors. Many of these song writers had a drawing account at certain publishing houses. They would not go into a strike and lose that. The argument finally died down and everything is working better, but there is still occasional complaint.

Some songs are very slow starters, while others catch on instantly. The latter are called naturals in the trade. The melody and the words hit simultaneously. The Missouri Waltz is a good example of what we call a slow starter. The composer did it over at least a dozen times, patching up the weak spots and having it played constantly by all the orchestras and bands that could be persuaded to put it in their repertoires. After two years of hard revision and plugging it finally caught on. The war gave it a big help. It became one of the big sellers.

The biggest seller I ever had was a little march song suggested by a remark I overheard at a theater one night—an exit line. My partner, who wrote the lyrics, sat down with me next day and we completed the song in thirty-six hours. My earnings out of that song were close to thirty thousand dollars. These ideas for songs are suggested in odd ways.

Song Plugging

Many of you, perhaps, remember Paul Barnes, a famous song writer of twenty-five years ago. He died a few weeks ago. Among other hits, he was author of Good-Bye, Dolly Gray, a song that struck popular fancy during the Spanish-American War.

Dan Daly, a famous comedian of that day, was badly in need of a new number to sing on the stage. He tried one writer after another without success. Finally he met Paul Barnes on Broadway.

"I can't get a thing that will do, Paul," he said. "A dozen writers have suggested stuff, but all I can do is listen and say, 'You won't do.'"

"Wait a minute," suggested Barnes. "No, you walk ahead of me to your office and don't talk to me."

Silently they walked along, Barnes mulling over an idea that had come to him.

"I've got it!" he finally announced to Daly. "Your new song is going to be called You Won't Do."

Three nights later Daly sang the song and it was a hit.

Song selling runs in seasons; not because the season has any bearing on the subject of the song, but because we have to get them out, if possible, during the theatrical season.

All music concerns engage song pluggers, but two of the biggest helps are the phonograph records and the music rolls for mechanical pianos. These records and rolls pick up the current music of the stage and do more than anything to fix the tune in the mind of the average citizen.

The pluggers who attend public events like the six-day bicycle race, the big boxing shows, and so on, get big results. The bicycle race is particularly fertile. There people sit all day and night. The continual hammering of popular songs on their ears makes them remember the tunes. They can't escape.

The singing of popular songs by musical-comedy stars or vaudeville artists is extremely helpful to the popularity of a new composition. In the old days the music publishers paid stars to sing new songs. This got big results, but the practice eventually grew into a nuisance and we stopped it.

My company, for instance, would agree to pay a vaudeville star thirty dollars a week to put a certain song in her repertoire. If it boomed the sales another concern would offer her more to sing their latest number. As a result, naturally, this star began to dicker for the biggest price, regardless of the merits of the song. In their eagerness to pick up this extra money some of them weakened their acts until the management complained.

Then another trouble arose, resulting in many fights, hair pullings and even lawsuits.

We gave no singer exclusive rights to the song, but got as many to sing it as possible. Frequently this resulted in two or more acts, using our songs, appearing on the same bill. Then there was trouble for fair. If you can imagine some temperamental star standing in the wings ready to go on with a song that she figured would knock 'em dead, only to hear the team ahead of her singing that very number you can appreciate what often happened.

The Standing of Jazz

Then if you liked a catchy number in a vaudeville house and heard the same thing at a show for which you had paid two dollars and a half you would naturally accuse the musical-comedy star of using old stuff, even though it was interpolated. This practice grew so bad that we could not afford to cut each other's throats in paying out money to singers. The vaudeville people were in constant turmoil. As a result we formed an organization of song publishers and agreed not to pay any singers to use our songs. We made bond to assure each other that we would not break the agreement. The singers can use our songs whenever they wish, and we will furnish them with free professional copies, but we don't pay them any more. The trouble has disappeared.

The effect on the singers, especially the big stars, was to have songs written for them personally and exclusively. Until the end of the season, or until the singer abandons them, these songs cannot be released for general sale.

Harry Lauder usually comes over with new songs that are his exclusively as long as he is in the country. When he is through with them they are released to the public.

Oddly enough, it is very rare that a great singer or an instrumental virtuoso writes anything. There are a few notable exceptions, but as a rule these people appear to be lacking in a sense of construction.

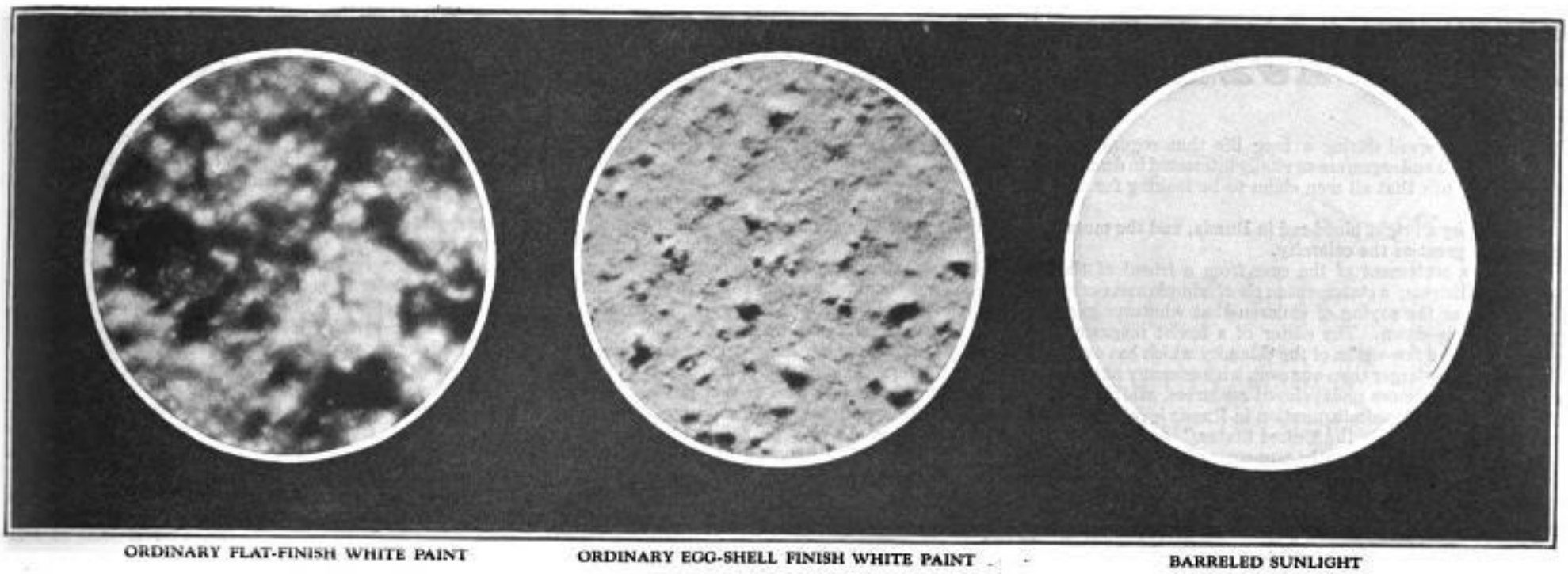
There is a disposition on the part of many people who like to think they have a deep knowledge and understanding of music to laugh and scoff at jazz or ragtime. Our great artists do not feel that way, and neither do the noted foreign composers and concert leaders. In France there is a decided fondness for what they call *musique Américaine*. In England it is equally popular, though they call it jazz, just as we do.

An instance of the popularity of American jazz in foreign countries was given in the cabled account of the first party given by Princess Mary since her marriage to Viscount Lascelles. The two star numbers on the dance program, the ones most warmly applauded by the aristocratic assemblage, were You Can't Sting a Nigger and I'm Just Wild About Harry.

Harry, you know, is the princess' pet name for the viscount.



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THE TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES

By E. W. HOWE

I HAVE observed during a long life that rogues and saints, fools and sages, are so vitally interested in demonstrated truth that all men claim to be looking for the light.

It is shining a bright blood-red in Russia, and the moral lesson is as great as the calamity.

I quote a statement of the case from a friend of the country in distress; a statement as short, simple and easily understood as the saying of children that whatever goes up must come down. The editor of a soviet magazine, writing within a few weeks of the calamity which has overtaken a country larger than our own, with as many natural advantages, and more undeveloped resources, said: "The one instant and immediate question in Russia is relief, and the chief source of help the United States."

Here is demonstrated truth; something has finally been settled. A people having what we have long been told is the ideal human government are starving, while we, with our old-fashioned ways, have so much of a surplus that it is instantly and everywhere agreed that we are the chief source of help. In the very nature of things the answer must be that we have better managed our affairs.

Russia has not only seen the morning of the new day so widely heralded as a blessing; it has seen the noon and evening. A people without an acknowledged public debt; all natural resources of a great country divided pro rata. It would seem a pleasant place, and triumph for a famous good argument complete, but so many faults have developed in the system as to bring about unexampled calamity.

No one knows the full story of the Russian horror, but that it is the pinnacle of dreadful things, and will probably so remain for all time, is admitted. The bloody terror of the French Revolution caused the legal execution of seventeen thousand persons, and the death by other means of two or three times as many more. But the Paris Gaulois publishes figures concerning the Russian Revolution that would seem incredible if it were not said they are taken from the reports of an extraordinary soviet commission printed in soviet newspapers. This statement declares that since October, 1917, there have been executed 28 bishops of the Greek church and 1215 priests; 6775 professors and school-teachers; 8800 physicians; 54,650 army officers; 260,000 soldiers; 10,500 police officers and 48,500 privates in the constabulary forces; 12,950 landowners; 335,250 other members of the intelligentzia; and of the middle class, 193,350 workingmen and 813,100 peasants.

These figures take no account of those who have died of famine, undernourishment, diseases following want and unsanitary conditions. Accuracy here is also impossible, but certainly more women and children have died of famine alone in Russia than died from all causes in the French Revolution. Gross exaggeration must be admitted of all things coming out of Russia, but the world agrees that here is its greatest horror. No one claims less.

We have long been told that the best reform measure is direct action; to go to the root of evils with sword and flame. Here is a tremendous example of it, horrible beyond words, yet it has only brought Russia to the state in which a pitying world finds it.

The Ubiquitous Spirit of Reform

IN THINKING of these things, surely grave enough to attract any man's most serious thought, I have tried to see something of both sides, which Emerson says is the first mark of intelligence; I have no desire to accept anything as true in the Russian situation which is not truth for all men. And I have come to the conclusion that the Russians are not so much the victims of viciousness as victims of following a fanatical, unworkable system taught many centuries more generally and with more zeal, I believe, than religion itself.

The word "sovietism" is a combination of a dozen others, including "reform," and in all human minds there is a strong leaning toward it. Every man is naturally at war with the world, and wishes to reform it. Sovietism is a new word with us, but it describes an old condition. What was called the enlightened nobility in Russia began, eighty years ago, to confess their sins, as a distinguished publicist of that time put it. A whole social group demanded the abolition of their privileges. And the principle is much older than eighty years; it is the oldest we have, and persists more stubbornly than any other in the arguments of men.

Somewhere in the ritual of sovietism, or in terms meaning the same thing, every possible reform is advocated. And since men are natural reformers, nine of ten of them have a friendly feeling toward this most tremendous of reform doctrines. Do we need more money? Sovietism suggests an easy remedy. It advocates universal brotherhood, liberty, healing the sick, equality, less work and more pay; nothing desirable is neglected.

Always it has denounced and despised the thing called capitalism; which must have better points than is generally admitted, since the Russians say the one thing needed to make their experiment a success is capital. I should say sovietism is a bankruptcy; a boom that has burst; a congress in which uncrowned kings and verseless poets denounce tasks and taxes we cannot avoid. The most magnificent and popular human expression possibly is "I rebel!" The most enduring philosophy is "I submit!"

One phase of the argument is that our race has many enemies who believe in enslaving us, destroying our liberties, and the like. It may be a violent statement, but I think the truth is we have no such men. Every man who makes a speech or writes for the public has for his theme improvement of conditions for the people. In country schoolhouses when debating societies meet the burden of the talk always is reform—more liberty, happiness, salvation, money, education—precisely as it is in world parliament, convention, congress, legislature, club or lodge.

The World's Greatest Philanthropy

IT IS said every man believes he can edit a newspaper. He is of this opinion because he is full of plans to do good; to get publicity for his uplift work. Most old men who accumulate money wish to benefit people, and so many of them carry out the worthy ambition that private philanthropy has become a stupendous thing. One old gentleman thought out and founded the world's greatest philanthropy in the Rockefeller Foundation; a self-perpetuating charity which will last as long as time endures, unless those who have had nothing to do with it wreck it by trying to enlarge its scope. Twelve millions a year or more for a hundred years, a thousand years, devoted to bettering human conditions. There is nothing in ancient history like it, but in modern times Mr. Rockefeller has imitators, and there will be others.

If in doing good men may also make profit, so much the better, but their consuming ambition is to help others in a large way. There is nothing more fascinating to a man than to receive five hundred dollars for a lecture or writing, and at the same time spread a doctrine that will increase human happiness.

So our trouble is not lack of disposition to advance liberty, prosperity, virtue. If any one trouble may be pointed out, possibly it is mistaken zeal; so many cooks in the kitchen making suggestions that the broth is often ruined.

The revolutionists of the United States learned rebellion from Europe. Our arguments for sovietism are based on conditions actually existing in the time of Marx, Rousseau and Tolstoy. But we had no such conditions in our earliest history, and have steadily improved until at present we have the liberty and equality the mighty men of early sovietism clamored for.

But we continue to use the arguments for liberty used by those who lacked it. In our literature we are slaves, although we never were, and have progressed to a freedom of opportunity unknown to any other race, ancient or modern. The word "opportunity" means twice as much in the United States as anywhere else, but our literature of oppression, our acts of rebellion, are precisely what they are in India, where grievances cannot be doubted, or were in Russia in the time of Peter and Catharine.

Our fault seems to be that the argument for reform, for something new, for a change, is so alluring it cannot be resisted, and we have attempted too much. We weak mortals have long been in revolt against the powerful god Nature. It has been a gallant fight, but an unfair one. We have exhibited the spirit of chivalry as truly as did knights of old, but our crusaders have been overmatched and beaten by relentless and inevitable laws of which we are the subjects. So far as we are slaves, revolution is not the remedy; the remedy is obeying rules we cannot change.

Proper conservatism always wins finally in all our too-generous undertakings, but much damage is done before its sway is asserted. When I see a statement in print I do not, of course, know it is true, but lately this amused me: In a certain city a man offered to pay the people a very large interest on their money; $100 deposited would, he said, earn fifty dollars in forty-five days. Whereupon an expert figured out that if an investor should deposit the interest with the principal for a period of three years, the aggregate profit would amount to $1,680,000. But the rewards of good argument are so great, the devotion to justice so general, that at least one editor was able to figure out that the banker was making more than the investor, and a more equal division was demanded.

Conservatism finally asserted itself; both the generous banker and the editor were wrong; the old plan was much nearer the truth, but what a price the Boston people paid for a change—for something new! It was another example of an unfair fight of gallant mortals with the king of kings—Nature.

Many of our best-loved arguments for public betterment have been doomed to failure from the beginning. Our clubs, congresses, conventions, essays, orations, public sentiment itself, have many times been instruments of mischief in repeating arguments that seemed good until given practical trial. We have made progress in our material affairs, but our idealism has usually failed as completely as the new system of government in Russia or the new system of finance in Boston.

No phase of argument has been neglected in our idealism. We have lacked neither gallantry nor persistence. It cannot truthfully be charged we have not devoted ample time to discussion and experiments. We have sufficiently criticized one another and the nation in the course of much writing and oratory. Our trouble is, and always has been, the soviet principle; and sovietism never fails so completely as when it wins.

Men have checked up astronomy, geology, history, but there has been no serious investigation of our reform methods, except as the inexorable march of events has exposed them. And when this happens we still contend that the blessed method will at last be found and assert itself, if we continue to look for it. In the face of perfect demonstration of defeat, gladiators are trained to renew the fight for the lost cause; it would be interesting, though startling, could we know how many men and women are in training even in conservative America for careers that will afford comfort for methods completely discredited. It would probably also be surprising and alarming if we could know how much sympathy there is in this country for the Russian experiment, and the number of prayers being offered for its success.

The Example of Iowa

I AM opposed to it, but would favor it did I not know success to be impossible. In considering this question of sovietism, somehow I cannot help thinking of our American state called Iowa, possibly because it is the bulwark of what is known as the American System, against which there is so much protest in radical and generous minds everywhere.

Wherever I go I encounter the creditable trail of Iowans. I have naturally acquired for Iowa the respect I entertain for Washington, Lincoln, Plymouth Rock, New England. This fall if a visitor should encounter a mass meeting in Iowa, probably its object would not be to listen to extravagant speeches about oppression in America; the speaking would relate to abundance, and the gracious duty of assisting the unfortunate.

There are fewer clamorous radicals in Iowa than elsewhere, and more steadiness in the real emergencies. Its policies have been pretty close to the best possible, and have been adopted with a unanimity not the rule in other commonwealths. If it has had outlaws it has landed them in jail, and not in the hall of fame. It has avoided the faults not only of the new Russia but of the old.

Every Iowan is said to live within hearing of church, school and locomotive bells. In one township every farmer has a bath, electric lights and an automobile. No element of modern progress has been neglected, except the new science of government now calling for help. Yet Iowa began at the grass roots, as did Russia; its poverty was once as great as its present prosperity. Why does the world point to the one with pride, and view the other with alarm?

I was once reading a pamphlet written by a man who had a system of drugless healing, and in it he quoted a large number of the most eminent medical men as declaring that every dose of medicine is a mistake. Having always lived in communities where almost everyone takes medicine the statement startled me; I did not know such an opinion was entertained by anyone of intelligence and learning. So I carried the pamphlet to the local doctors, and asked if the men named were as eminent as claimed, and if they were correctly quoted. And the answer was in every case affirmative.

So the statement may startle you that the doses we have been taking so generously to cure our social ills have generally been mistakes. We can no more change Nature with a law than with a pill.

The people of the United States as freely discussed sovietism as the Russians, but when it came to adopting certain of the higher teachings of the doctrine concluded to funk.

The people of Iowa, of Maine, California, Seattle, Key West, suffer many disadvantages, but famine is not one of them. And they are as much better behaved than the people of Russia as they are better fed.

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The Modern Milk

Concentrated in the country, sealed and kept scientifically pure by sterilization, Pet Milk is the modern milk—better, more convenient and more economical than ordinary milk. There is more cream in a tall can of Pet Milk than there is in a quart of ordinary milk. A pint of Pet contains more cream than three pints of ordinary cooking milk. Undiluted it is fine for coffee, fruits and cereals. The Helvetia Company (Originators of Evaporated Milk), General Offices, St. Louis, Mo.

TRY THESE SWEET POTATOES DE LUXE

6 medium size sweet potatoes
¼ cup shelled pecans
¾ cup Pet Milk
Marshmallows
1½ teaspoons salt
Few grains nutmeg
3 tablespoons butter

Bake until soft six medium size sweet potatoes, peel, mash and add 1½ teaspoons salt, few gratings of nutmeg, ¼ cup Pet Milk and 3 tablespoons butter. Beat until smooth, add ¼ cup pecan meats broken in pieces, and place in buttered baking dish. Cover top with marshmallows and bake until slightly brown in moderate oven.

Milk at its Best

Write for the Pet Recipe Book, free.





THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE

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The real reason for a pretty skin

WHY is it that one girl has a fresh, smooth complexion and another a skin which is lifeless, dull and sallow? Is it a gift of Nature, or some guarded beauty secret?

It is a secret, but an open one in which every woman may share. It consists in knowledge of the care which keeps the skin active—in the care which frees it from clogging, poisonous accumulations and puts each tiny pore and skin cell to work.

This care consists in scientific cleanliness—in the removal, every day, of all dirt, oil secretions, excess cold cream, powder and rouge.

This is the means

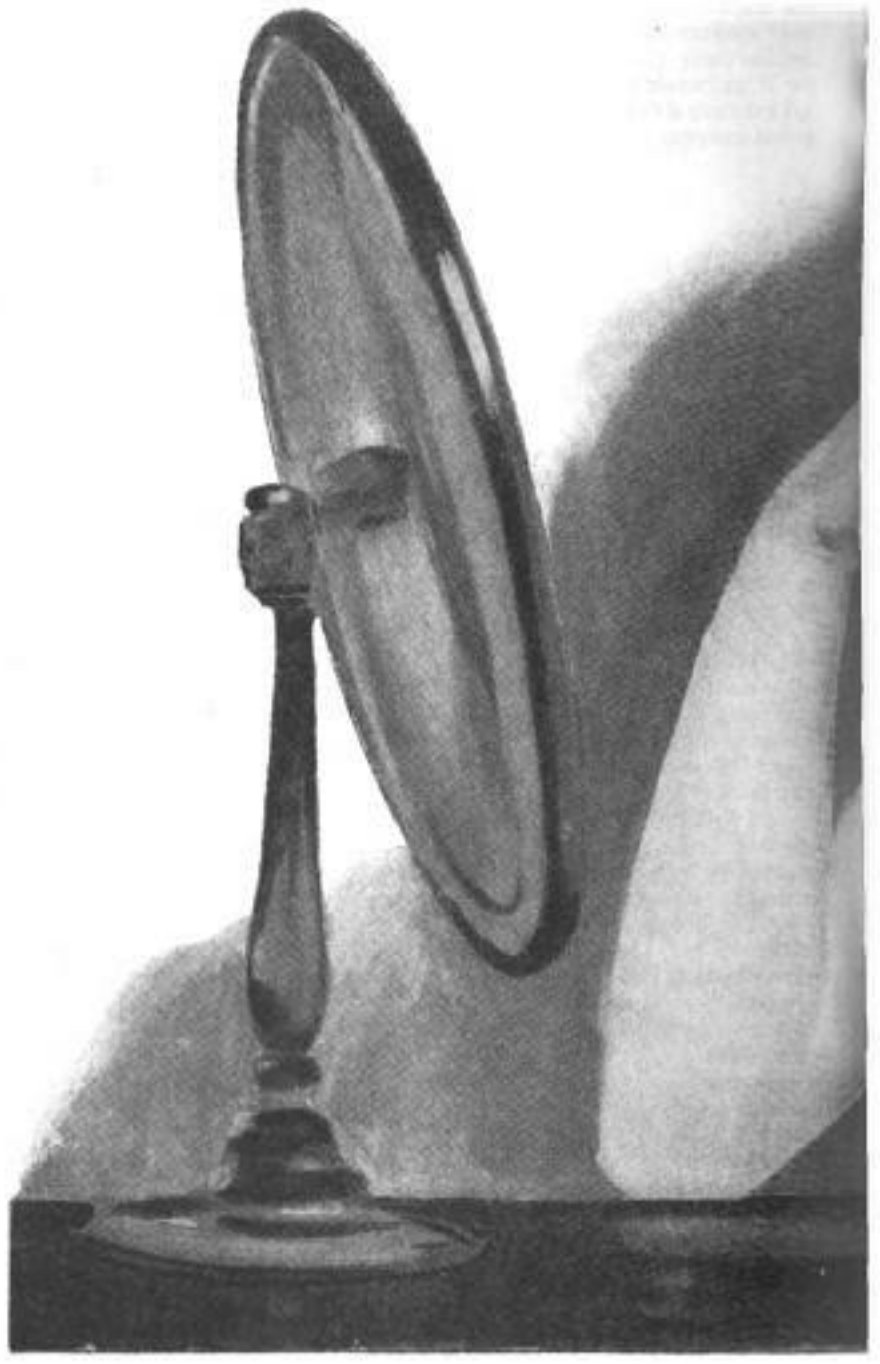
To do this, use mild soap and apply it with your two hands. Massage it thoroughly into your skin and remove with many warm rinsings.

Apply a touch of cold cream, and if your skin is very dry rub in a little before washing.

This treatment makes your skin fresh as a rose, with the touch of rouge and a little powder—attractive embellishments but not necessities.



Palm and ***Olive oils—nothing else—give Nature's green color to Palmolive Soap***



More F

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ious than Jewels—

ıoolgirl Complexion

This Mildest Soap

Soothes while it cleanses

SOME women will complain that soap is too harsh, that it ages and dries their skins. This proves that they are using the wrong soap.

The smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive soothes while it cleanses. It removes every trace of injurious dirt and skin accumulations and secretions, leaving the face becomingly soft and smooth, with radiant freshness and natural color.

The use of cosmetics isn't harmful if the basis is a skin that is thoroughly, healthfully clean.

Not for the face alone

Don't forget that your neck and throat are also conspicuous for skin beauty or the lack of it, and that this is where age first shows. Arms and shoulders should be kept smooth and white and hands must be beautified.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are insured, with the comfort of a skin which always feels luxuriously smooth.

Not extravagant at the price

If Palmolive was a very expensive soap, such advice would mean extravagance. But the firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs only 10 cents.

The reason is gigantic production which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and the importation of the bland, mild oils in the vast volume which reduces cost.

Thus this finest facial soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25 cents, is offered at the popular price which all can afford for every toilet purpose.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c



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This one carat diamond is of good brilliancy. Mounted in Tiffany style 14K. solid gold setting. Order this diamond, take it to any expert, make any comparisons you wish—if you are not entirely satisfied your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you **$145.00**

1 carat $145.00



Ladies' White Gold Diamond Ring . . . $50.00
Perfectly cut, blue white diamond of exceptionally fine brilliancy. Ring is exquisitely pierced in 18K solid white gold, duplicating the beauty of platinum.



Ladies' Platinum Diamond Ring . . $305.00
Perfectly cut blue white diamond of exceptional brilliancy with four small perfectly cut, blue white diamonds on the sides. The ring is all platinum, beautifully pierced and carved.

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

¼ carat . .	$31.00	1½ carats .	$217.00
⅜ carat . .	50.00	2 carats .	290.00
½ carat . .	73.00	3 carats .	435.00

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any **Express Co.** with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

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LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1071-L, Chicago

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

of trading anywhere else. And then, they play such wonderful games."

"Look," said Alice, "they're starting a new game now!"

Sure enough, the employes had ceased rushing about and were dragging a number of big logs out into the center of the store. A white line was carefully drawn, and the Blues lined up on one side of it, and the Reds on the other. At a signal they began diligently to roll the logs back and forth across the line. As fast as the Reds got a log across, the Blues pushed it back to them again.

The little man applauded enthusiastically.

"There's efficiency for you!" he exclaimed. "There's a game!"

"What is it called?" Alice asked.

"It's called Feeding the Elephant," he answered. "They say there's nothing like it for the Constitution."

"But who wins?" Alice asked.

"They all win," said the little man, "but the Blues, this year, hold the Congressional Record."

One of the employes, a slim, dapper man with a neatly trimmed gray beard, who appeared to be the captain of the Blue team, detached himself from the crowd and approached Alice.

"Is your name, by any chance, Lowell?" he asked suavely.

"My name is Alice," she said.

"Alice?" he said. "I don't seem to know any Alices. You see," he explained, "I speak only to Lowells. Occasionally—on odd Tuesdays, let's say—I may speak to a Peabody, or a Bradford, but as a rule I speak only to Lowells."

"How queer," thought Alice, but the little man beside her swelled visibly with pride, as though he had received a great compliment.

"Didn't you know this was the finest establishment in the world?" he whispered in Alice's ear.

"Perhaps you would like a nice new post office?" said the man with the beard. "Or a suspension bridge?"

Alice shook her head, rather bewildered.

"Anyway, here are some seeds," he said, drawing a number of small packets from his pocket and, shoving them into Alice's hands. "I don't want anyone to go away from here dissatisfied."

Alice examined the packets of seeds. They were marked "Wool Schedule," "Oil Schedule," "Sugar Schedule," and one particularly large packet bore the word "Bonus."

"If these seeds are carefully planted and cultivated," he said, "they should produce a fine crop of Winter Votes by the beginning of next November. My favorite breakfast food," he added, "is Polled Votes with lots of sugar and cream."

The dapper man escorted Alice politely to the door.

"It's a pity your name is not Lowell," he said. "I hope you'll come soon again. Every November we hold our big Prize Contest. Each customer is permitted to cast one vote for his favorite employe, and the one obtaining the greatest number of votes receives a free trip to Washington."

"But what does the customer get?" asked Alice. But her guide did not hear her, for he was already on his way back to join his team.

As Alice left the store she looked back and saw the little man with the side whiskers still sitting at the counter, with his empty basket in his lap, waiting patiently for someone to come and take his order.

—*Newman Levy.*

A Movie Outline of History

THE boy stood on the burning deck—
At least he stood for quite a while—
And as the flames rose toward his neck
Put on his most heroic smile;
Just then the smoke rose black as tar,
And when folks once again could see,
Though all bewailed the toasted star,
It was his double died, you see.

The bell was just about to ring,
The lady crouched, appalling sight!
And as she made the fatal spring
Cried "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"
The clapper clapped her to and fro,
And every single sucker bit;
'Twas done so slick—how could they know
It was her double swung for it?
The kink knelt on the guillotine
About to be decapitated;
No dry eye in the house was seen
And every single breath was bated;
The knife came down both slick and clean—
But kill a kink! How could you ask it?
It was in fact his double's bean
That bounced and bubbled in the basket.

We hardly have the heart to blight
Your cherished optical illusions
Of stars that in affray or flight
Risk frightful fractures or contusions.
It's true our stars do death defy;
We've often watched 'em with dismay;
But, like ole Bill, they never die,
Because they simply fade away.

—*Keith Preston.*

Tame Stuff

I REMEMBER when 'twas daring
To use daring words in print—
To spell out a burst of swearing
Or a phrase of purple tint.
I remember when the mention
Of unmentionable things
Would arouse the shocked attention
Both of cabbage heads and kings.

I remember when we colored
At a D that wasn't dashed,
But the simplest rustic dullard
Now observes it unabashed;
It's as commonplace as wearing
Almost nothing at the shore;
And it isn't very daring
To be daring, any more.

So I think I'll write a novel
That will shock the modern mind;
I will wallow not nor grovel
In the muck that I may find;
I will shun the phrase mephitic
And the censorable scene,
And I'll quite astound the critic
Just by daring to be clean!

—*Ted Robinson.*

The Restaurant Revelers

"WAITER! Bring two bottles of soda and a couple of long spoons."

"I'm telling you, Mr. Ginsberg, if you could find a more elegant garment for the price than our Little Mynarch weskit you should sue me."

"I'm so sorry about your gown, Mrs. Williams; I hope it can be mended, somehow or other.

"Funny thing, I was just saying to Ed at dinner tonight that I hadn't danced since the Debating Society had that shindig there at the Town Hall."

"So I said to Belasco, 'Say, listen, Davie,' I said, 'I'm not going to throw myself away on one of those kind of parts. I'm an emotional woman, I am,' I said."

"Waiter! Another order of orange juice and some more cracked ice here."

"I don't get down more than once in three years, myself, and it's enough for me, I'll tell you. Oh, of course, it's all well enough for a week or so, but I wouldn't live here if you were to offer me the place as a gift."

"See that girl that does that South Sea Island dance? Well, I know a fellow down at the office that knows a girl friend of hers, and he says, for a positive fact, she's just as nice as she can be. Lives with her folks, and everything."

"That orchestra leader, now—there's a guy makes twelve hundred a week. How'd you like to get twelve hundred every week, eh, Millie?"

"Waiter! What's become of that ginger ale we ordered here? Bring us some tall glasses, and don't bother to pour it; we'll pour it out ourselves."

—*Dorothy Parker.*

America's Greatest Go-Getter

Elmer D. Bungle's Own Story of How He Got That Way

ALTHOUGH I have always known I was the greatest Go-Getter in God's Own Country it was not until the Yankee Magazine asked me for this article that I realized how hard it would be to prove it. The life of a Go-Getter is not easy, but I want to tell the 1,000,000,000 readers of the Yankee Magazine that it is worth while. Yessir! I want to tell those 1,000,000,000 of the Yankee Magazine what I tell my own boys—of whom there are but 9—"Go-Get Now while the Go-Getting is good! Anything you see—Go After It!

"Even if you don't want it and won't know what to do with it—Go After It—Go Get It!"

And if you could see those boys of mine—as full of grit as New Jersey asparagus, and strong as young onions—all you 1,000,000,000 readers of the Yankee Magazine would realize that ——

America's Snappiest Salesman

Albert J. Mink, the Man Who Sells Brooklyn Bridge to 450,000 Immigrants Yearly

IT IS the hardest thing in the world to get Al Mink, as he is affectionately known to the police, to talk about himself, but he told the Yankee Magazine's representative to go as far as she liked. "They may believe you," said Al quaintly.

Thirty-two years ago a poorly clad boy went to the Aquarium. It was a free day, or he could not have gone. With the shrewd insight which distinguished him in later life he disdained the gayly colored fish and loved best to watch the simple suckers. He studied their ways when other boys were at their books and games, in later years applying the knowledge thus gained, with the result that, beginning in a crude way to sell Brooklyn Bridge at $.50, he is now in a position to ask, and get, $25. And all because Albert J. Mink—for that poorly clad boy was he—went to the Aquarium and dreamed a dream!

Is Dancing a Business Asset?

Everett E. Mess, President of the Amalgamated Potash and Pig Iron By-Products Company, Says "Yes"

ALWAYS a sickly lad, I had no idea what work was until, when I was twenty-two, my mother, the sole support of my father and myself, died. Too delicate for manual labor, I had always danced well, and, dancing men being scarce, I was able to subsist for some time on refreshments served at the parties I attended. However, so much orange juice began to tell on me, and, health gone, penniless, starving, I was down and out at twenty-two! One night a friend introduced me to the largest and homeliest girl I had ever seen. "Dance with her," he whispered, "nobody ever does—and her father is president of the A. P. and P. I. B. P. Co." At first I thought I couldn't—but I did. Never before had I worked so hard. But I have since. I married her.

My investment doubled itself. I was taken into the firm. Shortly after, her father died, and as she was the largest stockholder I became president. Does dancing pay? I'll say it does!

—*Katherine Dayton.*

Sub Rosa-ry

By the Lady

THE hours I've spent with thee, drear heart,
Seem like a string of blurbs to me.
I count them o'er and o'er, each one—apart
From your society.

Each smile so smug, each quip a boast;
No praise of self you've left unsung;
I marvel at your sheer nerve most,
To think I'd fall for your glib tongue.

O, barren effort! Squandered thought!
The wind you've wasted—needless loss.
I drop a single tear, alas, to think you've sought
But failed, old kid, to put your stuff across.

—*Kathleen Elaine Harte.*

Fisherman's Luck

YOU can't be calmly idle
While fishing here, in Maine;
The trout are suicidal
Or possibly insane.
It seems to be their habit
To see a thing and grab it.
They love to get on double
To give you extra trouble
And keep your landing net
Continuously wet.
You need no ibis, hackle
Or Paramachene Belle;
Red flannel on your tackle
Would answer just as well.

(Continued on Page 94)

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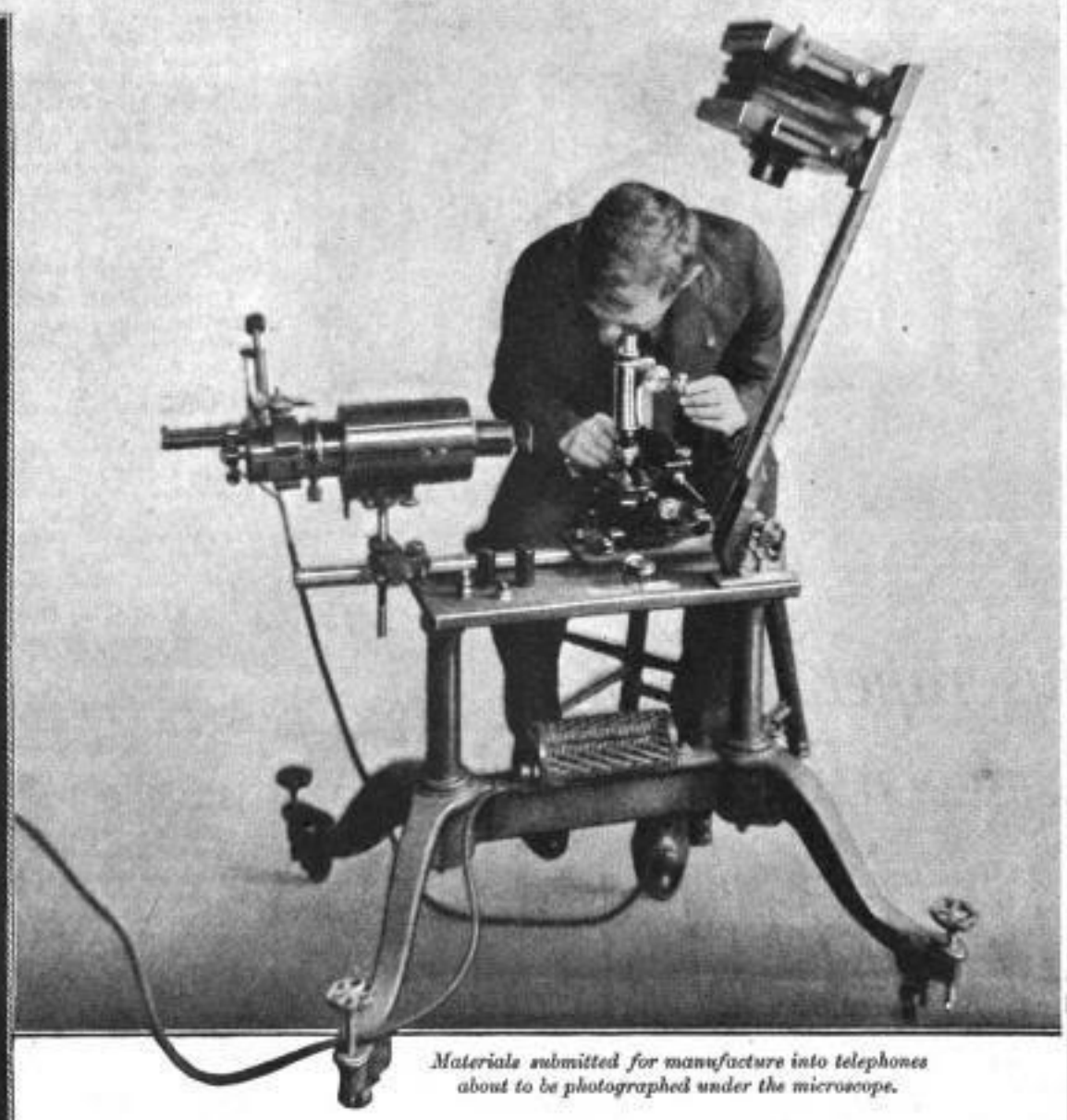
Not a honeycomb. Wood magnified many times and photographed by the instrument at the right.



Linen fibres. A close-up of paper used in making the sensitive telephone condenser.



Manila fibres, from the paper insulation wrapped around the wires in telephone cable.



Materials submitted for manufacture into telephones about to be photographed under the microscope.

It's hard to pass this sentry—
but your telephone must

A strip of paper made from cotton rags may try hard to look as though it had a linen backbone. But its true character stands revealed under the remorseless eye of the microscope in the laboratory at the Western Electric factory.

Before material is accepted for manufacture into telephone equipment, it must pass the photo-micrographic camera or other equally searching tests.

Vegetable fibres are tried out in the chemical test-tube. Woods and metals are exposed to actual weather conditions—sometimes being left out in the sun and rain for years.

This rigorous testing is typical of the extreme care which goes into every step of telephone manufacture. It helps explain why Western Electric Telephones have been the world's standard since 1877.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

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Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums



Blabon Linoleum in the pews of the main auditorium in this great edifice is quiet and comfortable under foot.



The four-story Park Avenue Baptist Church, at 64th St., New York, frequently referred to as the "Rockefeller Church." Henry C. Pelton, New York, and Allen & Collens, Boston, associated architects.

"Skyscraper" church selects Blabon Linoleum

This unique million-dollar structure—the new home of the famous Rockefeller Bible Class in New York City—is the last word in modern ecclesiastical arrangement and appointments.

For the floor of the pews, the galleries, the Sunday-school auditorium, for the offices, the Bible Class and other rooms Blabon Art Linoleum was chosen because of its peculiar fitness.

Not only was a floor needed whose appearance was in keeping with the substantial furnishings, but whose surface would withstand the weekly tread and scuff of hundreds of feet.

Durability is built into Blabon Linoleum. So zealously do we guard its quality that we even make our own linseed oil, which is a vital part of linoleum. This assures a uniformly high standard of quality.

In Blabon plain and inlaid linoleums the patterns and colors go through to the burlap back, and always remain distinct and bright.

Blabon floors are sanitary. Quiet and comfortable to walk and stand upon, and so easy to keep clean. They are cool in summer, and warm and cheerful in winter—especially with fabric rugs thrown over them. Waxing and polishing once in a while keeps them in splendid condition. Any Blabon dealer can send or recommend an experienced man to cement them down—an approved method of laying Blabon Linoleum.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

Blabon Rugs for beauty and economy

They are genuine linoleum. Mothproof, sanitary, durable, and lie flat without fastening. Ask your dealer to show them to you.

Important Notice: Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise, or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

The George W. Blabon Co., Philadelphia
Established 71 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 92)

The trout of Little Grassy,
So impudent and sassy,
Are madly enterprising,
Unanimously rising
In any kind of weather
At any kind of feather.
The trout of Lily Pad
Are easy to be had—
An observation which
Applies to Windy Pitch.
But those of Dacey Pond,
Intelligent beyond
The trout of other waters,
Instruct their sons and daughters
Untouched to let a fly light
Except, perhaps, at twilight.
In these remarks please find an intimation
Of how I spend a wilderness vacation.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Woodchucklings

FAR below Katahdin's crest
As I flung me down to rest,
The leathers of my pack unbuckling,
From the opening in the wood
Where the empty cabin stood
I could hear a happy woodchuck chuckling.

And I asked the chubby gnome
At the doorway of his home
In the clearing where the wild bee suckles,
"Is the trouble with your head?
Is the race of foxes dead?
What's the reason for your chuck-chuck-chuckles?"

Then he answered with a grin,
"Oh, my summer harvest's in
And the hazel wands were well worth stripping;
And I've nothing more to do
But to sit and laugh at you
And to hear the cheery chipmunk chipping.

"In our deep and roomy cell
Is my lady-chuck, as well
As our seven little woodchucks, wriggling;
They are old enough to run,
And they frolic in the sun,
And you ought to hear them gig-gig-giggling!"

Then I told the merry chuck
How I envied him his luck
And his salutary state of being,
Who could listen all the day
To the squirrel and the jay
And the chickadee a-dee-dee-deeing.

But I had to go beyond
To the shore of Grassy Pond
And a bufflehead with ten big ducklings;
So again I slung my pack,
And I took the mossy track,
And I left him to his chuck-chuck-chucklings.

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Critic's Downfall

FOR many years he earned large pay,
His many readers thought him clever;
He seldom found in book or play
Stuff that was any good whatever.
He ripped the poets up their backs,
And called their gravest efforts funny;
They feared the furious attacks
For which the critic drew big money.

The novelists were much afraid
When he became the judge who tried them,
But, being witty, he was paid
A handsome stipend to deride them;
When he had finished a "review"
His followers were filled with pleasure,
And rushed to read it, for they knew
They'd find it an ironic treasure.

It was a mean pen that he slung,
His victims writhed and cursed and worried;
Because he was so clever, young
Men's fond hopes had been killed and buried.
He kept the playwrights filled with dread,
They winced beneath his keen sarcasm;
His caustic wit had often led
An actor to pull off a spasm.

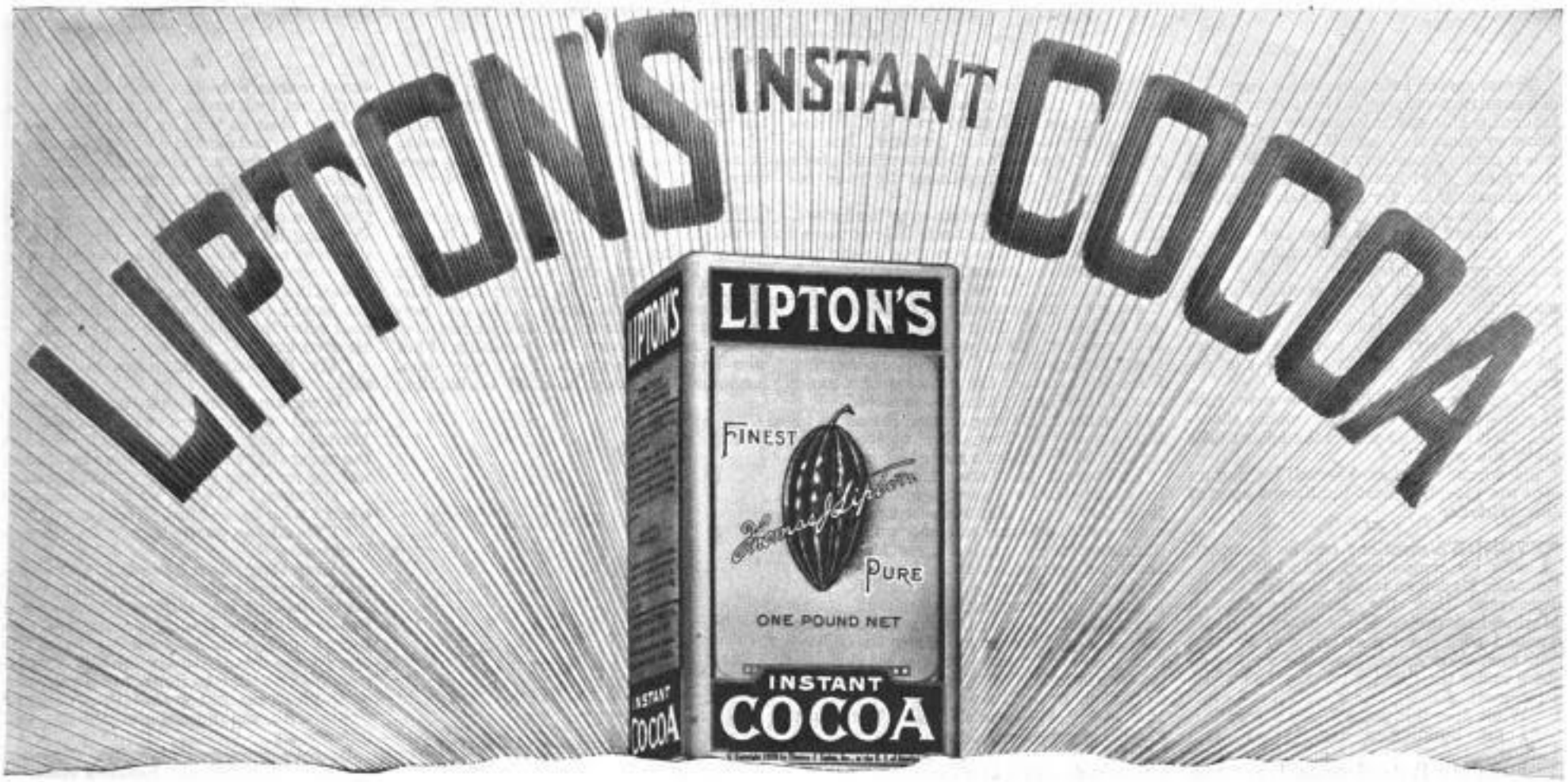
He took up dieting, one day,
And, with it, proper exercising;
Ere long they had to cut his pay,
His slump, they told him, was surprising.
When he had freed himself for good
Of all disorders that had ailed him
His liver functioned as it should,
And critical perception failed him.

—S. E. Kiser.



"It's Lucky to See the New Moon Over the Left Shoulder"

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Here's a worthy brother to Lipton's Tea and Coffee
Thomas J. Lipton

"WHEN I can produce a perfect cocoa, I'll make it," said Sir Thomas J. Lipton. That was years ago.

Today those conditions have been met. An entirely new process has been devised. This process does three vital things to improve the food value and flavor of cocoa:

It removes the tasteless, useless shells. It retains more of the rich nutritious cocoa butter. It thoroughly roasts and blends the cocoa beans, giving Lipton's a flavor and fragrance that are superior to any other cocoa.

You'll find this new and better Lipton's Cocoa richer, distinct in taste, and with more of that chocolate quality than any cocoa you have tasted, and it actually costs you less, because only half the usual quantity need be used.

It is called Lipton's Instant Cocoa because it dissolves instantly.

Look for the signature of Sir Thomas J. Lipton on every package of tea, coffee or cocoa you buy—thus

Thomas J. Lipton
TEA COFFEE AND COCOA PLANTER, CEYLON

Ask your grocer Today for a package of Lipton's Instant Cocoa; if he hasn't it in stock, he can get it for you. Accept no substitute.

THOMAS J. LIPTON, Inc., Hoboken, New Jersey
Chicago San Francisco Toronto New Orleans



The world's tea drinkers have given their endorsement to Lipton's Tea. Lipton's is first choice. It has the largest sale in the world.

From the tea gardens of Ceylon to the tea cups of America, growing, picking, curing, packing and shipping are under Lipton supervision.

Ask your grocer for Lipton's Yellow Label Tea; accept no substitute.



American Home Office and Eastern Packing Plant of Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., Hoboken, New Jersey



You will be delighted with Lipton's new Yellow Label Coffee. After years of experimenting Sir Thomas J. Lipton is able to say, "I have developed a blend of coffee that is a worthy associate of Lipton's Tea. I have given it my name and I believe that it has no superior in the world." A new screw-lock-top can keeps Lipton's Coffee fresh before and after opening. The last spoonful is good.

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BACKBONE

(Continued from Page 34)

There, spread before her, were the tents of a construction camp. Men swarmed and labored. Her eye accustomed to logging knew at what they labored, and why. It was a dam. Somebody was improving the river for logging! Some enemy had invaded the domain of the De Marsays! It was an outrage, an affront.

She leaped from her horse and walked, with chin high and eyes flashing, to the nearest group of laborers.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Buildin' a dam, lady."

"By what right? Who gave you permission to build a dam here?" she demanded.

"Can't say myself," said the man, rubbing his chin and winking over her shoulder, "but behind ye stands the feller that's givin' the orders."

She turned and found herself looking up into the placid, almost indifferent eyes of John Thorne.

XI

YVONNE'S emotions can be described only by comparison. She felt as the Emperor Napoleon might have felt had he discovered that the Republic of San Marino had declared war upon him, descended with a ruthless army of twenty-four men upon Savoy and were encamped there under the impression they had made a conquest of it.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

"I am building a dam," said John Thorne.

"I can see that, of course," she said tartly, "but by what right are you building a dam here? This branch of the river is ours. Nobody has any right here but the De Marsays. When the time comes we shall build our own dams and make our own improvements."

A sustained quavering call rose and fell between the valley's walls.

"It's luncheon time," said John. "There's the call. We shall be honored ——"

"I have asked an explanation of this." She waved her hand toward the work.

"I find," said John, "that a cup of hot coffee—and I believe there is stew this noon—makes it much easier for me to be explanatory. In case I do not satisfy you we will not consider we have eaten salt together. You are not to regard this as a binding luncheon at all. And we have a very good cook."

Something in his voice or manner was disarming. It was an illusive quality although it was one of his salient characteristics. Yvonne found herself compelled to fight against it. She would not be disarmed. It was her intention to be sternly belligerent; to demand an accounting of this interloper, and to order his puny invasion over the frontiers of her principality. She meant to do it thoroughly, leaving no loophole for misunderstanding.

"Wally," John called to one of his men, "will you see that Miss de Marsay's horse is baited? The mess tent is just a step."

"If you promise to stop work at once and to withdraw from this river, where you have no right to be ——" Her hand was still upon her horse's reins.

"I'm afraid I can't do that," said Thorne. "There seems to be some mistake."

"Mistake? As to what?"

"My right to be here."

"There can be none. For years the De Marsays have planned and intended to open up this section. I have often spoken of it with my grandfather. No one has any business here but ourselves."

"It is just that," said Thorne, "that is the mistake. As things stand at the moment nobody has any business here but myself. You see, I own this land. I have a charter from the state to improve this river."

"You have dared to buy this land! You have dared to plot and plan to take this river away from us! Oh, I see!" Her voice took on the edge of scorn. "You saw an old man—ill, shut up in his room. That was your opportunity. It was your chance to creep in and knife us when there was no one to fear. You were mistaken. I am a De Marsay, even if I am a girl!"

His eyes rested upon her eyes, not defiantly, not in anger or appraisal. It was almost as if he were thinking about her without seeing her. He nodded his head.

"Yes," he said slowly, "you are a De Marsay—all De Marsay. I think"—he dwelt on the word as one who advances an important theory of whose soundness he is not certain—"I think you would have been different—gentler, perhaps; less arrogant—if Andrée de Chausson had given something of her loveliness to your inheritance."

No one had ever spoken so to her before. She was astounded that she did not resent it, did not fly into such a rage as she had more than once proved herself capable of. Perhaps it was Thorne's manner of uttering the words—as a reflection of his own, and not for her ears. There had been no sting in it, no desire to affront. It was meditative. Perhaps it was the surprise of hearing from this stranger the mention of a name sacred in her family annals—so sacred as to be kept a glowing secret. It was the second time Thorne had uttered Andrée de Chausson's name!

In Yvonne de Marsay mood followed mood in disconcerting and contradictory way. For reasons which none could comprehend she would flash from laughter to hot anger, from scorn to sympathy, from haughty coldness to warm companionship. Light was always glinting from a different facet. Perhaps this was because her variety was so infinite that each phase could have but the briefest turn in order that all should have a fair chance. Now—and it was against her will—she showed a face almost of dejection. She was disappointed, disillusioned—a little girl unjustly deprived of a coveted toy.

"I was thinking about you as I rode this morning," she said. "After yesterday it seemed to me we might become friends."



"Go 'Way," He Repeated. "I Pushee Once, You Go 'Way for All Time"

"That," Thorne interrupted, "might have been because you need a friend so desperately that you were casting about for one recklessly."

This saying was so keenly penetrating, so illuminating to her of her own situation that she bit her lip and fell silent. He waited for her to speak.

"I do not offer my friendship to everyone who knocks at the door," she said proudly. She hesitated. "Perhaps," she said hopefully, "when you—intruded—on the East Branch here, you did not understand the circumstances?"

"I understood them thoroughly," he said.

"You mean you came here deliberately—did what you have done, knowing you were invading what is my grandfather's and mine!"

"I knew all that was to be known," he said patiently.

"Treacherously!"

"If it seems so to you."

"Have you no defense? Is there no decent reason you can give for such an action?" She wanted him to defend himself, almost sympathized with him in his lack of defense.

"None," he said.

"And now you—you refuse to give it up—when I ask you?" She emphasized the word "ask"; her manner impressing upon him how great was her condescension in requesting when she might have commanded.

"Yes."

The word was brief, final, yet it carried no weight of discourtesy. Somehow it gave her a feeling of littleness, of impotence before him, and she resented it. His manner, his words held her as negligible. He refused her friendship, so she told herself; was willing to trade her friendship for a dam across a river—the friendship of her who held herself so rare. For a mere dam, for money—because he must be building his dam to make money—he was willing to forgo her esteem. It rather bewildered her. She had not deemed such a thing possible—that there was any price a man would not have paid willingly to possess her good will.

"Then," she said, becoming again a flame of anger lovely to the eye, "you shall be forced off. You shall find that there is a De Marsay to reckon with, even if grandfather is—is too sick to act."

"Mr. Bracken seemed to feel much the same way," Thorne said gravely.

She turned from him, set her foot in the stirrup and vaulted to her horse's back. Thorne's hand touched the reins, restraining her. He looked up into her frowning eyes, even as she lifted her riding whip. Anger urged her to strike. She hated him, hated him for daring to stay her, for daring to lay his hand upon her mount. But she did not strike. Slowly she lowered the whip and her cheeks took on a rosy flush. He nodded.

"It was a thing to be ashamed of," he said quietly. Then: "If your grandfather, in your presence, face to face with me, asks me to abandon the East Branch, I will do so."

He released her horse, lifted his hat, and turning his back squarely upon her walked away; and she, with that curiosity which is one of woman's chiefest charms, noted that he did not look back. She struck her horse a single blow so that he leaped under the smart of it, and dashed at breakneck speed up the road she had so recently descended.

She did not pause, save to give her mount breathing time, until she reached the office of her grandfather's mills. Here she flung herself out of the saddle, tossed the reins over the horse's head and ran up the steps. Through the outer office she passed like an embodied whirlwind and laid her hand on the knob of the private-office door when the voice of the new bookkeeper arrested her.

"Mr. Bracken is occupied, ma'am," he said.

He was unfortunate; it was no moment to select to interfere with Yvonne de Marsay's plans, and she flashed upon him the anger that had been pent up inside her, waiting for a handy object to be blasted.

"Occupied? Who is he to be occupied when I wish to see him! Who are you?"

"I," said the young man, "am the new bookkeeper."

"Keep them, then," she said, and jerked open Bracken's door. Inside she found herself looking into the perturbed faces of Bracken and Doc Roper. Bracken's cheeks turned putty color, then to red. He opened his mouth to speak, but Yvonne gave him no time to formulate a sentence.

"I must see my grandfather at once! Come with me immediately!" she said imperiously.

Bracken recovered his poise. "As you see," he said in his cold, banker's voice, "I am busy. This is no way to come rushing in ——"

"Nonsense!" she said. "I wanted to see you. You will come with me at once."

"If there is something you want to talk to me about," he said, "I will see you this evening."

"You will see me now! There is something my grandfather must know at once."

"As you very well know ——" he began.

"I don't care what ails him—how ill he is. He must be informed of this. If he were dying he would want to know."

Bracken shrugged his shoulders. "Everything that touches you pampered young women seems of life-and-death importance to you," he said.

Doc Roper leaned across the desk and fixed Bracken with his little eyes. "Sit tight," he admonished.

"You," said Yvonne, "will be still! When I reach a depth where I need you to speak for me ——"

"It is never well to stamp on an offer of friendship," said Doc coolly.

"If I felt your friendship was mine," said Yvonne, "I would be ashamed for the first time in my life."

"The human mind," said Doc, drawing from his pocket a carrot and commencing to peel it with his jackknife, "is a machine which changes very frequently."

She ignored him. "This man, John Thorne, is building a dam on the East Branch. He has a crew at work. That valley is ours. He must be driven out of it."

"Is that what you wished your grandfather to know?" Bracken shrugged his shoulders. "You want to burst into his sick room with that?"

"It is of importance to warrant bursting into his grave," said Yvonne.

"Your grandfather has known this a week," said Bracken. "Perhaps this will teach you to leave alone affairs which do not concern you. The thing is already taken care of."

"Taken care of! But the man is there! His work is proceeding."

"Your grandfather has left it in my hands."

"Which is why he is still there. That is not the De Marsay way. What have you done? What will you do? If André de Marsay had been on his feet this man and his dam would have been thrown in the river days ago."

(Continued on Page 101)

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HE experience of most people with O-Cedar Polish is simply this:

They buy a 4-ounce bottle (costing 30c) simply as a trial.

They use it according to directions (as pictured below) and are delighted with the results. Their furniture and woodwork take on new beauties—cleaner, brighter and prettier than ever before.



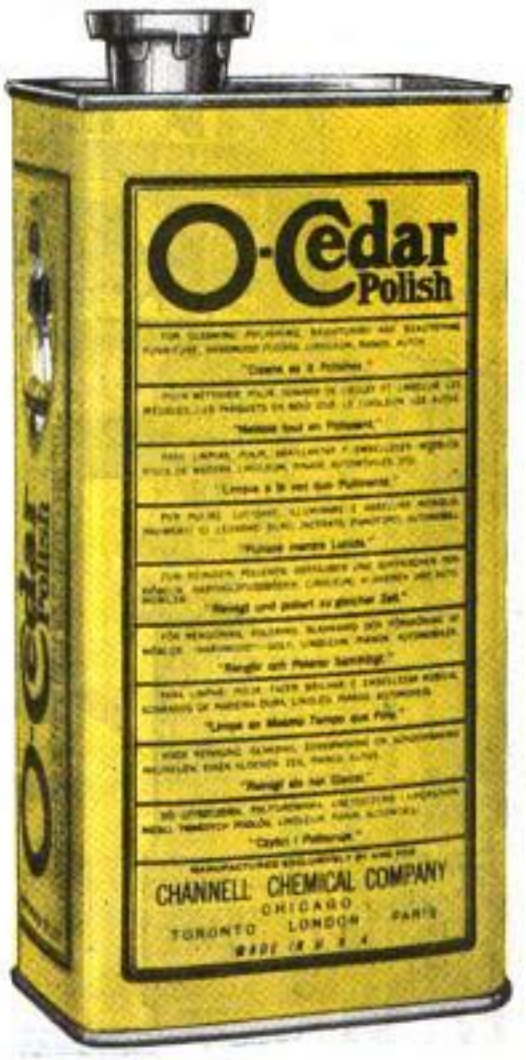
So satisfactory are the results from the trial a larger size bottle is bought.

The second purchase is generally a 12 ounce bottle costing 60c—or 3 times the quantity for twice the money.





As the wonders—the utility—and the superiority of O-Cedar are more fully appreciated people buy the larger sizes—quarts, half gallons and gallons effecting greater economies. Quarts are $1.25, half gallons $2.00 and gallons $3.00.



O-Cedar Polish

CHANNELL CHEMICAL COMPANY - Chicago - Toronto - London - Paris - Cape Town

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EVERY-

ARCOLA PAYS FOR ITSELF

"I AM particularly pleased with the small amount of fuel ARCOLA requires to keep our five-room cottage comfortable and warm. When we get up in the morning, the house is always as warm as during the day."

WM. W. HOYT
Seattle, Wash.

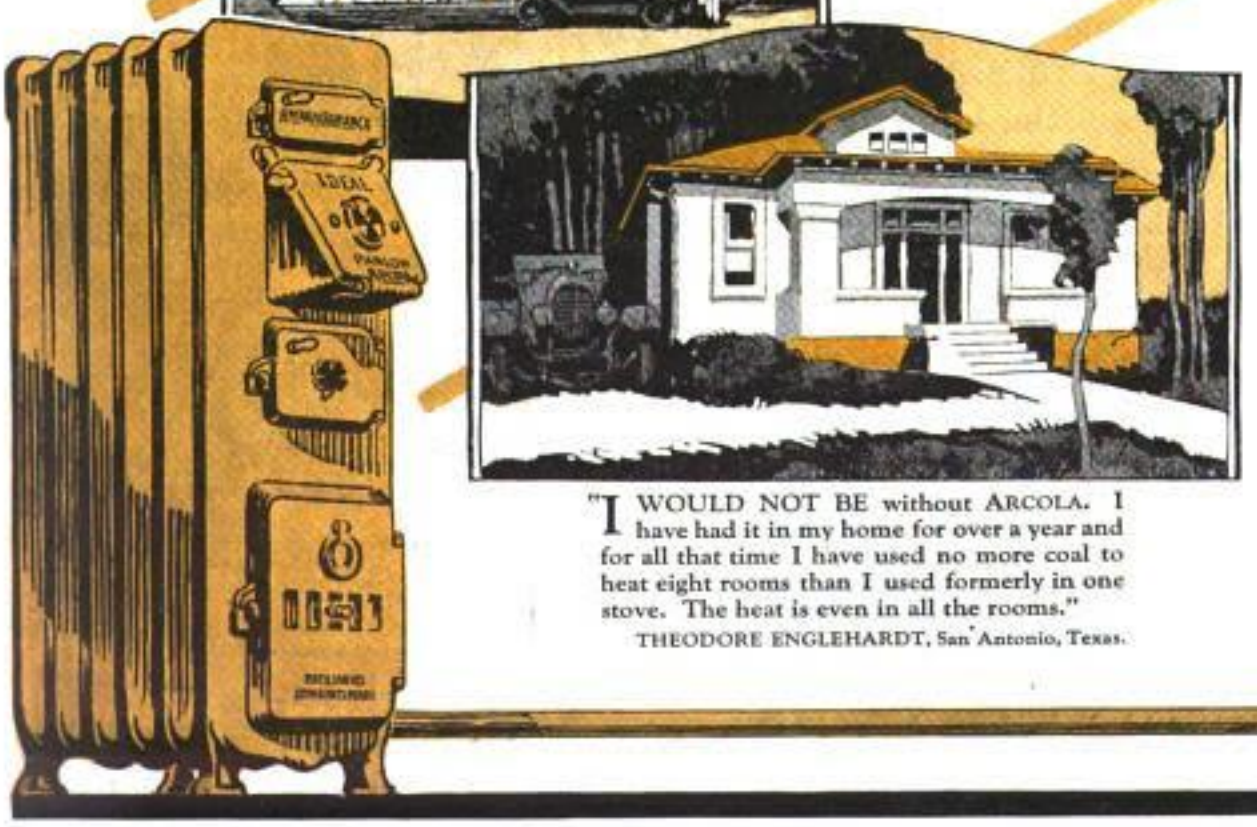


"ARCOLA has given us just the proper degree of warmth, and the expense for fuel has been low. I heartily recommend ARCOLA."

H. L. HOOVER
San Mateo, Calif.

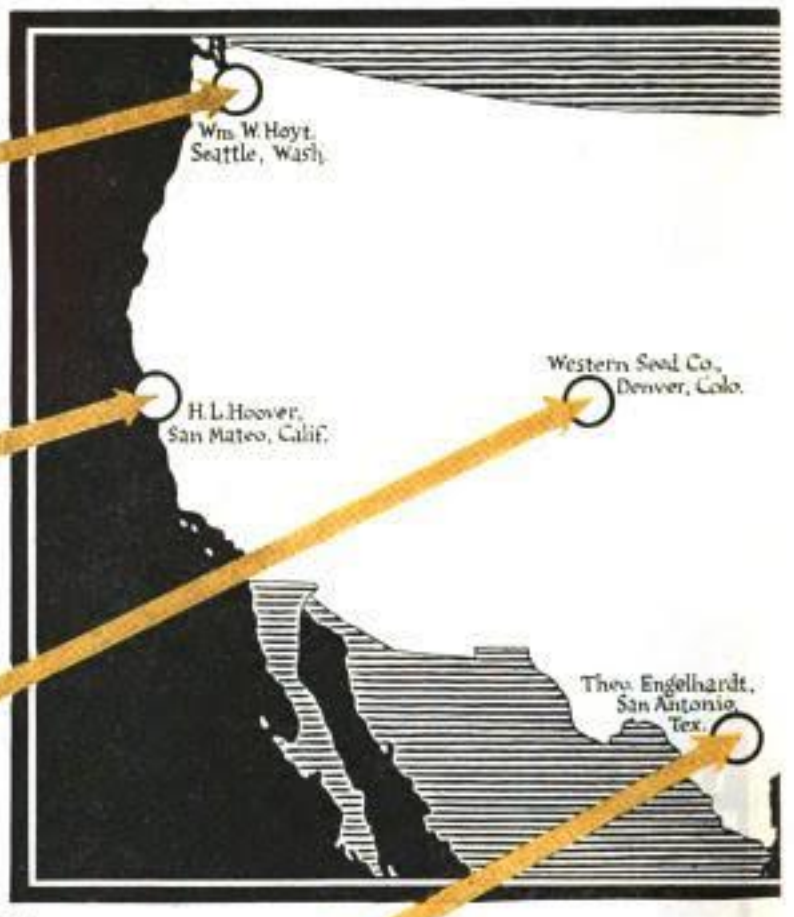
"ARCOLA is a great saver of fuel; we figure it will pay for itself in two winters at the present rate. Besides we are getting 25% to 40% more work from our employees, because the old stoves never distributed the heat properly."

WESTERN SEED CO.
Denver, Colo.



"I WOULD NOT BE without ARCOLA. I have had it in my home for over a year and for all that time I have used no more coal to heat eight rooms than I used formerly in one stove. The heat is even in all the rooms."

THEODORE ENGLEHARDT, San Antonio, Texas.



What do these letters mean to you?

SIMPLY THIS—that you can throw away your old-fashioned heating equipment, install steam or hot-water warmth in your home, *and save money by doing it.*

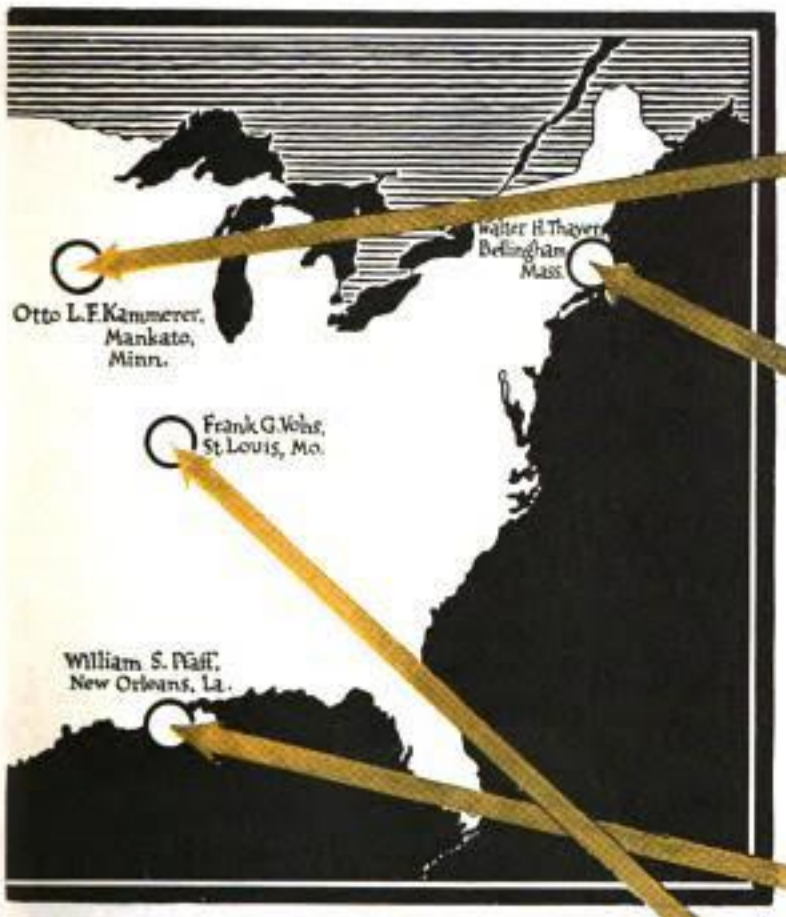
Actually you will be *making* money as well as saving it. For any real estate man or banker will tell you that steam or hot-water warmth adds many times its cost to the selling value of a house.

Just as a straight business proposition, therefore, you should send today for the free book about ARCOLA.

ARCOLA is a handsome, compact little boiler-radiator that warms the room in which it stands and sends a steady flow of

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WHERE
IN THE FUEL IT SAVES





"YOUR No. 5 ARCOLA is warming my store and our eight large rooms over it. The remarkable thing is that it keeps them all warm at all times. I highly recommend ARCOLA and radiators to anyone."

OTTO L. F. KAMMERER
Mankato, Minn.



"THE ARCOLA you installed in my home is a comfort and a pleasure—no cold rooms or cold corners. And it uses no more coal than my old sitting-room stove did."

WALTER H. THAYER
Bellingham, Mass.

hot water or steam through small pipes to American Radiators in every other room.

That means that *every* room is warm—no hot side and cold side to the house. It means a clean house, free from dust and ashes. It means that one fire heats all the rooms—a very large saving in fuel.

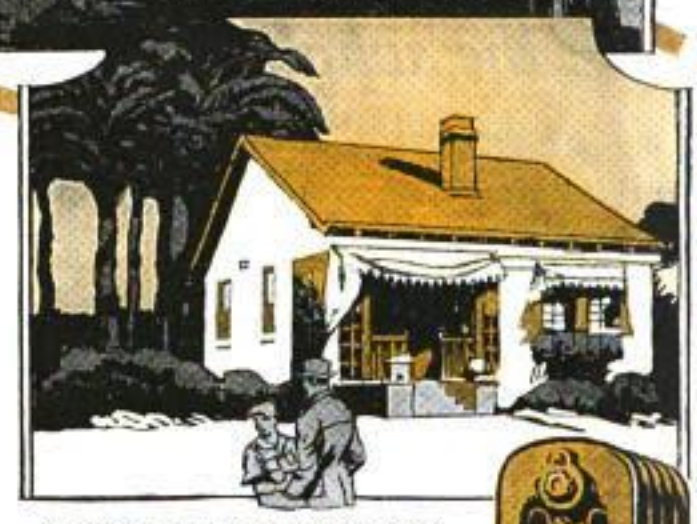
Surely this is worth investigating. Drop a line to either address below and ask for the book that tells how ARCOLA pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

Life is short; don't shiver through it. Put ARCOLA and American Radiators in your home this Fall.



"WITH ARCOLA we actually use *less* fuel to heat the *whole* house now than we formerly used to heat the first floor only; and the house is cozily and evenly warmed all the time."

FRANK S. VOHS, St. Louis, Mo.



"I CAN TRUTHFULLY SAY that the money I invested in ARCOLA and American Radiators has added more comfort to my home than any other appliance in the house."

WM. S. PFAFF, New Orleans, La.



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*Every*meal *Every*day

Sunshine Biscuits



Sunshine Krispy Crackers with Oysters

Leave them on the table the whole meal

Small, square, flaky crackers—dainty, crisp, tender and salted just right—that is what Sunshine Krispy Crackers are. The first bite tells the story.

They taste good themselves, and, better still, they improve the flavor of other foods eaten with them.

Put Sunshine Krispy Crackers on the table with the first course. Leave them there till the meal is over. They are just the thing to go with oysters, fruit cocktail, soup, salad, and with cheese and after-dinner coffee.

Keep them on hand all the time.

It would be interesting to look over the other Sunshine crackers, biscuits, and wafers displayed in the Sunshine Biscuit Rack. Many of them will be exactly what you want for various occasions.



LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

From the Thousand Window Bakeries

Sunshine Krispy Crackers can be bought in individual packages and in bulk. In a few Eastern States ask for Sunshine Saltines if Sunshine Krispy Crackers are not available.

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(Continued from Page 96)

"Business is not done today by throwing in the river," said Bracken. "My methods will be quite as effective."

"Your methods!" Scorn flashed from Yvonne's eyes. "Your bookkeeper's methods! Your stock-broking methods! Your crawling around corners and up back alleys! If you do not take me to my grandfather and let me hear with my own ears that he has left this thing to you ——"

"What?" Bracken said with a twist of his thin lips.

"I will myself take such steps as a De Marsay should when he is attacked by an enemy."

"Go play with your bonnets and gowns," Bracken said coldly.

Yvonne drew herself up to her full height, chin lifted, shoulders back. She did not become imposing as she hoped, but she did become very lovely, with the loveliness of youth and vivid life, with springtime's courage. A girl of fire, to set the hearts of men a-pounding! Doc Roper drew his breath audibly between his teeth.

"I am a De Marsay," she said.

"The last of the De Marsays," Bracken said, and there was the trace of a sneer about his mouth.

The De Marsays! He hated the name; he hated the pride, he hated most of all the living spirit of them. He was wearied to bitterness with the De Marsays. For years he had lived, breathed, been submerged in the De Marsay tradition. Most of all he hated it because it commanded his envy, made him feel his inferiority. He hated it because he was a hanger-on to the hem of its mantle. There were hours when he could have exulted to see that name dragged through the mire. Anthony Bracken was a man not poor in malice, owning a rich workable vein of envy. In short the De Marsay cosmos had got on his nerves, and a point was approaching where he must vent his spleen or suffer unbearably with mental indigestion.

"The last of the De Marsays," he repeated, a jeering malice creeping into his voice.

He had more to say. The gates were open at last for the outrush of his pent-up grudge. His mouth was open, but no word issued from it. Instead, his face became rigid, his eyes widened, and into them crept unsightly fear. With hands braced against the edge of his desk he thrust himself back in his chair. His was the face and attitude of one who listens to the unbelievable, the impossible—to some sound hideously terrifying.

The sound was not frightful in itself; quite the contrary. It was rather gay, though somewhat quavering. There was a lilt, a buoyancy to it, though the voice was aged. The song came tripping through the window:

"Il s'en rut à la chasse,
A la chasse aux perdrix,
Carabi;
Il monta sur un arbre
Pour voir ses chiens courir',
Carabi,
Titi Carabi,
Toto Carabo,
Compère Guillere,
Te lairas-tu mourir'?"

Bracken crumpled, diminished in size. Huddled in his chair he lost half his dimensions. He lifted a clutching hand.

"Did—did you hear it?" he asked.

Yvonne's eyes were not upon him, did not witness the pitifulness of his unmanning. She ran to the window.

"Grandfather! Grandfather!" she cried. Then, turning slowly, a curious suppressed note in her voice, she spoke. "There—is—no—one—there," she said.

She tore open the door and ran through the outer office, but when she reached the street it was deserted. Not a soul was visible either in the yards or upon the road.

"Grandfather! Grandfather!" she called.

There was no answer. She stood, puzzled, frightened. It was her grandfather's voice, her grandfather's song—the little *chanson* he had been wont to sing to her in her babyhood, and which in his old age in those lighter, gayer moments which came to him, he would still sing as though unconsciously. It was the only song he had ever been known to sing—his own, identified with him.

She reëntered the office. "Did you hear someone singing?" she asked the bookkeeper tremulously.

"I heard nothing," he said.

Bracken looked up at her from his chair, looked a question.

"There was nobody," she said. Then: "Did you—did either of you—hear my grandfather singing?"

The men exchanged a glance. "I heard nothing," said Doc Roper, but his voice was uneven.

"Nor did I," said Bracken. "Nothing; not a sound."

XII

THE new bookkeeper for the De Marsay Mills showed signs of taking up fishing seriously, as it should be followed by a resident of St. Croix. In that village there are a number of subjects that are discussed gravely and with authority. One is state politics, one is checkers, one is the weather and one is the trout fishing. Therefore when the young man asked advice about the purchase of a rod and other equipment he was accompanied by an interested and argumentative committee, who saw to it that he entered upon his new life with adequate tools.

Of a Sunday morning he went forth to whip his first stream, and inasmuch as John Thorne was a devoted angler it is not to be regarded as astonishing that the two should meet some distance outside the village, or that they should stop to smoke and chat and compare notes.

"Well," said Thorne, "how do you find your new job?"

"Interesting," said the young man. "Interesting. The bookkeeping system is—shall I say rudimentary? No. It is elementary. Kindergarten."

"I imagined you would find it so."

"Why," said the young man disgustedly, "a second-class bookkeeper could install a system for them that would entail three times the work, require four times as many books, and make it twenty times as hard to arrive at a monthly statement. A real efficiency expert—Lord knows what he could accomplish!"

"You've hardly had time," said John, "to turn over much sod."

"Mr. Thorne, I've gone through those books like a mole through a well-kept lawn. I can recite them."

"And found?"

"Nothing."

"They're straight? No signs of tampering?"

"They're right as rivets."

"Um!"

"But that," said the bookkeeper, "doesn't mean there's nothing wrong."

"A paradox!" Thorne smiled.

"It takes a good man to shennanigan a complicated set of books, but James J. Jeffries' dumb-bells could make these books of Bracken's turn handsprings to music."

"For instance?"

The bookkeeper shrugged his shoulders. "I've a feeling. You get them in my business. Can't be a certified accountant, which is kind of a multiplication-table detective, without intuitions. Everything balances, every cent is accounted for, but the small of my back itches every time I take a ledger out of the safe. When my back itches it means there's funny business."

"But you haven't found it?"

"There's a difference between finding it and being able to prove you've found it."

Thorne's eyes twinkled. He was not impatient, and was willing to humor the young man in his circumlocution. "What's your guess?" he asked.

"Contributions."

"Contributions?"

"Charities, benefactions, endowments, et cetera, e pluribus unum, Erin go Bragh! I find a number of items, amounting to a loud and fancy total, which purport to be contributions to the Red Cross, the G. O. P., a fresh-water college, the famine sufferers in Mesopotamia, and so forth, and so on. In units of five and ten thousand dollars."

"Why do you suspect these? De Marsay was well able to indulge himself in benefactions."

"Well, in the first place there are no receipts, no acknowledgments from the organizations benefited. In the second place each contribution was drawn in cash, and contributed in cash—anonymously. The entries read so. 'Contributed in cash and anonymously, according to orders of A. de M.' Just like that."

"Who drew the checks?"

"Bracken."

"Covering what period?"

"A couple of months."

"What do you think?"

"I think," said the young man, "that Bracken is paying the rental of a safety-deposit box."

"What's the total?"

"Here's a list of beneficiaries, with the amounts to each. Seventy-seven thousand five hundred dollars in all. And pretty slick, I call it. If my back hadn't itched —— Say, if ever you go in for messing up a set of books just you think up something as good. I admire intelligence, no matter where I meet it."

"Good work," said Thorne. "Now go catch a fish."

The bookkeeper ambled off upstream; Thorne turned sharp to the right and disappeared up the hillside. He continued to climb until he reached the road which Yvonne had traveled yesterday to reach the East Branch, and proceeded down this at a pace suited to his leisurely habit of mind. He was giving thought to Anthony Bracken and his possible possession of seventy-seven thousand dollars of old André de Marsay's money. Reflections on this subject were interlaced with a consideration of what he had accomplished toward a solidification of his position on the East Branch, of what remained to do, and of the obstacles he might reasonably expect to encounter.

When one projects the improvement of a river, the erection of a sizable dam, the construction of a mill, and the lumbering of a tract of timber miles in extent, he must expect the opposition of the elements; he must be prepared for the labor of combating the passive resistance of inertia. In every project of this magnitude one discovers financial problems that must be solved. In addition to these inimical elements to be encountered in any endeavor Thorne was aware of the necessity for defending himself against still another, one motivated by intelligence if not by malice. This hostile force was the De Marsay interest under the command of Anthony Bracken.

Half a mile above camp the brook turned acutely across the ribbon of road, dropping a dozen feet into a rocky gully which the road crossed upon a wooden bridge. As Thorne sauntered toward this point and was perhaps a hundred yards distant from it, the spot disappeared in a geyser of yellowish smoke. This phenomenon was followed by a thudding detonation familiar to the ears of any river driver. Thorne did not quicken his pace, but continued to approach with the same placid tread. When he arrived at the gully the bridge had disappeared. Below, clogging the rush of the stream, was a tangle of splintered débris, still smoking. The tang of dynamite fumes lay heavy on the air. Thorne looked about him, scarcely expecting to see any sign of life. Not being disappointed in this respect, he shrugged his shoulders, scrambled down to the brook, leaped it and clambered up to the road again.

Twenty minutes later he stepped out upon the little flat where was pitched his construction camp. All about, in the shade, men were dozing, smoking, bathing in the stream or doing their weekly washing.

"Have to dynamite a jam up the road?" grinningly asked a red-haired man who lounged against the bole of a tree.

Thorne replied to grin with grin, but said nothing. He walked out upon the jaw of rock from which his dam was to extend, and looked down upon the tumbling waters, calculating. He was giving thought to precautions. Labor must not be wasted; work once in place must remain in place. Undoubtedly the dynamiting of the little bridge up the hill was the first symptom of an epidemic. It behooved him to take precautions against its spread.

As he stood reflecting a young man whom he recognized as a rodman in the employ of his engineer came running hatless to the other jaw of the falls and began shouting, but the sound of his voice was drowned in the turmoil of the waters. He ran upstream, where, by wading, by leaping from rock to rock, he made a crossing.

"Mr. Thorne," he said breathlessly, "the bridge across Black River is gone—burned."

"Sunday," said John, "seems to be an unhealthy day for bridges."

"But—there isn't another bridge for ten miles, and no other road to get here by. How're we going to haul in supplies and materials?"

"Over a bridge," said John.

"What bridge?"

"The one," said John, "that you're going to commence to build in"—he looked at his watch—"about fifteen minutes.



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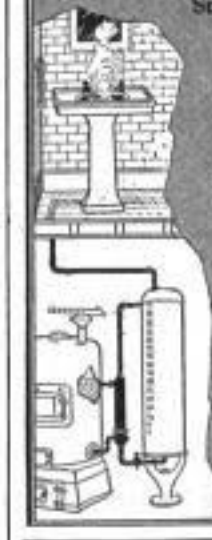
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Wake up Paddy Skidmore if you can find where he's snoozing."

Presently Paddy, the gang boss, oozed out of a patch of alders, rubbing his eyes and scowling with splendid ferocity.

"Try cold water," said Thorne. "I want you wide awake."

"I'm wakeful, worse luck. Who's belly-achin' about what now?"

"Communications have been cut by the enemy," said John with a twinkle in his eye. "We're fresh out of bridges. Nothing to cross. Load the gang in wagons and hustle them to Black River. Throw across a bridge—the kind you built in France with the engineers. When you've got it thrown, stand a man on the middle of it with a shotgun chock-full of buckshot and tell him to remonstrate with anyone who shows signs of wanting to burn, dynamite or in any other way to demolish it."

"Glory be!" said Paddy. "I thought this was to be a dreary peaceful job."

"I'm going to St. Croix," said John.

Thorne rode a horse on the trip to town, making a detour to cross the stream where the animal could negotiate the passage. He stopped at the front gate of the Château de Marsay, threw the reins over a post and walked up the graveled path. Midway to the house he encountered Doc Roper emerging after his daily professional call upon André de Marsay. Doc stopped and eyed John in a manner intended to be ingratiating.

"Mornin'," he said.

"Good morning. I hope your patient is improving."

Doc shook his head. "Strange case. Strange case. Sometimes I ain't so hopeful as I am other times. Say, young man, you and I must have a talk soon. Mutual advantage." His hand sought for and found a carrot in his pocket. "I got something to talk over with you."

"Anything about bridges?" John asked soberly.

"Talk over, not walk over," said Doc. "No need going in; you can't see De Marsay."

"Thank you," said John, "but I guess I'll go in anyhow. I'm a man of habit. I'd miss asking at the door for him."

He walked on, leaving Doc to stand and peer after him speculatively. He had no idea how deeply Doc Roper was interested in him, nor why.

The Indian, Jean, answered Thorne's ring. "Mr. Bracken, if you please," said the visitor, and Jean left him standing while he disappeared into the house behind him. In a moment he reappeared and motioned for John to follow. He led the way to the library, where upon John's entrance Bracken arose and remained standing.

"You wish to see me?" he said brusquely.

"Not exactly," said John, "but it seemed necessary to see you." He paused. "I've come to borrow about twenty men," he said casually.

"You've what?"

"Come to borrow woodsmen. About twenty."

"Young man, you have a splendid nerve. What gives you the idea I would lend you men—or anything else?"

"I just wondered if maybe you wouldn't."

"Well, I won't—and that's that."

"Not to build a couple of bridges?"

"Not for any purpose."

"But you ought to be willing to pay for your diversions."

"What diversions?"

"Burning and dynamiting bridges along the highway."

Bracken frowned. He did not understand Thorne's drift, and what he failed to understand he suspected. What was this talk leading him into? John explained.

"You, or men under your orders, destroyed the Black River Bridge and the small bridge on the East Branch Road. This makes it very inconvenient for me. Therefore you will lend me the labor with which to replace them."

"And if I don't?"

"I'm quite sure you won't refuse."

"I don't know who burned the bridges," Bracken said angrily. "I didn't, nor did anybody under my orders."

"You're not going to put me to the trouble of proving it, are you?"

"Prove and be blowed! I don't know anything about it—except that I'm glad of it. If I had done it do you suppose I'd give you men to make the damage good?"

"You might," said John hopefully. "You ——"

The portières into the hall were brushed aside and Yvonne de Marsay stood in the opening, her eyes alive with the fire of defiance, her head thrown back proudly.

"Anthony Bracken had nothing to do with it," she said. "He hasn't the courage. His way is to send dollars to fight for him, which is not the De Marsay way. When we fight we fight, man to man, in the open. I destroyed those bridges—it was done under my orders. You have dared to set foot on land that is rightly ours, and I shall drive you off—not this hired man. I shall fight you as my grandfather would have fought you."

John Thorne scratched his ear, but manifested no surprise—although he was taken wholly by surprise. He turned to Bracken and smiled that sunny lovable smile of his, and then he turned it full upon Yvonne.

"I guess I shan't insist on those men, Bracken," he said. "The jury finds you innocent."

He continued to smile at Yvonne and to shake his head as one would indulgently reprove a naughty child.

"*T'a boscules le pot des fleurs,*" he said. "*Méchant, méchant!*" You tip over the pot of flowers. Naughty, naughty!

Yvonne flushed scarlet. To be so spoken to! To be regarded lightly as a child when she had assumed the weighty task of being the Joan of Arc of the De Marsays! To be laughed at! Tears filled her eyes; her fists clenched.

"Don't dare laugh at me! Don't dare make fun of me! What if I am a girl? I'm as good a man as you! I'll show you!"

"You little fool!" said Bracken roughly, but Thorne laid a heavy hand on his shoulders.

"Let us remember our Sunday manners, Bracken," he said. "That isn't the way we speak to ladies—even when they burn up our bridges. My apologies for disturbing you, Bracken—and, Miss de Marsay—you and I are going to carry on a wonderful war. I must hurry back and tell my men not to use buckshot."

He paused and listened.

"Wh-what's that?" Bracken said hoarsely.

Yvonne's cheeks whitened and her eyes became wide, but not with fear. Thorne heard a voice, aged, but gay with the lilt of undying youth in it, and the voice was singing:

"Il monta sur un arbre
Pour voir ses chiens couri',
Carabi;
La branche vint à rompre,
At Guilleri tombi,
Carabi,
Titi Carabi,
Toto Carabo,
Compère Guillere,
Te lairas-tu mouri'?"

The *chanson* died away as if a door had suddenly been closed upon the singer. Thorne could not tell whence it had come, whether from above stairs or from out of doors.

He turned to Bracken questioningly. The man did not answer. There issued a choking sound from his throat and he slumped down before his chair in a faint.

"What is it?" Thorne asked.

"My grandfather," said Yvonne in a whisper. "I heard him yesterday. It is his song—his voice."

"Has a queer effect on Bracken," he commented. Then to Yvonne: "Have you seen him?"

"No."

"We will see him now. Come. Where is his room?"

"I will show you," she said, tacitly accepting him as an ally in the emergency.

They issued from the library, passed rapidly down the hall to the stairway, but there they halted, for on the first landing stood Jean, the Indian, and by his side Chow Chek Ken, his right hand caressing the back of his neck. It was the Chinaman who spoke.

"No come. No climb." He smiled ingratiatingly. "Boss say no. You go 'way—out fron' door. Plitty quick."

Chinaman and Indian descended side by side. "No be flaid missee get hurt," said Ken. "You bett' go damn quick."

Thorne looked into Yvonne's eyes. "Go," she said. He hesitated. "Please go before Anthony Bracken comes to. Please!" This was a new phase of her, one he had not seen.

"Departure does seem expedient," he said, and smiled again his warm vivid smile. "Do leave my bridges alone," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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STRIKES

(Continued from Page 7)

by the carriers on the ground that it would be a violation of the rights of the employes who had remained in the service and of the new men who had just entered the employ of the roads. Thus it came about that every question upon which the men had gone out could be adjusted by means that would have been as easily available before they went out as afterward. Having needlessly gone out, the only question left to wrangle about was how to get back in. Around this point the battle raged for weeks. It was the subject of mediation, conference and even Presidential proclamation. This question of seniority, of which not one man in a hundred had ever heard before, became a breakfast, lunch and dinner topic all over the United States. It was the subject of editorials, the text of sermons, and the inspiration of thousands of wordy whereases and resounding resolves. Although there were some who pronounced it a false issue and condemned the obstinacy of both parties for haggling about it while the consumer cried for coal and cantaloupes, it really involved a most vital question. That question was: Does the railway employe who goes out on a strike carry with him a vested right in his job and the benefits and privileges incident to it?

The striking shopmen answered in the affirmative and gave reasons that might be analyzed as follows:

The striker has not ceased to be an employe of the road, but has merely suspended work. He has assumed a status analogous to that of an employe on furlough, who, when he is recalled, resumes his former position on the seniority roster;

He had the right to suspend work in concert with his fellows—in other words, to strike—because the law recognizes his right to strike. In this particular instance he has not violated the Transportation Act, not even the objectionable decisions of the Railroad Labor Board, for in the exercise of the right given him by the act he had not accepted those decisions;

If the men lost the strike and were never taken back in a body the worker who returned individually could not claim his former position and the rights incident to it, but if the strike was won or settled and the men returned as a body they were entitled to the restoration of their positions and their places on the seniority roster;

The fact was pointed to that in many previous strikes the returning men had been accorded their former places with seniority.

The Executives' Reasoning

Analyzing in the same way the contentions of the railway executives, they were as follows:

Conceding that the employes had the right to strike, when they exercised that right they ceased to be employes. There is no similarity between the status of a striker and a man on furlough. The rules provide for furloughs and for the preservation of a man's seniority rights during the period of a furlough;

It was the undisputed right and duty of the carriers to employ men in the place of those who had struck, in order that they might discharge their legal and moral obligation to the public to maintain efficient and uninterrupted transportation;

It being the right and duty of the roads to employ men in the places of the strikers, the men so employed were rightful and legal employes of the roads, entitled to all the rights and privileges inuring to railway shopmen under the Transportation Act and the code of rules established in accordance with it. These rules are expressly applicable to all the shop employes of a road, both union and nonunion, and they automatically apply to every new employe the minute he enters the service. Among these rules are those governing seniority. There is nothing in the rules or in the law that establishes the absurdity that a man may abandon his job or position, and at the same time retain any of the rights or perquisites incident to it;

Though it is true that in some strikes the men have been reinstated, this has been done by agreement or compromise between the parties and not as a matter of right in accordance with existing rules.

The President's first recommendation that the strikers be reinstated with seniority was such a compromise proposal, not purporting to reflect his views as to the principle involved in the seniority controversy; but his second recommendation suggested a course in strict conformity with the law and the rules—namely, that the seniority question be submitted to the Labor Board for decision.

From the foregoing synopsis of the respective lines of argument it is evident that the point in issue is one of deep significance both to the carriers and to the labor organizations, not only in its bearing on the present strike but in the handling of future labor troubles.

As this is written the shopmen's strike is still in progress, and thoughtful people are now taking an inventory of the entire railway-labor question, with a view to possible legislation at next winter's session of Congress. That there will be an avalanche of bills of infinite variety is already assured. The question, in the meantime, will have provoked some thought and much oratory in connection with the congressional campaign.

Two Basic Facts

In this discussion there are two fundamental facts that will admit of no difference of opinion. The first is that the railway employes by a general strike involving all or the major organizations, as was threatened in the fall of 1921, can tie up, hard and fast, all the railroads in this country, from boundary to boundary, any time they see fit. All this outburst of conversation that occurs about once a year in regard to running the trains with soldiers is mere vocal exercise. Soldiers can guard trains admirably, but there are very few of them that could operate a train.

We have had a demonstration of what the shop crafts alone can do to choke transportation. Here is a class of employes that the general public knew so little about that they were hardly regarded as railroad men. Really the train and engine men, the engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen and switchmen are the only railroad employes that the public in general considers indispensable to the operation of the railways. It is true that the men who roll the wheels are of first importance in the operation of the trains, but there are other classes of employes, who perform work of a less conspicuous nature, that are essential to the maintenance of traffic. Dispatchers and telegraphers, mechanics, clerks, signalmen, maintenance-of-way employes and others contribute to the safety and efficiency of the modern railroad.

In case of a general strike comprising all classes of railway employes, what chance would there be to recruit a new force, competent in skill and adequate in numbers to keep traffic going? Absolutely none within any reasonable length of time. Enough competent men could be found to operate a few trains, but the traffic and travel that could be handled under such conditions would not be a drop in the bucket. Not only can the railway-labor organizations close down the roads but they can keep them shut down with practical completeness for a long period of time. The public might as well pigeonhole that fact now for convenient reference as go through the process of reacquiring it at enormous cost later on.

To this first proposition let a second be added of equal indisputability. A discontinuance of railway operation in the United States would bring upon the people instantaneous suffering and loss that would be extended and accelerated by each passing day, until it had developed into the most overwhelming domestic catastrophe that ever befell our nation. Such a strike would be a greater economic disaster than was the War Between the States, and it is within the range of possibilities that it would cost almost if not quite as many lives. It is not worth while to attempt to enumerate and describe in detail the inevitable results of a universal railroad strike. The rotting of fruits and vegetables in the fields, the denial of shipment to grain, livestock and other foodstuffs, the shutting down of mines and factories, the unemployment of unprecedented millions of people, the cutting off of fuel supplies to towns and cities, the consequent discontinuance of all sorts of public utilities, the stagnation of all manner of business, the freezing and starving of helpless men, women and children, the spread of disease and death, the hell of crime and disorder—these would be a few of the high spots in the general cataclysm. This picture is not overdrawn, as every man knows who has kept himself informed as to conditions in Europe and tendencies in the United States. It is based on the assumption that the strike would be fought to a slow and unyielding finish, just as the shop strike is now being fought. Of course if it be assumed that the railroad managements, the Federal Government and the governments of the various states took the other horn of the dilemma and fell on their knees before the strike leaders in abject surrender, then the country would escape the dire consequences otherwise in store for it. In that event just what ransom would be exacted would rest largely within the discretion and generosity of the strikers.

The paradoxical feature of this entire situation is that a general railroad strike of the sort here slightly sketched, aside from the incidental violence and disorder, would be perfectly lawful. The violence and disorder, the slugging, kidnaping, beating up and murder might as well be authorized by law, because they are the everlasting concomitants of the thing which is authorized—the railway strike. It is euphoniously said that men strike in order to exert economic pressure on their employers and on the public. The academic theory of the strike is that the employes of an industry, in effect, lay a wager that the industry cannot be run without their labor, and they discontinue work in order to put this wager to a practical test.

Making War on the Public

If a strike stopped at that point it might, indeed, be characterized as an economic contest; but no strike of any considerable proportions will ever halt at that stage. The men remaining at work who are waylaid and assaulted, their wives and children who are harassed and terrified by threats and by attacks on their homes, the laborers who are bombed in the shops, the public whose lives are endangered by wrecks, accidental or superinduced, the carriers whose buildings and rolling stock are destroyed by incendiarism—none of these would define their experiences as manifestations of economic pressure. They are naked and hideous physical force, approximating civil war. As a matter of fact the strike is a blockade, and the blockade is recognized as one of the most effective instruments of warfare. Without pausing to argue about who is responsible for the lawlessness incident to strikes, suffice it to say that one cannot conceive of a general railway strike devoid of a large amount of lawlessness. One might as well talk about sunshine without heat or rain without moisture.

The truth is that this alleged right to strike, this system of making war on the public in order to settle controversies with the railroads, is politically, morally and economically unsound. The continuation of such a system is not to the advantage of the public, the carriers or the employes. It will not be creditable to the legislative branch of our Government if a condition so fraught with possibilities of industrial disturbance and political revolution is permitted to survive. It will be impossible to enact effective legislation that will not arouse the antagonism of one or both of the interests involved. It is, however, perfectly feasible to strengthen existing laws in a way that will guarantee substantial justice to the carriers and employes and protect the rights of the American people.

There are certain basic principles upon which such legislation must rest.

The 110,000,000 people of this country, the producers, shippers and consumers are as a matter of right entitled to efficient and fair-priced railway transportation, and as a matter of self-preservation they must have it.

Although the railroads are privately owned and operated, Congress has time and again asserted its power over interstate commerce to protect the public against imposition and discrimination upon the part of railway managements, and the Supreme Court has upheld such legislation. By the same token Congress may intervene

(Continued on Page 106)

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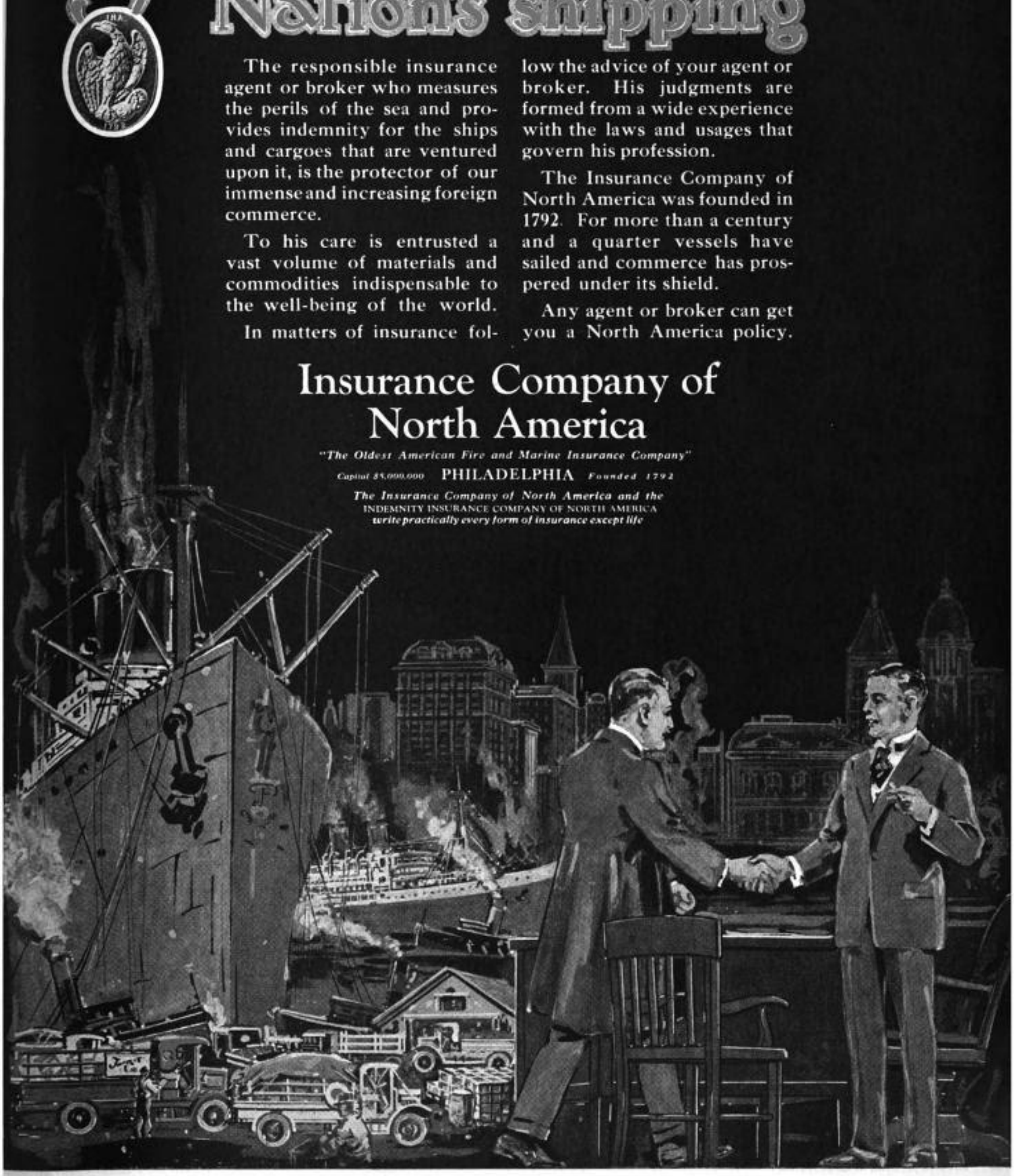
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(Continued from Page 104)

with statutory enactments requiring railway employes to refrain from interruptions of interstate commerce destructive of the property and lives of the people.

There rests upon the shoulders of railway managements and of railway employes a public trust—the duty of furnishing to the people efficient transportation.

Railway strikes and lockouts must be made unlawful, and impartial punishment must be prescribed for violations of the labor laws by either managements or men. The exceptional railroad managements that have stood with extended hands to receive all favorable decisions from the Railroad Labor Board, but have contrived methods of evading unfavorable decisions, must, in justice to the employes and to the public, be brought sharply to account and made as amenable to the law as the humblest section hand.

Trial by Combat

It is merely a piece of fallacious rhetoric to say that an antistrike law in the railway industry would establish involuntary servitude. No man would have to enter the railway service against his desires in times of peace, and when he did enter he would know that in a sense he was entering the public service and would therefore be subject to certain limitations and restrictions not applicable to purely private employment. He would be as free as any other citizen to change his occupation whenever he saw fit. He would understand, however, that no organization to which he might belong would be permitted to conspire to wage civil war on society and industry, and to enthrone anarchy in our republic. Civilized states have established executive and judicial machinery as a substitute for guns and bombs to protect the lives and rights of their citizens. The people have reached the conclusion that this gun feud between the carriers and their employes must stop, for two reasons: First because the fatalities are too serious among the innocent bystanders, and second because the damage done by the combatants to each other is a matter of public concern. The time has therefore arrived when the people are compelled to say that the weapons of force and oppression that have sometimes been used by the railroads against their workers must be discarded and that the weapon of the strike, which has occasionally been handled with deadly effect by the employes against the railroads and the public, must be laid aside. This method of adjudicating a civil controversy is a modern revival of the ancient absurdity of trial by combat. The result of that sort of trial was not based on justice but on brute force. The mountain feudist in our own country who resorts to a rifle may locate his adversary, but he does not by that method locate the disputed boundary line over which the trouble arose.

The Court of Force is an unjust court. The strike is not a safe method of arbitrament. A justifiable strike may be lost, and an unjustifiable strike may be won. And then, in addition to the injustice that is wrought by the judgments rendered by the Court of Force, the costs incident to the trial are enormous and they fall with ponderous, staggering weight upon both litigants alike. The strike of the shopmen will cost this country, one way and another, a half billion dollars, but it will settle no dispute, it will answer no industrial question, it will solve no social problem, it will establish no principle of immediate or ultimate benefit to compensate labor for its fearful sacrifice.

On the other hand it will impoverish the participants and will bring vast suffering to the workers in other lines of industry by retarding prosperity and increasing the cost of living. It will tend to defeat its own object by diminishing the ability of the carriers to pay wages.

If, however, Congress is to say by legislation that the carriers and their employes must surrender the high privilege they have heretofore exercised of fighting out their differences and must henceforth submit them to adjudication, then the greatest care must be used to guarantee to both parties a square deal. It must not be forgotten that there has been an insidious propaganda poured into the minds of laboring men through hundreds of publications, spreading the poisonous preachment that every branch of the Government is unjust to labor. That railroad labor has had its full share of this kind of literature can be testified by anybody who has had the opportunity to inform himself.

In legislation on the subject under discussion there should be the least possible ground for complaints of unfairness. Of course it would be a mere waste of time to endeavor to coddle the designing agitator into the approval of any law or policy of the Government, for he could be satisfied with nothing less than the overthrow of the existing order of society. It must be recognized, however, that a large part of the skilled classes of railway employes are essentially conservative men, although the drift of sentiment among them in recent years is apparently in the opposite direction.

In most of the national conventions of railway employes this year strong ground has been taken in favor of the repeal of the labor article of the Transportation Act, and it goes without saying that any move to strengthen the act by the inclusion of an antistrike provision will be vigorously resisted. The employes demand the unhampered right to tie up the railroads whenever they consider it to their own interest. The basic reason of this is twofold: First because they believe that their absolute power to throttle traffic will get them more than arbitration will, and second because the majority of them are advocates of government ownership, and they believe that their unrestricted power to strike will soon force a discouraged and disgruntled public to adopt government ownership. Their first conclusion is erroneous. Arbitration or adjudication of their controversies will net them more cash and comfort than the use of economic pressure will. Their second conclusion is correct. The surest way to bring about public ownership is to demonstrate the inability of the carriers and the Government to save the public from the unbearable harassment of periodical strikes.

One just ground of complaint from the employes against the Transportation Act, as it now stands, is that the carriers have been able to evade and postpone the effectiveness of decisions of the board conferring benefits on the employes, while the employes have no possible means of escaping an objectionable decision except by striking, which is a method too drastic and costly to consider in any ordinary case. The employes are able to point to a considerable number of instances where the board's decisions have not been respected by carriers, though, of course, the great majority of the carriers have loyally lived up to the decisions of the board. In all fairness it must be conceded that the Shop Crafts in particular have borne with commendable patience somewhat exasperating conditions on certain roads. The possibility of such unfairness and inequality should be wiped out so far as it can be done by legislation.

The Right to Organize

Part of the trouble given by certain of the carriers has been due to their aversion to doing business with the labor organizations on their roads. The Railroad Labor Board has consistently held that the majority of the employes in a particular class have the right to select their own representatives for purposes of conference and negotiation and to appear for them before the Labor Board.

The Transportation Act recognizes the right of the railway employes to organize, to function as organizations and to bargain collectively. It may be that if the statute were made a little more clear and emphatic on this point a few hard-boiled executives with archaic ideas of labor would cease to give trouble. Perhaps, after all, they serve a useful purpose in preventing the world from moving too fast. They offset some of the more radical labor leaders, whose normal gait is running away.

The time has passed when men can accomplish important or permanent results by antagonizing the right of labor to organize. The biggest question in the world today is not how to crush and destroy organized labor but how to curb and restrain its excesses. There is no place in this country for the maudlin idea of the parlor socialist that any demand of labor must necessarily be a just demand. It may be or it may not be. Labor, with its highly sensitized class consciousness, does not always reason along straight lines. It often gives no heed whatever to the rights of those outside the ranks of its own organization. This thought serves to recall a conversation alleged to have occurred among a small group of railway executives who were discussing the doings and misdoings, mostly the latter, of certain labor organizations. One of them indignantly said, "Why, they have tried to run my road; they have demanded enormous increases in wages, vacations with pay, and soft-snap working rules." One of the other executives, after a few contemplative puffs on his cigar, replied, "Yes, my main objection to those fellows is that they are so damned much like us."



The public should accord just recognition to the fact that labor unions must be credited with a considerable part of the advancement of labor in the acquisition of just wages, decent living conditions and all that makes life worth while. A contribution so vital to such a large section of mankind is a blessing to the world as a whole. It must likewise appeal to the composite sense of justice of the people at large that, if railroad labor waives its right to strike or is by statute declared to possess no such right, to the end that railway service may be rendered more stable and efficient, then the public, through the agencies that deal with the question, must make sure that railway employes lose no advantage or benefit by this new requirement.

Services Performed

Many people who have heretofore given the subject but superficial thought have committed the error of advocating a wage for railroad labor based upon labor in outside employment with which it is not fairly comparable. The public estimate of a just and reasonable wage for railway employes should give full weight to the training and skill required, to the degree of responsibility and to the hazards of employment. A just public will also remember that the train and engine men perform work which affords opportunity for only the slowest promotion, which does not fit a man to pass readily into some other line of business, and which separates him from his family a large part of the time.

The railway labor organizations might think that their usefulness was at an end if they were denied the privilege of fighting, but this is not true. It is the same thought the German Kaiser had—namely, that he must have a war, otherwise he was all dressed up with nowhere to go. The labor organizations render service of incalculable value to their membership entirely aside from striking and threatening to strike. This country is full of flourishing organizations of many kinds that serve their constituents to splendid advantage in a peaceful way.

When railroad labor is given, as it is under the Transportation Act, an equal voice in the fixing of wages it should be satisfied. Public sentiment cannot be brought to approve any system that concedes to railroad labor, to all practical intents and purposes, the exclusive power to fix its own wages. Such an autocratic power over the railroads, the key industry of this country, will ultimately result in the oppression of the people and set in motion forces likely to subvert our free institutions. This, however, is the power which railroad labor now possesses under existing laws and conditions, and it is only a question of time until an effort will be made to exert it, unless there is wise and conservative legislation to prevent. Such an eventuality would bring no greater disaster to anybody than to labor itself.

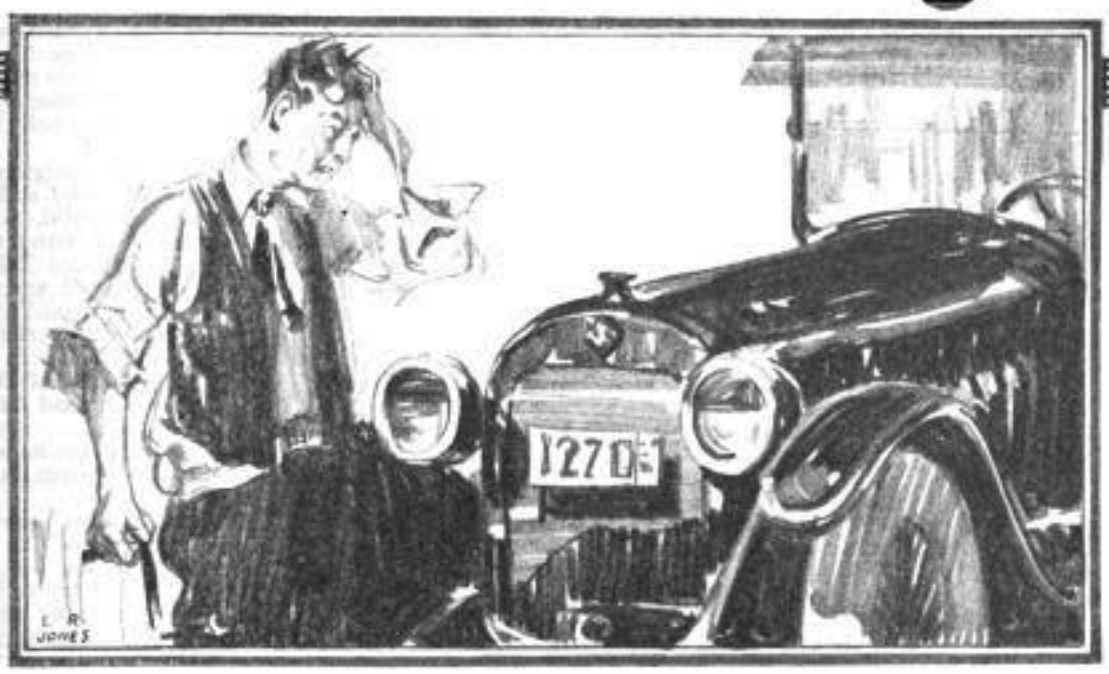
Our people should not temporize with this question. It is too vital and too far-reaching to admit of partisan bickering.

The Transportation Act of 1920 was a long stride in the right direction. Results have justified its enactment but uncovered its fatal weakness. Its provisions should be clarified where necessary to the safeguarding of the rights of all concerned, and, above all, they should be made mandatory and enforceable. Then, if abuses develop in the administration of the law, let the ballot box be resorted to for redress.

This is a problem that cannot be solved by stagnant hesitation or timid retrogression. It calls for a forward movement.

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On the Morning You Find Your Battery Dead!



Think Well! Recall What You've Learned About Battery Endurance—and Buy as Your Judgment Has Already Told You

Like every other motorist, you sooner or later have this experience: Some morning you open the garage doors, climb into the car, step on the button—*and nothing happens!* Your battery has died in the night.

But why be resentful toward the battery? Rather, dig out the facts and conclusions about batteries you have "filed" in the back of your brain for just such an emergency. You'll probably find they run like this:

"My battery *does* have a hard life. I *do* need the strongest battery I can buy. The Willard Threaded Rubber Battery *does* give longer continuous service at less cost per month and per mile. Its use as standard original equipment by 202 makers is *overwhelming* evidence of quality. On these grounds I have decided the only battery for me is the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery!"

Having once decided, are you going to let expediency, price, or last-minute weakness swerve you when your battery suddenly dies and immediate action is needed? Or are you going to fix that decision *now* with rivets driven through and clinched on the other side?

202 Makers of Cars and Trucks Use Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries as Standard Original Equipment

Acason
Acme
Advance-Rumely
Ahrens-Fox
All-American
Allis-Chalmers
American
American Beauty
American-LaFrance
American-LaFrance *of Canada*
Anderson
Apex
Armleder
Atco
Atterbury
Austin
Avery

Bell
Belmont
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Betz
Biddle-Crane
Bollstrom
Brown
Bridgeport
Buffalo

Canadian Briscoe
Cannon Ball
Capitol
Carroll
Case
Chevrolet
Citroen
Clydesdale
Cole
Collier
Colonial
Comet
Commerce
Commodore
Consolidated
Corliss
Crawford
Cunningham

Daniels
Dart
Davis
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Defiance
Denby
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Diamond T
Dixie Flyer
Dodge
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Drake

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H C S
Hahn
Halladay
Hatfield
Hawkeye
Henney
Highway
Holmes
Holt
Huffman
Hupmobile
Hurlburt
Huron

Imperial
Independent
Indiana

Jewett
Jordan

Kalamazoo
Kelly-Springfield
Kimball
Kissel
Koehler
Krebs

Landa
Lease
Lewis-Hall
Lexington

M H C
Maibohm
Marmon
Master
McFarlan
Menges
Menominee
Mercedes
Merit
Meteor (Piqua)
Metz
Miller
Mitchell
Monroe
Mor-Powr
Mueller
Mulford

Napoleon
Nash
Nash Six
Nelson
Nelson-LeMoon
Noma
Norwalk

Ogren
Old Hickory
Oldsmobile
Oneida
Oshkosh

Paige
Panhard
Parker
Parrett
Paterson
Peerless
Peugeot
Phianna
Piedmont
Pierce-Arrow
Prado
Premier

R & V Knight
Rainier
Raleigh
Renault
Reo
ReVere
Richelieu
Riddle
Robinson
Rock Falls
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Stanley
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Stutz

Tarkington
Thomart
Tiffin
Titan
Towmotor
Traffic
Transport
Traylor
Twin City

Ultimate
United Motors
Ursus

Velie
Vim
Vulcan

Waltham
Ward-LaFrance
Ware
Werner
Westcott
White
Wills Sainte Claire
Wilson
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Willard THREADED RUBBER BATTERY

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POBBLE & CO.

(Continued from Page 5)

brown, noncommittal face of his son. Once he almost started to ask a question, but stopped himself, and instead pushed across the table a box of his own very excellent cigars. Scott half reached, then drew back his hand.

"No, thank you," he said shortly.

Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., went on reading. It did not occur to him that the tight squareness round his son's determined chin resembled the tight squareness round his own. He rubbed his hand down over his face with the familiar squeezing motion, and muttered to himself that Scott was an obstinate young cuss.

III

THE first lesson by J. Scott Manning, Jr., to Miss Ellean Pennington on the subject of The Pobble Perfect Memory System took place the next evening in the Pennington library. Scott sat behind a vast mahogany desk with brass fittings and huge brass knobs on all the drawers, like so many brass knockers; before him lay a copy of the de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System. A little to one side sat Miss Aurelia Pennington, correctly perpendicular in a stiff-backed chair; and directly opposite was Ellean, in dull blue, sunk in the depths of a great easy-chair, with prim toes barely touching the floor, and mischief in her eyes. Scott felt, as he looked at them over the desk, as if he were intrenched behind all the respectability of a thousand years of Penningtons.

"Well," said Ellean at last, "why don't you begin? I'm waiting to have my memory perfected."

"Yes," said Scott; "yes."

Then he cleared his throat and began.

According to Miss Aurelia's request he gave first a recitation, forward and backward, of the one hundred simple words on which The Pobble Perfect Memory System was based.

He said that association was the great thing. Then he repeated what he had said the day before to Miss Aurelia about the hat and the heart, and continued his instruction into the realms of the bow and the cup and the cow and the cradle, which immediately followed.

"There are various ways of strengthening the association," he told them, "and thus of fixing the image more firmly in the mind. One of these is by exaggeration. If, for instance, you find it hard to remember your picture of a hat, you can increase its size. You can imagine the hat the size of a house. You can go even further, and imagine it the size of a cathedral."

"If my hat was the size of a cathedral could I trim it with the Leaning Tower of Pisa?" asked Ellean.

Miss Aurelia frowned, but Scott beamed all the way up to the unregenerate lock of hair on the top of his head.

"Exactly!" he said. "You have the idea perfectly, Miss Pennington."

He wondered whether her eyes were really black or whether they only looked black in the shadow.

Miss Aurelia's severity relaxed when she found that, after all, Ellean had said something not altogether disgraceful.

They passed then to some of the simpler applications of The Pobble System.

Scott explained how, when the one hundred perfect Pobble pigeonholes had been constructed in the mind, anything to be remembered could be safely placed therein. He showed how easily shopping lists could be remembered. He said that if they wished to buy a bottle of ink and a lead pencil they could place the ink in the hat pigeonhole, and the pencil in the heart pigeonhole—that is, they could fix two pictures in their minds—a hat full of ink, for instance, and a lead pencil writing "I love you" across a red valentine heart.

He wondered why he liked to look at Ellean, as he talked, better than at Miss Aurelia. He decided that it was because he was employed to give lessons to Ellean.

Then he touched lightly on the methods of remembering numbers.

"I'm worst of all at remembering numbers," Ellean said. She shook her head sadly, as if in contemplation of some grave physical infirmity, but her eyes danced. "I'm just always forgetting. I think the prices of things are quite small, you know, when I buy them in the shops, and when the bills come in they're so big—you've no idea! And last month I got all mixed up, and added two ciphers right onto the end of my allowance. You wouldn't think it would make any difference, but it did. Didn't it, Aunt Aurelia?"

Miss Aurelia did not answer. She wore the look of one who suffers in silence.

Scott wondered why, when he looked at Ellean Pennington, he always thought of wood elves dancing on a green. He decided that it must have something to do with association.

"I know just how you feel," he said. "I used to be a little like that too. But I haven't had any trouble that way since"—he groped for perfect truth—"since about the time that I got interested in The Pobble Perfect Memory System."

"Really!" said Miss Aurelia with satisfaction.

Then they went on with the numbers. Scott taught them that some numbers lend themselves readily to the method of association by phrase. He said that they could remember 17,771 by thinking of a man with a shovel. When the man was seventeen he began to shovel, and when he had worn out seven shovels he was seventy-one.

He said that they could remember 12,934 by pretending that a man was waiting at a railroad crossing. He began to wait at twelve o'clock. When he had waited for ninety-three trains it was four o'clock.

But most numbers, he said, were remembered by association with the original list of one hundred words. Each word stood not only for itself and its own pigeonhole but for a number. By remembering the words it was easy to recall the desired number.

Thus crocodile pudding might mean $9631. But crocodile pudding in a bath tub meant $9631.14.

At the unfolding of these details Miss Aurelia Pennington looked pained but interested. Ellean looked interested. Then suddenly without warning she jumped up from her chair.

"I've sat still till I've got prickles," she announced, "and I won't be perfected any more."

She ran round the desk and pulled the de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System out of Scott's hands. Then with a firm thumb and forefinger she pressed down the lock of hair that rose from Scott's blond head toward the respectable Pennington ceiling.

"You ought to use Slickum!" said Ellean Pennington.

And there ended the first lesson.

The next night found Ellean in riotous mood. She met Scott in the drive when he came. His joy, however, was short-lived.

"Oh, Gib! Stan!" she called in her high clear voice. "Come here! I want you to meet my book-agent friend."

Scott, very red and uncomfortable, found himself being introduced in turn to Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker. It was no surprise to Scott afterwards to learn that Mr. Gibson Mylls belonged to the Brandlewaite branch of the Mylls family, which in age and respectability was second only to that of the Penningtons. Mr. Mylls was a dark, pale, bored young man, with a habit of touching his mere-smear mustache with an affectionate forefinger. Mr. Barker, on the other hand, was the sort of person who ought to have been an advertising manager. And perhaps he might have been if his American mother had not succeeded in marrying a foreign fortune. Miss Aurelia Pennington was obsessed by the fear that Mr. Barker was not quite a gentleman. Mr. Barker was accustomed to say that when he wanted anything he went after it, and when he went after it he got it. And when he had said this he would put out his hands in a curious gesture, palms upward, as if he had just tossed up the universe and were going to catch it when it came down.

Scott decided that he did not like either Mr. Mylls or Mr. Barker. A few minutes later he liked them even less.

"Come on," called Ellean gayly. "Time for lessons in perfection! Come, Aunt Aurelia! Come, everybody! Stan and Gib are coming too," she explained to Scott. "They've both got awful memories. I collected their fees, and they're both going to buy Pobble books, so I knew you wouldn't mind. Did you sell a lot of books today, Mr. Manning?"

"Quite a lot," said Scott.

He had never been so miserable. It had been bad enough the day before to sit behind the great Pennington desk, under the eye of Miss Aurelia Pennington, and feel Ellean laughing elfin laughter at him from the depths of an easy-chair. But it was infinitely worse to have her laughing at him openly with the despicable Mr. Gibson Mylls and the detestable Mr. Stanley Barker looking on.

They filed into the library. Ellean sat in the middle of a long sofa with Mr. Gibson Mylls beside her on the right, and Mr. Stanley Barker beside her on the left.

"Come, teacher," she said, "let's begin."

"Ellean!" said Miss Aurelia. Then she turned to Scott.

"You promised to take up the subject of remembering names tonight," she reminded him. "But I do wish that first you would just run through that list of words once more. Mr. Mylls and Mr. Barker haven't heard you."

"Certainly," said Scott savagely.

He picked up the copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System on the desk, and laid it open before him with such violence that he broke the de luxe limp-leather binding.

Then with his eyes fixed on the interested respectable face of Miss Aurelia Pennington he recited the simple list of one hundred words—forward and back. When he had finished he said that here, as well as in other things connected with the system, everything depended on association.

"It is futile," he told them steadily, "to try to remember a name merely by repeating it over and over to yourself. It must be connected in your mind with some specific train of associations by which it may be recalled at will. The association may have to do with the person's appearance, or his profession, or with some generally known manufactured product, or with some character in fiction, or ——"

"Can you give us an example?" asked Miss Aurelia. "I thought your examples yesterday were so helpful."

"Yes," said Scott, "I can. Take Mr. Baer. Perhaps he has gray whiskers and you associate him with a grizzly bear; perhaps he has white hair and you associate him with a polar bear; perhaps he is a negro and you associate him with a black bear."

"And perhaps he is bald and you associate him with plain bare," said Ellean promptly.

Scott paid no attention.

"Take Mr. Patch," he said. "You can think of Mr. Patch sitting up in bed with a patch over his eye, and a patchwork quilt over his knees, eating a bowl of Patch's Sugar of Milk."

Ellean bounced up and down on her sofa, to the immediate discomfort of Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker.

"Oh!" she cried. "It's a game. Isn't that fun!"

She patted them both indiscriminately on their nearest shoulders, and Miss Aurelia frowned.

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Mylls.

"Clever," said Mr. Barker.

And Scott went straight on.

"Take Mr. Cheever," he said. "Mr. Cheever is a surgeon. A patient will be able to remember him because he comes up to her with a meat cleaver, ready to cleave her, and the sight gives her a cold sheever down her back."

"It gives me a sheever just to hear you," Ellean declared.

She got up with a melodramatic gesture of sheevering and went to stand on the hearth rug. Scott thought that she was very lovely. And still he did not pause. He was intent only on giving Miss Aurelia Pennington her money's worth and making his escape.

"Take Mr. Merriman," he said. "Perhaps Mr. Merriman owns a circus where there is a merry-go-round."

"And perhaps he doesn't," said Ellean.

"Perhaps not," Scott admitted. "You may be able to remember his name, not because it is appropriate, but because it is ridiculous. Mr. Merriman may be an undertaker."

"He's more likely to be a furniture dealer, or something prosaic like that," Ellean said practically. "How should you remember Mr. Merriman if he was a furniture dealer?"

Scott considered.

"Rime is often a help," he said at last. "I should think 'Old King Cole was a merry old soul.' Then I should think 'coal and wood.' And then I should think 'Wood and furniture.'"

Miss Aurelia Pennington bent her unbendable old head in approval of his effort.

"Isn't that the simplest thing you ever saw?" she said.

"Just about," Ellean agreed pointedly. "Now let us do one. You give us one, Mr. Manning."

"Take Sawtell," said Scott obediently. "What does Sawtell make you think of?"

"Sawtell rimes with hell," Ellean murmured.

"Ellean!" said Aunt Aurelia.

Ellean defended herself.

"I didn't say it made me think of hell," she said. "I said it rimed with hell, and it does. Rime is often a help; Mr. Manning said so."

Miss Aurelia Pennington resumed her expression of one who suffers in silence. Scott tried to be tactful.

"You might start with a rime," he said, "and think of William Tell shooting the apple off his son's head, and then telling his son to go and saw wood."

But Ellean hardly listened, because she already had a new idea.

It was characteristic of Ellean to have a new idea before she had finished with the idea before that.

"Let's do our own names!" she suggested. "Gib, what does Barker make you think of?"

Gib touched his small mustache.

"Dog in the manger," he said glumly.

Ellean rebuked him.

"Gib, dear, don't try to be clever," she told him. "You know you can't. Mr. Manning, what does Mylls make you think of?"

"I don't like to say," Scott muttered with admirable self-restraint.

And there ended the second lesson.

Scott drove Mr. Mylls and Mr. Barker home in his excellent new roadster. Ellean said that he would be glad to.

"Gib's got a blow-out, and Stan walked out for the exercise," she said, "so I told them it wouldn't be a bit of trouble for you to drive round their way. It won't, will it, Mr. Manning?"

"No," said Scott.

Mr. Mylls came out and got in beside him at once. Mr. Barker stayed to say another good-by, while Scott ran his motor and fretted at the delay.

"Nice little thing," Mr. Mylls said at last with an inclination of his head toward the house they had just left.

"M-m-m," said Scott.

"Nice old family," he continued.

"M-m-m," said Scott.

Mr. Mylls grew more loquacious.

"Awful lively now," he vouchsafed, "but she'll settle down after she's married."

Something proprietary in his tone roused a horrible suspicion in Scott's mind.

"Are you engaged?" he asked abruptly.

Mr. Mylls touched his mustache.

"It hasn't been announced," he said, "but there's an understanding."

"Congratulations," said Scott shortly.

Then he leaned on the button that sounded the motor horn, and signified to Mr. Barker within that he and Mr. Mylls were ready to start.

Scott took Mr. Mylls directly home. Mr. Barker settled himself comfortably in the place formerly occupied by both himself and Mr. Mylls, and relaxed into conversational ease.

"Clever," he said. "That Pobble System."

"M-m-m," said Scott.

"You've got a gold mine there," Mr. Barker went on.

"M-m-m," said Scott.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Barker grew even more expansive. He pointed over his shoulder.

"I've got one back there," he said not very subtly.

"What do you mean?" said Scott.

Mr. Barker pointed again.

"Ellean," he said. "You know—Miss Pennington."

"Are you engaged?" asked Scott. He felt history being repeated.

"Not exactly," said Mr. Barker. "But—well—yes, practically."

Then he made the curious gesture, with his palms upward, and murmured something about having what he wanted.

(Continued on Page 112)

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A Startling New Discovery About Our Teeth

Did you know that our teeth have millions of tiny openings? Destructive acids enter these tiny openings, causing decay. Remarkable new dentifrice, perfected after seven years' research and clinical observation, fills up these openings—thus solidifying—calcifying—the teeth, and makes it possible to counteract tooth decay.



SCIENCE has made a great new discovery—a discovery which promises to revolutionize present day methods of caring for the teeth.

Up to now, cleaning and polishing the teeth, and stimulating the flow of saliva have been the accepted methods of caring for the teeth.

Now, however, a method has been discovered, and embodied in a delightful tooth paste, which not only does these two things—but accomplishes a result that has never even been attempted in the dentifrice field.

This new discovery effectively counteracts tooth decay by actually *solidifying* and *hardening* the teeth!

Why Children's Teeth Decay

The teeth are not solid stones, as is generally supposed. They contain millions of tiny openings. Even the enamel, the hardest tissue in the body, is porous to a surprising degree.

The teeth of children are especially porous. For this reason, they are very susceptible to decay. As they grow older, the teeth should naturally become harder, more solid and more resistant to decay. This solidifying and hardening is brought about by the action of a tooth building and repairing substance in the saliva. The teeth, being porous, absorb the saliva carrying this substance in a carbon dioxide solution. By the simple process of evaporation of this carbon dioxide of the saliva, this solidifying substance is deposited within the tooth structure, and hardens.

Frequently, children's teeth, instead of undergoing this solidifying and hardening, undergo a rapid process of softening and disintegration. The teeth, being porous, will absorb harmful acids, which disintegrate the teeth, just as readily as they absorb substances which solidify the teeth.

Unless the solidifying action of the saliva is sufficient to counteract the disintegrating action of destructive acids, the teeth will decay. This solidifying substance in the saliva is known as calcium phosphate.

Why Teeth Decay During Pregnancy

It is known that the percentage of calcium phosphate in the blood and in the saliva is lower during pregnancy and the period of nursing than at other times. Consequently, the calcium phosphate supply of the saliva available for tooth repair is not always sufficient to replace the inevitable destruction of the teeth, caused by food acids and acid fermentation in the mouth.

The New Way to Prevent Tooth Decay

Hundreds of experiments prove that when the *saliva* is rich in calcium phosphate, tooth decay is rare. On the other hand, when the saliva is deficient in calcium phosphate, tooth decay is extremely common.

Indeed, laboratory experiments prove that when an extracted, porous tooth is treated daily for thirty days with saliva of one free from tooth decay, it undergoes marked solidification, as is shown in the accompanying illustration. (See Fig. II.)

Mr. Ruthrauff believed that, if the saliva of one free from tooth decay had such a concentration of calcifying, or solidifying, substance that a porous tooth could be partially solidified in thirty days, it would be possible to develop a solution of this substance, which would completely solidify a porous tooth. He also believed it would be possible to incorporate such a solution in a tooth paste, which would assist the saliva in its chief function—the calcification of the teeth as a means of counteracting tooth decay.

After seven years of research, in which he discovered how the saliva performs this solidifying—or calcifying—action, he was able to develop a tooth paste which possesses marvelous calcifying or solidifying properties. (Compare Fig. III with Fig. II.)

This product is known as the Calcifying Tooth Paste—ACIDENT.

ACIDENT the Perfect Dentifrice

A number of years ago Mr. Ruthrauff developed and patented a tooth paste which today is universally recognized as one of the most efficient cleansers and polishers of tooth surfaces known. ACIDENT is the culmination of seven years of additional research, and embodies new agencies, remarkable for the quickness with which they clean and polish the teeth. ACIDENT contains no grit or harsh abrasives. ACIDENT is a most delightful dentifrice, with a new, refreshing flavor. It is different from every other tooth paste, and there is a scientific reason for every difference. ACIDENT enjoys the highest scientific endorsement.

Note the Rapid Results

No matter how thoroughly you care for your teeth, you will be surprised at the quickness with which ACIDENT cleans and polishes. If your teeth are sensitive to heat or cold, sweets or acids, you will find that, in a short time, this sensitiveness will disappear as the porous surfaces become solidified or calcified. Calcified teeth acquire a characteristic polish and lustre which it is impossible to impart to soft, chalky and porous teeth, until they have been calcified. For your teeth's sake, and for the sake of your children's teeth, introduce ACIDENT into your home today.

Most druggists already have ACIDENT. If yours does not, fill out the enclosed coupon now, and mail it today. We will see that you are promptly supplied with a large size tube. Once you have used a full tube of ACIDENT, you will always use this tooth paste which counteracts tooth decay.

How ACIDENT Solidifies Teeth



Fig. I. The above is a microphotograph of a cross section of tooth enamel of a naturally porous tooth. Note the dark area. This shows the porous structure. It is this dark porous area that absorbs the acids which disintegrate the teeth

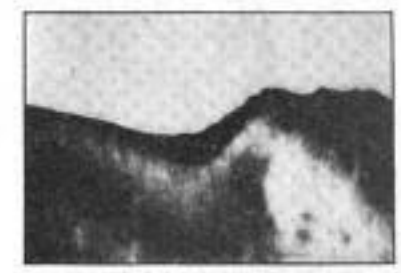


Fig. II. This is another section of the same tooth, which had been treated for thirty days with the saliva of a person free from tooth decay. Note the light area, showing how the saliva has partially solidified the tooth.

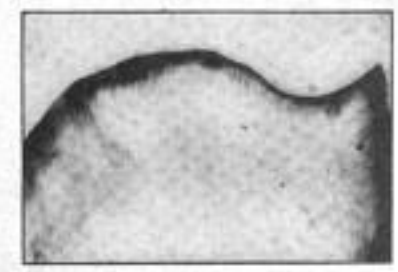


Fig. III. This is a third section of the same tooth, which had been treated for thirty days with saliva and ACIDENT. Note how the tooth has become almost completely solidified, as indicated by the larger white area. This convincingly illustrates how ACIDENT solidifies and hardens the teeth, so as to prevent the penetration of destructive acids.



W. M. RUTHRAUFF CO.
2210 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find fifty cents, for which please send me a large Tube of ACIDENT.

Druggist's Name_____

Address_____

My Name_____

Address_____

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Without exception the internationally acclaimed artists of the New Hall of Fame have chosen Brunswick for which to record exclusively—a tendency so marked in musical circles that Brunswick now is looked to for the premiere recordings of the great artists of today.

That is because, by means of exclusive methods of recording and reproducing, Brunswick brings phonographic music into the realms of higher musical expression. Brunswick records are known as the *clearest in the world*. A difference so great as to be amazing.

The Brunswick Phonograph, presenting a method of reproduction *obtainable in no other make of instrument*, achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult tones," attaining even Soprano High C without slightest mechanical suggestion, "rattle" or vibration.

Hear The Brunswick and you will hear the supreme in phonographic music—a revelation.

BRUNS

PHONOGRAPHS

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The New Hall of Fame *of* Concert *and* Operatic Artists

—a cultural influence which, because of its trifling cost, no mother can afford to deny her children

Because of financial restrictions there may be some advantages which you cannot provide for your children.

But a fundamental appreciation of good music is not one of them. And it, after all, is probably the greatest—the one advantage which reflects itself unmistakably as a mark of culture the world over.

This offers you the opportunity to give it to your children on a common-sense plan. And at so trifling a cost you will scarcely note it.

The New Hall of Fame

World critics have recently acclaimed a New Hall of Fame—great concert and operatic stars of today, succeeding those of yesterday.

Their work represents the musical history of today. Foremost educators are urging its importance as an educational influence in every home where there are children.

Among their recordings are the world's classics, rendered with the marvelous virility of interpretation which inspired great critics to acclaim them.

Now we offer these master recordings on double-faced records—a radical departure from the old "single-face" celebrity records. Each record thus has *two* selections. And by such famous artists as Leopold Godowsky, Danise, Claire Dux, Huberman, Elly Ney, Richard Strauss, Mario Chamlee, Florence Easton, Theo Karle, Williams, Tiffany and others—the great stars of today.

A representative record library—invaluable from an educational standpoint—can be quickly and economically obtained in this way. *A record or two every week and soon you will have one.*

It marks a first step in Brunswick's nation-wide movement, in collaboration with foremost educators and authorities, to place best music within the reach of every American home.

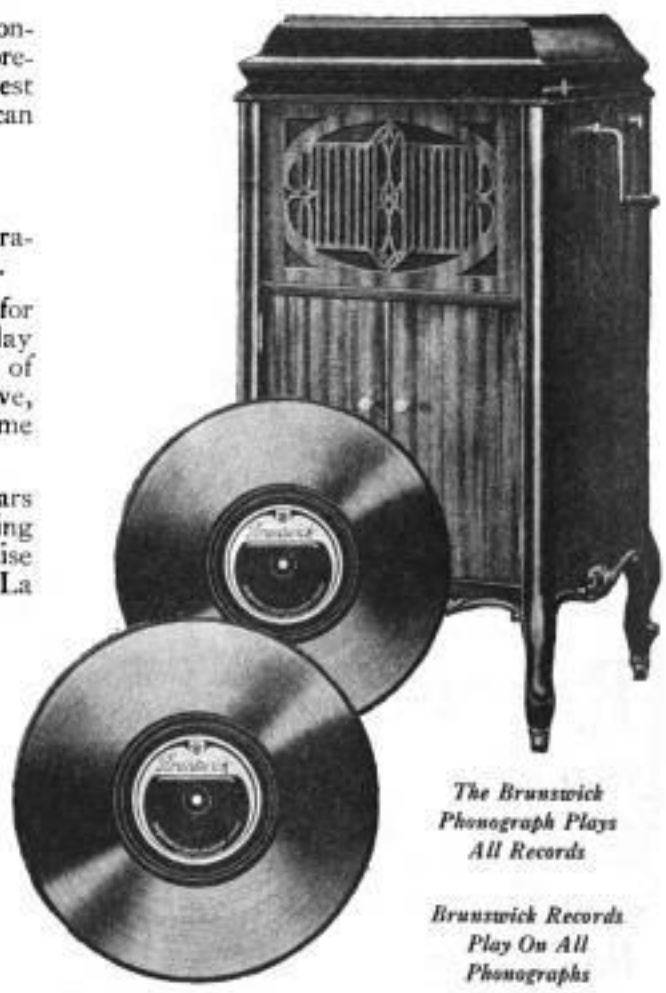
Where to Hear Them

For detailed information and demonstration, see your nearest Brunswick dealer.

All these artists record exclusively for Brunswick. And Brunswick records play on any phonograph. Hence, regardless of which make of phonograph you may have, you can bring the whole New Hall of Fame into your home.

We urge you to obtain all the particulars without delay. Hear Godowsky's amazing pianoforte rendition of Chopin's "Polonaise Militaire," Huberman's soul inspiring "La Capricieuse."

Hear Florence Easton, Danise, Mario Chamlee, the three great stars of the Metropolitan Opera at their best—*on the world's clearest phonograph records*. And let your children *live* with them, so that in later life they can take their place, without embarrassment, among people of broad culture.



The Brunswick Phonograph Plays All Records

Brunswick Records Play On All Phonographs

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(Continued from Page 108)

Scott, driving home alone, was not at all sure what he thought about anything. He did not stop that night to read his father's paper.

IV

MISS AURELIA PENNINGTON received Scott the next night with a very serious air. She said that the system was not working well, and that her niece had disgraced herself.

Ellean was in the library. She was sitting alone in the middle of the great blue tapestry sofa with her head tilted against the high curved back. The dull blue made a perfect background for the clear healthy pallor of her face and the glory of her brown-gold hair.

"Hello, Mr. Manning," she greeted Scott as he came in. "Guess what's happened. I've disgraced myself and you and The Pobble Perfect Memory System. I'm in sackcloth and ashes."

"It's very pretty sackcloth," said Scott.

It was pretty—all smoky grays and misty blues that fell round her in little formless clouds of color when she moved. Scott felt himself distracted by the loveliness of her as she sat there and looked up at him.

"You see," said Ellean, "it was like this: I was going to do some shopping for Aunt Aurelia. I was going to buy some plain handkerchief linen, and some lace, and some ribbon, and I associated them with hat and heart and bow just the way you said. And then on the way I went by a milliner's shop, and in the window was the duckiest hat you ever saw. And I got all mixed up. I knew Aunt Aurelia had told me I mustn't buy another hat this summer; she told me the first of the month. But I thought of hat, and there was the hat; and then I associated it with heart, and I knew my heart was set on it; and then I associated it with bow, and it had the sweetest bow right here over one ear, and streamers that came way to my knees. And so I bought it."

"And so she bought it," echoed Miss Aurelia Pennington.

Then she sat down and began to suffer in respectable silence.

Scott murmured that perhaps when Miss Pennington grew more accustomed to the system ——

The lesson did not go well that day. Miss Aurelia was gloomy, and Ellean was thinking about something else, and Scott was confused in the middle of his choicest examples of how to learn poetry by The Pobble Perfect Memory System, by the recollection of a line that had to do with a nose that was tip-tilted like a flower. He said to himself that he was not interested in the angle of Miss Pennington's nose, or in the curve of her white throat above the dim color of her gown.

But—anyway, the lesson did not go well.

When Scott swung his car up the drive on Thursday evening he saw Ellean sitting on the top brick step that led to the Pennington mansion; it was one of the sorrows of Miss Aurelia's respectable life that Ellean liked to sit on the doorstep. Ellean waved her hand to Scott as she caught sight of him at the bend.

"Hello!" she hailed him as he set the brake and clambered out. "Aunt Aurelia's gone. She says we're to have our lesson together." She dimpled with laughter. "Shall you make me work very hard?"

Scott smiled—his dazzling smile.

"Not very hard," he told her.

Ellean considered, rocking back and forth with her hands clasped round her knees.

"Aunt Aurelia's in disgrace today," she vouchsafed at last when she had decided that it was too good to keep any longer. She leaned forward, at the immediate risk of rolling herself down the steps on top of him. "I think," she whispered, "that that's why she's gone out. You see, this afternoon we were all at the country club, and Doctor Montfort was there—you know, that awful old celebrity that wrote the book about China. He's got whiskers all over his face till he looks like the Australian bush, and what did Aunt Aurelia do but go up to him, and say in this sweet gracious tone, 'Oh, Mr. Baer!' And the joke is that he is a perfect bear. And it was all over the club house in five minutes."

Ellean went off into gales of laughter. Then still laughing she ran down the steps and joined him.

"Come," she said. "I want you to see my rose garden." And she vanished round the corner of the house.

Scott followed, hurrying to keep up with the little figure that danced before him down the terraces and along the respectable garden paths to a low door in a brick wall—and through it into a paradise of old-fashioned rosebushes run wild. Ellean stood in the midst of them, poised, with her arms outstretched and her head thrown back. All in white, as Scott had seen her the first time, with the late sunset light on the brightness of her hair, she was more than ever like some wild wood sprite come out of the tangle of roses.

"Isn't it pretty?" she said. "It used to be mother's garden, and now it's mine, and I don't let anybody touch it."

Then she whirled away from him and vaulted to the flat stone edge of the circular bowl that used to be a fountain. She balanced herself there—lightly—as she did everything, and swung her feet. Scott took an impulsive step forward. Then he stopped—wavered—and sat down on a little garden bench. He tried to say to himself that Ellean was practically engaged to two men already. He wished that she was not so upsettingly pretty.

They decided not to have a lesson that night.

"You know," Ellean was saying a little later—"you know, I think I'd like you quite well if it weren't for just one thing."

"What's that?" asked Scott.

His tone implied that he was willing to make any reasonable change.

"You work so hard," Ellean objected. "I don't like work. And besides, it puts ideas into Aunt Aurelia's head. Now, if you'd believe it, she wants me to go to work. She thinks I ought to have a definite purpose and a moral aim and all that sort of thing. Isn't it absurd?"

"Yes," said Scott.

He felt at that moment that nothing could be more utterly absurd than to ask Ellean to do anything that she didn't want to do.

"And right on top of that," continued Ellean, "I offered to go down to her old settlement house with her and mend a few broken hearts, and she said I was flippant, and wouldn't take me."

"I should think you'd be better at breaking hearts than at mending them," said Scott.

"Heart, hat," quoted Ellean wickedly.

Scott was confirmed in his suspicion that he was being played with again.

"You're heartless," he said unwisely.

"If it goes 'heart, hat,'" inquired Ellean, "does it go 'heartless, hatless'?"

Scott retired into injured silence, and Ellean swung her feet and watched him. No man can hold out forever.

"But I don't see what I've got to do with it anyway," he said at last.

"I told you," said Ellean. "You work. And you're such a serious, earnest kind of man. I hate serious earnest men. That's why I don't like you."

Scott looked at her for a moment in a daze. Then he began to laugh. He laughed till all the little crinkles came round the corners of his eyes, and the upstart lock of hair vibrated in sympathy. In the past Scott had been accused of many things, and had had many defects in his character pointed out, but on the score of seriousness or of earnestness he had never borne reproach. He said as much to Ellean.

"But you work," she accused him again, "when you don't have to."

"I do have to," said Scott.

It was Ellean's turn to look dazed.

"But I thought your father had money enough—only—you liked it—to do this—and—Aunt Aurelia said ——"

"Do you think I like to make a fool of myself?" Scott demanded.

He kicked savagely at the grass with his heel.

"Golfers," said Ellean sweetly, "are asked to replace the turf."

Scott did so. Then he told Miss Ellean Pennington all about himself and his father, and his happy past and his unhappy present, and in particular about the day when his father had puffed his cheeks several times in and out, and whirled round in his office chair, and banged his hand on the desk, and shouted that he could break anything except him, and that when he was through he was through.

Ellean balanced on the carved stone rim of the fountain and listened.

"My," she breathed, "that must have been exciting!"

"M-m-m," said Scott. "Yes. Medium exciting."

"Sometimes," said Ellean, "I most wish Aunt Aurelia would cut me off with a shilling just to see what would happen. But she won't. If she'd been going to she would have before this." Then she laughed. "Isn't it funny?"

"Awfully funny," said Scott.

"You have to sell Pobble Perfect Memory Systems!"

"Yes," said Scott.

Then suddenly she grew serious.

"Do you sell many?" she asked.

"Quite a lot."

"How many did you sell today?"

"Six."

"How much did you make on them, all together?"

"Twenty-four dollars."

"That wasn't much, was it?" said Ellean.

Scott's pride was touched.

"Maybe not," he said, "but it's something. The first week I made seventeen dollars." He smiled. "My luck began the morning that I came here. I suppose you brought it."

Ellean paid no attention. She had already started on a new idea.

"How much does Aunt Aurelia pay you for these lessons?"

Scott looked uncomfortable.

"Ten dollars apiece," he said. "Of course I know they're not worth it. And of course I'll take this one out."

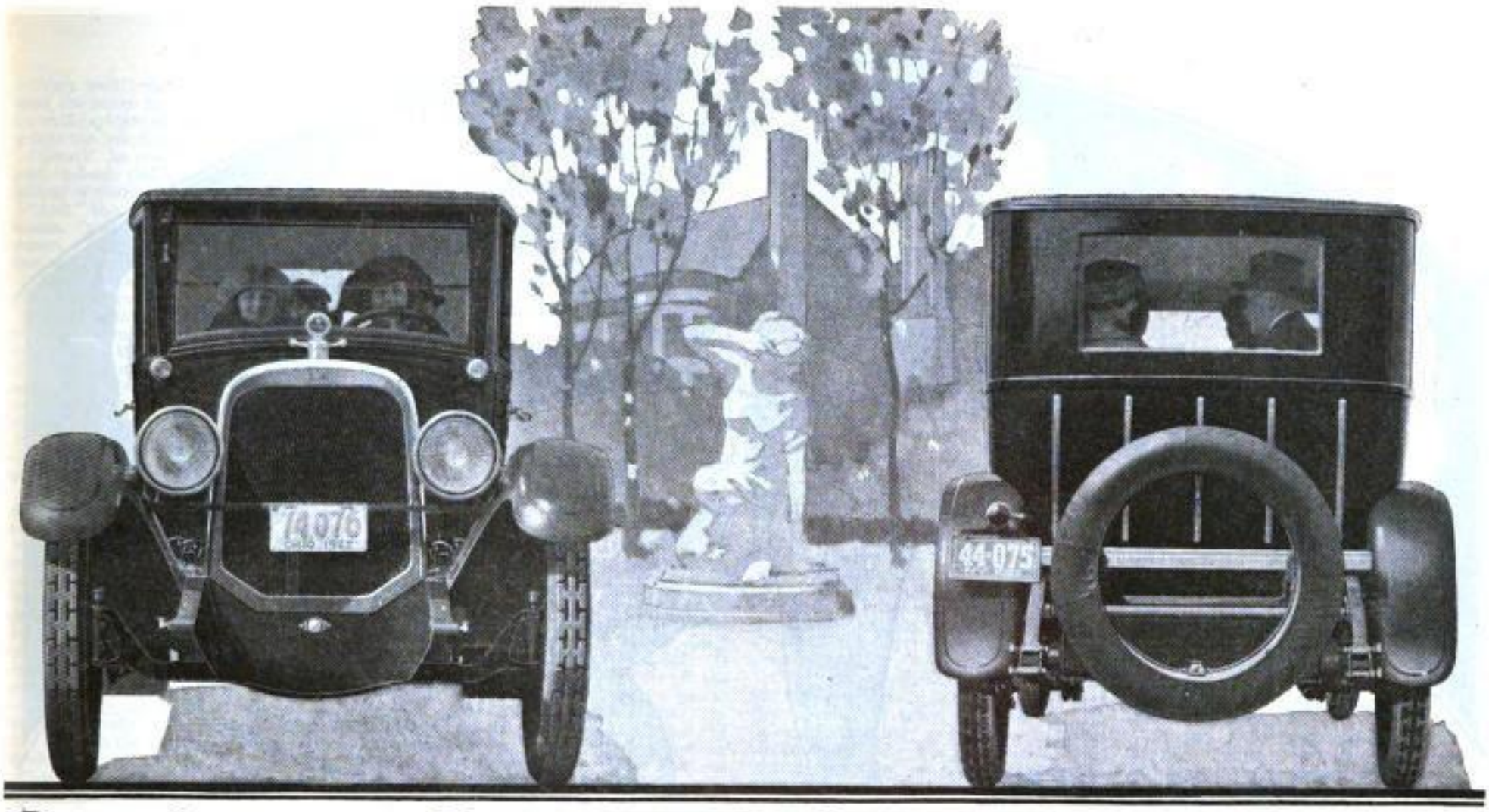
"Pish!" said Ellean in brief imitation of her aunt. Then she flung out her arms in a wide gesture. "Why," said Ellean, "don't you go into it on a big scale?"

And from that moment might be dated the boom in The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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Hanes is made of soft, fleecy cotton, spun and knit the Hanes way. It is cut and tailored for men of all dimensions. It fits your frame snugly, yet easily—just the way you like it—without a trace of binding or pulling.

And Hanes wears and keeps on wearing long after ordinary winter underwear has gone to the rag bag. Every strain point is strongly reinforced. The flat, non-irritating seams hold fast. Fine quality buttons stay put. Buttonholes keep their shape.

Combine these facts with the *five big Hanes features* listed above. Read the Hanes iron-clad guarantee. *Remember that Hanes is sold at a remarkably low price.* Then you'll understand why Hanes is the most popular and biggest selling men's underwear in this country.

Tell your dealer to show you the Hanes winter line. You can select from heavy union suits in two weights. Also heavy-weight shirts and drawers. If your dealer hasn't Hanes write us and we'll see that you're supplied.

For Boys, too—*Just the kind of union suits that real boys yearn for and that mothers like. Made exceedingly strong, comfortable and warm. Heavy weight and extra heavy—2 to 16 years. 2 to 4 years with drop seat. Also, knee length and short sleeves.*

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Next summer wear Hanes full-cut athletic Union Suits!

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THE GREAT MAN

(Continued from Page 21)

"Very well," said she; "in that case I think the police force and the library and the traffic system are adequate. You might include the telephone system."

"Good!" he cried approvingly. "Very good, indeed, dear lady! The telephone system, of course!"

"And," she went on, encouraged by her success, "perhaps a word about American women. They will expect at least a word from so famous a feminist."

"They shall have it," he said; and thereupon the bell rang.

He seated himself hastily at the desk and rearranged some sheets of manuscript that lay upon it. He seized a pen in his hand, dipped it in ink, poised it in midair and motioned to Daphne to admit the interviewer. She did so nervously and tremulously.

"Mr. Wellington?" inquired Peter Gray with a correctly formal smile at the secretary. "This is very kind of you, indeed."

Mr. Wellington put down his pen, rearranged his sheets of manuscript and had the grace to stand up to greet his visitor.

"Won't you come in please, Mr.—er ——"

"Mr. Gray," supplied Peter placidly. "Thank you. I'll be brief and I hope not too banal, Mr. Wellington."

"That," observed the great man, "is extremely thoughtful of you. I have already, as you may have read in your newspapers, commented on your skyscrapers and your sky line. I said, I believe, that your tall buildings marched along beneath the clouds like an army with bayonets."

"Yes," he repeated, pleased with the phrase, "like an army with bayonets."

"Very descriptive, indeed, Mr. Wellington," said Peter. "But what I wanted to ask ——"

"I should like," the other interrupted shamelessly—"I should like to take this occasion to comment on the New York police force."

"Yes; but what I wanted to ask ——"

"I should like to express my admiration for that glorious regiment recruited from all the divers nationalities that have merged into the melting pot called America. It is—well, I think I may call it a foreign legion watching over the land of its adoption. Am I right, Mr. Gray?"

"In a sense, yes," agreed Peter. "But what I wanted to ask was your opinion of the younger American writers—the rising generation of poets and of novelists—and how they compare with their contemporaries in England. That was what I wanted to ask."

"Oh," said Mr. Wellington, and rose and walked to the window, where he stood gazing out at his army with bayonets. Peter addressed his thin back.

"Since you have honored us by coming over here," he said with scarcely perceptible sarcasm, "you have no doubt also honored us by studying our literature. The readers of my paper would value enormously your estimate of the achievement of our writers. Coming from you, Mr. Wellington, it would be almost conclusive. Whom, for instance, do you consider our greatest author—our greatest living author?"

Mr. Wellington turned quickly, with an expression of relief lighting up his sallow long face.

"That," said he, "is easily answered. Mark Twain, beyond a shadow of a doubt."

There was an uneasy silence, during which Peter glanced furtively at Daphne Love. Her flushed face was averted and she was making dots and little triangles on her note pad. A bit of the gilt had peeled off her idol, and she was especially humiliated that Peter Gray should be present to perceive the clay underneath. A certain sort of ignorance is excusable, sometimes even praiseworthy; but there is another sort which is merely ludicrous. But possibly Mr. Wellington had misunderstood the question.

The great man, himself, almost immediately blocked up his one loophole of escape when he queried brightly, "What is Mark at work on now?"

"On a cloud, I hope," said Peter Gray.

Mr. Wellington's pale brows knit themselves into a puzzled and displeased frown. He sensed that there was something amiss; that restrained laughter was in the air; that his dignity was threatened. He felt as a king must feel who suspects that his crown is not on straight.

Peter Gray, to his credit, diverted the subject of the interview from American literature to American women; and here, where he could deal in generalities, the great feminist was at ease. To be sure, he uttered no new truths; he threw no new light on the mooted question of exactly what was woman's *raison d'être;* he furnished no new or conclusive arguments for his advocacy of her complete emancipation. But he hashed up the old ones amusingly enough, with a touch of pepper and a dash of sauce to render the dish palatable and scarcely recognizable as last night's chicken.

And half an hour later Peter Gray left with ample notes in his pocket to make a readable article for the Evening Focus.

"Please," Daphne found opportunity to whisper to him as she accompanied him to the door—"please don't quote him on Mark Twain."

Peter made the great sacrifice of his career and promised that he would not.

III

THE work that Mr. Wellington found for Daphne was interesting enough, perhaps, but was not at all of the sort she had expected. His first lecture, which was one of three to be delivered in New York, dealt solely with England and the English. It was a success, and scarcely a person in the audience suspected that it was not gospel and, as such, authoritative. Moreover, the subject was one of which the audience was so uncertain that it was ready—and quite naturally enough ready—to accept the verdict of an Englishman on his compatriots.

Daphne had little to do with the preparation of this lecture beyond the purely manual labor of transcribing it in shorthand from the great man's dictation and then typing it. The few errors in grammar which Mr. Wellington committed and which she ventured tactfully to correct she ascribed to colloquial carelessness. And so she was satisfied and contented, and once more the idol was all gold; or would have been all gold had she not been troubled by the touch of affectionateness that had somehow or other, and very gradually, stolen into the author's manner. Little pattings of the hand, little pressures of the elbow, little layings of fingers on her knees—all completely innocent, friendly and impossible to resent. Nor did she at first outwardly resent them; but it was with something of an effort that she persuaded herself that this undue fondness for touching her was merely the careless familiarity of a genius, to whom doubtless both mentally and physically she seemed as a child.

But the moment did eventually arrive when she was forced to admit that even if Mr. Wellington thought her a child, he himself was behaving far too much like a grown man—in fact like many absurdly stupid grown men whom she had encountered in her not too shielded existence.

They were outlining his fourth lecture, which was to be delivered in Boston—his second and third had gone not badly in New York—and the author, in an irritated, despondent mood, was pacing the floor. Mrs. Wellington was, as usual, far away and probably silent.

"What shall I say to them?" the great man groaned. "What in heaven's name shall I say to the fools?"

"Why," she answered, puzzled and distressed by his exaggerated petulance—"why, I suppose that what they want to hear is something about—well, about your subject; about contemporary American writers. It's the first time, you know, you've been willing to touch on anything American, and naturally everyone's agog to hear your opinions. Boston is very proud, your manager says, to have been so honored. You remember in one of your first interviews Peter Gray asked you——"

"Peter Gray?" he interrupted. "Who on earth is Peter Gray, and when did he ask me anything? And what did I answer?"

"He came up here to interview you and ——" She stopped abruptly, remembering Mark Twain. "He came up here," she continued haltingly, "to ask you for a word about our contemporary literature, and you answered that the New York police force was superb."

Mr. Wellington eyed her flushed face suspiciously. Was that, he wondered, an American joke that she was perpetrating? He endeavored in vain to recall the circumstances of this interview with Peter Gray. Doubtless he had evaded some question put by the reporter, and if so perhaps he had done it cleverly and the girl was full of admiration for his dexterity. At any rate, she had evidently treasured his reply in her memory. He was aware—he had seen instances of it before—that she did treasure in her memory many of his happiest phrases. He was pleased that it should be so; pleased that so lovely a young girl should hang—very metaphorically, of course—on his lips. He decided suddenly to give expression to his pleasure; and so, confident that she would receive that expression as gratefully as a commoner receives a knighthood from the king, he laid his hands on her shoulders and kissed her on the mouth.

"My dear," he said, "what are you doing this evening?"

She pushed him back from her with a startled but sincerely indignant gasp. She was startled at the unexpectedness of the action, and she was indignant at the manner in which it had been performed and the insolent phrase which had followed it. One did that sort of thing and said that sort of thing, she surmised, on the kitchen stairs. That was the way the footman wooed the chambermaid.

It was not, of course, the first time that she had been kissed; or even the first time that a man had asked her what she was doing that evening; and in more felicitous circumstances she would not have been greatly perturbed by either event. The most emancipated woman in the world, one is sure, does not on occasions rebel at such things; but Daphne had made of Mr. Wellington her idol, and an idol totters and falls when it becomes coarsely human; totters and falls from a height ——

"There!" she said when she found words. "There goes my job! That ends it, Mr. Wellington! You're worse than a—than a stockbroker." She stressed the word "stockbroker" as if such a person were the most contemptible being she could think of; and it is probable that current literature and drama had led her to believe he was.

Mr. Wellington regarded her with pale, amazed eyes.

"The great American bluff," he said to himself. "She's pretending to be coy. She wants a bit of urging."

So he urged a bit.

"My dear," he said, and his arm stole out tentatively once more in her direction—"my dear, you mustn't be angry, you know. Indeed, you've nothing to be angry about. And you mustn't be frightened. You're a stunning girl and I'm very fond of you—very fond of you—and I think, without vanity, that you're fond of me, eh? Come now, be reasonable, my dear. My wife's away somewhere—Boston or San Francisco or somewhere—and we'll have a jolly week together, eh? What do you say? Eh?"

The "ehs" began to grow weaker as he perceived no signs of complaisance in Daphne's manner.

"Eh?" he repeated after a silence, and ventured to pat her back.

She thrust his arm away viciously. Then, without a word—a rare piece of self-control on the part of a woman—she commenced putting on her hat.

"Oh, I say ——" he began, and suddenly lost his temper. "So you're leaving me flat, are you, you damn little fool? That's the American of you, I expect. All you American women treat your men like dogs, and so you think you can treat me like a dog, too. In England we whip women like you."

"Over here," said Daphne calmly as she finished powdering her nose, "we often whip little swine like you."

She was forced to struggle in order to reach the door, and that she did reach it was due mainly to the fact that the great author did not relish having his face scratched.

So there went the first job, and with it an illusion or two and a quantity of face powder.

IV

WHEN fate—or anything else you choose to call it—plays into the hand of a man, that man is scarcely superior to a jellyfish if he does not step in and win the trick. Unfortunate accidents are usually fortunate for someone, and there exist people, even, who benefited by the World War. In similar manner Peter Gray profited by Daphne's loss of a job.

In a very shy, old-fashioned way he had been proposing marriage to Daphne for three years; and she, in a very self-assured, new-fashioned way, had been refusing his proposals with a friendly smile. Great ambitions were in her—laudable enough ones, too—but among them was not that of being anybody's wife or anybody's mother. At least not for the present.

But now that she had been wounded, by the loss both of her job and of her dignity, she turned to Peter as to a surgeon and gave him to understand that bandages and an anæsthetic would not be unwelcome. He responded with creditable alacrity and she told him all.

When she had told it he was sensible enough not to inquire in what way he could help her, but instead he told her in what way he intended doing it.

"I'll get him for you," he said confidently. "He's an ignorant charlatan and a conceited one into the bargain, and that breed make the easiest victims. Remember, we already have Mark Twain to play against him. If he can make a break like that he can make a lot more, and after this I shan't be lenient with him in the Evening Focus."

"No," said Daphne thoughtfully, "I don't want you to be."

She was silent for a moment, and then she said, "While I was his secretary I saved him from making a fool of himself a hundred times over."

Peter glanced at her inquiringly. There lay behind her words, he surmised, something more important than the words themselves conveyed. Suddenly he grasped it.

"Yes," he said quickly; then, rattling his sentences off staccato, he leaped from one inference to another until he reached the peak of the conclusion.

"He can't get along without a secretary. He has just lost his secretary. He needs another secretary to take her place. He is lecturing on American literature, but knows nothing about it. It rests with his secretary whether he gets away successfully with his bluff or not. We prefer that he should not. Therefore I shall become his secretary. Yes, Daphne, I think that should be comparatively simple. Where's his next lecture to be held?"

"In Boston," she answered.

"Ah?" queried Peter. "In Boston. That should be fun. Yes," he added with crescent malice, "that should be fun, indeed. I'll run downtown and speak to the boss about this new job of mine; tell him I'll give the readers of my column something worth while reading for once, and I'll get him to write me a letter of recommendation. You know the kind—sober, industrious, willing, honest, fond of children, willing to travel, and so forth. Then I'll get some more letters from—well, from various sources where I've a slight drag, and armed with these I'll rush into the Beldmore and up to F. P. Wellington's rooms. And, my dear, I'll land the job. Watch me! Watch my work! Good-by! I'm off!"

She called him a treasure and he was off.

He was extremely active the rest of that day, scurrying in and out of impressive offices, collecting impressive testimonials as to his character and ability. Men disgracefully rich and men amazingly famous had had occasion to make use of his services in the past, and now he didn't hesitate to ask a favor of them. A banker, an editor, a senator, a publisher and a bishop asserted on paper that he would be the ideal secretary for Mr. F. P. Wellington; and when the sun set, somewhere apparently in New Jersey, Peter Gray was the best recommended young man in New York.

The next morning found him once more waiting Mr. Wellington's convenience in the lobby of the Beldmore; and this time he waited all of an hour. It seemed that the great author was already considering applicants for the secretaryship, and since almost everyone considers himself or herself capable of filling such a position, the waiting line was a long one.

When Peter was finally admitted to the presence he found Mr. Wellington exhausted and harassed.

(Continued on Page 118)

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(Continued from Page 115)

"Another!" groaned the author, his haggard face sunk in his beautiful hands.

"Yes," agreed Peter, "but the last. I'm the man you're looking for."

"You are, eh? Well, we'll see. Spell 'syllable.' That's my first test and I can generally show them the door after it."

"I'll spell 'syllable' as often as you want, sir," said Peter, "as soon as you've glanced at these letters of recommendation."

"Give them here," commanded the great man wearily. He took them from Peter's hand, removed them from their envelopes, aligned them on his desk, cast a brief look at their signatures, read one of them through and then raised his head.

"I've heard of your banker friend," he said, "and of your publisher friend. The editor, the senator and the bishop are of no importance. Do you know anything about contemporary American literature?"

"I write it," answered Peter.

"I see," said Mr. Wellington; "but you're up on all the other chaps as well?"

"I know them personally," said Peter; "but of course I don't read them. I write about their books, though."

"You do, eh? Well, I've got to talk about their rotten books."

"Then," said Peter, "I'm your man."

"I expect you are," admitted Mr. Wellington reluctantly; "I expect you are. Well, you're engaged."

V

THE lecture delivered in Boston by Mr. F. P. Wellington on contemporary American literature will linger long in the memory of Bostonians. Probably not since the appearance on the platform of Edgar Allan Poe have the residents of Back Bay been so horrified and their chaste mentality so outraged. But, as Peter Gray was at some pains to explain later, the fault lay perhaps with themselves in that they expected too much of Mr. Wellington. Like Daphne Love, they had striven to make an omniscient, infallible idol out of merely human clay. It was, therefore, both unfair and unreasonable to blame the idol when he cracked.

He cracked in the presence of half a thousand of the most cultured minds in the city of culture; he cracked in the sight of perhaps four hundred pairs of eyeglasses resting on cultured noses; he cracked in the midst of hisses emanating from lips which had never before tasted the sweet satisfaction of hissing.

"The lecture was all Wellington's own," Peter Gray said afterwards. "I had no hand in it except to let him deliver it as he wrote it or, rather, as he dictated it to me. I made absolutely no corrections, additions or subtractions; I let it go uncensored, for it was my belief that the great American public desired to hear F. P. Wellington and not his private secretary. There is only one portion of the lecture—and that a very small portion—for which I claim any credit at all. I refer to the introduction. It consists merely of a short paragraph, but I like to think that it is as felicitously phrased as the rest of the amazing masterpiece; I like to think that it blends with and is almost worthy of the work of the master himself."

Peter, in this modest disclaimer, told the exact truth. Mr. Wellington—at Peter's suggestion, to be sure—had in three days read one book of each of six young American writers. It is unnecessary and would possibly be libelous to enumerate the six, although anything that Mr. Wellington said to disparage them doubtless redounds to their credit. Having accomplished this notable feat of literary gormandizing, the great man felt himself completely competent to deal with his subject.

"They're all beastly trash," he pointed out, "and anyone can call trash by its name. I'll put in a bit of sugar here and there to sweeten the pill and we'll go for them good and proper. In any case I expect these Bostonians won't understand what I'm talking about. They're rather provincial, eh?"

"Well," answered Peter gently, "they don't think so of course."

Mr. Wellington smiled his comprehension and commenced dictating. He dictated for two days. When the great work was finished he said to Peter:

"Now I leave it to you to write me an introductory paragraph—something local, you know. Anything you please, only I suggest you make it informal, colloquial—hail fellow well met, you see."

"Yes," said Peter, "I think I see. You give me a free hand, sir?"

"Certainly, certainly; anything you like. Finish it up this evening if you can. I'm off to dress."

And so Peter, with carte blanche and a clear conscience, wrote the prefatory paragraph, the authorship of which he did not disclaim.

I shall quote it in full, as printed in the Boston Evening Transcriber; but to judge of its effectiveness one must first visualize the scene of its rendition; one must see with one's inward eye, as Wordsworth would put it, the crowded auditorium, filled with expectant, somberly clad men and expectant, brightly clad women, come as reverently as they who of old came to Delphi; one must imagine the stage, with the chaste speaker's table, bearing its pressed-glass pitcher of ice water, standing in the center; one must conjure up the solemn semicircle of chairs back of the speaker's table, freighted with thin whispering men and fat whispering women, all of them alert, eager and ludicrously conscious that they were being watched; and finally one must see Mr. Wellington himself as he steps forward, immaculate, to bow to his disciples and to display his beautiful hands. Self-assurance unlimited and a sort of benign condescension mark the great man's manner. He is like a father preparing to talk to his children on a subject which he trusts will not be beyond their young comprehension; he is like a god—a minor deity perhaps—discoursing to favored mortals; he is like, in short, an English writer—a minor writer perhaps—addressing an American audience.

He fingered the sheets of his manuscript with his cherished, slim fingers and there descended over the auditorium a dim, holy hush. He moved the water pitcher half an inch to the left and the glass a quarter of an inch to the right, and he cleared his throat unobtrusively. He glanced comfortably about the house—at the orchestra seats, the balcony and more especially the boxes. He smiled a little and fluttered his eyelids in recognition of a rich patroness flying all her jewels. And then he began.

"My friends," he said, repeating the words that Peter Gray had written for him—"my friends, I am glad to be in Boston, for Boston, as your own Noah Webster said, is a small town; but there are those that love it." Here the audience expressed its first surprise by a sound like a universal sigh. "But," the great man continued, "I am aware that even in the smallest and most primitive communities there can and do exist people of culture and of intelligence, and I am pleased to believe that I have before me tonight all of Boston's educated men and women." At this point there were heard among Boston's educated whisperings and murmurings punctuated by an uneasy laugh or two. "I am aware, too, that Boston has endeavored valiantly of recent years to keep abreast of modern thought and modern culture, and for such endeavor I have no praise too high. To strive to overcome your natural disabilities, whether successfully or not, is noble in itself; but what is superlatively noble is the willingness that you have to be taught. I understand that for several years now you have had well-organized and well-attended Browning societies, devoted to the study of that great poet who, since he wrote in English, is yours as well as ours. Shakspere I know you to be already well acquainted with. But let me remind you, lest in your legitimate admiration for the giants of England you forget those of your own soil—let me remind you, I say, that you have here in New England produced a master whose name is heard round the world; a master to whom even we English render obeisance. I refer, as no doubt you have divined, to Walt Whitman, the Sage of Concord!"

Mr. Wellington here concluded his prefatory paragraph—concluded it to the accompaniment of disquieting noises among his audience. That he was unable accurately to interpret the significance of the wave of sound that was borne to his ears was excusable. When a multitude is taken completely by surprise, is staggered, is *bouleversé*, as the French expressively say, its various members react in various ways, and hence utter various ejaculations. Mr. Wellington heard good-natured laughter and he heard ill-natured laughter; he heard ironical jeers and tentative hisses, the latter of which he was at liberty to take for merely a demand for silence in the audience; he heard stamping of feet from the balcony and scandalized murmurs from the boxes.

"A division of opinion," he thought; "they disagree, no doubt, as to the worth of Whitman." And he added to himself, "These Americans seem to take their literature damn seriously."

No attempt will be made to quote the body of his amazing lecture, for it can be read *in toto* in the files of the Boston Evening Transcriber, which, not being a humorous paper, devoted several indignant columns to the affair. As the Transcriber observed editorially, he displayed a surprisingly complete ignorance of American literature either past or present, and this ignorance was rendered in no way more palatable by the fact that his criticism was always bitterly adverse. He brushed aside young America with a contemptuous sweep of his arm.

Bostonians, fortunately perhaps for Mr. Wellington, are brought up to conceal their more brutal emotions. There is little of violence or of unbridled passion in your well-bred Bostonian, just as there is little of slap-stick humor; but there is, instead, a great deal of mental dignity. Things of the mind are taken more seriously probably by a certain class of Bostonians than by any other important group of people in America, and an insult to the intelligence is resented by them as deeply as a slap in the face. They might have laughed at Mr. Wellington's inexcusable ignorance of his subject, but they could not laugh at the gratuitous insult he offered them in the assumption that they were such fools that he could get away with it.

As the great man proceeded with his series of ludicrous asininities a sullen, concentrated hush of anger descended over his audience like a fog. Had one listened intently one would have heard a clicking of eyeglass cases and a sibilant rustling of wraps, indicative that people were preparing to leave. And then, silently, by twos and threes and fours and more, with flushed faces and angry eyes, the audience dwindled away up the aisles.

From the balcony, where sat some of the redder bloods, came frank, whole-hearted hisses, and finally hoots and cries of "Take him away!" and of "Shut him up!"

A very important personage on the platform rose nervously and reluctantly, touched Mr. Wellington's elbow and whispered something to him in an apologetic manner. The great man, disconcerted at last, was heard by those who remained in the front of the house to exclaim:

"They're behaving like a lot of drunken sailors! The tickets, I expect, were given to the servants."

At that the very important personage forgot his reluctance and his nervousness and replied with asperity, "It is fortunate for you, sir, that the servants brought neither fruit nor vegetables." Then, turning to the half-empty auditorium, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the lecture is at an end. The patrons and patronesses thank you for your admirable self-control. There is scarcely need for me to explain that Mr. Wellington is exceedingly indisposed, and that he will be forced to cancel his future engagements in Boston. Thank you again for your patience—and good night."

And so terminated ingloriously the career of Mr. F. P. Wellington upon the lecture platform in the United States of America.

VI

PETER joined Daphne Love in the lobby. "I, too, have been fired," he remarked; and they looked at each other and laughed. Indignant passers-by regarded them in astonishment. They were fiddling while Back Bay burned.

"It was superb!" Daphne exclaimed.

"It was," Peter agreed. "I gave him the rope and a hook to attach it to and he did the rest himself."

"It remains to decide what his two ex-secretaries will do," she said. "The collapse of a great man always drags down a host of little people with it."

Peter half shut his eyes.

"I seem to see," he said dreamily—"I seem to see St. Thomas' Church on an early afternoon in June. There is an awning from the curb to the main portal, and across the sidewalk lies a strip of red carpet. A limousine, all nickel and black, draws up to the church and ——"

"And another young American woman assumes the shackles," interrupted Daphne.

She held out her hands to him.

"Put on the handcuffs, Peter," she said.

"Light's goin' out," warned the callous gentleman behind the bars of the ticket window.

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SALT CURED

(Continued from Page 17)

sunrise until Ladies Cañon and Rock Creek are passed. Then up Jay Bird Gulch until the land begins to slope toward One-Eye Creek."

There are no signboards in the hills, and Jim Sin's review of his instructions leaned heavily on lone trees and time-sculptured rocks, the contours and profiles of hills and mountains, earth colors and sky lines; but with all of it painted accurately with long and involved phrases in the Mandarin dialect the overdue Argonaut closed his eyes, content with the belief that no matter where he might hit the trail he would know where he was and could take up his march toward his meeting place with Chang Leu.

On Number 62 out of Sacramento at 2:50 the next afternoon, Jim Sin again sought and found a place in the smoking car where, undisturbed, he might dream along at about three cigarettes an hour until Placerville was reached. Leaving the town, the railroad keeps south of the American River, lying in three or four resolute tangents, marching through a dozen little towns like a line that meant to get somewhere. This directness and resolve begins to falter at Folsom; and there, shunning evil companions and the men who have made enough discovered mistakes to land them in the penitentiary a mile or so above the town, it dives southeast to Latrobe, to begin an irresolute stagger upgrade through the Eldorado hills until it reaches the sanctuary of Coon Hollow and Hangtown Creek.

Number 62 is due out of Folsom at 3:48 P.M., and on the day Jim Sin was aboard she left on time. At five minutes after four the train slowed down to a six-mile rate at White Rock crossing to avoid the messy business of boosting a yearling bull into greener pastures than the ones he had enjoyed around the headwaters of Adler Creek. The animal had been hazed into his appointment with the front end of Number 62 through a jungle of blackberries by an absentee member of the Folsom Penitentiary road crew, and when the train slowed down the good-behavior man, Todd Eggers, swung aboard on the starboard side of the rear platform of the smoking car. He waited here for a little while until the scratches on his hand stopped bleeding and then made his way into the car, where he sat down three seats ahead of Jim Sin.

Blue overalls and an army shirt, a dusty black coat and a faded brown canvas hat, hobnailed shoes with the grain of the leather inside, hands gray with stone dust except for their scratches, sandy hair and an honest face—this was the outside of Todd Eggers, and this much Jim Sin observed in the fleeting glance that he gave the newcomer. The inside of Todd Eggers was half and half kindly damn fool and plain horse thief. He had been handy with a branding iron in the first years of his activities, but the fences and the changing markets had cramped his style and he had reformed to a point where no man might truthfully call him a hair-burning rustler. Horses were different—you could cover the ground with what you got away with and stay drunk a month on the proceeds of one night's work. Horses it had been, but the last one had carried him fairly into the beginning of a ten-year stretch at Folsom. Good behavior had landed him in plain clothes with the road gang, but the roar of a rock crusher and the stone dust that hangs in the heated air around the crusher plant had lost their charm, and now he was free.

When the conductor came through he paid a cash fare to Placerville and smiled an open, honest smile when he explained that he was too late to buy a ticket at Folsom. Men in a hurry leaving Folsom are subjects for close questioning, but the horse thief side-stepped with a quick complaint about his inability to borrow any dynamite from the Folsom outfit for his superintendent at the tunnel up from the Starlight mine.

"Knowed that damn crusher foreman when he was muckin' in the Grizzly Flat country. Now since he gits this job with the state you can't git eatin' tobacco offen him, let alone the lend of a few cases of giant."

The conductor allowed it was hell how these here guv'ment officials swelled up like pestered horned toads when they got on the pay roll.

"Between these here swivel-chair grafters and the civil service a man can't do nothin' but groan an' pay taxes."

The conductor cut the cash-fare slip, cleared his punch with a few clicks like a nervous barber working with dull clippers, and swayed about his business down the aisle of the car. When the conductor had gone the cash-fare passenger wiped a drop of blood away from its source in a deep scratch on his lower lip. He reached into his shirt pocket and hauled out a sack of tobacco and a package of brown cigarette papers. He held the tobacco sack in his left hand while he poured out the tobacco into the creased paper.

Jim Sin, seeing only the lifted left elbow, guessed the rest.

"Lef'-hand man—no good."

He watched the southpaw for a moment. When the tobacco was poured the man lifted the sack to his mouth and clamped down on the yellow draw strings with his teeth. He jerked the sack away, closing it, and on the cotton fabric, above the label and next to the blue revenue stamp, Jim Sin saw a bloodstain as big as a dime.

A mile out of Placerville Todd Eggers swung off the train and dived down the bank into the sheltering underbrush that fringed Hangtown Creek.

Jim Sin, slouched down in his seat, got another eyeful of the hobnailed shoes with the rough outer surface, and a glance at the convict's right hand, gray with stone dust, as it grasped the corner of a car seat to steady the man against the roll of the lurching train. The scratches on Todd Eggers' hands were nothing now but little infected breaks in the roughened skin, marked by dry areas of coagulated blood that showed black against their gray background.

The deeper cut at the left of his lower lip had stopped bleeding, and Jim Sin saw a beauty-spot area of dried blood as big as a dime on the man's chin.

The train arrived at Placerville at half past five, and an hour later, seeking whatever transportation might be available along his route, Jim Sin boarded the northbound stage, intending to ride through Big Cañon as far as the American River, from which point his journey would be resumed on foot.

On the front seat of the stage with the driver were two middle-aged lady hikers from Michigan who aimed to see America first during August, provided their feet held out. A grocery salesman and a photographer occupied the middle seat. Jim Sin was alone in the back seat, and here he would have had plenty of room except that the lady hikers' blanket rolls and a portable stove, three suitcases and a baby carriage crowded him into a corner, where he had to sit straight to keep clear of a sharp section of stovepipe.

At the south portal of the American River bridge a man stepped into the middle of the roadway a hundred feet ahead of the stage. He held one hand high above his head, and the gesture reacted perfectly on the driver of the stage, for in the stranger's hand, silhouetted against the dust-laden foliage, was a blue .45 that answered all questions of the moment.

The driver of the stage slowed his car and stopped. He turned to his passengers and saved the gun-bearing interruption the trouble of speaking.

"Git out an' line up while that bird collects." The driver was an old-timer who knew a hold-up when he saw one in the middle of the road. "Climb down and put your hands back of your heads so your arms won't git tired."

One of the lady hikers, posed according to directions, started to shiver and passed rapidly into a dance that has been prohibited in all American cities of over a million population, and the grocery salesman began a verbal protest that ended with three clicks where the barrel of the stranger's gun swept across his front teeth; but beyond these minor diversions the affair passed off without interruption. It left Jim Sin stripped of his own gun, his cartridges and some loose change in excess of seventeen dollars.

The stranger went through his customers one at a time, personally, with his free right hand. When Jim Sin's turn came to step forward he saw that the stranger's left hand bore on its dusty gray surface little areas of black coagulated blood that partly

Mr. W. C. Malone is a successful grocer in Madison, Wisconsin



The Sherer Patented Counter with display front and drawers in rear for 30 items.

Mr. Malone's hints to other grocers—

"I have found how to keep a clean, neat store. My progressive methods have brought me new trade and kept my old trade satisfied. Some customer tells me this almost daily.

"Until I installed my Sherer counters I was unable to keep my crackers, dried fruits and other bulk food articles in a clean, housewifely way. Boxes, barrels and tubs cluttered the store.

"But not now! My Sherer Grocery Counters with close fitting drawers protect the bulk foods from dust, flies and promiscuous handling. No dusty prunes from my store!

"And the best of it is that samples of these goods are on display under glass, which makes selections easy.

"I explain all of these points to my customers, because our interests are mutual; we both profit."

What do these hints mean to the housewife?

There are more than 70,000 Sherer Counters in use. Every one is in a progressive store, indicating a grocer who gives proper protection to the foodstuffs sold to his customers.

Has your grocer taken these precautions to protect you and your family? If not, he is careless of your interests.

Good housekeeping, good foodkeeping and good storekeeping all urge you to do what you can to introduce into your community this system for the more cleanly handling of foodstuffs.

SHERER-GILLETT CO., 1707 So. Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.
Factories in Wisconsin - Michigan - New York and Canada

Grocers—We have a plan by which you can install a Sherer Counter and pay for it with the money saved by its use. Use the coupon today and learn how—

—more than 2,000 pounds of bulk groceries are within easy reach of one clerk

—more than 30 items are displayed under glass for customer's inspection

—all goods are kept clean and fresh, away from dust and flies and other contamination.

Make more money by modernizing your store and your methods with a Sherer Counter.

A few openings

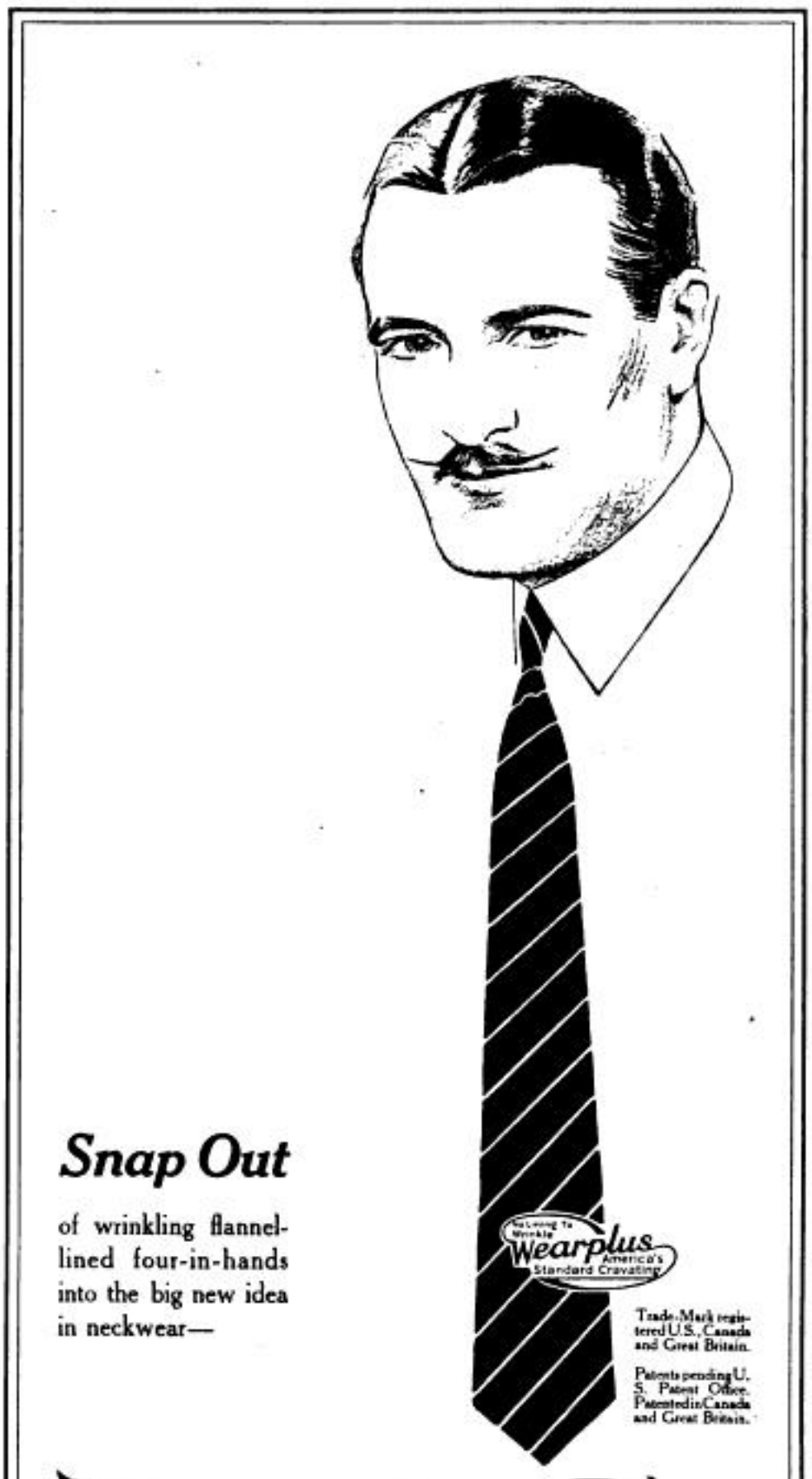
In a few states there are opportunities for high grade specialty salesmen. If interested send full particulars in your first letter.

Sherer-Gillett Co.
1707 S. Clark St.
Chicago

Gentlemen:
Without obligation, we would like to have you send us description of your GROCER'S DISPLAY COUNTER with particulars regarding the many ways in which it SAVES and EARNS.

Name_____
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Coupon Signed by_____

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Snap Out

of wrinkling flannel-lined four-in-hands into the big new idea in neckwear—

Trade-Mark registered U.S., Canada and Great Britain.

Patents pending U. S. Patent Office. Patented in Canada and Great Britain.

Wearplus Ties

Made Without Flannel Lining
Padding or Wadding

The first real improvement in neckwear in a quarter century. Oldstyle flannel wadding replaced by double quantity and quality silk, *double* value, double *wear*. A tie that slides easily, knots neatly, sets snugly—and presses out like new—no flannel inside.

At your dealer's in the nifty new Fall patterns. Three qualities, three prices.

Perfect for the new soft collars—Guaranteed to satisfy or money back

Blue Label $1.00 *Brown Label* $1.50

Wearplus Junior for Boys—Red Label 75 cents

If you cannot get Wearplus Ties of your dealer, *send us his name* and we will see that you are supplied.

Dealers: Send for our six dozen trial assortment.

If not selling profitably at the end of sixty days we accept return without cost to you.

Salesmen wanted—experienced, live-wire neckwear men wanted for several territories.

Standard Neckwear Company Boston, New York

America's Largest Men's Neckwear House

covered a dozen light scratches. The stranger had a blue handkerchief over his face, but Jim Sin knew that on the man's chin, under the mask, any foolhardy investigator could find a spot of dried blood as big as a dime.

"Man is not born with knowledge," he reflected. "To learn is delightful, at whatever expense, but I hope this bandit leaves me my cigarettes."

The stranger left the cigarettes untouched, and when his work was done he issued his first spoken order and walked backward along the full length of the bridge that spans the river. He kept the blue gun well in the foreground during this retreat, and then he was lost in the wooded country upstream from the bridge on the north bank of the river. Five minutes later the driver figgered it was all right to go ahead.

"Git aboard. We're over twenty minutes late now."

Jim Sin hung back.

"I go way here—my cousin he live up river."

"You better not run into that there gun slinger. Chances is he eats Chinks, bones an' all."

"No likee find him. No look see. Lose sebenteen dollah. No lose shoot man."

Half an hour later it occurred to the grocery drummer that maybe the Chinaman was a confederate in the play. He expressed his views to his fellow passengers. The driver of the stage grunted an expression of his contempt and used no words until he reported the hold-up when he stopped at Kelsey.

III

AT THE mouth of Ladies' Cañon, half a mile above the river bridge, Jim Sin built a fire. After it had burned down to glowing coals he raked out enough to make a little foundation for one of his cans of sardines. He set the can on these coals and watched it carefully for the moment when the solder should melt around the perimeter of the lower side of the lid. When it had melted he turned the can right side up before much of the oil had spilled. The contents, heated to an appetizing temperature, formed his evening meal. He walked to the edge of the river and drank deeply from his cupped hands. Then, feeling the first chill of the mountain night, he buttoned his twenty-nine-dollar pinch-back overcoat about him and curled closely about the remains of the fire. He lighted one cigarette before he fell asleep. The day's unusual activities rested heavily upon him, and in his fatigue consciousness faded almost at the instant that the spark died out at the moist end of the cigarette.

At dawn, and the reluctant dawn had lagged until nearly five o'clock in the deep ravine through which the river flowed, Jim Sin breakfasted on a second can of sardines and warmed his old bones about his breakfast fire for half an hour before he resumed his march. He occupied this time in smoothing the splintered end of a stout staff which he had cut with his pocketknife from a clump of willows growing beside the stream.

About a mile below the point where White Rock Cañon joins the main gulch there is a smaller stream flowing in from the north country. At the edge of this dancing water, on the dry shelf of a high-water sand bar, the marcher saw a little tobacco sack. He turned it over with his stick. The sack was empty. On the cotton fabric, above the label and next to the blue revenue stamp, Jim Sin saw a bloodstain as big as a dime. Leading to the left, up the little ravine from where the sack lay, a series of depressions in the sand marked the path of a man.

"Drums and banners mark the path of an emperor," the observer reflected, never halting in his journey. "Good deeds lie along the route of a virtuous man, but accidents advertise the cave wherein hides a thief."

Around the bend two miles upstream he came upon the mouth of Rock Creek and half a mile farther along he turned to the left at Jay Bird Gulch. He threaded his way up this watercourse until he had gained the high ground, and then he began his descent into One-Eye Creek, bearing northeast as Chang Leu had directed.

Halfway down the slope he came upon Chang Leu, and the expectant friend, dressed in a gray coat made of squirrel skins, advanced to meet him. When they were a hundred feet apart Jim Sin heard his name spoken, and then in quiet syllables, in the dialect of the Cantonese, Chang Leu poured forth the words of his welcome, struggling a little now and then to revive his memory of phrases whose elegance had dimmed through long disuse.

"I encounter thee with the delight that is the desert traveler's when he comes upon the verdure of a cool spring. The feast of thy presence appeases the hunger of loneliness that has consumed me through the long years. Come unto my house, letting thy imagination sound the drums that should welcome thee. We shall converse at the banquet table that is prepared for this hour."

The house, walled with a core of plaited willows, whose fabric supported a thick stucco of red earth mixed with pliant reeds, stood in a little grove of pines through which, under miniature bridges and over rock-bound waterfalls, flowed a little rill from its perpetual source in a crevice spring in Long Gulch.

Fronting the house, and forming a setting worthy of the small stream which threaded its course through it, was an area of dwarfed vegetation where splashes of color relieved the drab green of a miniature forest of twisted pine trees. The interior of the largest room of the house was hung with a fabric woven from fine grasses and stained a bright yellow with some vegetable dye, which lent an effect of drenching sunshine to the inclosure. A table, spread with a vermilion mat interwoven with a tapestry of black characters in classic outlines, bore a dozen porcelain platters and bowls, glazed with a blue which matched the patch of western sky that was revealed through the open door. Two smaller vessels of fine workmanship, shaped like libation cups, stood at each side of the table, and these were glazed with the imperial yellow reserved, in China, for the table of the emperor. The cups were filled with a purple wine, and Chang Leu, lifting one, offered it to Jim Sin.

"First of all," he said, "I shall drink with you in memory of the last precious mouthful of water which we drank in our steel prison on that day of death under the sun of the south."

They drank, and Jim Sin noted that the flavor of the wine was not so marked as its immediate reaction. It made him hungry, and when Chang Leu had removed the covers from the several dishes upon the table he fell to, without question, and accomplished a compliment to the food more eloquent than any he could have spoken.

There was a roast goose, preserved since the day of its roasting in a heavy covering of deer's fat. There was venison and a dozen quail and a saddle of mountain sheep. There was bear meat, broiled and spiced, and a rack of mountain lion around which, in contrast, had been arranged a circle of spitted doves. With the repast Chang Leu served two sauces, one a semiliquid jelly made from the juices of half a dozen kinds of wild fruits, the other a distillate of fish blood, tempered with a decoction of the roots of some nameless shrub.

After midday, gorged to a point that must have satisfied the most insistent host, Jim Sin groaned loudly and waved an impotent gesture of refusal toward Chang Leu, who stood ready with the wine jar.

"A final cup to grace this unworthy repast," Chang Leu said, pouring the wine as he spoke.

Jim Sin lifted his cup.

"Home was never like this," he reflected. "This approximates heaven. This, in fact, is the life that is checkered but never dull." He closed one eye and looked intently at Chang Leu. "I owe you a great debt, a number-one-sized debt, for the pleasure I have known since we commenced this banquet. It was a fortunate hour for me when I received your summons."

"And an excellent hour for me when you answered," Chang Leu replied. "You have wondered at the motive back of my invitation. It is this: I am tired of the monotony of life in these hills. I have spoken to no man of my race for more than six years. I have never left my hunting range in all this time; never have I journeyed more than a mile or two in any direction. There has been a little gold in the bed of the stream to the north, but it is gone now. I have it all—three or four pounds of it. I wish to return to the busy streets of the cities where I can earn enough money to enable me to return to China to live in peace until the candle of life is burned down to its base of death. I have resolved to return with you to San Francisco."

"'Coarse rice for food, water to drink and one's bended arm for a pillow,'" Jim Sin

(Continued on Page 125)

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The Sunbeam Pipeless Furnace



The Sunbeam Pipe Furnace

Sunbeam Furnaces are built in the two types shown above—both based upon the warm fresh air system of heating that provides perfect, healthful ventilation.

Sunbeam Furnaces are made in many sizes to fully meet the heating requirements of every type of house from the eighteen-room home to the four or five-room bungalow. Both the size and arrangement of your building will determine the kind and size of Sunbeam Furnace that will best meet your needs. Through long heating-plant experience the Sunbeam Dealer can help you make the right choice.

Make Every Room a Sun Room

Solid comfort in every part of the house, warmth in the bay windows, warmth upstairs, warmth in the hallways, *every room a sun room!*

That's real comfort! And it's the Sunbeam Furnace kind of comfort.

Just as the name implies, Sunbeam Furnaces circulate heat everywhere. They quickly transform the whole house into a warm, cozy home. On mild days they easily dispel dampness and chill. On bitter cold days they work overtime and easily maintain the desired temperature. And *every day*, mild weather or zero weather, they save fuel by utilizing *every* heat unit.

Home heating is a science. The building of Sunbeam Furnaces is based upon scientific principles. Each part of a "Sunbeam" is properly proportioned, not only to extract every possible heat unit from the fuel but to circulate its warmth into every part of your home. And your "Sunbeam" will do more—it makes home heating easy. It needs little care. It responds quickly to every move of a convenient upstairs regulator. It gives a "quick action" result.

Sunbeam Furnaces are built to fit every type of home. Whether you plan to replace your old furnace or equip a new home you will find our "Sunbeam Book" of practical assistance to you—a postal or letter will bring one to you by the next mail.

THE FOX FURNACE COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO

SUNBEAM

PIPE *and* PIPELESS

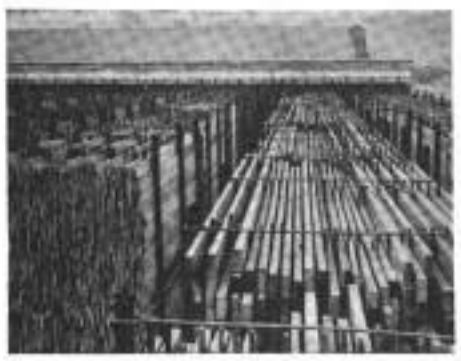
FURNACES

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A general view of the seasoning and storage facilities of the Snoqualmie Falls Lumber Company, one of the fifteen complete Weyerhaeuser manufacturing units

LUMBER—
That Actually Meets the Requirements



THE growing success of Weyerhaeuser lumber for industrial use is due largely to the thorough and exact seasoning process to which the lumber is subjected—not one process for the entire lumber output, but a distinct method of seasoning for each species, type and size of wood.

The Weyerhaeuser mills have kept apace with the progress made in practical wood seasoning by dry kilns. They have done extensive research work, adapted old processes and developed new ones. They have long realized that the science of wood seasoning properly applied is a saving to the purchaser. It gives a wood easy to work, with little wastage and with a prolonged life.

The illustration above shows loaded cars at the entrance to the kilns of the Snoqualmie Falls Lumber Company. Note the even stacking and the precaution to secure the load to prevent twisting and warping during processing. Stickers are inserted between courses of boards to allow even circulation and drying.

Each charge is tested in the kiln laboratory many times during the processing which forestalls over drying and other faults. When the lumber leaves the kiln it meets with the high standards set by the Weyerhaeuser organization for all its products.

MANY concerns have for years been looking for an organization that could and would relieve them of their lumber buying worries; an organization that could look at lumber from *their* point of view.

That is just what the Weyerhaeuser organization is doing for a great many industrial concerns today. It is prepared to deliver to industrial buyers *a dependable lumber service,* which means far more than the routine of shipping an occasional car of boards.

The Weyerhaeuser organization has for years studied industrial lumber needs. It has found that the best way to serve American Industry is to have ready at all times for a group of permanent customers the exact type of lumber in the correct grade, size and quantity they desire.

Such a service has its beginning way back in the forests, where trees that yield particular types of lumber that fit specific requirements, are marked for special cutting. Close grained, slow growth, even textured, cork-like White Pine logs, for example, are set aside for pattern stock. The same careful selection is practiced for all of the varied softwood requirements of industry.

Such painstaking efforts to serve industry are made possible through utilization of the vast resources and specialized equipment of the Weyerhaeuser organization:

A large timber supply of fifteen different species, and many types within these species, sufficient for decades of cutting.

Scores of logging camps guaranteeing a steady stream of suitable raw material.

Fifteen complete modern manufacturing units.

Seasoning processes that prepare lumber scientifically for each exacting need.

Distributing facilities backed by fifteen immense mill stocks and two great strategically located distributing plants.

A corps of salesmen trained to think as purchasing agents and buyers have wished for lumber sellers to think.

EACH year more and more concerns realize what this type of lumber service means.

The Weyerhaeuser Sales Company distributes Weyerhaeuser Forest Products through the established trade channels. Its principal office is in Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

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(Continued from Page 122)

quoted. "In the midst of these one can be happy, but riches are as the fleeting cloud. The world is torn with strife and the demons of hunger and battle and disease stalk through the length and breadth of the nation. A great war has lately finished, and its frightfulness you can judge when I tell you that, though it be ended, the nations of earth are all engaged in a contest of hatred. Even now the guns are sounding in a dozen battle lines, and by contrast it is called peace. China, to which you would return, is a battle ground from Canton to Peking. The United States is the theater of a struggle between the rich and the poor and the mongrel dogs who fatten on the casualties of both sides. Here you have plenty, and the beauty of the march of the days, and you are a fool for wishing to change your lot."

Chang Leu returned with a single sentence:

"But in the stream to the north all the gold is gone."

Jim Sin was silent for a moment.

"Gold, as usual, is at the core of the problem that is twisting the belly of my friend," he mused. Then, aloud, he asked a question: "How do you kill a mountain lion?"

"I will show you."

Chang Leu retired to one of the two small rooms that opened from the main apartment and returned a moment later with a five-foot bow, strung with gut. With it he carried a quiver of arrows which were tipped with flint.

"In the manner of the hill tribes up the Yangtse gorges," he explained. "Anything dies when one of these messengers has tasted the blood of its heart."

He held a single arrow out to Jim Sin and handed him the bow. Jim Sin fitted the arrow to the bow and seemed to derive a new ambition from the feel of the intimacy between shaft and string.

"I would like to be proficient in archery," he said. "It is a noble sport, worthy of kings, who first promoted it among the people of our country."

"Desire is the father of action," Chang Leu returned. "Let us withdraw to the wooded slope beyond our garden and there you can indulge your fancy as you please."

The archer raised a slab of soft bark and set it against a tree. Against the bark for a target he fixed a bright yellow leaf. He returned to Jim Sin's side and showed him how to release the bowstring from the ball of his thumb, cleanly, so that the arrow might begin its flight without being diverted at the instant of freedom.

For three hours Jim Sin fired shaft after shaft at the target. At five o'clock, aware of what he had accomplished during his intensive study, he asked Chang Leu for one of the heavy blunt arrows that the solitary hunter used against the smaller game that he bagged. Chang Leu gave him one of these, and forthwith, after a brief word of farewell and a promise to return next day, Jim Sin departed over the hill, following the path over which he had come from Jay Bird Gulch, up from American River.

On the dry shelf of the high-water sand bar, at the edge of the dancing water of the little stream that flows into the main river a mile below White Rock Cañon, Jim Sin found the tobacco sack which he had seen that morning. Now, since he had turned it over, the blood stain was on its upper side, and from its day-long exposure to the air and sunlight the stain was black. In the softened light of early evening Jim Sin turned to the right and walked up the little ravine on whose patched floor of bare rock, alternating with stretches of sand, lay the record of the flight of a recent traveler.

The hunter came upon his prey near the top of the ridge. Todd Eggers, fatigued with the vigil of the night, was sleeping in a shaded glen, curled up in a bed of leaves at the foot of a pine tree. With no more ceremony or preparation than he had used in his practice when he was shooting at the yellow-leaf target on its buffer of soft bark, Jim Sin fitted his heavy blunt arrow to the bowstring and drew his right hand back until it lay against the tense muscles of his shoulder. Then, cleanly, he released the string, and echoing on the sharp note of its vibration came the hollow sound of contact where the heavy blunt arrow had stunned its victim into sleep more sound than that which he had just enjoyed.

Jim Sin indulged himself with one brief cry of triumph: "Hai! Hola! Hail the victor!" Then, doubtful of the degree of injury which he had inflicted, he unloosed the bowstring and lashed the thumbs of the unconscious man together behind his back. From its holster under Todd Eggers' arm he lifted the blue .45 and from a collection of cash and jewelry in the pockets of the outlaw's coat he retrieved seventeen dollars, some odd change, a box of cartridges and his own ancient single-action .44. While he looked at the prostrate man he set about the business of cutting off a two-inch oak tree two feet from the ground. He fired four shots into it out of the .45, splintering it so that he could break it off. When this had been done he hauled the inert form over to this rooted post, and while he still supported the unconscious man he hooked his victim's left knee around it.

Then he dragged the man's right foot to a position against the oak, where, under his left knee, it was hooked around the smooth surface of the little tree.

When this was accomplished he took off the bandit's coat and laid it over the man's face as a shield against the mosquitoes that had come with the setting sun. He started down the ravine then, beginning a six-mile journey into Placerville.

He returned about midnight, guiding a posse whose members, led by a hard-boiled deputy sheriff, were decorated with an air of determination and two or three guns apiece.

When they came upon Todd Eggers he was conscious and weaving about in a vain attempt to get his legs unlocked from about the little oak. Jim Sin looked at the captive.

"No can do. Mebbe can do, you cut off leg, but just now all same jail."

In the sheriff's office next morning, where the superfluous notices of a thousand-dollar reward for the capture of the stage robber were ready for distribution, Jim Sin made one request of the man who handed him the check for the amount of the reward.

"I like ketchum gold dust. No likee money."

"You mean you want cash? That there check is as good as cash."

"No likee cash. Likee gold dust. Can do?"

The officials were disposed to extend the compliments of the season to the hunter who had bagged Todd Eggers with a blunt arrow and who had held him captive with a constrained posture about an oak sapling.

"Can do. There's some dust in the safe over at Sam's store."

Fifteen minutes later Jim Sin began his return trip into the hills where Chang Leu awaited him. About his waist was a section of a discarded rubber inner tube, tied at the ends like a sausage, and in this tube was three pounds, more or less, of coarse gold dust, mixed with a few two-dollar slugs. He carried his bow with him, and it was strung again with the gut string that had bound the thumbs of the captured bandit. Tied to the bow to prevent its loss along the way was the blunt arrow. Jim Sin figured he had done enough bow-and-arrow work to last him for a few years. Archery was trying on the nerves, for if you missed your first shot when you were after big game the chances were you might miss a lot of things, including three or four quarts of personal blood.

When the traveler came to the mouth of Rock Creek, instead of continuing along to Jay Bird Gulch, he detoured to the left and followed the larger channel in its meanderings to the north and until it turned east to where One-Eye Creek flowed into it. At the point of the sand bar in the junction of the two streams he unlimbered the rubber tube of gold dust and for a space of a hundred feet at the water's edge, along both margins of the bar, he sowed the heavy yellow grains of metal. When this was done he rammed half a dozen rounded stones into the rubber tube and cast it into a pool. Then, retracing his steps along the sand bar, he obliterated his footprints, smoothing the sand with the bow which he carried.

It was noon when he climbed the hill to the house where he knew Chang Leu would be waiting. When he was a hundred feet from the house he called loudly to his friend.

"Hola! The heat of the day has created an awful thirst within me. This hunting is hard work."

A moment later, out of the twin libation cups, the pair drank deeply of cool wine.

"I am suddenly hungry," Jim Sin said. "I would partake of the meat of the lion, for I am tired and courage has fled."



When this - becomes this - read this date

The Long Life of Williams' Will Amaze You!

YOU scratched that date on the metal cover of your Williams' Stick the first day you used it. You've lathered with that stick every day since. At last it's worn down to the collar. Now—read the date on the stick—it's your evidence—your positive proof—that Williams' Holder Top is the Long Life Stick.

You will be delighted with the months of shaving joy in Williams' Long Life Stick. October—November—December—January—it lasts and lasts and lathers as long as it lasts.

You will be delighted with Williams' Long Life Lather. Williams' holds its moisture to the end of the shave. It cannot freeze dry on your face.

You will be delighted with Williams' Long Life Comfort—a soothed face, a smooth face; all day, every day. Williams' is lather for your skin as well as for your beard! Your first Williams' shave will tell you that, and your thousandth will confirm it.

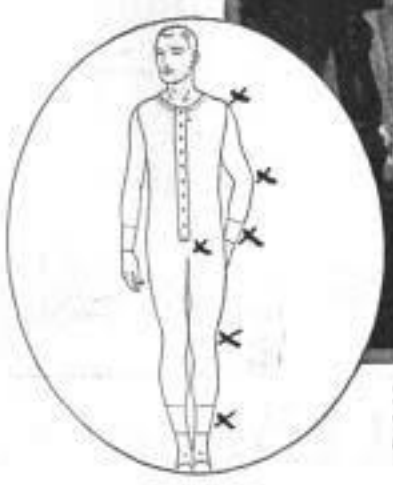
Send 10c for full size Holder Top box containing trial length stick. The trial stick is good for more than a month's shaves. The Holder Top box can be used indefinitely for Williams' Re-Load sticks. The coupon is for your convenience.

Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 610, Glastonbury, Conn.
Send me a trial length Holder Top Stick in a large re-loadable box. 10 cents enclosed.
*Name*_____
*Address*_____

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X—these are the places in ordinary underwear where sagging, binding, lap-over, etc., result from its failure to retain its original shape.

There are no X's against this underwear



Its special knitting makes Carter's unusually elastic, so that it gives with a boy's every movement, but always springs back into shape.

Here are weight and warmth, without the objections found in the ordinary kind.

Many men heretofore sacrificed a certain degree of comfort for the essential warmth of their undergarments. They have worn underwear which bulged at knees and elbows, flared and flopped at wrists and ankles, bagged and overlapped in seat and waistline, all to keep out the cold.

With Carter's, you simply put it on and forget about it. It is knit to yield to every movement, and come back again! This remarkable elasticity holds Carter's snug and smooth after dozens of tubbings. Catch hold of a Carter garment—stretch it hard, then let go. Right back into its original shape it springs, every time.

Every Carter seam is finished flat—you don't know they're there. And the ends are budded—no chance for rips or tears. All fabrics are knitted first, then thoroughly washed, then tailored to fit. If you have ever had sleeves and legs and crotch creep steadily up on you after each washing, you'll appreciate this point!

Carter's Knit Underwear is made in all styles and weights of fabric to fit all styles and weights of men.

The leading stores in every city sell it.

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY
Home Office: Needham Heights (Boston District); Mills also at Framingham and Springfield, Mass.



Carter's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
KNIT Underwear
FOR ALL THE FAMILY

When he had eaten, the hunter rested for an hour, and then, "When do you propose to desert this secluded corner of paradise?" he asked.

"I shall return to the city with you," Chang Leu replied. "Whenever you have had your fill of this solitude we will journey to San Francisco, where I can begin to accumulate enough money to afford me ease and luxury in my old age in China."

"Leaving the gold that is in the stream to the north?"

"There is no more."

"'Gold is where you find it,'" Jim Sin quoted. "I should like to see how you go about the business of harvesting gold from the field where it grows."

"Your desires are the text of my law," Chang Leu returned. "I can show you the process, but no harvest will reward our work."

Forthwith, burdened with a shallow gold pan, the pair walked down the hill to One-Eye Creek, and from the sands of its margin Chang Leu panned three or four samples of barren sand. When he had done this Jim Sin relieved him of his work, walking directly toward his salted field. In the first panful there was a pinch of coarse gold. Thereafter until night fell Chang Leu worked steadily, and the clean-up for the day was half an ounce of gold. At midnight Jim Sin awakened his exhausted companion.

"Is it still your intention to come with me to San Francisco tomorrow?"

Chang Leu waved his hand in a slow gesture.

"'Coarse rice for food, water for drink and one's bended arm for a pillow,'" he quoted. "I shall stay in this paradise of gold until the rock of the mountains is washed into the depths of the sea."

In the obscure light Jim Sin smiled a quiet smile.

"Desire is the father of all motives," he reflected. "The superior man venerates the decree of heaven. Peace in a thatched hut—that is happiness."

Two days later, in his kitchen in Doctor Holland's house in San Francisco, Jim Sin, dismissing the substitute cook, made a bargain with him. He pointed to six crates of gift apricots which had accumulated during his brief absence.

"You ketchee wagon, takee applecot when you go, I give you fitty cent."

When the apricot problem had been solved for the moment he retired to his room and lighted a pinch of tobacco in the bowl of his silver pipe.

"Life is always too much or not enough," he reflected. "Riches lead to vice and poverty to theft. The path of virtue can be widened, but its direction cannot be changed."

That night, when Doctor Holland questioned him, he sketched a brief outline of his trip.

"I go see my friend," he explained. "I say how do and come back."

Doctor Holland picked up his evening paper and pointed to a headline.

"What name Chinaman caught that stage robber?" he asked. "Man rob stage, Chinaman catch him near Placerville. You know him?"

Jim Sin put on his best pat-flush poker face.

"You likee stew applecot fo' breakfass?" he asked in reply.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1922.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

NAME OF	POST OFFICE ADDRESS
Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company,	Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer,	Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None	
Business Manager, P. S. Collins,	Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under the will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
John Gribbel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen, Haddam, Connecticut
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of September, 1922.

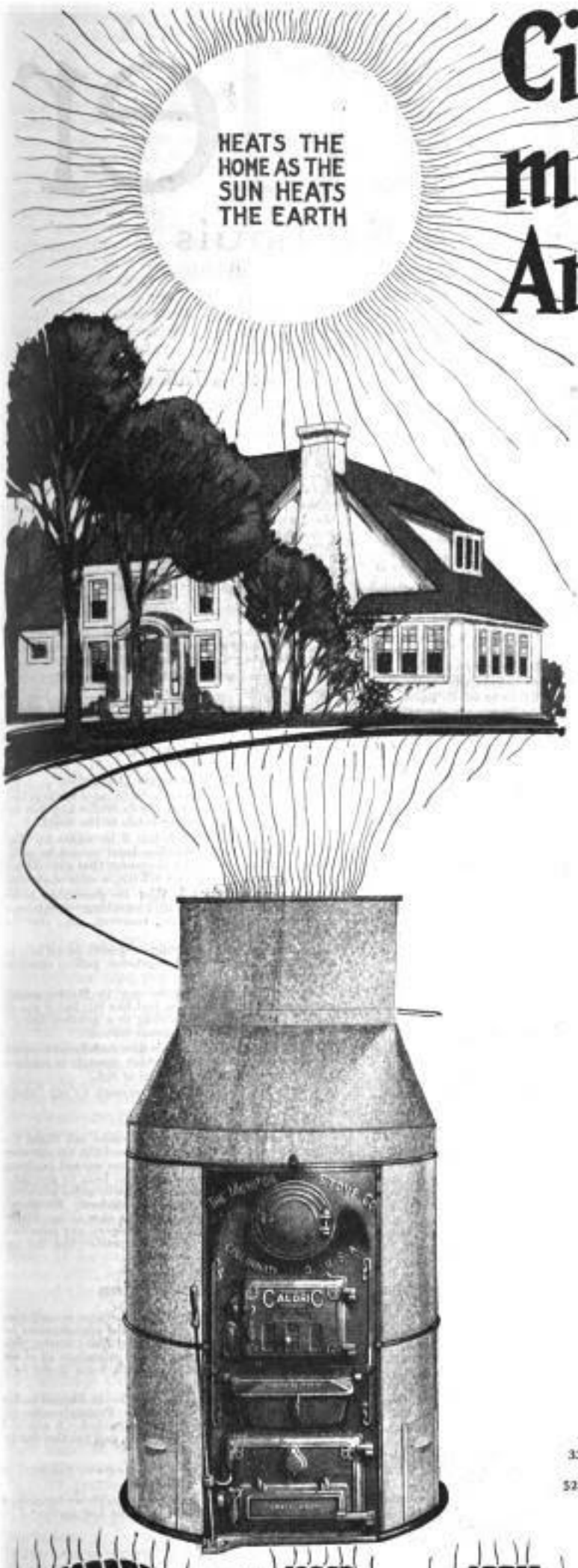
(SEAL) W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1923)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.



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Circulating Heat cuts millions of dollars from America's fuel bills—

will cut your fuel costs 35 to 50%

Science does two things for us—*improves methods —lowers cost.*

Stoves were an improvement and used less fuel than the open fire. But man was not satisfied.

The pipe furnace came and it seemed perfect. But still man questioned. He considered Nature's law—warm air rises, cool air falls. Then he asked: "Are pipes necessary? If warm air will flow through pipes, won't it flow even more freely through large doors, halls and stairways?"

Then man said: "We will construct a furnace without pipes." And he reasoned further. "If cool air falls by Nature's law, let's provide in this furnace a passage for the cool air to flow down and out of the rooms, as the warm air flows upward into the rooms." This was done—and thus the *Caloric System of Circulating Heat*—based on Nature's unchanging law—had its birth.

Caloric heating, through years of service, has proved its superiority in buildings of practically every type and size and in every climate, from Northern Alaska to Florida.

In the present fuel emergency, *Caloric* economy is of national importance, saving millions of dollars yearly for 135,000 users.

The *Caloric* offers you: Guaranteed 70 degrees warmth in coldest weather—clean, convenient, healthful heat—fuel saving of 35 to 50%—satisfaction or your money back.

Now—this winter—is the time to start with life-time Caloric comfort. See the local Caloric dealer or write

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Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is under construction at Buffalo—to open early in 1923; 500 additional rooms will be added later.

There is to be another HOTEL STATLER in the Park Square district of BOSTON.
It will have 1100 rooms and 1100 baths; opening date to be announced later.

Those "Statler Service Codes"

By E. M. STATLER—Being one of a series of advertisements embodying instructions to Statler employees.

Back in the days when there was but one Hotel Statler, my hardest job (and it is my hardest job today) was to get our employees to carry out our policies. There may be businesses in which it is easy; all I know is that it *isn't* easy in the hotel business. We had staked our future success on our policy of pleasing and satisfying people—a policy loosely expressed in the declaration that "the guest is always right"; but you wouldn't believe how difficult it was to get that simple idea lived up to by our people.

That's why these "Statler Service Codes" were written: to put down simply, and make unmistakably plain, our instructions *to our own people* about how guests were to be treated.

Then an unforeseen thing happened: the Codes began attracting a lot of attention *from the public*. Newspapers reprinted them, with comment; magazines and trade papers wrote articles about them; sales managers requested them in quantity lots, to use as textbooks for their salesmen. Pretty soon we were distributing more copies to our guests and the public than to our employees! But that didn't make us lose sight of the real job of the Codes; and from the first small issue till today *every* Statler employee has been *required* to study the Codes and be guided by them.

For several months we have been printing instructions to our employees in these advertising pages. Here is the basis of it all—what we expect of everybody in our service, and what you may expect of them:

The Codes in Full

Statler Service

HOTEL STATLER is operated primarily for the benefit and convenience of its guests. Without guests there could be no Hotel Statler. These are simple facts easily understood.

So then it behooves every man and woman employed here to remember this always, and to treat all guests with courtesy and careful consideration.

Any member of our force who lacks the intelligence to interpret the feeling of good will that the Statler holds towards its guests can not stay here very long.

New customers are just as valuable to us as old customers—remember that; for each new customer is an old customer in the making.

See that you do your part to make him want to come back here, with his family and his friends.

Impress upon him the fine good-fellowship of the place; the "No-trouble-to-help-you" spirit.

Never be perky, pungent, or fresh. The guest pays your salary as well as mine; he is your immediate benefactor.

Snap judgments of men oftentimes are faulty. A man may wear a red necktie, a green vest and tan shoes and still be a gentleman.

The unpretentious man with the soft voice may possess the wealth of Croesus. The stranger in cowhide boots, broadbrim and rusty black may be president of a railroad or a senator from over the ridge.

You can not afford to be superior or sullen with any patron of this hotel. I said so.

Have every one feel that for his money we want to give him more sincere service than he ever before received at any hotel.

The employee who helps to perpetuate this plan is never out of a job, nor does he escape the eye of the man behind the scenes—the boss.

At rare intervals some perverse member of our force disagrees with a guest as to the rightness of this or that.

He maintains that the meat is well done—when the guest says it isn't.

Or that *this* sauce was ordered when the guest says the other.

Or that the boy *did* go up to the room.

Or that no party called.

Or that it was a room reserved, and *not* dinner for six.

Or that the trunk wasn't there.

Either may be right.

But these *are permanent instructions*: No employee of this hotel is allowed the privilege of arguing any point with a guest.

He must adjust the matter at once to the guest's satisfaction, or call his superior to adjust it. Wrangling has no place in a Hotel Statler.

The Statlers are successful hotels.

Men and women of taste and refinement, from all parts of the world, name the Statler their home while in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis or New York. The reason is that every waiter in this hotel, every hallboy, the chamber-maid, the clerk, the chef, the manager, the boss himself, is working all the time to make them *feel* "at home."

Each member of our force is valuable to us only in proportion to his ability to serve our guests.

What Statler Service Means

A hotel has just one thing to sell.

That one thing is service.

The hotel that sells poor service is a poor hotel.

The hotel that sells good service is a good hotel.

It is the object of Hotel Statler to sell its guests the *very best service* in the world.

The service of a hotel is not a thing supplied by any single individual. It is not special attention to any one guest. Hotel service—that is, Hotel Statler service—means the limit of courteous, efficient attention from each particular employee to each particular guest.

This is the kind of service a guest pays for when he pays us his bill—whether it is two dollars or a hundred dollars. It is the kind of service he is entitled to, and he *need not* and *should not* pay *any more*.

Every guest who enters the Statler door comes in because he believes he can buy something here *better* than he can buy it anywhere else.

It rests with every employee of this hotel—doorman, bellboys, porters, clerks, waiters, maids, manicurists and managers—whether he goes away disappointed or pleased.

A doorman can *swing* the door in a manner to assure the new guest that he is in *his hotel*, where people are prompt to serve him. Or—

He can *sling* the door in a way that sticks in the guest's "crop" and makes him expect to find at the desk a scratchy, sputtery pen, sticking in a potato.

When the room clerk says: "Front, show Mr. Robinson to room 1252," instead of "Show the gentleman," etc., the guest immediately gets a warm feeling of being welcome.

To be able to give a guest this feeling adds dollars to the income of the house and dollars to the salary of the clerk.

An operator who is quick to answer telephone calls, and does not keep a guest holding a cold receiver to his ear and listening intently to nothing, can swell the appreciation of Statler service—and swell the Statler appreciation of her.

A waiter who can say "Pell Mell" when the guest says "Pell Mell" and "Paul Maul" when the guest says "Paul Maul" can make the guest think himself right—and make us think the waiter is all right.

And just here, take heed, that in all minor discussions between Statler employees and Statler guests, the employee is dead wrong—from the guest's standpoint and from ours.

It is these little things that send a guest away to say, promptly,

"I stopped at Hotel Statler."

Or, listlessly, "I put up at a hotel last night."

The steward (or any other head) who can systematize and organize his department so as to save time or help can make more money for the Statler—and more money for himself.

Every dollar saved in any department means that we can sell more service for the same price. It makes Statler service a better, bigger thing, and it makes somebody a better, bigger job.

Every item of extra courtesy contributes towards a better pleased guest, and every pleased guest contributes towards a better, bigger Statler.

I hope to have the words *Statler Service* always mean *Best Service* throughout the world.

You can help to make it so. *Will you?*

Statler's Talk on Tipping

The patron of a hotel goes there because he expects to receive certain things served with celerity, courtesy and cheerfulness.

The persons who are to fetch and carry these things will be those whose portion it is to render intimate, personal service to others. Since time immemorial, this class of servitors has been of the rank and file.

Now and then a server is found—a waiter, a bootblack, a barber or a bellboy—who adds a bit of his own personality to his services. Such a one shows a bit more intelligence—initiative—perspicacity—than his fellows. The patron finds his smaller wants anticipated, and is pleased. He feels that the servant has given him something extra and unexpected—and he wants to pay something for it.

He tips.

Of course, there are abuses of the tip. A rich bounder wants something more than other hotel guests, and he futilely tries to get it by throwing money about.

His tips are insults, and his reward servility instead of service. Or—

An individual wishing to be thought a "good fellow" *administers* tips with the advice to "buy a house and lot," etc. Or—

An infrequent traveler, having the time of his life, tips out of sheer goodheartedness.

These types help to constitute "the public."

It is the business of a good hotel to cater to the public. It is the avowed business of *Hotels Statler* to please the public better than any other hotels in the world.

Statler can run tipless hotels if he wants to. But Statler knows that a first-class hotel cannot be maintained on a tipless basis, for the reason that a small but a certain per cent of its guests will tip, in spite of all rules.

Statler can and does do this: He guarantees to his guests who do not wish to tip everything—*everything*—in the way of hotel service, courtesy, etc., that the tipper gets.

Let's make that a bit stronger—guests do not have to tip at *Hotel Statler* to get courteous, polite, attentive service.

Or, for final emphasis, we say to Statler guests: Please do not tip unless you feel like it; but if you do tip, let your tipping be yielding to a genuine desire—not conforming to an outrageous custom.

Any Statler employee who is wise and discreet enough to merit tips is wise and discreet enough to render a like service whether he is tipped or not.

And he is wise and discreet enough to say "thank you" when he gets his tip.

In this connection let this be said:

The man who takes a tip and does not thank the tipper does not feel that he has earned the tip any more than a blackmailer feels that he has earned his blood money. Any Statler employee who fails to give service, or who fails to thank the guest who gives him something, falls short of the Statler standard. We always thank any guest who reports such a case to us. Statler does not deal summarily with his helpers, any more than he deals perfunctorily with his guests—but the tip-grafters get short shrift here.

In Conclusion

When *Statler* service in Buffalo became synonymous with *Good* service, we hoped that the opportunities for advancement offered by the second *Hotel Statler*, then being erected in Cleveland, would stimulate all of our employees to greater efforts. With some it did have that effect.

Now there are other Hotels Statler, in Detroit and in St. Louis. In New York, The Pennsylvania—the world's largest hotel—is Statler-operated. A new and bigger Statler is building in Buffalo, and another Statler in Boston.

As the organization continues to grow, you *ought* to be growing with it. *Are you?*

You can guarantee your growth with us by making your part of *Hotel Statler Service* the *best* service of its kind there is. *Are you?*

E. M. Statler

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

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THE MERGER PERIOD

(Continued from Page 19)

Small companies often use small, local and low-priced sources of materials and power. They are constantly seeking out cheaper rents, taxes, wages and salaries. With less overhead to take care of it is easier for them to close down entirely in bad times. Rarely do the big companies get the highest prices for their products. They must take the great bulk of the business rather than the choicest bits, and profiteering on their part meets with far swifter punishment than when indulged in by small, obscure competitors.

Even the brief facts given here must show that combination is no one-sided affair, that advantages and disadvantages must be weighed with extreme caution. It is known that in certain industries repeated efforts at combination have failed. Even the largest capital has not served to prevent the miscarriage of every merger plan in trades that are just naturally unfitted for combination.

It must be remembered that no matter how large the industrial consolidations become or how many efforts are made to form new ones, the growth of industry itself more than keeps pace with the movement. That is, no matter how much the big companies expand there are so many new forms of specialized production, so many new products and uses for them, that the chance for other producers in the same general trade is always kept alive.

Consider shoes. The two largest shoe manufacturers in the world—the International Shoe Company and Endicott-Johnson—have not only far outdistanced all other producers but are running a fairly close race between themselves. The first named recently took over the McElwain Company, which was a notably large unit, and with this addition has nearly forty plants. For the most part it has grown by a process of consolidation and combination. Endicott-Johnson, on the other hand, has developed from within, by building new plants and additions from time to time.

Bigness Without Monopoly

Yet these two giant companies, large as they are, produce less than one-fourth the total output. They have grown rapidly to a great size, and even the smaller of the two makes something like one hundred and twenty thousand pairs of shoes a day. They are certainly typical of big business. Why, then, does not one of them gradually drive everybody else out of the shoe trade?

There are no doubt many answers to this question, but one answer at least is that there are so many different kinds, styles, lasts and sizes of shoes—men's and women's, infants', boys' and misses', medium grade and low grade—that no one manufacturer can economically handle the whole business. If he attempted it some small competitor with low overhead would gradually pick off the more profitable portions of the trade.

It has been estimated that there are five thousand distinct products and manufacturing uses for steel wire. In all sorts of specialized directions hundreds, indeed thousands, of manufacturers are to be found in the steel, iron and metal industries generally. The United States Steel Corporation handles a business as stupendous as the human mind is capable of directing. Yet for some years past the relative increase in volume handled by half a dozen competitors greatly exceeded that of the big fellow.

No one is worrying over the smallness or weakness of the larger Standard Oil companies, yet there seems no doubt that the independents are gradually taking a larger percentage of the refined-oil business. Powerful as the Standard companies still are, it is said that independents have two dollars invested for each one of Standard money.

Generally speaking, it may be said that no movement toward expansion and combination ever goes quite so far as it appears to be going in the flush of its most vigorous growth. Some twenty years ago it looked as if all the steel companies would come into one great holding company. Two or three powerful concerns held out, and in the course of a few years other smaller ones had become great. Meanwhile it looked as if all the railroads would be grouped into three or four systems. But several of the combinations fell apart, and other railroads that had not gone into them grew in importance.

It seemed at various times as if Huntington, Hill, Harriman, Gould and a few other railway kings would gather in every road in sight, but it proved to be an illusion only. In the same way there will come a limit to the expansion of Stinnes in Germany and Ford in this country.

Certainly the organizers of most of the latter-day mergers neither dare nor hope for empire and monopoly. Their problem is a very different one from that. The truth is that industry has become too big for monopoly. What is sought in these latter-day mergers is to round out a business.

The idea is not so much to secure all the plants and suppress competition as it is to bring enough plants together to offer a complete, rounded line. A truck merger seeks to offer both heavy-duty and light-delivery trucks; a high-priced and especially well-made passenger automobile is taken in by a company that produces cars of a different grade; a steel company that specializes on rails is taken over by one that makes plates.

The idea is no futile one of suppressing competition; it is the hope that by having a variety of products in a variety of localities there will always be something the public is willing to buy.

The Vertical Trust

An official account of a recent merger of five machine-tool makers contained a detailed list of the products of each plant. A full list of them would fill several paragraphs, and if the account was wholly accurate it showed not only no duplication in products but, to the layman's ear at least, there was hardly the slightest resemblance in the nomenclature between one tool and another.

To a very large extent plants are put together that are complementary rather than competitive in any strict sense. A banker already quoted in this article as being largely opposed to mergers had just completed one, and when asked to explain his apparent inconsistency he replied:

"Well, in that case there was an old Yankee concern making an article of superlatively fine quality. It was old-fashioned, and had wonderful good will and prestige, but it has never been able to make any money. So by putting it together with other companies which make a different line of goods, and putting in new management I am hoping they may make a little money for a change."

Indeed, it may be said that the predominant type of latter-day merger is even more than complementary; it is perpendicular or vertical. The idea is to move in a straight line from producer of raw materials to consumer. Apparently this idea has taken hold of the business leaders of all the great industrial countries at about the same time, for, although Hugo Stinnes in Germany is easily the chief exponent of the movement, it has marked examples in England as well as in this country.

This so-called Stinnes vertical-trust idea of reaching forward and back is sometimes known also as integration. Certainly no idea can appeal more strongly to a manufacturer than to control and keep all the profits from raw material to consumer. There is a satisfying completeness about it, and yet if there are other competitors doing the same thing there is no monopoly, as there would be if the manufacturer bought up all the companies in his own line.

If Mr. Ford should buy up every other concern making a low-priced car he would run bump into the antitrust laws, but it is a little difficult to invoke them against him merely because he buys just enough steel, paint and leather mills to supply his own wants.

England has its cutlery firms that own rolling mills, and thread firms that go back even to the coal mines. But the most pronounced case of integration, or vertical combination, in England is that of its largest industrial concern, Lever Bros., Ltd., which owns plantations, fisheries, seed-crushing, oil-refining, whaling, shipping, mining and banking subsidiaries.

There is no magical efficiency, of course, in vertical combination, in the control by one concern of a whole series of industrial



What do you look for when you buy a raincoat?

Of course you look for style and fit that will make you proud of your choice. But you look, too, for protection in *any* weather. You look for a coat that will give you long, hard wear. And *these* values your eye cannot detect. Even experts are sometimes fooled by clever makeshifts.

When you buy a Raynster you buy assurance, for Raynsters are backed by the oldest rubber organization in the world. Every inch is sealed by layer on layer of rubber that shuts out the hardest rain. Every seam is triple-reinforced to make the coat absolutely waterproof.

There are many different Raynster models, from the rugged rubber surface types to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside. Special types for boys, too. Whether you want a raincoat for work, for motoring or for business, there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Look for the Raynster name! If your dealer should be out of the exact Raynster you want, he can get it in no time from the nearest of our many branches.

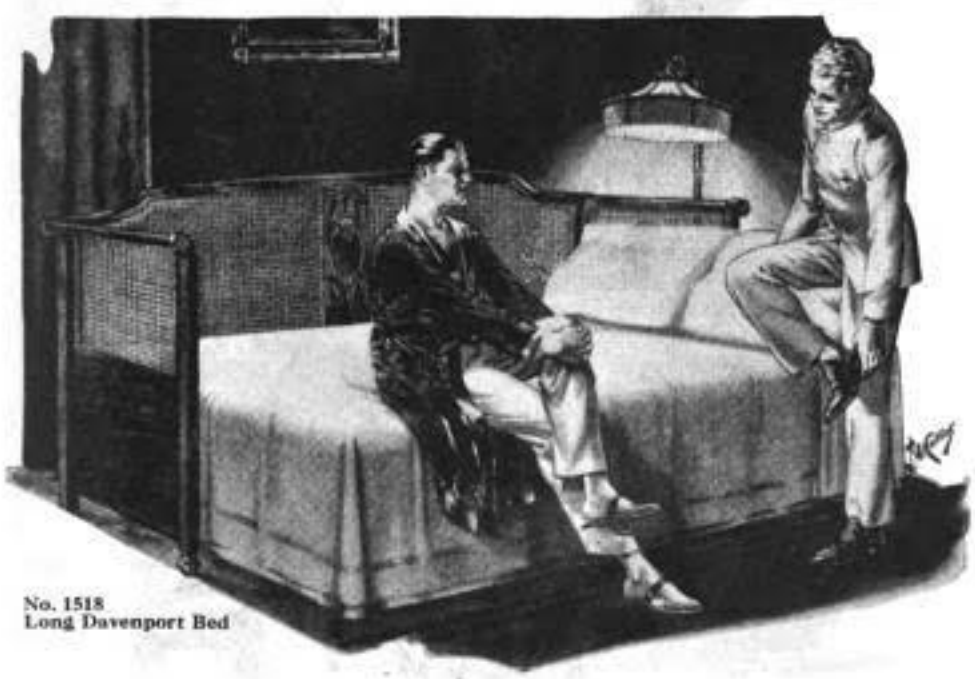
United States Rubber Company
NEW YORK

Raynsters
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—*A type for every need*

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An Added Room ~ Subtracted Rent



No. 1518
Long Davenport Bed

By Day a Handsome Davenport— By Night a Luxurious Bed

Because the Kroehler davenport bed is so luxurious and beautiful a davenport, it is hard to realize that beneath its soft, yielding cushions and rich upholstery, and completely concealed by its fine lines, is a wonderfully comfortable bed.

Every night this extra sleeping space is ready for use, inviting restful slumber. With such a convenience as this, you can manage with one less bedroom, and subtract from the family budget the rental which that room would cost.

One simple motion converts the Kroehler into a full sized, 72 x 50-inch bed, with patented, sagless, folding metal bed frame and springs, and ample room for a thick, removable mattress and bedding.

Kroehler davenport beds are made in overstuffed, colonial and period designs, in any wood finish; with chairs and rockers to match. Upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. Made to harmonize with any decorative scheme. Handsome styles, at prices to meet any requirement. Sold by leading furniture dealers everywhere, for cash or easy payments. Ask for a demonstration. Look for the Kroehler trade mark. Don't accept a substitute; Kroehler davenport beds are no more expensive.

Write for free book of attractive designs and name of dealer.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Chicago
Factories at Kankakee, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.
Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ontario

KROEHLER
DAVENPORT BED



The Invisible Bed Room

116C

processes. It sounds well, this idea of controlling all the steps, but it may remove the spur to efficient operation at different stages. The tendency naturally is to favor one's own manufacturing or marketing organization, irrespective of its relative competitive efficiency.

It is a beautiful dream for a mail-order house or chain of stores to own its factories, but a good merchandiser may be a poor manufacturer, and the other way around. When the shoe manufacturer puts his own retail stores into a town, then naturally sales resistance from other stores in the same place increases. Nor are there many shoe manufacturers that make a varied enough line to meet the complete requirements of the retail trade.

But with all its defects integration is the logical order of the day, and is likely to go very much further. Unquestionably much of the success of the United States Steel Corporation has been due to its control of raw materials and transportation. The two largest units in the motor field, Ford and General Motors, have gone very far in the same direction, General Motors even having its own trade-acceptance corporation.

Nowhere is the process so clearly at work as in the oil industry, and especially with the Standard Oil and the larger independent companies. The old Standard Oil trust was a highly integrated unit except in the one respect of production, being primarily a refining, transportation and marketing concern. Along came the Supreme Court and broke it up into thirty-odd parts. This partition was devised with great skill. It was carried out partly along geographical lines, but even more along the lines of function. There were producing, refining, transportation and marketing companies. So highly specialized were the different companies that one made vaseline and nothing else.

Now to the extent that the partition was geographical and has remained so, no great element of competition has been injected. But gradually, albeit steadily, most of these companies have been adding to their functions, and encroaching upon those of other companies. Especially have the five great refining companies—New Jersey, New York, Atlantic, Indiana and California—been reaching out for production and buying up independent producing companies, with expansion also the order for other large concerns in this group, such as Vacuum Oil and Prairie Oil & Gas.

Some Vertical Mergers

But perhaps the most striking recent instance of integration is that of the Anaconda Copper Company, largest producer in the world, which has taken over the American Brass Company, the largest consumer of copper. It is maintained that by such a deal production can be regulated more in accordance with consumption. In its advertisements the company prints a motto, "From mine to consumer," which well illustrates the idea of the vertical combination, an idea by no means new but never perhaps so active a force as in the last few years.

Another somewhat different form of vertical merger is that of the Winchester Company with the Simmons Hardware Company—one a manufacturing organization and the other one of the largest and best-known jobbing houses in the hardware trade.

This vertical-merger tendency is a far cry from anything savoring of monopoly. If it is going to lead to some new and as yet unknown form of monopoly, that is a bridge which seems a little premature to cross. Indeed, it is not easy to see why even the recent mergers in the steel industry should arouse the fears of those who are constantly on the lookout for trusts and other evil spawn of capital.

It is true perhaps that no other industry lends itself so effectively to large-scale production as steel. Here is where automatic machinery is a real substitute for human labor. Here, in the language of one keen student of mergers, "the increase in mechanical efficiency due to machinery more than takes up the slack of decreasing human efficiency." Indeed, so much machinery is required that it takes ten or twenty million dollars even to play at the steel business. But is that necessarily a sin?

At any rate, when it became known a few months ago that one or more steel mergers were under way the Senate called upon both the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission for information, which was well. But the opinion expressed by one senator in urging the resolution, typical no doubt of the feelings of many people, shows what masterly illogic is at the command of some public men:

"The consummation of this merger must be prevented. This is the age of steel. Iron and steel today lie at the base of every human activity. Without steel our farms cannot be cultivated, our railroads would cease to operate, our industries would be prostrated, and our very homes could not be built. The men who control this basic commodity control the nation. The purpose of this merger is clear. It is the elimination of whatever competition now exists in the steel industry and the creation of a situation where prices may be fixed on a monopoly basis without fear of detection."

On behalf of the senator it is only fair to say that when he made these remarks it was hoped by the promoters to merge six independent companies. This would no doubt have been a monstrosity in the senator's eyes, but it would have had only about one-third the volume of the United States Steel Corporation, and only about 15 per cent of the entire business of the country at that.

Well-Rounded Output

But two of the companies dropped out of the negotiations, and one of them, the Lackawanna, was taken over by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, headed by Charles M. Schwab, former president of the United States Steel Corporation, but now wholly independent of that company. This left one two-company merger and one three-company merger, of about equal size in the final result, each having somewhere between 4 and 8 per cent of the total capacity of the country.

A pretty feeble pair of monopolists! But the story of and reasons for these negotiations can best be told in the words of one of the men close to them:

"Every business of any size is essentially a department-store situation. Take the company that I was originally interested in and which has gone into one of these mergers. It was a big company in itself, the result of a combination of several important concerns, but it was not big enough but what it lacked the factors with which the market was least saturated last year and this year. Let us say it is pipe. It might be anything else, and a few years from now it will be something else.

"Now to make any money from this product, for which my company has no capacity, we should have to spend about $25,000,000. It would take a year, and by that time the market for that product might have dropped, and the capacity would be ready after the demand had ceased. How much more economical to combine with other companies one of which does have pipe capacity. It can be done not only without spending money and waiting but, what is perhaps more important from the public standpoint, without increasing beyond the public's needs the supply of this particular product.

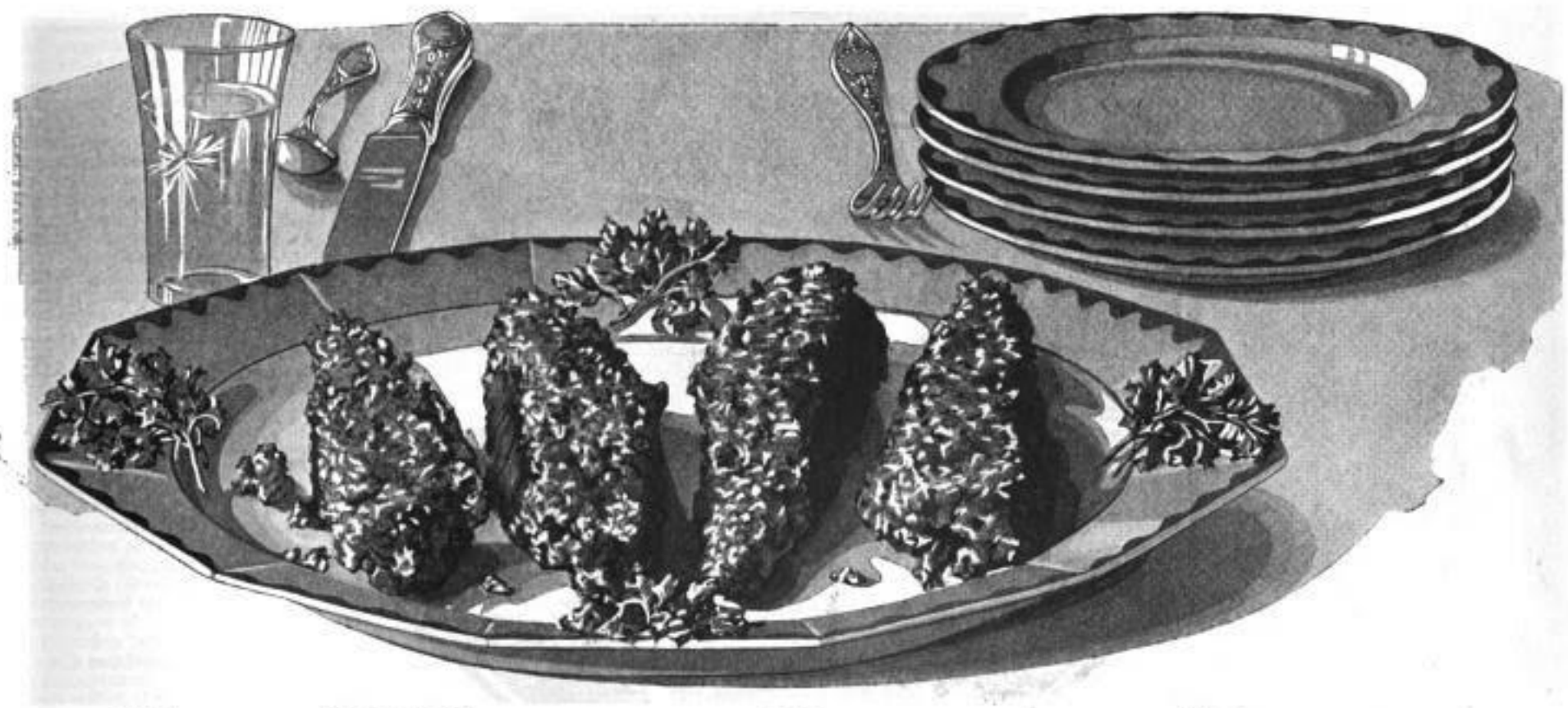
"Combination adds to a company's capacity in the most rapid and economical way, not only for the business itself but for the country at large. We have facilities enough to take care of any kind of business in this country, but they are divided and scattered. To get back, however, to this particular merger, year after next plates may be in demand. Well, my old company has plenty of plate capacity, and the concern it is being combined with to get the pipe production has none.

"Just to consolidate for the sake of consolidation is foolish. The whole point is to get companies with rounded-out production. A company may be big in its line, but if it makes only one thing and there is no demand for that, what is going to become of it? But the rounding out has to be done also with respect to geographical location as well as different products.

"The geographical market must be met where it is strongest, for demand varies, not only as regards products but as regards location. If Chicago is the strong market a company here on the seaboard can't ship as against one near Chicago, and on the other hand the Chicago concern can't ship into New England as against the plant on the seaboard. Freight, you must remember, is a big item in steel.

(Continued on Page 133)

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See What a Quarter Buys

For a Family of Four

THE main dish of a dinner for four people costs only a quarter if you serve this food.

Other main dishes for four cost $0.90 to $1.25, from four to five times as much.

So by serving delicious "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size, but once a week in place of more expensive foods, you save from one to four dollars a month!

Genuine Sardines
from California

BOOTH'S "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size, are genuine sardines from our own waters off the California Coast.

They have the real sardine flavor and the firm, tender meat.

But they should not be confused with the small, costly, imported sardines to which you are accustomed.

Booth's are large, nutritious fish, five to six inches long, packed in delicious sauces.

Being a domestic product, you pay no customs duty on them. That's why they cost so little.

Booth's "Food-Sardines" are rich in protein, the builder of tissue. And they provide over 900 calories, food energy units, to the pound.

Their appetizing flavor and vital nourishment are combined with exceedingly low cost. They are one of the most remarkable foods that we know. Compare with others. Decide for yourself.

Your family will enjoy them. Try them this week at least once in place of the usual meal.

Use them in any one of a score of delicious ways; as a dinner dish; for salads; for sandwiches; for chafing dish suppers.

Once you try them, you'll serve them each week by family request. They'll enjoy the dinners. You'll enjoy the saving.

"Food-Sardines" Fried in Crumbs

Take Booth's "Food-Sardines," wipe dry, season with salt, pepper and a dash of lemon juice. Dip them in flour, then into beaten egg, and lastly in bread crumbs. Heat about three ounces of butter in the blazer, add the Sardines, turning them occasionally until a nice golden brown. Serve with Tartar sauce.

Compare These Costs

Go over your market bill for the past four weeks. Put down the cost of each dinner's chief item during that time. Add together and divide by the number of dinners represented.

If yours is a family of four, the chances are the figure will be at least $1.25—*probably more!*

Booth's "Food-Sardines" 25c

Packed Three Ways
Try Them All

BOOTH'S "Food-Sardines" lend variety to your menus because they are put up in three delicious sauces, tomato, mustard, and in vinegar and spices.

They are prepared for you in immaculate plants with modern equipment. They are very high quality. Be sure of the brand. Note the yellow crescent on the oval tin.

Your grocer probably has Booth's "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size. If, by chance, he hasn't, send us one dollar for an introductory shipment of four cans, charges prepaid.

Specify the kinds of sauces you want. Your money gladly refunded if you are not entirely satisfied.

Mail Coupon

OUR famous free book, "Booth's Food-Sardine Recipes," will help you cut your expenses down. Mail the coupon today for your copy.

F. E. BOOTH CO., *Packers of High Grade Foods*
110 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Insist on having
Booth's Crescent Brand
in the Oval Tin.



BOOTH'S
Crescent Brand
"Food-Sardines"
Dinner Size

F. E. Booth Co.,
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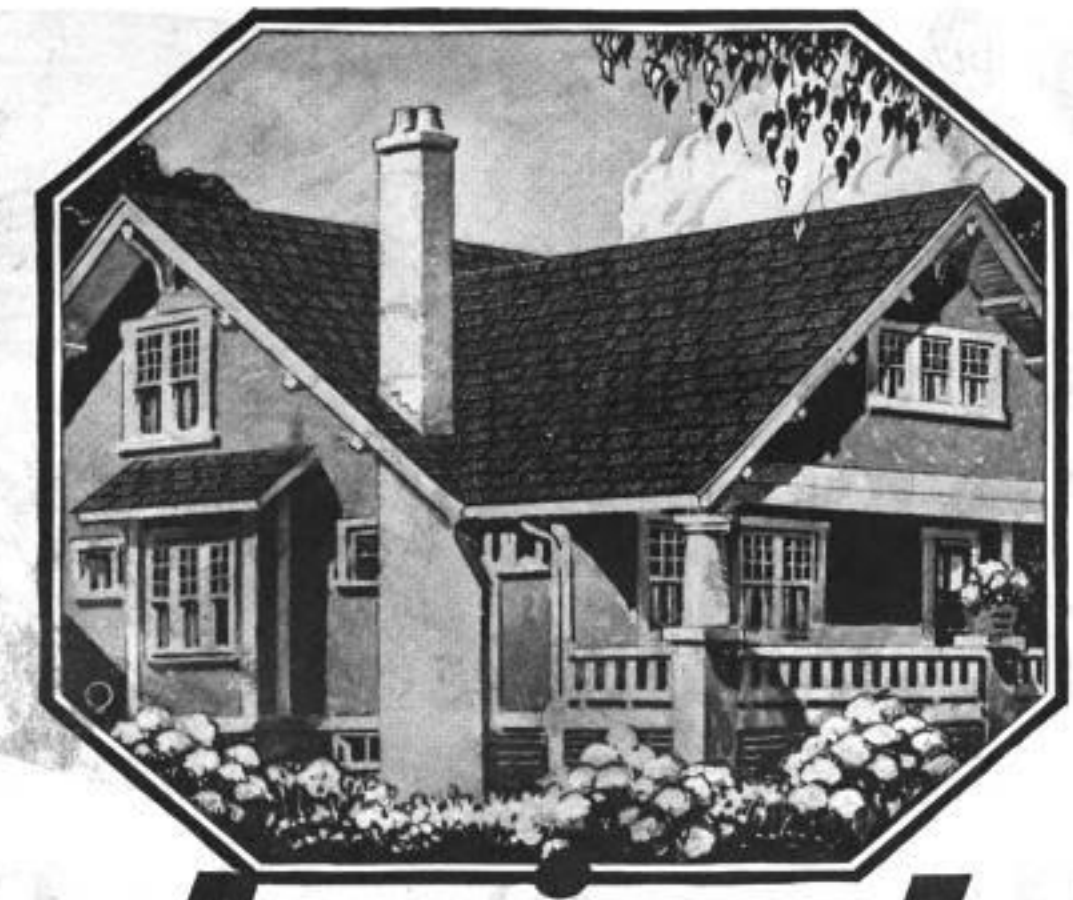
Please send free book of recipes.

NAME_____

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CITY_____ STATE_____

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Certain-teed

4-WIDTH SHINGLES

Beautify as well as protect your home with a roof of *Certain-teed* Slate Surfaced Shingles.

The artistic and beautiful effect of a roof of *Certain-teed* Slate Surfaced Shingles, in a soft shade of green or red or blue-black, is very attractive.

A *Certain-teed* Shingle roof will afford you years of complete protection from weather and sparks. You would forget you had a roof were you not constantly reminded of its artistic beauty.

These shingles are made in individual and in Four-width types which are easy to lay. *Certain-teed* Slate Surfaced Shingles preserve their artistic appearance.

Certain-teed Slate Surfaced Shingles are of the same quality which has given *Certain-teed* roofing its reputation for dependability. They are the best value obtainable in an artistic and dependable roof.

CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION

***Certain*teed**

Roofings
Shingles
Tarred Felts
Insulating Papers
Paints of All Kinds
Varnishes
Linoleum
Oil Cloth
FLOORTEX—The Economical, Sanitary, Attractive Floor Covering

Certain*ty of Quality - Satisfaction Guaran*teed

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(Continued from Page 130)

"But suppose this company near New York or Philadelphia decides to build near Chicago in order to take advantage of that market when it is active. To build properly out there will cost $100,000,000 and will take several years. But the steel industry is now overbuilt between 30 and 40 per cent.

"As for competition, the public seems to forget that each company varies in its capacity for each product, and often if it does have a considerable capacity in one of many lines it can't compete in many parts of the country for geographical reasons. If all the products handled in all parts of the country by all the companies going into one of these mergers be considered, the competitive business to be eliminated by combination amounts to only 1½ per cent of the total volume covered by the combination.

"But the United States Steel Corporation with its widely distributed plants, its easy access to its own raw materials and its own transportation facilities is always turning out the products most in demand and in the localities where they are wanted. Transportation alone gives it a differential of $1.50 a ton, and its total advantage over competitors is often close to five dollars a ton. Other steel companies live merely on the sufferance of the Steel Corporation's live-and-let-live policy.

"No one company can afford to provide the transportation facilities or the raw materials which the Steel Corporation enjoys, but by combination we can approach their advantages to some extent. Combination will thus further instead of restrain competition. The Steel Corporation will begin to have some real competition, for these other companies will be able to compete with products and in territory for the first time, not only with the Steel Corporation but in some cases with each other. Above all else, mergers mean competition in new territory, for each merger strengthens the territorial or location power of those who enter it.

"In any case it is combination for the independent companies, or an immense amount of new construction, or death. Why, even the Steel Corporation is not rounded out enough to meet the constantly varying demands for different products in different territories, and is now planning to build a $20,000,000 tube mill at Gary. It does not dare to buy an independent mill, because it is so large already that it fears to bring down upon it the antitrust laws if it bought another independent. Yet the steel industry is overbuilt, and it is not in the interest of the public or labor for the Steel Corporation or any other company to build further."

Senatorial Myopia

The very day following this interview the writer saw a small item in a financial newspaper to the effect that a steel company of barely moderate size, and by no means in the first six or seven, was about to spend $10,000,000 on a new mill. In view of the fact that this company had dropped out of merger negotiations only a few weeks previously, confirmation of the chief point in the preceding interview came with surprising suddenness.

One of the United States senators who urged an investigation of the new Steel mergers said that there had been some competition apparently in the steel industry during the past year, "and that this strange phenomenon, which had been unknown since the formation of the steel trust, has greatly disturbed the steel magnates."

Well, it has not only been competition which the senator has seen, but an atrociously overbuilt and poorly rounded-out capacity, an appalling drop in demand and general poverty for the producers. If by competition the senator means deficits and losses so great that plants are closed down, organizations destroyed and labor thrown out of employment, then the reply discourteous must be that the senator's ideas are perhaps not so constructive as they might be. He is not so much interested possibly in competition to benefit consumers as to keep the competitors poor.

Naturally, competition is regarded differently by those who benefit from it and by those who lose thereby. But it is a fair question whether the so-called competition in many industries in the last few years has been wholesome from any point of view, any more than was the era of profiteering that preceded it. One was the result of an abnormal and unwholesome inflation, and the other is the crash that inevitably follows.

The public welfare depends upon getting away as fast as possible from both the extravagance and waste of an inflated profiteering and the equally wasteful period of ruinous deficiteering. In any case, the surest way to bring about large combinations is to make it impossible for smaller companies to earn a living.

Of course the simple and obvious fact is that when the reasons for lattez-day mergers are boiled down to one plain statement, it is found that those in control of these companies do not know how else to prevent or cure the narrowing margin of profits. They may be wrong, but when profits disappear so largely and generally, the natural instinct is to make up for a small margin of profit by a larger volume of business.

Self-preservation is an impelling force, and that is the instinct at work. In a sense the consolidation movement of the present time is the natural response of manufacturers to the buyers' strike. Such impetus as the tendency toward integration and rounding out is receiving, such mottoes as "From mine to consumer," are caused primarily by the virtual disappearance of the ultimate consumer, or at least the secondary consumer in the form of the retailers, in the last half of 1920 and very largely in 1921 and 1922.

The Logic of Events

A well-known concern of national importance, which constitutes the core of a much-talked-of merger, reported deficits of just about $2,500,000 for the first six months of both 1921 and 1922 as compared with a surplus of nearly $6,000,000 for the first half of 1920. It is a fairly typical case.

Such is the irresistible logic of events, and it has little to do with the quality of products, or whether they meet much or little competition. It is at bottom a financial question, of falling prices, reduced demand and overbuilt capacity. Few indeed are the promoters who hope to bring into merger schemes the company that has come through deflation without loss. Such concerns are contented to stay where they are, and properly refuse to take the chances of combination.

The whole story is told in condensed and graphic form by an active industrial operator who has put together a combination in the automotive field. "We had to, that's all there is to it," was his first sentence. Then he went on to say:

"When we were in a period of underproduction everyone received high prices, and it didn't take the ablest man by any means to make a success. Then when we got down to normal or subnormal conditions it was found that there had been a mushroom growth of corporations, and that men who were not particularly good had been getting enormous salaries. Companies had been expected to finance themselves out of earnings and no provision had been made for other methods. The result was a tremendous continuing overhead, no business and no profits.

"What can we do? Well, we have put a number of companies together and hired the best men. Even at that we shall only get enough production to keep one plant open. Do you realize that there are four or five hundred separate makes in this trade, and something like a hundred and forty standard makes? One concern, and a pretty well-known one at that, wanted to go into the merger. But when I looked into it I found that it would add nothing because its production was too small, and oh, the salary list was simply awful!

"In this business we must have a strong selling organization and lots of service stations, more than any one of the individual companies can maintain, for our product gets rough handling. Then, too, we must have larger units with more capital to do business in times like these. In boom times the customer paid spot cash, but now in order to sell goods at all we must offer inducement, and that takes capital."

"Yes, that is all right," interrupted the writer, "but didn't they use the same arguments to float the trusts of a generation ago, and didn't those mergers work out extravagantly?"

"I grant you that consolidations in periods of prosperity are apt to be extravagant. Great bull stock markets encourage



Murphy Da-cote

—the next thing to a professional job!

If you can spare your shabby car for a couple of weeks or more, by all means take it to a professional painter. He'll build up a de luxe finish equal or superior to the original showroom job. Six to ten coats—very likely Murphy materials. Worth every cent it costs.

But, if you must use it right along, do what two million other men have done. Repaint it yourself. At home. In an afternoon, with Murphy Da-cote. Your professional man will tell you this is the next best thing.

Da-cote is finest pigments ground with the same Murphy Varnish which master painters have used for half a century on their best work.

It's so smooth and creamy, you can't help getting good results from Da-cote. Brush marks melt away after each stroke, leaving a surface like satin. Dries overnight. Next day you have a *car!*

Da-cote is also fine for renewing all wood and metal surfaces. Interior or exterior. Wonderfully durable. Your dealer has it in black and white and ten standard colors.

Murphy Univernish

Will Brighten Your Home

A dozen places around the house are showing signs of age and wear. Brighten them up with a coat of Univernish. More fun than work. Takes little time and leaves a finish like new. Univernish is Murphy professional varnish in cans for home use. Of course it won't turn white. Wonderful for wear. Not affected by scalding water, soap or even ammonia. Your dealer has it clear and in six wood colors. Ask for color card.

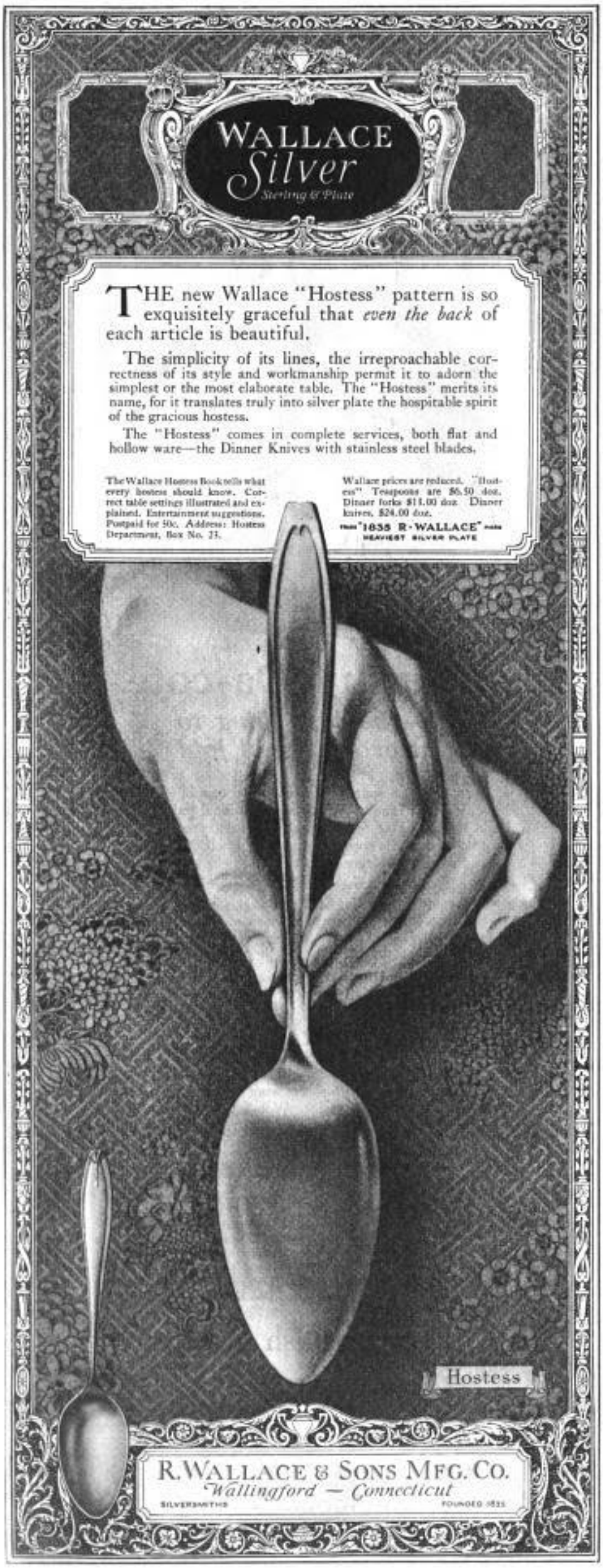
Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate



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reckelessness in the formation of mergers. Those made at such times are not necessary anyway. But those in a depression are forced. Concerns are being put together now that did well in prosperity, and must be saved. Consolidation is not really the word for what is going on now; the process should be known as reorganization."

"But doesn't reorganization point to elimination?" was the next question.

"Well, it means the salvaging of what is good."

If consolidations, like the trusts under President Roosevelt, be classed as good and bad, there must be put in the second group not only those that aim at monopoly and those that fail to produce the economies aimed at, but also the consolidations that are organized primarily to yield promotion profits. Indeed, it may be suspected that the public dislikes the idea of huge promotion killings through increased capitalization even more than it does monopoly or inefficiency.

The desire to make profits enters into mergers naturally, as it does into other business ventures. Motives are usually mixed. In one industry pretty much under the control of a few men and which will be recognized perhaps without being named, there is a constant shuffling of the cards, a continual succession of new mergers, of suspicious frequency. But, after all, such gambling operations are not representative of industry.

Promoters make unconscionable fees now and then, but they rarely jam through a deal unless conditions favor, unless there are more fundamental reasons at hand. Nor can it be successfully denied that their own motives are as likely to consist of ambition and a desire for prominence as the mere lust of riches.

The public is easily shocked when it hears of big promotion profits, but it hardly glances at the reports of promotion losses. Merger promotion, like any other speculative game, has two sides. The public, and especially the Wall Street public itself, hates to see anybody else make a profit, and is callously indifferent to other people's losses. A banking house, or an individual organizer and promoter, may work for years to bring about a merger, and indeed a couple of recent instances are the result of several years of labor. There is no pay of any description unless the deal goes through, and usually there is none unless the combination proves a stock-market success.

The Promoter and His Pay

Promoters rarely take their pay in cash. In a recent instance one individual was to receive stock far below the market price to be established later, and which stock would be worth $1,000,000 to him if that price were ever reached. But he has worked for several years on the plans, spending money as well as time. If the deal falls through or the stock proves a flivver, he will receive practically nothing. If it goes through and proves a success he will receive a million dollars, but that is a small fraction of 1 per cent of the value of the entire property.

The one unpardonable sin in promotion finance is bad judgment and failure. At the very topmost crest of the war boom of 1916 it was proposed by a group of banking and brokerage houses to bring about a merger in one of the newer industries, which if it had gone through would have ranked next to the United States Steel Corporation in size. One captain of industry, whose interests have since fallen apart into the hands of worried creditors, was to receive about $90,000,000, while another, who has ceased entirely to be a figure in industry and whose company has little if any value today, was to receive $35,000,000.

Fortunately obstacles arose, and the inflated combination failed to go through. Possibly its promoters were honestly misled by the times in which they were living, but this much can be said without fear of contradiction, that they committed the unpardonable sin of using bad judgment. The only good merger is that whose capitalization proves to be in accordance with the economic conditions it must later meet.

Promoters' fees, like those of real-estate brokers or any other middleman, are an endless subject of controversy. The one certain fact is that the abuses which attend industrial consolidations would be more easily corrected if there were pitiless publicity. It would be most interesting and instructive if investors were to know, not in one conspicuous case alone but in all instances, what the promoting and underwriting fees of all flotations and consolidations amount to.

This is not the place to go into details regarding the difficulties that the promoter of a consolidation invariably encounters. There are a myriad problems, human, financial and organizational. At times the personal equation becomes fatal. If five or six companies, each with a president of its own, are put together, who is to be president of the combine? At other times the heads of the different companies have a great respect for one another's abilities, and they may be as polite as Alphonse and Gaston.

But there is one type of obstacle that is invariably encountered. That is the excessive value put upon a plant by the owners or chief executives. A chief executive may be perfectly willing to step out himself, he may admit the superior personal ability of his competitor, although this is by no means always the case. But he will never admit that the property he has headed and built up is not a good one. He always exaggerates its importance and strategic position, and without fail regards any merger as an impossibility unless his company is conceded from the start to be its most valuable unit.

Chain Store Combinations

Years ago a group of manufacturers were seated about a table to discuss a merger. One of them insisted that his company should go in at $100,000, higher valuation than any of the others, because of its water-power facilities. Another man who sat across the table swore violently and, shaking his fist at the first speaker, said:

"I'm from Pittsburgh; if you get $100,000 for that creek of yours I ought to get $1,000,000 for the Ohio River."

Then, too, many a consolidation is spoiled, or at least prevented from being as successful as its promoters hope, because one or two of those who might go in and are most wanted can't quite take the hurdle. They agree in theory that it is all right, they do not dispute what the promoters say, but when they come to the point they haven't nerve enough to take the possible risk. Their feeling is that they have gone on by themselves for years, and that this thing which is proposed to them is just somehow too big a pill to swallow. They may be glad later on, or very sorry, but they won't sign on the dotted line at the time.

One of the most foolish myths that are always circulated vigorously whenever an industrial consolidation of any substantial size is put through or even broached is that J. P. Morgan & Co. or their close associates are behind the deal, or are being consulted. The Morgan interests are no doubt very powerful, but to intimate that no large business operation can or does go through without their say-so is an insult to the intelligence of the business men of this country.

There is not much use in attempting to predict the further directions to be taken by the consolidating movement. Certainly without being invidious there are several industries where the process of elimination must go much further, and will result in a sounder basis all around, even though the gradual improvement in business may remove the urgent necessity of combination. The general opinion is that this will come about through large numbers of moderate sized mergers.

The very large combination is not looked for by many observers. It may or may not be economical and efficient. Opinion differs. Some already in the field are a success; others are not. But the really big combination is difficult to bring into being, and the public fears it. There are those who would like to see only one or two companies in the packing industry and in copper mining. That may yet be the outcome, but it would seem possible only with a very great change in public opinion.

But there is one type of combination the limit of expansion for which does not appear as yet to be within sight. That is the chain store, especially in such fields as groceries, drugs, tobacco, cafeterias, cheap restaurants and the like. It has spread of late even to hotels, and there are at least half a dozen big chains of them. To what proportions this particular development will reach is a subject upon which it is yet too early to hazard a venture.

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Many men begin to lose their vigor twenty years before they should

THE average man in the United States is dead at 54! This means that many are physical wrecks at forty and are already losing their hold upon health and vigor in their thirties.

And yet within the grasp of every normal man are the simple means to *maintain* health and strength—and even get them back when they are slipping away.

The truth about loss of "drive" and power

Failing strength and energy mean just this: *something* is hindering the body from performing its two vital functions. Either it is failing to build up properly the living cells which compose it, or it is not throwing off the poisons that gather in the intestines.

Only in recent years has it been found that the chief cause of the trouble is a *lack of certain elements in our food.*

The most important finding of all was that a familiar food, Fleischmann's Yeast, is rich in the missing elements.

The fresh, living cells of Fleischmann's Yeast contain a natural food, with the very elements which help the body perform its two most vital functions: absorb its proper nourishment, and keep the system clean.

Like any other plant or vegetable, yeast produces the best results when fresh and "green." Fleischmann's Yeast is the highest grade living yeast—always fresh. It is not a medicine, it is a natural food. It helps to "tone" up the whole system and assures regular daily elimination. *Results cannot be expected unless it is eaten regularly.*

Physicians and hospitals throughout the country are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast.

Eat two or three cakes a day. If you prefer, get six cakes at a time from your grocer. They will keep in a cool, dry place for two or three days. Begin at once to know what real health means. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 621, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



Eat it plain—or spread on crackers—or mixed with water or milk.



Send today for the absorbing free booklet telling what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you. Use this coupon.

Appetite and digestion restored

The great problem for those with lowered vitality or faulty digestion is first to stimulate the appetite, and at the same time make it possible to digest the increased food that is eaten. Fleischmann's Yeast has this remarkable effect on the digestive system. It enables you to eat more, and to get more benefit from the food you eat.

Laxatives made unnecessary

Fleischmann's Yeast does for you naturally and permanently what drugs at their best do only artificially and for a short time. In hospitals, even chronic cases respond to it and normal functions are restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks. People all over the country are telling how Fleischmann's Yeast has helped them.

Skin and complexion cleared

The most common skin disorders are generally the result of lowered vitality and of the decrease in the supply of white corpuscles in the blood. Experiments have shown that Fleischmann's Yeast corrects this basic cause by increasing the white corpuscles and by "toning" up the body to greater vitality.

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 621, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

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What 100 P-A-X Telephones Do *in* One Year

The following digested facts are supplied by Mr. E. D. Conklin, *Vice-President in charge of Production at the* McGraw-Hill Company, *Inc.*, New York



Saves 15 Seconds per Call

"The Private Automatic Exchange is three times as fast as the manual system, saving 10 to 20 seconds per call. As it is used by fully 300 of our employes, this saving is really large, though intangible. Figuring that we make 1,000 calls a day, 5½ days a week, this amounts to 286,000 calls a year. At a saving of 15 seconds per call, there is a total saving of 1,191⅔ hours per year—really a considerable item."

Costs Less Than ½ Cent a Call

"Before we installed a Private Automatic Exchange, our outside phone system was greatly overburdened, due to the great number of incoming calls. Now our 100-phone P-A-X system handles 1,000 calls a day at a cost of only $4.72 a day, or less than ½ cent per call. Incidentally, it saves two additional operators and other charges amounting to a net saving of $948.56 a year."

Better Phone Service to Clients

"The money-saving, of course, is a small item. The primary advantage of the P-A-X is that it relieves the outside switchboard, thereby giving better service to our customers. In addition it insures secret conversations, and gives clearer connections because there are no disturbing noises on the lines.

"There is no danger of losing the party who is waiting, and the speed obtainable makes better satisfied clients. This feature is also important in securing credit information, while holding an outside party on the wire.

"The P-A-X also has the man-finding feature, which is very useful when executives are wanted and are away from their desks."

Making Last-Minute Corrections

"They give us instant connection throughout the building, from president to office boy, and from boiler room to penthouse.

"We often get last-minute corrections just before the magazine is going to press. The P-A-X enables us to phone immediately and directly to the foreman of the printing department and put through the change. All such details of publishing require quick work, and the speed of the P-A-X is a big advantage."

* * * *

Mr. Conklin has given you above the reasons why the P-A-X is indispensable to his company. We have similar reports from many other P-A-X users. Over a thousand organizations in various lines of business employ, with daily profit to themselves, the Automatic Electric Services of the P-A-X.

We suggest that you write or telephone our nearest office and ask that one of our field engineers survey *your* establishment. Such a report might prove enlightening.

Automatic Electric Company

ENGINEERS, DESIGNERS & MANUFACTURERS OF THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE IN USE THE WORLD OVER

HOME OFFICE AND FACTORY: CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Branch Offices

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PHILADELPHIA, The Bourse Bldg.
BOSTON, 445 Tremont Bldg.
WASHINGTON, 905 Munsey Bldg.
ROCHESTER, 612 Mercantile Bldg.
PITTSBURGH, 608 Fulton Bldg.
CLEVELAND, 415 Cuyahoga Bldg.
CINCINNATI, 1913 Union Central Bldg.
COLUMBUS, O., 518 Ferris Bldg.
DETROIT, 525 Ford Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, 1001 New York Life Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO, 37 California St.
LOS ANGELES, 238 San Fernando Bldg.

In Canada—Address

Northern Electric Co., Ltd., 121 Shearer St., Montreal, P. Q.

Abroad—Address

International Automatic Telephone Co., Ltd., 60 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W. C. 2, England.

In Australia—Address

Automatic Telephone, Australasia, Ltd., 207 Macquarie Street, Sydney, Australia



The P-A-X is an Interior Private Automatic Telephone Exchange equipped with various associated services such as the code call, conference, watchman's checking and emergency alarm. The P-A-X gives quick, accurate, secret and convenient service, 24 hours every day, without the need of an operator. It saves money, time and errors.

The P-A-X is similar to the famous Automatic Telephone equipment being so widely adopted for city service, but is especially engineered and adapted to the interior communication needs of financial, commercial and industrial organizations of every type and size. The P-A-X augments and completes, but does not supplant nor connect with the local and long distance service.

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COAL REMEDIES

(Continued from Page 29)

get what they want without the aid of Federal control. As a matter of fact the leaders of the miners have overplayed their hands, and Frankenstein-like, they have created a public opinion that is sure to prove their undoing, unless the American public has changed its temper and discarded its ideals.

In leading up to remedies we must first lay down a number of facts that have a direct bearing on the problem as a whole. About 60 per cent of our coal mines are union properties, while the remainder employ nonunion workers. When everything is running smoothly and the nation's coal supply is normal the immediate result is a keen competition for markets, and the nonunion mines, producing a high grade of coal and paying lower wages, soon get the bulk of the business. As a result the companies operating union mines find their sales diminishing and their business becoming unprofitable. Then the operators in the organized fields become alarmed and insist that wages must be reduced to a level that will enable them to compete successfully with the nonunion producers. Of course the miners refuse to accept a reduction in wages, differences arise, and before long a strike is under way. Then comes a coal famine, the miners go back to work at the same old scale of wages, and for a time the demand for coal is urgent, prices soar, peace reigns and everyone but the coal consumer is happy.

While the union mines are working, the treasury of the miners' organization gets somewhat inflated with currency, and then several millions of dollars are expended in a new effort to organize some of the nonunion districts. Gradually, notwithstanding some severe defeats in various regions, the organized territory is extended and the miners' union becomes still more powerful. That is what has been happening for years, and the same program is being continued at the present time. If the union miner can work only two-thirds of the year at his present high rate of wages he will earn about as much as the nonunion worker who labors a far greater number of days at a lower rate of pay. As things now stand Mr. Lewis can go ahead next year with his missionary work, supported by the strongest arguments that the United Mine Workers' organization has ever been able to present to nonunion miners for the purpose of winning their allegiance. Nothing counts like victory, and that is what the miners are able to hold forth as a lure. On the other hand, each time there has been a strike the nonunion operators have profited to the tune of some tens of millions of dollars, and a large part of this money is kept available as a defense fund against the encroachment of the union.

A Union on Syndicalist Lines

It is this lack of regularity of operation and the wide fluctuations in coal prices that constitute the chief evils of coal mining today. The president of the miners' union insists that this instability of the business would be eliminated if all of the miners were members of the union. In answer to this the nonunion operators have always insisted that it is only the output from the unorganized fields that has saved the nation from complete disaster during many coal strikes. There is perhaps some truth in both contentions, but in the light of our recent experiences it would appear to be not only impossible but foolish to favor the complete unionization of the coal industry. If the United Mine Workers can strangle the country with only a little more than half of the miners enrolled in their membership, how much more quickly could they do it with all the workers lined up in the union ranks? If the whole industry were organized we have no assurance at all that the great power placed in the hands of the union would not be improperly used.

In approaching our national coal problem, therefore, we find some outstanding truths. First and foremost is the fact that the industry is likely to continue with half of the miners organized and the other half unorganized. This means a continuous fight by the union to extend the closed shop and the check-off to include all fields. Furthermore, the coal industry is practically the only great business in this country that is organized on the lines advocated by the disciples of syndicalism. It is the belief of syndicalists that the workers should be organized into unions covering industries rather than into unions made up of the members of a single craft. In the railroad industry there are a dozen or more unions, while in coal mining there is but one, although men of many different trades work in and about the mines. It is for this reason, and because coal is so essential, that the United Mine Workers is by far the most important union in the eyes of every socialist, no matter to what class he belongs.

As a result of this belief of so-called radicals that the United Mine Workers is the one organization most necessary to the carrying forward of a great social revolution, it may be accepted as fact that strenuous efforts will be made to prevent any action by the Government that will hinder the growth or limit the power over industry of the miners' union. Timid legislators who have an eye to pleasing everybody, thereby rolling up votes, will be of little use in such a struggle, even though the opposition to be overcome represents only the organized 10 per cent of the nation's workers. It is to be hoped, however, that the lessons of this winter will fill our citizenry with an unshakable determination to break the minority rule of labor, just as we have broken the minority rule of capital. There is no way to make men work if they do not want to. Also, we may question the justice of attempts to force labor to decentralize and abandon the practice of introducing third parties in wage disputes. But it is proper to insist that the unions of organized workers be forced to accept responsibility in the same way that capitalistic groups are held liable for their acts.

Miners Opposed to Arbitration

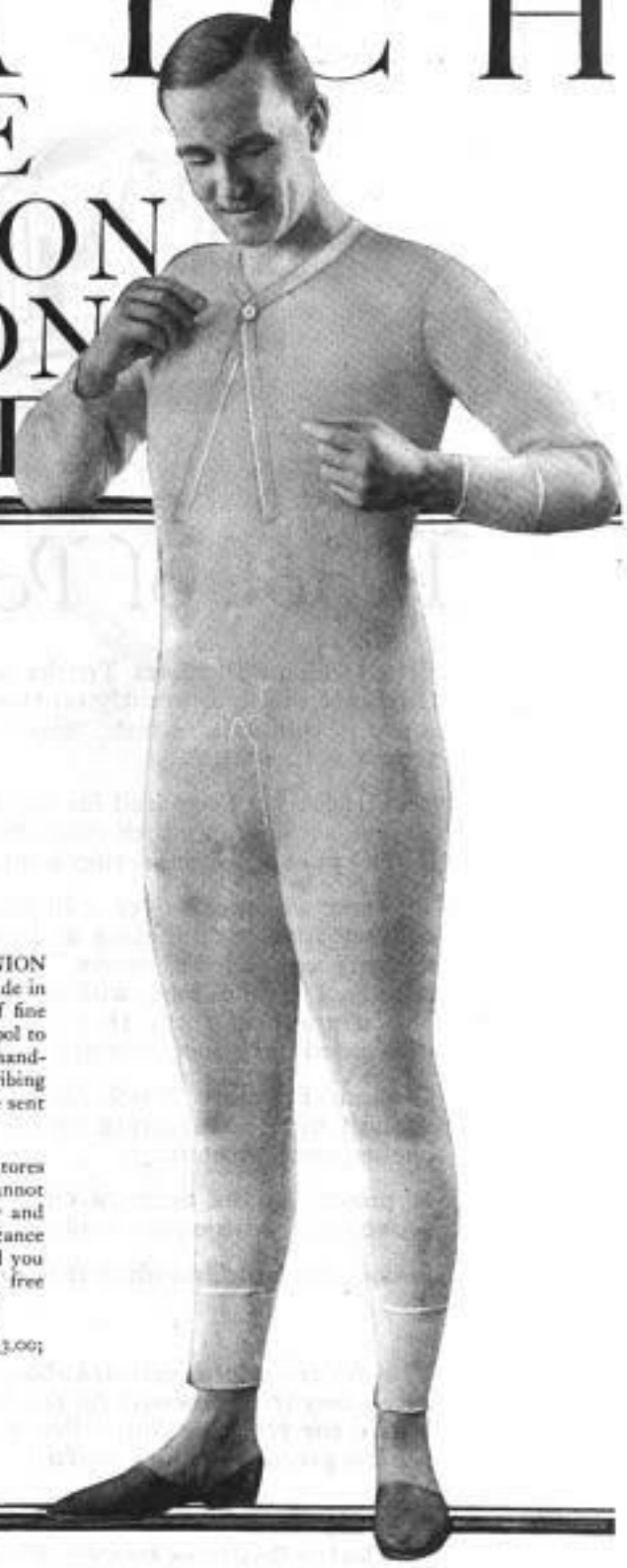
Nothing is more ridiculous than the demand of organized labor for complete immunity from any effective regulation by the state.. No one can dispute the statement that "the freeman owns himself," but it should be perfectly plain that when any worker or group of workers voluntarily enters employment and freely makes a contract it is a solemn duty to keep this contract, and there can be no freedom worthy the name on any other terms. It is silly to say that men are reduced to involuntary servitude by a law that compels them to keep their word. The responsibility for working agreements must rest equally upon the employer and the employe. Our American unions have been the most persistent agitators for repressive legislation to control everyone but themselves.

It is only by keeping these thoughts in mind that any progress will be made in bringing the monopoly of labor under control, thereby eliminating the waste and distress that result to the nation from strikes. It is generally acknowledged that we have done less than any other great people to minimize the evils of labor unrest. Our Canadian friends, with so much less at stake, have gone a much longer way on the road to industrial peace than we have here in our own country. During a period of nine years 182 disputes were brought before the Canadian board of arbitration, and in only two instances was there a failure to settle the trouble. Here in the United States in recent years the country has suffered from something like 2500 strikes each year.

Our American labor leaders—particularly the president of the United Mine Workers—are flatly opposed to the settlement of disputes by boards of arbitration. As the unions gain victories and their power increases the demands of the leaders become more arbitrary. This is an ill omen for all those who are now proposing to work harmoniously with labor for a satisfactory solution of the problem. It supplies clear evidence that strikes, at least in our coal industry, must be either prevented entirely or forced to a settlement before the stocks of fuel on hand have been reduced below the danger point. In other words, if we assume that the danger point is a four weeks' supply, or approximately 30,000,000 tons of bituminous coal, the President of the United States should announce to the country that when the supplies of coal have been depleted to the 30,000,000-ton mark mining must resume immediately or drastic action will be taken by the Government in the interest of public safety.

The questions are asked, "What can the Government do?" "How can men be

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ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT
PATENTED JUNE 16, 1914

HATCH ONE BUTTON UNION SUITS for men and boys are made in various qualities and weights of fine combed cotton and soft warm wool to suit every person and purse. A handsome illustrated catalogue describing all the lines that we make will be sent free on request.

This garment is featured at good stores almost everywhere, but if you cannot get exactly what you want easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free anywhere in the United States.

Men's suits—$2.00; $2.50; $3.00; $3.50; $4.00; $5.00.

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BECAUSE at first glance the one button at the chest so completely dominates your attention, you might overlook two other very important things about the

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This one button makes the Hatch One Button Union Suit the choice of men who want simplicity and precision in all things—freedom too from repair bothers and costs. Yet the other two equally significant features commend this underwear to all: perfect fit and finish, and winter-defying comfort and warmth.

The One Button is a good reason for your trying this garment, but it is the fit and comfort that give you added daily satisfaction.

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Proof of Power

Five Graham Brothers Trucks were sold to the State of Ohio recently on the strength of a severe competitive test. Seven well known trucks participated.

The trucks were required for the State's Mine Rescue service, in which ruggedness, reliability and pulling power are the essential qualities.

The test was made over a 40-mile stretch of country road, culminating at Lick Run Hill, known as "Ohio's worst." Unimproved, muddy, 1¼ miles long, with many bad curves and a grade of from 18 to 22 per cent, it demanded the utmost in endurance and power.

Graham Brothers Truck alone reached the summit of the staggering incline—once with chains, once without.

It proved to the State of Ohio what it can prove again with equal emphasis—

It does its work and *does it well.*

• • • •

The details of this remarkable test furnish an interesting record of relative merits. Write for the Booklet, "Proof of Power," which gives the story in full.

Sold and Serviced Exclusively by Dodge Brothers Dealers Everywhere

1 Ton Chassis, $1265; 1½ Ton, $1325, f. o. b. Detroit or Evansville, Ind.

A Body for Every Line of Business

GRAHAM BROTHERS
DETROIT



compelled to work if they don't want to?" The Government can handle a situation of this kind promptly and decisively, although it cannot force miners to dig coal. First we must have a bureau of coal economics, so that every fact concerning the production of coal will be available on an hour's notice. Then we must determine and define by law what a coal emergency is and just when it commences to exist. In case of a strike, when the nation's supplies of coal are diminished to the danger point prescribed by law—say, 30,000,000 tons—the President must declare that an emergency exists, and the case in dispute must then go to a board of arbitration previously authorized by law to function in such a time of need. Having all the facts concerning wages, working conditions, costs, and so on, immediately before them, the decision of the court of arbitration would be rendered in two or three days at the most, and the country would still have better than a three weeks' supply of coal on hand to tide over the emergency.

Some of the miners, perhaps all of them, would refuse to accept the terms announced by the arbitration board, and the Government would then set machinery in motion to resume the production of coal under Federal supervision. The men refusing to work would be asked to move on and secure employment in some other line where service would be more congenial. It might take months to build up an adequate and competent force of miners to supply the country's needs, and industry might have to be seriously curtailed in the meantime. But we should be able to see the unusual spectacle of the majesty of the law actually being upheld instead of being merely talked about.

The cost to the nation of effecting such a settlement might amount to four or five hundred millions of dollars, but that would be a small price to pay once or twice for the maintenance of our national self-respect and for the preservation of justice and economic balance in industry. The coal strike we have just passed through will cost the country more than $1,000,000,000, and nothing whatever has been settled. It would be worth much to our people to know that here in America there can be no finish fight of labor and capital in the coal industry, and that the laws of the land sternly forbid the cutting off of our fuel supplies. How we would love and support national leaders with the sand and the sense to give us a real coal remedy instead of dishing up palliatives that correct nothing and only defer the day of final reckoning!

It is not a popular notion that the Government should go into the coal business, but the nation's experiences with the fuel problem for a generation and more should be sufficient evidence that there is no alternative. It is not merely the enormous losses of money, time and effort that coal strikes entail but we must also bear in mind an even more important fact, which is that a fuel shortage with high coal prices completely destroys the natural operation of fundamental economic laws. The curtailment of industry means a decrease in the production of goods and higher prices per unit for all manufactured articles.

Physical Problems

This year's coal strike has interfered with the orderly recovery of business. The only well-informed people who regarded our recent coal and rail strikes without apprehension and regret were those speculators who capitalize wide fluctuations in prices.

And while we are concentrating our attention on the nation's fuel riddle we must not only think of the political features but give earnest attention to the physical problems relating to the production and utilization of coal. Aside from legislation there are a number of important changes and developments in our fuel practices that might be considered to the great relief and decided advantage of the country. In the very beginning it is necessary that we get ourselves straightened out with regard to the seasonal nature of coal mining, and the causes of part-time employment and general instability in the industry. The fact that there is a heavy seasonal consumption of coal for house heating, especially of anthracite, has caused many people to believe that the demand for coal in the winter months is very much greater than during the summertime.

Though it is quite possible, if we are to judge by such figures as are available, that 75 per cent of the annual production of anthracite is consumed during the six cold months of the year, an investigation shows that the consumption of soft coal does not follow the fluctuation of the thermometer in the same way as does the consumption of hard coal. A careful estimate indicates that 43 per cent of our annual bituminous production is burned during the six warm months of the year, while 57 per cent is consumed in the cold months. The railroads burn more coal per ton mile in the winter, but they haul more freight in the warm months, when the weather is good. They consume 27 per cent of the total yearly output of soft coal, and of this consumption 13 per cent is burned in the summer and 14 per cent in the winter. Likewise the steel business consumes nearly as much coal in the summer as in the winter, and the same thing is true of general manufacturing. Public utilities burn more than one-third of their annual coal supply in the summer, while householders consume only one-fourth. We must not overlook the fact, however, that the public utilities and householders both have excellent storage facilities, so that coal can be stocked during the warm season.

The Menace of Overcapacity

Even as the foregoing figures now stand, it is clear that the mining of bituminous coal is far from being what we may call a seasonal business. If in addition we take into account that 26,000,000 tons of soft coal are required to satisfy what is known as the Great Lakes trade and that all this fuel goes up the lakes for storage during the summer months and is distributed by rail during the winter to the consumers of the Northwest, then it becomes evident that the so-called summer demand for coal amounts to about 47 per cent of the annual output. Consequently we must abandon the idea that the instability of the coal industry is in any way due to the weather. If we examine the figures of soft-coal production for the last ten years we shall find that during this decade 49 per cent of the coal was produced in the summer and 51 per cent in the winter. There have been buyers' panics in coal, when production was good and consumption only normal. On the other hand, there have been ruinous drops in coal prices during depressions, although the consumption of coal was going on at the rate of 75 per cent of normal, while the consumption of most other commodities was continuing at a rate of 50 per cent of normal, or less. The whole history of coal mining is nothing more or less than a record of rapid transitions from chaos to prosperity and back again, and no one need lay the responsibility for such instability on the weather.

The chief cause of chaos in the bituminous coal industry is overcapacity and overdevelopment of the soft-coal fields. It is this condition that is responsible for instability, and there is no way that the mine owners themselves can remedy the situation through voluntary and independent action. If the mining companies were to attempt to bring order into their industry by joint action and agreement they would immediately be liable to prosecution under the provisions of the Sherman Antitrust Law. Also, it would be impossible for the Government to enact laws compelling a certain percentage of the mining companies to suspend operations.

Among all the plans that have been proposed to remedy our coal evils none is so important as, or should be considered before, the scheme that calls for the immediate establishment of a permanent government bureau of coal economics, or a fact finding and distributing commission, if one prefers to call it that. Even if nothing is done to prevent the recurrence of coal strikes an efficient statistical agency, such as is suggested, would undoubtedly make strikes far less frequent and certainly less destructive. The great need of the day is for the education of both coal operators and coal buyers, and this work must be carried on by an independent bureau whose accuracy and authority will never be questioned. When the consumer knows that there is ample coal available for his needs he will not get hysterical and thereby add to the force of buyers' panics. Furthermore, with abundant information at hand consumers will always be able to exercise wisdom in storing coal in preparation for strikes on the railroads or at the mines. Many of our car shortages have been due

(Continued on Page 141)

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Two years of wrong shaving will add 10 years to the average man's looks. One month of right shaving will take years away, say authorities.

Are You Past 35?

Then read the facts below.

They will amaze you.

Foremost dermatologists tell why three men in four, past 35, look ten years older than their age—and tell the means to correct it.



Note the lines and furrows of age on this man's face brought on by improper shaving methods.

How wrong shaving brings lines of premature age to men's faces

To Keep Young—"*The World's Fastest Shave*," say Noted Skin Specialists

78 Seconds from Lather to Towel—*this Amazing New Way*

This is to men who shave and want to stay young.

Leading dermatologists now tell us three men in four, past 35, look years older than they are because of improper methods of shaving.

When you feel a sensation in shaving—beware. It's a danger signal.

It means that the roots of your beard are being irritated by pulling and that a rough skin is sure to come.

The deep lines of age, furrows and wrinkles closely follow.

These are scientific facts. Any dermatologist will verify them.

Note the men you meet—in the street, at your club, anywhere. Some look years beyond their age. Others, years younger than they are.

Get to the real reason and you'll find that the age a man's face tells is regulated, almost invariably, by the way he shaves. Hundreds of wealthy men have private barbers for that reason.



"Strops its own blades"—Shaves, cleans, strops without removing the blade

For youth—a keen blade

You should be able to shave clean—if your beard is average—by going over your face *one time*. Note this fact and mark it.

And you can't accomplish this with anything short of a super-keen blade. Ordinary sharpness won't do it.

For that reason many of the most noted skin specialists in the United States are advising men to turn to the Valet AutoStrop Razor. A barber's edge—the keenest cutting edge known—on a safety razor blade.

We talk about it in terms of time, "78 Seconds from Lather to Towel," because you can't shave quickly with a dull blade. We perfected this blade 18 months ago. A fortune was spent attaining it. But we deferred announcing it at that time. We wanted to be sure that we were right. That our achievement was supreme.

Now more than a million men use it. It marks a new era in shaving. And changes the whole shaving situation.

Once over the face!

You go over your face—*once*. That is all. The result is a super-velvet shave. And that is where you spare your face.

No scraping. No after-shave smart. No shaving lotions needed. The blade cuts clean. No tugging at the hair roots to invite eruptions and roughness.

One famous specialist goes so far as to say that one month of shaving, in this way, will turn back the calendar several years for any man of 35 or more, who is now shaving old-time ways.

You can obtain a Valet AutoStrop Razor at any dealer's. $1 and $5. The difference in price is marked by the superlative finish, the better case and the greater number of blades. Gold plated and sterling silver fitted sets—ideal for gifts—are priced up to $25.

Try a Valet AutoStrop. It will prove a revelation. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail the coupon, with $1, for Model C, with strop and three blades, postpaid.

3 Things in a shave you've never had before

First—a super-velvet shave, going over the face *one time*. No scraping.

Second—a quick shave. 78 seconds from lather to towel. Only an extra-keen blade can do it.

Third—a 78 second super-shave every day. Our strop keeps up the edge of the blade.



Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Mail This *If your dealer cannot supply you*

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
651 First Avenue, New York City

Enclosed is one dollar ($1.00), for which send me one of the Model C Valet AutoStrop Razor sets complete.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City and State _____

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Isn't the Suit that Stood this Test a Wiser Purchase for You?



From an actual photograph

A CLOTHCRAFT COAT was soaked in water, dried and re-pressed. And you couldn't tell it from new!

Could any test be more severe? For a coat, you know, is made up of many little things—fabric, haircloth, canvas, thread, etc.—all built into ONE garment.

If the materials are not good, if the designing is poor or the workmanship bad, the water test would ruin *any* coat.

But the Clothcraft coat remained absolutely unchanged—visible, indisputable proof of the high quality of Clothcraft materials, the designing and producing skill that goes into the making.

And at $27—the retail price of Clothcraft 5130 Blue Serge—it proves another thing—a value unexcelled.

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FREE—See this cloth—feel it for yourself. A sample swatch Folder, also telling how Clothcraft Clothes are built, will be sent FREE on request. Write for one today.

THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.
2171 West 53rd Street, Cleveland, O.



$27



CLOTHCRAFT

"5130" SERGE

AMERICA'S STANDARD SUIT FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

CLOTHCRAFT 7130 Grey Serge and 7131 Brown Serge are companion numbers to 5130 at the same price. 4130 is a heavier weight de luxe Blue Serge at $33.

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(Continued from Page 138)

to a consumers' panic and unnecessary anxiety to stock coal in addition to current needs. Here again education of the buyer will help materially.

A goodly percentage of the coal mines in the United States are what might be called noneconomic operations. At many of these plants the cost of producing coal is from fifty cents to a dollar and a half more per ton than at mines where conditions are more favorable and the managements more efficient. These high-cost mines are a menace to the business and could not exist except for the instability of the industry. Many of these plants, commonly known as snowbirds, operate only in boom periods. Strikes are the food on which they live, for usually during and after a strike coal prices are high. Any number of these mines are run by lawyers, butchers, doctors and bankers. They seldom have contracts, but when it comes to getting the last penny from the public for their coal they are efficient in the highest degree. The elimination of strikes would completely do away with these operations, and the railroads would be greatly benefited by then being enabled to concentrate their attention on the large low-cost producers instead of having to distribute and later collect cars from thousands of scattered country sidings.

Since it appears to be impossible to eliminate strikes, about the only way we can wipe out the noneconomic mines is by educating not only all members of the coal fraternity but the public at large. Therefore we find ourselves again confronted by the necessity of organizing and operating a bureau of coal economics that will have authority to compile, analyze and distribute complete data on coal production, consumption, transportation, storage, wages, earnings, cost of living, number of coal cars out of order, speed of movement, and all other data relating to coal. Operators, miners and coal consumers all could then go ahead with assurance that they were acting on a basis of fact—not rumor and guesses.

With such a plan in action coal owners of the grasping type would not dare profiteer. Those having no regard for justice would find it difficult, in the face of a wide-awake and well-informed public opinion, to set up wage scales that would fall short of providing the miners with a decent living. This would tend to reduce wage extremes and lessen labor turnover. It is also certain that with full data at hand the companies producing coal would not so often engage in price-cutting campaigns that do not permanently benefit the public, but on the other hand do frequently bankrupt the operating companies. As to coal buyers, and consumers generally, the availability of full data would result in wiser buying and cause our enormous coal-storage facilities to be used more for the benefit of industry and the country generally, instead of for selfish personal gain. In buying coal, as in buying stocks or almost anything else, the average citizen cannot be induced to make his purchases on a falling market; but that is just the time the industry needs the buyer most, and nothing but education will bring him in.

Information for the Public

The information that would be disseminated by a bureau of coal economics would materially lessen the prejudice that now exists against the operators and the miners, and would make it more difficult for demagogues to mislead the workers. Up until the recent strike it also appeared that such an agency for collecting and publishing facts might be largely instrumental in reducing the intermittency of employment in the soft-coal mines, and thereby remove what was believed to be the chief grievance of the workers. Up until this year there had not been a general strike in the anthracite field since 1902. There has been no problem of intermittent employment in the hard-coal mines in twenty years, yet the anthracite miners were called out to insure the success of the soft-coal strike by making a fuel famine certain.

There is no longer any doubt that the miner is the most stubborn and aggressive element in the labor group. Since 1915 the national organization of the miners has forced three revisions of its unexpired contracts by national strikes or threats of national strikes. As to local violations of agreements, the United Mine Workers has run up a score of many hundreds of such breaches of contract in a period of only a few years. The average miner in many fields is a radical and a rover. It is this gypsy trait in him that causes the mining companies to have an annual labor turnover of from 100 to 200 per cent.

An efficient educational bureau distributing coal facts will not be able to correct the instability that results from having the industry half union and half nonunion. The unorganized districts will continue to show a much steadier curve of production, and notwithstanding their lower wages the nonunion miners will probably continue to earn a larger income than their fellow workers in the union. This problem is up in the air, and just now there appears to be no hope of dragging it to earth. Likewise there is no way to overcome the instability caused by the great differences existing in the various grades of coal. No one can deny the right of the consumer to purchase that grade of coal that he considers most advantageous to him. As a result of this freedom of choice the effect of quality on stability must continue to be very great when coal markets are normal. The better the grade of coal produced the steadier the mine works. Last year, during the depression, many companies producing coals of low grade mined only one-fifth as much as they did in the same months of 1920, when prices were stiff because of a supposed coal shortage. Again I repeat that though education will better the situation it cannot be expected to remedy instability caused by differences of quality.

Instability of Production

But education, through giving wide publicity to essential facts relating to coal, will clear away fallacies; explode ridiculous rumors; arouse sympathy for decent operators and hard-working miners by informing the public concerning the enormous difficulties and problems of the business; inspire coal owners to use correct systems of accounting so that they may know the true cost of production; guide coal consumers in their buying, thereby eliminating hysterical methods of purchasing coal, which have always proved costly to the consumer; and last but not least, the wide dissemination of facts by a statistical organization, through molding public opinion, will force the railroads not only to keep equipment in good order but to purchase new cars at a rate that is in keeping with the country's growing fuel requirements.

In addition to the causes of instability in the coal industry that have already been mentioned there are a number of secondary evils that do considerable damage, which should be removed. Referring to these problems briefly, let me first mention the effect on coal markets of the uncertainty that exists with respect to the disposal of the production from the large mines owned by great manufacturing concerns, especially in the steel industry. For instance, when the steel business is booming the mines owned by the big steel companies ship most of their production to the ovens and mills of the parent company. But when the steel business is dull a large part of this tonnage from the mines of the steel companies is thrown on the commercial market, with the result that there is a heavy dislocation of trade, which tends to knock the business of the commercial mines into a cocked hat. Much coal that ordinarily is coked also comes on the market during these times of slackness in the steel business, and this further adds to the confusion.

Then there is the instability that is caused by privately owned cars and by assigned cars. Most of the steel companies, some public-service corporations, and many large operators own their own railroad equipment, and when these cars are given preferential movement by the carriers in critical periods of car shortage the service rendered by the railroads to other mines is greatly impaired and the situation aggravated. It is the opinion of many that common carriers have no right to use their motive power, tracks and terminals to give preferential movement to private rolling stock. Then, as to assigned cars, one may rightfully question the justice of the plan followed by many railroads of treating some of their rolling stock the same as private equipment, and assigning such cars to certain mines for preferential loading and movement, especially for railroad fuel. Though this is a fine thing for the favored mines, it increases the cost of coal and decreases the miners' earnings at



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collieries that are not so lucky as to have the railroad company for a customer.

Fortunately, all these secondary evils can be removed by the establishing of regulations by the Interstate Commerce Commission or by Congress. But let no one think that the carriers will be restrained from continuing these practices or that the steel companies will be prohibited from flooding the markets with coal in years of poor business unless the voice of the public is raised loud enough to be heard. Here again a bureau of coal economics would be mighty useful in carrying fuel truths to the people of the country.

Before leaving this discussion of the causes and remedies for instability in the coal industry let me remark that many students of the situation are now working on plans which they propose shall remedy the one great evil already referred to, which is the overdevelopment of the industry. Some recommend that the Interstate Commerce Commission should be given power to forbid railroads to provide sidings and shipping facilities for new mines in fields where the present productive capacity of existing mines is entirely sufficient to take care of today's demands. Before being permitted to serve any new coal operation, it is suggested under this proposal that the carrier must obtain a certificate of convenience and necessity from the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The Dawning Age of Gas

Another proposal is that rules shall be worked out and adopted, requiring the payment of commissions by carriers to shippers of coal and coke, for uniform regular shipments. The details of this type of proposal are too complicated to make interesting reading, but it may be remarked that this plan is designed to wipe out owners of high-cost mines, where profits are possible only in a sellers' market. The authors contend that the scheme would do away with inefficient operators, speculative coal dealers and unnecessary retail distributors through working a serious hardship upon them. Also, under the plan, incompetent miners would be eliminated, for in the reduction of mine labor that would take place the inefficient workers would be the first to lose their jobs. Likewise professional agitators engaged in promoting class antagonism would lose their jobs through the stabilization of the industry on a sound economic basis.

What a remedy we shall have here if these economic doctors can only succeed in putting their prescription across! At any rate, it all points to one truth, and that is that most of our coal remedies are closely related to present or proposed railroad practices.

Right now we are concerned about the present winter, and far be it from me to belittle the possible discomforts of today's emergency. However, our position of the moment should only emphasize the importance of looking ahead and solving other years that lie before us. Death and the coal problem for next year and all the eternity are the only things in the future more certain than the coming of a gas age. Before many years have passed, fuel consumers in great cities, getting all their heat units through pipes, will look back in horror to the day when raw coal was burned and the people submitted to the evils of smoke, ashes, unnecessary waste and needless labor. In this coming time citizens will regard our present fuel practices very much as we regard the clumsy methods of folks a generation ago, when water was supplied to each household from a well in the back yard instead of from a central reservoir with pipes leading to all the homes in the community. It will be just as easy in the future to turn on the gas in the cellar furnace as it is now to turn on water in the bathtub.

No one has ever discovered anything in the world that will burn except gas. We say that a piece of coal will burn, but all we do is to warm the lump to the ignition temperature, and then burn the gas that the coal liberates. Unfortunately, when we carry on this process in the most efficient coal-burning furnace that was ever constructed, no way has been or will be devised to prevent the losses of coal tar, ammonia and other products of value that the coal contains. In the future, if coal is carried any distance at all, it will be to great carbonizing or gasifying plants, where the raw coal will be treated and all the values extracted, down to the last squeal. Just as whole regions will be supplied with electricity for power purposes from one great central plant, so whole regions with an area as great as some of our smaller states will be supplied with gas for heating from enormous central plants. Great mains will carry gas hundreds of miles, just as oil is now carried through pipes halfway across the American continent. No modern practice is more ridiculous or more closely linked with a primitive age than our present methods of distributing and burning coal. Fortunately, the next ten years will witness greater advances toward a day of fuel efficiency than have taken place during the century that has passed.

There is no physical remedy for our national coal problem that will afford us anything like as much relief as will come from the rapid expansion and the immediate construction of superenergy plants to supply the country with electricity for power and gas for heating. Tens of millions of tons of coal would be saved to the nation if industries would purchase their current for power purposes from great central plants. Power generated in the form of electricity in superplants and transmitted by high-tension lines to industries not only saves coal and reduces freight charges but by the use of interconnected lines this plan assures continuity of service not attainable by independent and isolated plants.

We hear much concerning the fuel savings that would result from the greater development of our water powers. There is now installed in the United States, exclusive of steam railroads, approximately 50,000,000 horse power of plant capacity, of which 10,000,000 is water power and 40,000,000 steam power. The development of hydroelectric power, therefore, can furnish substantial relief from the dangers of a coal famine in the United States, and especially in our Eastern and Western States, since there is available potential water power of approximately 60,000,000 horse power, of which only 10,000,000 has so far been developed.

Savings From Water Power

The subject is too big to discuss here in detail, so let us confine ourselves to a single concrete illustration, and take the state of New York, which produces no coal at all. This state has about 50,000 industrial plants, employing 1,500,000 people, besides great and varied public utilities and transportation systems. The total horse power now consumed in the state is approximately 5,000,000, of which over 1,000,000 is water power. The latest survey of power resources in New York, covering both boundary and interior streams, shows that the state has 4,200,000 undeveloped horse power, and 1,300,000 water horse power that has already been developed. The undeveloped power on the boundary streams which amounts to nearly three-fourths of the whole, includes one-half the total remaining flow on the Niagara, one-half the undeveloped power on the Delaware above Belvidere, and one-half that portion of the St. Lawrence bordering on New York State. In view of these facts, which indicate that the state has sufficient water power, if harnessed, to run all its industrial plants, it is an absurdity amounting almost to a social crime for the government and people of the state of New York to allow these water powers to remain undeveloped.

Every hydroelectric horse power that is developed means an annual saving of approximately ten tons of coal, based on the average efficiency of all steam-power plants. The savings on coal that can be effected in New York State through utilizing running water can be duplicated in other sections of our country. If such a plan were followed generally the result would be that our manufacturing and transportation industries in all the regions favored with water power would be able to continue operations without regard to railroad conditions or coal strikes.

The commercial development of the water power of the St. Lawrence River would make available 5,400,000 horse power, of which energy nearly one-fourth would belong to the United States by treaty right. A considerable part of the remainder of this power would be available for use in the United States for many years to come, due to the limited markets for power in Canada. The release of 5,400,000 horse power generated from falling water would save 54,000,000 tons of coal yearly. This economy would save the labor of 70,000 miners and 5000 railroad men for a year, and conserve more solid fuel annually than could be loaded in a railroad train having a length greater than the diameter of the earth.



Investigation has shown that every new hydroelectric horse power installed in the United States automatically releases $100 worth of coal-carrying railway equipment for other general uses. Therefore the substitution of 5,400,000 hydroelectric horse power for coal-generated power would release for other uses more than $500,000,000 worth of existing railroad property in this country and Canada. Furthermore, the generation and utilization of 5,400,000 hydroelectric horse power would save the industries of the United States and Canada approximately $190,000,000 annually, based on prewar coal costs and assuming that the saving per horse power per annum would be thirty-five dollars. The utilization of America's water power is a coal economy of the first order. If there ever was a time when that truth should be recognized and acted upon that moment is right now.

Possibilities of Oil

In closing, let me add a few words with respect to the part oil may play in relieving our fuel difficulties. The scarcity of coal this fall has caused much publicity to be given to the use of oil as a substitute for coal. From the news that has appeared one would gather the impression that oil for heating homes, factories and other buildings is in its experimental stages. Such is not the case, for some of the great skyscrapers, hospitals and department stores, as well as homes in New York and other large cities, have long ago dispensed with their coal bins and gone over to an oil diet. When properly burned, oil gives practically smokeless combustion, reduces labor costs at least one-half, enables steam to be raised in two-thirds of the time required with coal, and largely eliminates the necessity of cleaning furnaces and flues.

It is also true that with oil 50 per cent more heating value can be stored in a given space, and 80 per cent of this heating value can be utilized in raising steam, as compared with 65 per cent for coal. Other points of advantage are: Tank storage in any convenient place is possible; peak loads can be met promptly and with very little boiler strain, up to reasonable limits; in firing with oil only 15 to 20 per cent of excess air is needed, and as a result there is a minimum variation in furnace temperatures, and heat losses in the waste gases are reduced. If anyone is so optimistic as to believe that an abundant supply of fuel oil is assured for the future in the United States, then this type of fuel is well worth thinking about as an agent for heating. At any rate, we may be thankful for the service that oil is rendering right now in our time of fuel distress.

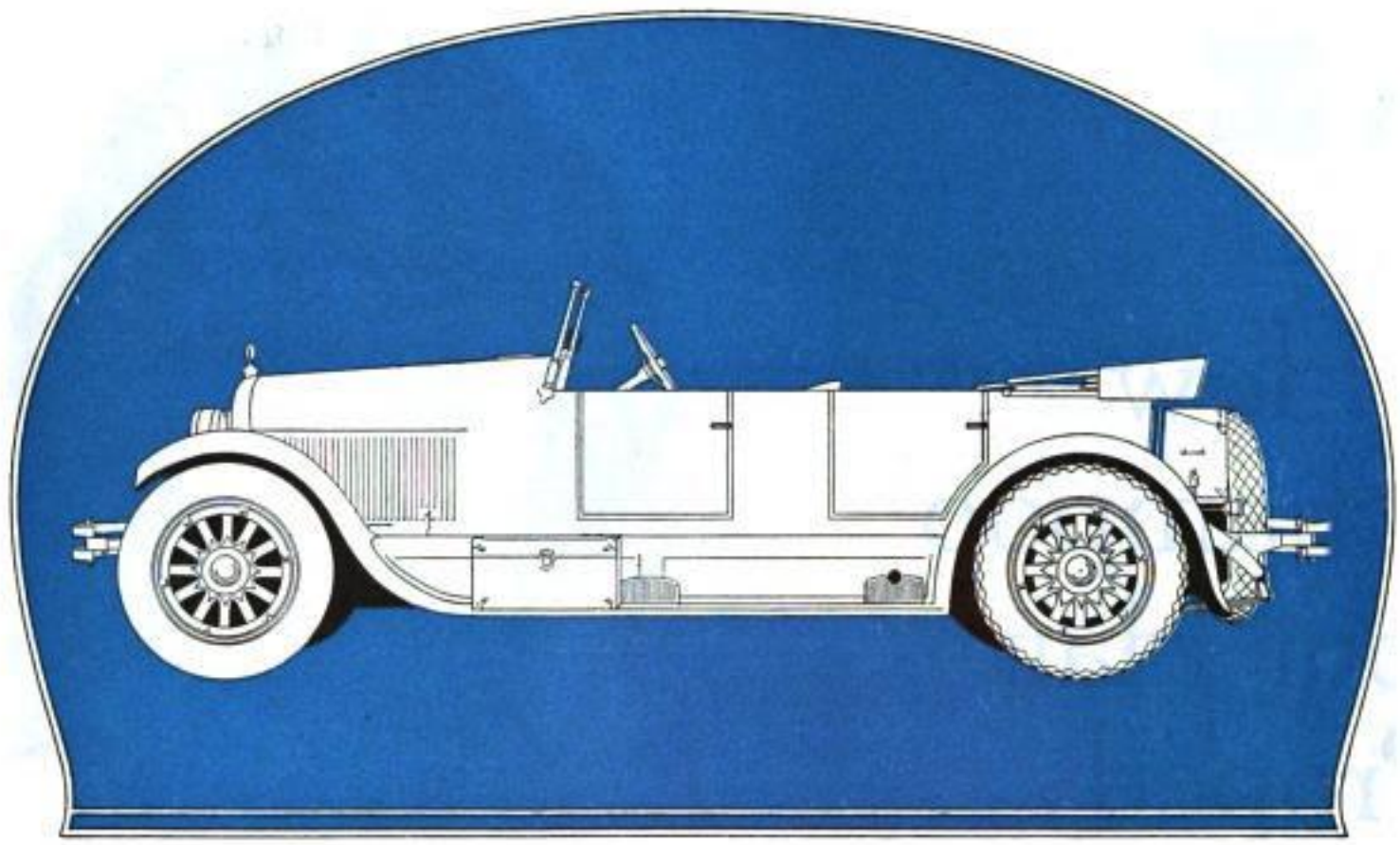
The story of the development of life and industry here in America is the most amazing tale of the waste of wealth by a careless, improvident people that the world has ever known. We have flooded the air with that wonder fuel—natural gas, covered our land with the ashes of burned forests, killed off our wild animal life for the sport that was in it, and robbed our virgin acres of so much of their fertility that in many of the regions first settled farming as a pursuit is about as obsolete as the home manufacture of linen on an old-fashioned spinning wheel.

If our fuel experiences this winter finally jar us into a real consciousness of our national negligence, and fire the people with a hot determination to end the present orgy of waste, then the discomforts and losses we endure will not have been borne in vain.

But if we forget our lessons and weakly resume the journey, imbued with the same false idea that today's economic and industrial ills are necessary evils that are inherent and ineradicable, then we are deserving of all the misfortunes that come to people who devote their attention to curing effects instead of remedying causes.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr. Parsons.

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ANNOUNCING
The JORDAN Blue Boy in Blue Devil Blue

Supple, animated, full of warmth, a husky and happy companion for the charming Jordan Playboy has arrived.

It's the Jordan Blue Boy in Blue Devil Blue.

It isn't fair to call it a four passenger sport model.

You can't just put a racing saddle on a farm horse and put him in the derby.

You must have that little touch of something between the bit and the bumper which makes you feel like starting from Cedar Rapids directly for London, England, or Paris, France.

This pepful new motor car looks like a million dollars and acts exactly like a rabbit when he's scared.

Try it while there's youth and life to spare.

When the last dull guest has gone to bed on a night so light that none can see a star and winter seems the only time for sleep—

Choose for your companion someone to whom the world is always new.

Then the Blue Boy—in Blue Devil Blue.

Step on her, boy, and lightly leave the city pavements for the twilight roads.

Desert the town and just go and go—as free as the corner of the scarlet veil, wind tossed against the evening sky.

No road guide for the playmates of the Blue Boy.

Five roads and turn to the right. Five roads and turn to the left.

You will greet the rising sun in El Dorado.

The Blue Boy in Blue Devil Blue was built for those happy people who bought a Playboy for their honeymoon but now want a little more room for the friends they take for an afternoon of golf.

You won't have to worry about the luggage. There's a wonderful trunk at the rear carrying everything you could wish or want.

The Blue Boy is dressed like some wonderful somebody with a charge account with Abercrombie and Fitch.

The wheel base has been lengthened for lowness—cushions hug the floor. The body was designed for a $7000 car—frankly copied by Jordan.

The top fits like a swanky sport hat—and all is slender—'cept the tires—they are fat. Deliveries this month to a few.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

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How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

How you can make your hair beautiful—keep it soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp nor make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful and attractive you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

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Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.



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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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THE ROUGH STUFF

(Continued from Page 11)

her intention at all. Either Johnnie Frean failed utterly to grasp that—perhaps he was used to such treatment—or he concealed his chagrin admirably. His face looked pleased. He smiled that too-curved smile of his, giving a glimpse of his white stubby teeth. It crinkled tiny wrinkles about his eyes, which had the effect of softening them.

"I like that," said Johnnie Frean. "Coming to the point, that way. You don't get that treatment very much in my trade of politics, where almost everyone goes at the main idea through the cellar. Yes, I'm here about the Day Street Terminal."

"I can save you time," said Mrs. Leonard abruptly. "My attorney, Frank Allen, has laid the situation before me. If it is put at Day Street I lose. If it's put in the Bottoms, where it belongs, I win. And like everything else in Chichester—it's in your hands."

"Frank Allen is a shrewd fellow," said Johnnie Frean. "He gave me the fight of my life fifteen years ago. I'm not sure he wouldn't have put me out if he hadn't been a little lazy. That's the difference between those lads born to money and—us. They've never had to fight for their lives. They're short on the punch. His statement of the case is remarkably accurate as statements about me go. He's made only two mistakes. It's six of one and a half dozen of the other, so far as the interests of Chichester are concerned, whether the terminal goes to Day Street or the Bottoms. And the proposition isn't entirely in my hands. It's mostly in yours."

Over Mrs. Leonard ran a thrill which titillated all her nerves. Johnnie Frean was about to demand his bribe!

"I've got an offer for you," said Johnnie Frean, "and it will surprise you, I think. You didn't waste any words—you didn't stall—and I won't. I've come here this afternoon to tell you you'd better marry me."

"What?" began Mrs. Leonard in a kind of half tone. "Marry you?"

And Mrs. Leonard found herself laughing. Her laughter was one of her charms. Its little runs of the gamut, its little changes of time made it a kind of singing. It began to die down. Then she remembered how, expecting the demand of a bribe, she had disposed herself as though for a proposal—and the proposal had come. Her mirth broke out again. When at last she began to control it she stopped abruptly at the thought that she was hurting Johnnie Frean unduly. But again he did not seem to mind; in fact, he himself was on the verge of laughter, his half-moon smile curbing his firm mouth, his eyes crinkling up.

"Sure, it is rather funny," said Johnnie Frean. "It'll take you some time to get used to the idea. But I mean it. And it won't be so ridiculous after you've thought it over."

Mrs. Leonard leaned forward now, her voice controlled, but her eyes shining with mirth. "And why do you want to marry me?" she asked. "Love at first sight? My mature charms?"

"No," said Johnnie Frean, "that isn't the main consideration. Still, that comes into it. I wouldn't be putting that proposition to everybody. But you're easy to look at—at least I think so, and did the first time ever I laid my eyes on you. And"—here Johnnie Frean seemed to survey her with that critical eye which had been appraising men all his working life and must now, since the Nineteenth Amendment, appraise women—"and you have class, of course—and brains. There's no telling what you might have done if you'd ever been up against it. But that isn't the main consideration this time. It's Ellen."

Johnnie stopped. Mrs. Leonard beat her memory a moment for the scattered facts she knew about Johnnie Frean, and then: "You mean your daughter?" she asked.

"That's the idea," said Johnnie Frean. His face softened. "She's my only child, you know. Named after my first wife."

Mrs. Leonard did not fail to note the touch of assumption in that "first." It was one of those side lights which showed how when Johnnie Frean made up his mind the thing was an accomplished fact. A slight ripple of alarm ran over her. Then, though she held her lips stiff, she resumed her inner laughter. Probably Johnnie Frean had always used that method successfully with women of his own type. It would be amusing to give him his first lesson in the higher feminism.

But Johnnie Frean was talking:

"I'm not saying anything against my first wife. She was good. And pretty. Ellen looks like her. But Ellen was born with a head. I've done all I could by my girl—the best schools, and a French governess, and everything. Now she's just out of college. She got along there on her own. Being my daughter was a handicap. But when she graduated they voted her the most popular girl in her class." Here Johnnie Frean's voice swelled a little with triumph. "Now she's coming back to Chichester. And I know your set. It's the hardest-boiled society proposition in the state. Haven't I been blackballed at the Chichester Country Club? I didn't mind—for myself. If I couldn't stand a punch I'd have been down and out long ago. There's just as good golf at the Maywood Club, and probably a lot more fun. But I was thinking of Ellen. Women don't like to play second fiddle socially. And I don't want her to go through life just as the daughter of Johnnie Frean—Boss Frean. I want the best of everything for Ellen. With you as a stepmother—well, you see!" Johnnie Frean threw out his hands with a gesture which implied that the rest was axiomatic.

"Has it occurred to you," inquired Mrs. Leonard—and a dancing light made ashes-of-roses in her gray eyes—"that there's another way of accomplishing your purpose?"

"I've thought out almost every way," replied Johnnie Frean, "but this one seems to be the only cinch in the lot. Still ——"

"Why don't you offer me your—inducement," asked Mrs. Leonard, "just to take her up socially? In a year or so I could put her where you want her to be, and you wouldn't have to burden yourself with me."

But no matter how Mrs. Leonard's eyes danced, now they lit no answering gleam in the blue eyes of Johnnie Frean. For the moment he seemed blind to all the lighter aspects of the situation. He did not even contradict that "you wouldn't have to burden yourself."

"I thought of that," he said. "It was the way the idea first came to me—when I realized that you were a heavy owner in the Day Street section. But that won't work. How do I know but you'll steer her



"The Proposition Isn't Entirely in My Hands. It's Mostly in Yours." Over Mrs. Leonard Ran a Thrill



Better Radio Reception

PERFECT Radio reception is difficult without Dubilier Micadons—little mica condensers, permanent in capacity, of the type long used by Uncle Sam.

Try them and note how the tube noises are reduced and how much better the music and the stories come in.

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right until that terminal proposition is cinched for the Bottoms, and then drop her out of the game?"

"I see!" exclaimed Mrs. Leonard. "I see!" Then she burst into another reel of laughter. "The theory of *noblesse oblige* hasn't dawned on your ken, has it? But I think I understand your point of view perfectly, Mr. Frean."

"Well," said Johnnie Frean, "that's the game as it's played. Personally I'd like to run my life and this town on the *noblesse oblige* plan. But it doesn't work in practice. I wouldn't blame you. But I'm taking no chances. Not when it's a matter of Ellen's future."

"You have entirely omitted one consideration," said Mrs. Leonard. "If I accept this unusual proposal you'll be thrown in with my real-estate bargain. What have you to offer—you yourself?"

"Me?" he inquired. He paused. His expression of painful reflection showed that he was not accustomed to a situation wherein he must explain Johnnie Frean to anyone. "Well, to begin with, it isn't a proposition of a poor man asking a rich woman to marry him. Even if the terminal is kept off Day Street my fortune will stack up with yours. And it's been made on the level too. Just now I could pretty nearly double it by going into the bootleg game like ——" Johnnie Frean's full stop proved that he had pulled up just short of naming a name. "But I won't touch it, and I'll live to dance on the political graves of those who do. My business policy has been dead square—seeing chances from the inside out and taking them. Personally I'm clean. My worst enemy will tell you that. Dissipation has never interested me. So many other things are more fun. I'd play the married game straight. I did it with Ellen's mother. And in her case it wasn't always so easy. I'd do it with you. Of course I'm supposed not to be refined. Really"—here Johnnie Frean screwed up his eyes a little as though struggling with introspection—"I don't know whether I'm refined inside or no. There's a lot of bunk, Mrs. Leonard, about every game. Mine's no exception. If the boys on whom I depend to stand off the kid-glove vote suspected me of being a highbrow—good night! I've been inside of the houses of those who blackballed me from the Country Club—because I was tagged as a boss and because I wasn't refined. And I've taken pains to see their libraries. A lot of old books inherited from their fathers and grandfathers and a lot of uniform sets with a few fancy bindings to put onto the table. From the look of them you could hide a thousand-dollar bill in any one of them and it would never be found until the family died out and their stuff went onto the auction block. My library's on the top floor back, where it's never seen except by Ellen and me. It's only three thousand volumes or so, but they get looked into and most of them get read."

Now, it seemed to Mrs. Leonard, another entity had taken possession of this strange interesting visitor. Was it the inner man coming through? That boxer eye of his, firm and yet alert, seemed to grow reflective.

"When I saw what my job in this world was going to be," continued Johnnie Frean, "I got ready for it. My job was to run this city and run it right. I think I've done that. Look up our record on Liberty Loan and draft allotments. There was where towns showed what they were. See what's happened to our death rate. Get the state report on our schools. That kind of thing can't be done in these days by an ignoramus. I liked to read and I went to it—economics and such sociology as didn't listen plain foolish, and science. And after that, a lot of reading for its own sake because I liked it. Pepys, for example, and history. And the poets ——"

But here this hard man seemed to feel himself growing soft and to pull himself together. That latest entity of his departed. The half-moon smile curved over his teeth and his eyes twinkled.

"You've probably noticed nothing wrong with my grammar this morning," he proceeded. "I'm like one of those freak singers who can do alto and soprano at one and the same time. That's where I have the advantage over most people. I have two sets of grammar. One I use at home—and on you. The other's for business hours. It's expected of me. I used to have two sets of table manners, too, but the boys have improved so much in that respect since I took hold that I've canned the flivver set entirely. I'd have to now in any event, I guess. Ellen has grown up and taken to bossing the boss." Johnnie Frean looked down to his large muscular hand. "Same thing with that diamond. I know it isn't being done. If I'd made the Chichester Country Club, for example, I'd have taken it off. But the boys like it. So until it becomes an inducement not to wear it I wear it. Probably there's more bunk than usual about my game. But at any rate I don't bunk myself." Here he ran down.

"There are probably many more inducements you might add," encouraged Mrs. Leonard. "You're modest, Mr. Frean. You seem from common report to be a great deal of a man, for one thing."

"Oh," said Johnnie Frean almost apologetically, "I guess you have to be a he-man to hold down a district like the Fourth Ward."

"But there's one consideration you overlook," said Mrs. Leonard. "I've been brought up to believe that marriages—in this country, at least—are made for love."

"Well," said Johnnie Frean, "if it comes to that I think I would like you a lot." He glanced over Mrs. Leonard's mature charms, seemed to seize on one feature. "I was always strong on gray eyes."

Mrs. Leonard laughed again. Now for the first time her laughter raised a shade of confusion in Johnnie Frean.

"You know," he added apologetically, "in the gang I was brought up with—down by the gas house—I couldn't tell you how tough they were—we went with a girl and got engaged and married her before we used that word. Probably we never used it at all, at that. It's a thing I'll have to learn." Here Johnnie Frean pulled himself up again as though his unmanly softness had gone entirely too far. Now his face seemed to harden; he was in his boss entity. "Well, I've put the proposition. It's just between you and me. Marry me, and it's going to be all right with the Day Street matter."

Mrs. Leonard regarded him with the direct gaze of her shining gray eyes.

"But I wasn't thinking entirely of you, Mr. Frean," she said. "You will pardon what seems like boasting, but several other gentlemen have been willing to take risks with me and matrimony. If I haven't ventured, it's because they haven't raised in me that emotion which you are so shy about naming."

"Oh," he said easily, "I'll attend to that. You just give me half a chance."

He smiled now, but less broadly than before, and Mrs. Leonard realized for an instant how bonny he must have been in that fighting youth of his. She had a terrified instant of suspicion that what he said might be true. Then her smile responded to his.

"I don't want you to think I'm entertaining for a moment your offer," she said, "but you've been wonderfully frank in your proposal of marriage by blackmail."

"Now, Mrs. Leonard," put in Johnnie Frean, "you won't bother me by hard words."

"It was a little harsh," said Mrs. Leonard; "still perhaps the word is justified. However, I'm going to be equally frank with you. May I trifle with this singular proposition a little? And if I do, will you understand that I haven't the slightest intention of accepting it?"

Johnnie Frean stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Then if you don't intend to accept it, why stall me along?" he inquired.

"Not to escape the terms of the bargain, if you're thinking about that," said Mrs. Leonard. "Act about the terminal matter as you please, when you please. Just by way of adventure, I suppose, I'm enjoying this situation. I like to play with fire. To begin with Miss Frean—since I'm asked to be her stepmother—I'm just opening my place by the lake. You know it. Could you and she come out for over the week-end and the holiday?"

"Of course!" said Johnnie Frean.

"Then I'll write to Miss Frean. Just Miss Ellen Frean, isn't it? I'll be having some other people."

Johnnie Frean rose, as though matters were for the present settled between them and the business had no further need of him, but he stopped when he had risen.

"You understand, Ellen knows nothing about this job," he said. "I guess she looks at things a little the way your crowd does. She'd call it the rough stuff." Johnnie paused reflectively. "I don't know where

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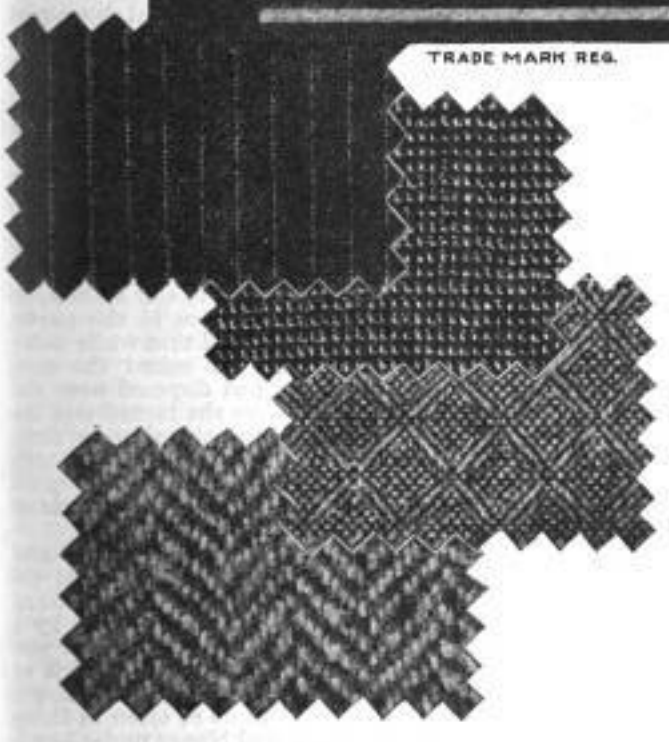
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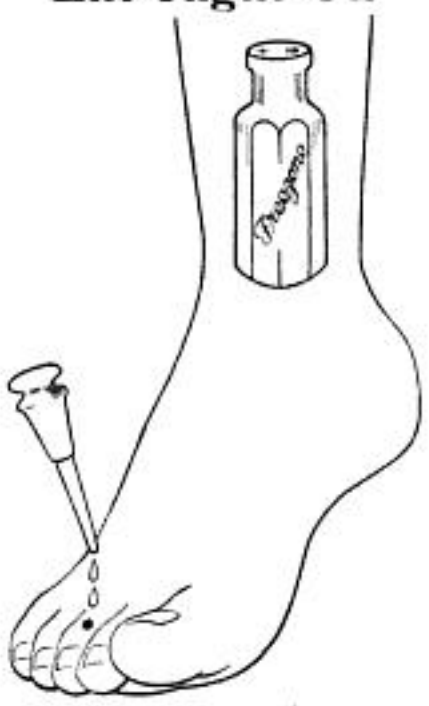
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she'd have been, though, if it hadn't been for my rough stuff. Washing somebody's dishes, all right."

"I shan't speak of it to your daughter or to anyone else," said Mrs. Leonard. "I can perfectly understand," she added, "why you should be ashamed to have her know it."

"Ashamed?" jerked Johnnie Frean. "What do you mean, ashamed?"

"You know you are ashamed!" accused Mrs. Leonard.

Johnnie meditated.

"Yes, I guess I am," he said. "I don't know why I should be, but I am, a little." Then his glance shot straight at Mrs. Leonard. "You look inside of people, don't you?"

"That one was a genuine compliment," smiled Mrs. Leonard.

II

MRS. LEONARD'S arm was about Ellen Frean's waist as they passed at the head of the staircase and surveyed the house guests amusing themselves by various devices in the broad living room of the bungalow. Ellen Frean looked long, the eager eyes of youth still shining at this new and delightful experience. But Mrs. Leonard, after one perfunctory glance of a hostess who sees that all is well, turned her glance back to the girl, and her expression softened.

She had met Ellen Frean at the outset of that adventure with a little embarrassment, finding it hard to keep the perfect balance between condescension and effusiveness. Almost irritatingly, it was the girl who put the elder woman at her ease—did it unconsciously perhaps, through her own native frankness, her natural quality. Out of her eyes—darker blue than her father's, fringed with thick lashes—looked the very spirit of candor. There was about her a dewy freshness which Mrs. Leonard did not wholly appreciate until she saw the daughter of the boss, half an hour later, standing beside Virginia Carleton, daughter of a ruling social power in Chichester.

Virginia was a flapper—a delicious specimen of that species, but still all flapper, from her alluringly, saucily bobbed hair through her artistic but emphasized make-up to her daring, scanty but perfectly lined costume. Beside this daughter of the boss Virginia looked suddenly what she really was not—artificial, oversophisticated, slightly wicked. For a moment Mrs. Leonard, who had always defended the flapper as a harmless necessary figure in a beneficial revolt of youth against a messed-up world, felt her convictions rubbing thin. How tawdry it seemed, after all, beside such dawnlike innocence as this! Nor was it that innocence of nothingness and ignorance which she had marked in the hot-house ingénue of upper-class France. This was an American girl; she had at least been to college, rubbed elbows with her kind, made her own simple choices of friends and conduct.

Was it not, after all, that astounding frankness of her father translated into terms of young woman? Some of her father's power there was, too, in the firmness of her chin, the carriage of her head, the directness of her eye. No, this girl, for all her dewy sweetness, was not negative. Almost unconsciously Mrs. Leonard had managed to include her more and more in her own group. After dinner that night when most of the party had settled down to bridge and the rest to talk, they had withdrawn to the chamber of the hostess and in a feminine talk over significant nothings reached a perfect state of feminine understanding. Now the French clock on her dressing table, striking eleven, had warned Mrs. Leonard that the party, tired with its tramping, tennis and fishing, would soon be breaking up for the night.

Below, the group about the fireplace was settled down on the broad couches, listening intently to Johnnie Frean. The slow occasional gestures of his muscular hands—devoid tonight of diamonds—showed that he was delivering a monologue. Some climax of his brought a laugh; the bridge players, just settling the score, joined in. Mrs. Leonard reflected, as she descended the stairs, that Johnnie Frean had carried it off exceedingly well. She had even missed the sensation she had expected to produce when the best people of Chichester realized that she had taken up the boss. That would come later, when the gossip began to spread! There had been only a moment of embarrassed silence after the introductions. Alone, Mrs. Allen—fat, white-haired, superior and domineering—had markedly lifted her eyebrows, had once or twice thrust into the conversation a cat jab directed at Johnnie Frean; and Frank Allen had remarked in passing, "There are wheels within wheels in your game, too, Anne."

Johnnie Frean had become before evening of the first day the soul of the party; and that without seeming to seek the position. He had gone fishing with the men early in the afternoon, and returned high rod; later she had discovered him playing mixed doubles on the tennis court with Virginia Carleton as a partner, and had stopped a moment to smile at his inexpertness of stroke and the amazing lightness and agility with which he handled himself. At dinner he had become the focus of conversation. But this she noticed—that after he had set the ball of talk rolling he usually spoke less and less, seemed more and more to be listening and absorbing. She had a shrewd suspicion that they were all unwittingly telling him just what he wanted to know.

Yet he had other moods, as tonight, when he kept in the talk to the end, sweetening it with anecdote, spicing it with epigrammatic wit, illuminating it with wide understandings. How could anyone regard this man as ignorant? For, although he never once quoted from a book, anyone could see that such breadth of vision as his rested on no foundation other than the wisdom of the ages. He expressed himself in quick, nervous sentences; yet, even so, he had that sense for the accurate word which comes not by native gift. And just as the mere physical proximity of Ellen Frean seemed to show up Virginia Carleton, so even the light conversation of Johnnie Frean seemed to show up this provincial aristocracy in which she had been reared, which by old habit she had always regarded with instinctive reverence. What polished and perfected human beings they were—up to some point just above the ears! That was what she had been missing ever since her return—ideas.

Twice on that first day Johnnie Frean had tried to see her alone. Both times she had managed to evade a tête-à-tête without using the sledge-hammer methods of their first frank astounding conversation. After that he tried no more. He seemed content to let things stand as they were. Only now and then she caught his eyes following her; and always she found some excuse to leave the room.

Now, as Mrs. Leonard and Ellen stepped into the circle on the couches the spell seemed to break; the company suddenly realized that it was late for the country, and that another day out of doors was coming tomorrow. They scattered to the cabins which ran along the lake shore; for the bungalow had for sleeping quarters only Mrs. Leonard's own suite. Johnnie Frean, with Ellen, lingered behind the rest. They stood in the doorway, the father's arm lightly about the daughter's waist, the daughter leaning prettily, confidingly, against him. Again Johnnie Frean was looking steadily toward his hostess. His eyes were level, intent; and now she could not evade them. They disturbed Mrs. Leonard; they recalled to her suddenly the curious game she was playing. She almost expected him to drop some hint, some veiled threat. But he only bade her good night and was gone with Ellen.

However, as she turned on her bed light Mrs. Leonard began to experience not only a little apprehension of the future into which her whimsical sense of adventure was leading her but an unaccountable irritation. In and out of that played a softer but more tragic emotion. Now that she was alone, with the day folded up and filed among the archives of eternity, the thought of Ellen Frean called back the memory of her own Elsie, dead at twelve years. And she felt like one of those heavy-hearted and light-headed women who run to mediums to see apparitions of the dead child grown to maturity. For this was the young girl she had always wished Elsie to be. Sleep would be for long impossible.

Mrs. Leonard switched off the light, sat at her casement looking out on a night of stars with a ragged gibbous moon making a melancholy light on the forest behind the lake, silent under a windless sky. A screech owl called back to a whippoorwill. The murmuring of the pines along the gorge became a haunting tragic chorus to this melancholy duet. Mrs. Leonard's mood went black. She had seen herself, long ago, as a rich futile drifter. Now—she was just a very lonely old woman.

A new and rhythmic sound mingled in this symphony of melancholy, defined itself as footsteps crunching on the carpet of pine needles. They had a stealthy suggestion, as though the pedestrian were trying to walk quietly but rapidly. A belt of light reached toward the forest from the window of a cabin. Into it a figure emerged, stood out for a second, disappeared. It was Mike Ward, Mr. Frean's chauffeur—"head of the boss' intelligence department," Frank Allen had said. She remembered now that while the rest had themselves driven the thirty miles from Chichester, Johnnie Frean had come in his invariable limousine with his unliveried chauffeur. She had ordered Martin, manager and man-of-all-work about the place, to put him up in the servants' quarters. Well, Mike Ward had a right to stroll the woods by night if he wished.

But as he disappeared, that happened which fixed Mrs. Leonard's eyes on the fringe of trees making a night horizon along the hills above. A brilliant metallic light had burst out up there. It illuminated for a moment the tall, gaunt old maple which towered over the county road at the very top of the gorge. It went out. Three times again it flickered for an instant. Then it all happened again—dash-dot-dot-dot. Someone up there was signaling with an electric torch.

The logical thing was to call Martin, to wake up some of the men in the party. Mrs. Leonard realized all that while doing the illogical thing. She seized the cape sweater which she had disposed over the back of a chair before she turned out the lights, kicked off her evening slippers, fumbled for her sport shoes, put them on, ran down the stairs, took that familiar path which her feet had followed a thousand times in her childhood.

She had gone a quarter of a mile and stood in deep pine shadows before it occurred to her to be afraid. Mrs. Leonard was seldom afraid; the courage bred by a sense of class had been whetted in the war to a fine edge of action. But a spirit of irresolution caught her. She put that down, as she had learned to do so often in those old nights of Paris and Nancy under bomb raids. The path grew now even darker. She paused for an instant to remember. Yes, it veered to the right, turned at last round a big rock, and emerged into the flat space where stood the tall maple and the old cabin, a ruin left behind by an earlier occupant. Stopping now and then to disentangle herself from the branches which clutched her sweater, Mrs. Leonard hurried on. She was rounding the rock when a pistol went off, a heavy, thick male voice cried out something whereof the words were indistinguishable but the tone and expression startled, angry. There followed a fusillade of half a dozen shots. They came from near at hand; the nearest beat painfully against her eardrum. Really frightened now, for an instant Mrs. Leonard flattened herself into a crevice of the rock. Masculine voices broke out; it was as though the woods to right and left were full of men.

She caught the words of the nearest voice: "Hands up—we can see you—you can't see us." The rest was a string of oaths.

From near the cabin she heard movement, low murmuring, a voice which suddenly came out loud and clear, saying. "All right, we'll be good."

Mrs. Leonard got hold of herself. What gave her courage, she remembered afterward, was not only inflamed curiosity; it was the sense of outraged ownership. All this mysterious violence was happening on her property! As she rose up her eye caught a dim bluze down the path which she had just followed. There, too, someone was flashing a torch, but irregularly, as though finding the way. The flashes approached with extraordinary rapidity. She crushed herself back against the rock as two bulks shot past, so near that they almost brushed her. What could this be? Help from the house? No, the house could not have responded so soon. Besides, the woods would have swallowed the sound of the pistols. The two men ran on, making no effort to muffle the beat of their feet. Then a voice tore the silence—the same one which had commanded before—a husky voice with a peculiar bubbling pronunciation of the "r's."

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(Continued from Page 148)

"You, comin' there—stop! Come this way—or I'll kick you off—you're covered."

Whoever they were, those men in the wood, this appeared to be the leader.

The footsteps ceased. A quick, hard voice—why, it was the voice of Johnnie Frean!—answered: "All right, I'm stopped. My hands is up."

"Who are you—quick?" came the voice of the leader in the woods.

"Marvin Quirk," came the voice of Johnnie Frean.

Instantly Mrs. Leonard's memory responded; one fact clicked into its place with another—that talk with Frank Allen—the mention of Marvin Quirk as high protector of the bootleggers—the road round the lake as highway for liquor running. These were bootleggers, but this wasn't Marvin Quirk—it was Johnnie Frean!

All this in a flash before Johnnie Frean continued: "All right, you, Tony Baldwin, turn your flashlight on me and see who I am."

From the other side of the rock the reflection of an electric torch dappled the leaves above. Without either motion or restraint of will—automatically—Mrs. Leonard peered round the rock. At the same instant voices seemed to break out everywhere in the wood—voices coarse, profane, menacing. Above them all she caught one with a foreign accent: "The double-crosser! Let's bump him for luck."

And simultaneously she saw, in the narrow brilliant circle made by the electric torch, Johnnie Frean solid on his two feet, his eyes positively glaring command. His hands were not up. They rested naturally by his side.

"First, you," said Johnnie Frean—"you that has an itch to shoot. I told you I was Marvin Quirk just by way of buying into this game. Don't start anything until I've made a few remarks. Tony Baldwin down there"—Johnnie Frean gave a contemptuous jerk of his thumb—"knows who I am. I'm Johnnie Frean, of Chichester."

"Hell you are!" said the foreign voice. "Don't let him gyp you again, boys. Get him!"

The eye of Johnnie Frean turned in the direction of this voice, and held steady.

"My wild desperado lad," said Johnnie Frean, "probably sometime one of your pals has bumped a cop. You remember what he got—the chair. Emotional insanity don't go when you kill a cop. You'll come off a lot better if you kill Johnnie Frean, won't you? Why, even Marvin Quirk will be working to find you. But still, if you feel you can't restrain that trigger finger of yours, shoot and be damned to you."

"Keep off him!" shot the husky voice of the leader in the woods.

"That's right, Tony. One of your little boys will now be good. What I said goes for the rest. Now, Mike, turn your flash up yonder. Let's see what's doing."

Suddenly the half-ruined cabin burst out in a circle of light. Against its boards stood three men in rough coats, abandoned army breeches, leggings, their hands up by their breasts, palms outward. About their feet was strewn a litter of packages in gunnysacking, of pine boxes. From somewhere beyond loomed a covered automobile truck.

"Aha! I see!" said Johnnie Frean. "You down there were taking it away from you up here. Tony, I didn't know you'd got down to booze robbing."

"I ain't," interrupted the leader's voice, now identified as that of Tony Baldwin. "That's mine, boss, so help me."

"He's a liar, boss," came suddenly from the group against the cabin; "it's ours."

"I guess," said Johnnie Frean, "we'd better talk this thing over. You birds up there—come down here. That's right. Now sit down on the ground. Keep the torch on 'em, Mike. The rest of you—put up your guns and come along too. Where's Martin? I want Martin here."

There was a moment of complete silence. Then: "Where's Martin?" jerked again from Johnnie Frean.

"He's up in the cabin, boss," said one of the men on the ground.

The cool, musical voice of Johnnie Frean addressed the cabin.

"Martin," he said, "if you don't want to get worse than I'm going to give you anyhow, come down here."

Another pause. Into the circle of light came her own Martin, caretaker of the country place in her absence, man-of-all-work. His feet seemed to be dragging.

"Don't you sit down," said Johnnie Frean. "You're on your way. You're going to get the air; you give up your job here tomorrow, and if after a week you're ever within a hundred miles of Chichester again—you know me!"

"So help me, just come up to take a look ——" began Martin.

"Don't waste any time lying," said Johnnie Frean. "You've been using this place for a transfer point on the hooch route. Might have got the whole estate confiscated if some fly prohibition agent had caught you. Move, you!"

Johnnie Frean's voice was low, but it whipped like a rifle shot. Martin threw up his arm as though to ward a blow, was gone from the circle of light.

"Now the rest of you, come over here. Sit down."

From the darkness emerged four more figures, ranged themselves beside those already on the ground. They, too, were clothed in a uniformity of rough clothes; Mrs. Leonard caught details like a full holster hanging from a hip, a foxlike face under a peaked cap, a Mackinaw coat streaked with grease. Mike shifted the beam of his electric torch just then, revealing the figure of the boss standing with his hands in his pockets, looking down on them. Again Johnnie Frean was a new entity. He seemed stern now, but almost humorously indulgent.

"You don't have to begin too far back," he said. "I knew long ago that there was a regular liquor-transfer point up on this road. Today I had Mike here snoop round a little. He found that Martin was keeping the cache for you in the cellar of this cabin. Been doing it ever since booze running started, too, hasn't he?"

"That's right," came after a moment's silence from somewhere on the ground.

"Speak up quick next time I ask you a question," said Johnnie Frean. "Mike saw the cache was full, and figured you'd be here tonight, so he watched. I came up to tell you what I'm going to tell you, and ran into your little party. Say, you're punk shooters!"

As though this accusation were too much to bear, a voice spoke from the ground.

"Wasn't tryin' to hit nobody. Just shootin' to let 'em know we was here and had the drop."

"Well, it's the last shooting there's going to be up this way," said Johnnie Frean. "Now listen and get this. When you birds pay your five dollars a case to Marvin Quirk's collector you send him this word for me: Tell him this section of his booze route is closed for good. Tell him you've got to go round. There's a detour sign up here for you—see! This ain't in my bailiwick, or else I'd have to be arresting you boys and putting you through. But Marvin Quirk will understand. Do you get that?"

Johnnie Frean paused. There was silence from the ground.

"Get that?" he purred.

"Yes, boss," sounded a subdued voice.

"All right. That's settled. Now the next question: Who does this booze belong to anyhow?"

Now the group on the ground became suddenly articulate, voluble, profane. Arms waved in excited gestures, accusation and counter-accusation flew back and forth.

"Shut up!" broke in Johnnie Frean. "Tony, what have you got to say?"

"They gypped me, boss," began Tony; "I buys it for me good money. Then Frankie comes to me, and he says ——"

The rest, to the interested and excited listener crushed against the rock, was fully clear only in spots. It involved a business which she did not understand, a vocabulary in which she was not instructed. Yet somehow her intelligence roughly followed the meaning, her imagination dimly pictured the transaction. Johnnie Frean, sitting as judge, jury and attorney for both sides, was holding court. Once he cut short a witness with: "That will do. You're lying. Next!" Again and again he interrupted a flow of speech with a question which seemed to cut straight to the heart of the matter. And suddenly he brought his hands together with a smack.

"That's enough from all of you," he said. "You fellows have crossed and double-crossed until only the Lord Almighty knows who owns this booze. Now I tell you what I'm going to do. There's two gangs of you here. Tony, you're the head guy of Number One. Who's top man in Number Two? You in the green sweater? All right. You, Tony, divide this stuff into two equal parts. Then you in the green sweater—you choose which part you want. I guess that'll make you fairer, Tony, than ever you were in your life before. I ain't going to stay here to see this done. I'm going to leave Mike in charge. Understand, Mike's me. You touch Mike and you're touching Johnnie Frean. Mike, give me that torch." He played the light over the group on the ground.

"Say," he remarked pleasantly, "you birds don't know the half of what I've got on you. My memory's cracking under the weight of it." Then the light went out.

This was, Mrs. Leonard realized, good night for Johnnie Frean. In his hurry as he rushed past her to the scene of action he had not seen her. But suddenly she knew that he must see her now, because she would let him know that she was there. She had witnessed that little melodrama in a kind of spell, carried on by the thrill of his mastery; but she found she had not the courage to stay for an instant after he had left. As he rounded the corner of the rock she moved. His dim bulk in the moonlight halted, and his electric torch flashed full upon her.

"Well, I'll ——" he began, and stopped. His hands fumbled for an instant with the torch. It went out.

"Anything wrong, boss?" came the voice of Mike Ward from above.

"No; stay where you are!" commanded Johnnie Frean.

He stepped close to Mrs. Leonard, so close that the heat of his body seemed to mitigate the shivery chill born in her of night air and excitement.

"Beat it—ahead of me," he whispered.

As she sped down the familiar path she noticed that he was making a great shuffling with his feet to kill the sound of her own. Now they had gone for three turns of the path, and he dared illuminate the torch to light her way. And she ventured to speak in explanation.

"I saw those bootleggers making flashes on the sky, and went up to see what it was all about. I heard the whole thing."

"Then you heard some hard language," said Johnnie Frean.

They talked no more until they came into an open glade, ringed with pines and maples. Here Mrs. Leonard stopped as though for breath, stopped and turned toward Johnnie Frean. His face was in shadow, but somehow his attitude seemed tense as he spoke.

"Here's my chance to tell you something I was going to say tomorrow. That proposition is off—the one about Day Street."

He paused. For the first time in her experience of him Johnnie Frean seemed to be struggling with embarrassment.

"Day Street and me," prompted Mrs. Leonard evenly, coolly; but the moonlight glistened in her eyes.

"Yes," said Johnnie Frean.

"What has changed you?" asked Mrs. Leonard.

"I don't know," said Johnnie Frean. "Yes, I guess I do know maybe. I've absorbed the way your crowd looks at things. I guess they're right. It was rough stuff, going at it that way. It isn't being done. And it shouldn't be done."

"I hope you settle that Day Street matter for the best interests of Chichester," said Mrs. Leonard. "So much for that. Where do you think the terminal should go—really?"

"I thought it was fifty-fifty," mused Johnnie Frean, "but I'm wondering now if I was honest with myself. I'll have to look into that again."

He was silent for a moment, but his figure in the moonlight seemed to be radiating a thousand currents of emotion. It was Mrs. Leonard's will to silence which broke first under the strain. Her voice when she spoke ended with a little shrill note as though it were getting out of her control.

"Is that your—your only reason for withdrawing your offer?"

"No," said Johnnie Frean softly—"no, it isn't." He hesitated again, and this time Mrs. Leonard did not interrupt. "You came down the stairs with Ellen tonight. You—I want you—I want you on the square." He lowered his eyes from the shining eyes of Mrs. Leonard. "I love you!" he said.

And she was very lonely—she who had all the world can give, save one thing; and she had seen the naked strong soul of a master in action; and it was moonlight among the pines.

Anne Leonard, with a long broken sigh, settled herself into the arms of her man.

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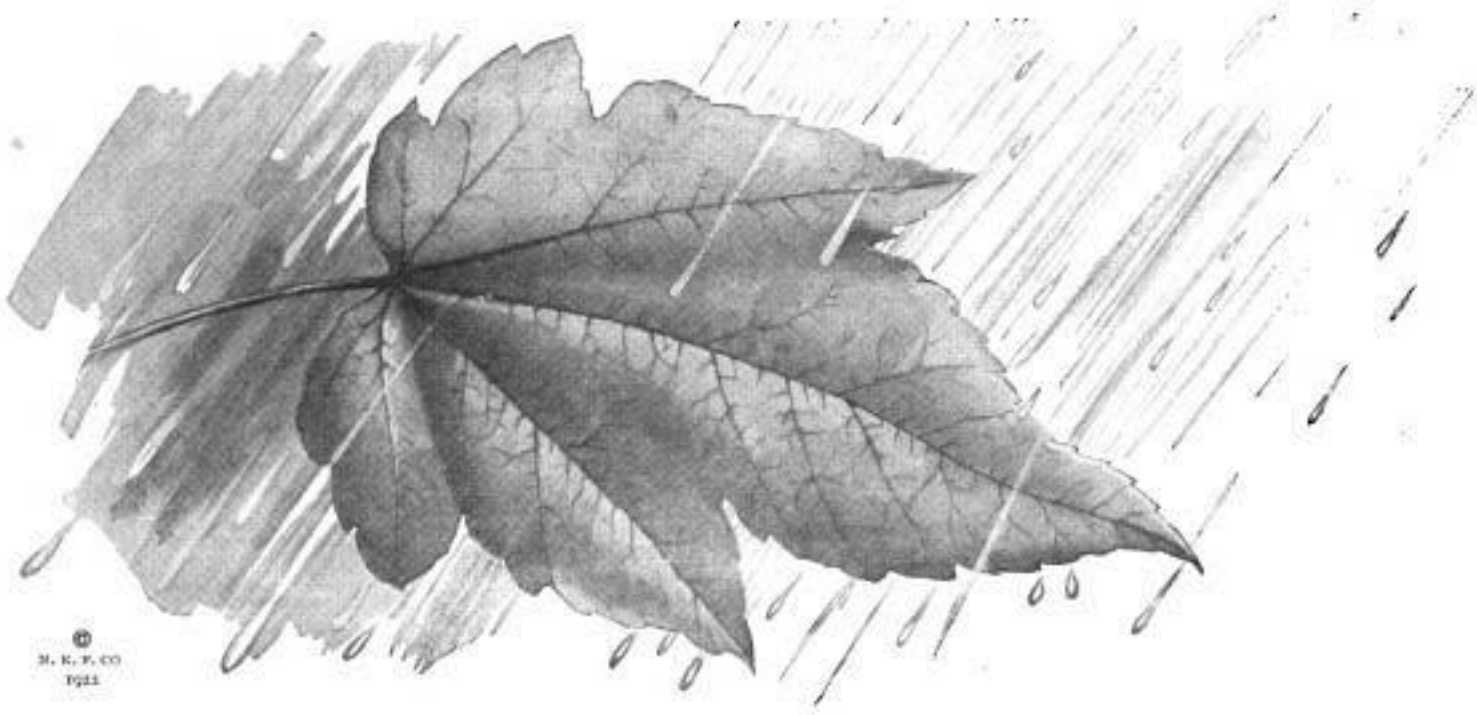

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PUNCH

(Continued from Page 15)

a fellow, he was the best fellow I ever knew. In the copy-book way he was almost too good. He never even smoked; still less did his foot ever stray from the straight path to the brass rail. I used to think he was one of the brightest men I knew. Certainly he wasn't lazy. But he never had a really decent job in his life. If there was a decent job open somebody else got it. It's all nonsense to say he hadn't as much stuff, and as good stuff, in the top of his head as the man who landed the good job; but he never more than just got by. Considering his jobs and salaries, it's wonderful he got by as well as he did." The survivor pondered a moment and added conventionally, "He had no punch."

Four men were present, and this led on to general talk about success in the material sense. We agreed that we had known successful men who lacked various highly desirable qualities. We could even call up cases within our experience of successful men who were obviously deficient in rather ordinary mental qualities—men who, outside the office, were rather stupid than otherwise. So it seemed clear enough that no extraordinary thinking apparatus is necessary to material success. However, we agreed that one quality was present in every successful man we had ever known; they all had punch. The company was unanimous on that point. But when I asked what punch is the answers scattered like spent bird shot.

One man said punch is only another name for energy; but as we talked it over that sounded unsatisfactory, for we recalled unsuccessful men who had a tremendous lot of energy—always bustling, always on the run, chock-full of business, yet never getting anywhere to speak of. And I thought of two of the punchiest men I ever knew, who usually had the air of being half an hour ahead of the procession and sitting around whittling waiting for it to catch up; no bustle, no rush, plenty of time for anything that came along and looked interesting.

Said my old friend, who used to be a newspaper man: "The busiest creature I have ever known, except a hen with its head cut off, was a proofreader. He couldn't make his legs go fast enough—always came into the office in the morning dragging 'em after him and looking so busy you thought he'd have the paper out single-handed in about half an hour. He not only read proof but cut up copy, perched on a tall stool near the composing-room door with a green shade over his eyes. But nothing could keep him on the stool. He was dashing into my room—I was city editor—to call my attention to something I didn't want to know about, and bobbing around the composing room with a helpful touch here and there. We used to say we could get the paper out on time if somebody would chloroform Hanson. The evening edition went to press at half past two. The preceding half hour was strenuous enough for everybody, but for Hanson it was a regular orgy of energy. The forms were made up on a ponderous stone-topped table with casters under it. Promptly at half past two, if we were lucky, the table was pushed on a lumbering and decrepit freight elevator and lowered into the stereotyping room in the basement, five stories below. One afternoon Hanson accomplished a masterpiece. It was thirty-one minutes past two and the forms hadn't gone down. Late! There they lay on the table by the elevator door, which was open. Obviously somebody was sleeping at the switch. Hanson dashed at the ponderous table, laden with the heavy metal forms, and by exerting all the strength of his spare body pushed it through the open door. But the elevator wasn't there. The forms met it about the second story and wrecked it, wrecking themselves at the same time, and that wreckage, falling into the basement, wrecked the stereotyping room. It blame near wrecked the struggling little newspaper. Hanson resigned that afternoon, unappreciated. But in the matter of energy he had a perfect score."

"I don't think the difference is in the quantity of energy," said the banker, "but in the way it's applied. Most people have sufficient energy if they'd shoot it at the right mark. Same way with your mind in general. In my opinion punch mostly means nothing else than concentrating on the job in hand, really bending such faculties as you have to whatever you're trying to do at the moment. Any man can do that if he will. I've heard it said that success was due to avoiding mistakes, but I don't think that explains it. No man ever lived who didn't make plenty of mistakes. I recall, for example, that Grant and Lee both candidly acknowledged very serious mistakes. Everybody makes 'em. There is such a thing as being so afraid you'll make a mistake that you never make anything else. I mean if you're always scaring yourself with the notion that you may be making a mistake you'll be sitting down cellar all your life. About nine times out of ten being scared is as big a mistake as you can make.

"The question is, What kind of mistake? In my experience—and I guess it's the experience of every mother's son—there are clean mistakes and dirty mistakes. For example, I had quite a nick taken out of me a while back by an investment in some preferred stock. It looked good at the price. The company had a fine record. But its business is dependent on agriculture, and when agriculture blew up in our general deflation the company blew with it—at least for the time being. It may come back. Let us hope so. However that may be, I looked this thing over with at least ordinary prudence and used such judgment as I had about it. As it turned out, I was wrong; but that's what I call a clean mistake. It is foolish to be overfearful about mistakes of that kind or to bother overmuch about them afterwards.

"It's the dirty mistakes that kill you, I mean the kind of mistake that is due to heedlessness, not paying attention, sleeping at the switch. Everybody living knows that kind of error, I believe—the kind that when it's over all you can do is ask, 'Why was I such an idiot as to do that?' Because it is perfectly clear that for the time being you were an idiot or you wouldn't have acted that way. The mistake did not arise because you judged wrong, but because you weren't judging at all. You simply lumbered into the ditch, with fishy eyes turned to the sky and a fat grin on your mug. As I take it, if a man has punch he makes a minimum of such mistakes as that, because he is alert, concentrating on the job in hand, actually using such mental apparatus as he possesses. It's a quality that any man can cultivate if he will.

"Laziness will ruin almost anybody, but there is a kind of laziness that doesn't get recognized for what it is, because, as I might say, you can't see it. The man may look busy; he may be going through all the motions; but if you lifted off the top of his head you would see that he was doing it with half a mind, mechanically, not really thinking about it. That is where the dirty mistake slides in. This was impressed on me in a way I'll never forget, a good many years ago. If you care to listen I will tell you about it."

He then told us a story. Transposed into the third person and with the name of a New England city omitted, it ran as follows:

There was an old panhandling rogue named Epps. Some time after the events of the story had happened the banker learned that Epps was born and reared in a New England village, where his father was a painter and paper hanger, unfortunately addicted to drink—one of those town drunkards which every New England community seems to have been provided with. In contrast with his father young Epps, as boy and youth, was considered a shining example. At thirteen or fourteen he was taken into the general store, which was the most important mercantile establishment in the village. After a while it was discovered that he had been abstracting small sums from the cash drawer. But his employer forgave him that youthful lapse and said nothing about it. Four or five years later it transpired that he had been investing in tickets of the Louisiana Lottery, which then flourished. The embezzlement amounted to three or four hundred dollars. His employer forbore to prosecute him, but merely kicked him out, not concealing the lapse that time. There was still considerable sympathy for the young man, however, and he hung about the village a while longer, exercising his fine penmanship by drawing deeds, mortgages and the like; also occasionally assisting merchants with snarled accounts as an expert bookkeeper. He was by no means lacking in ability as



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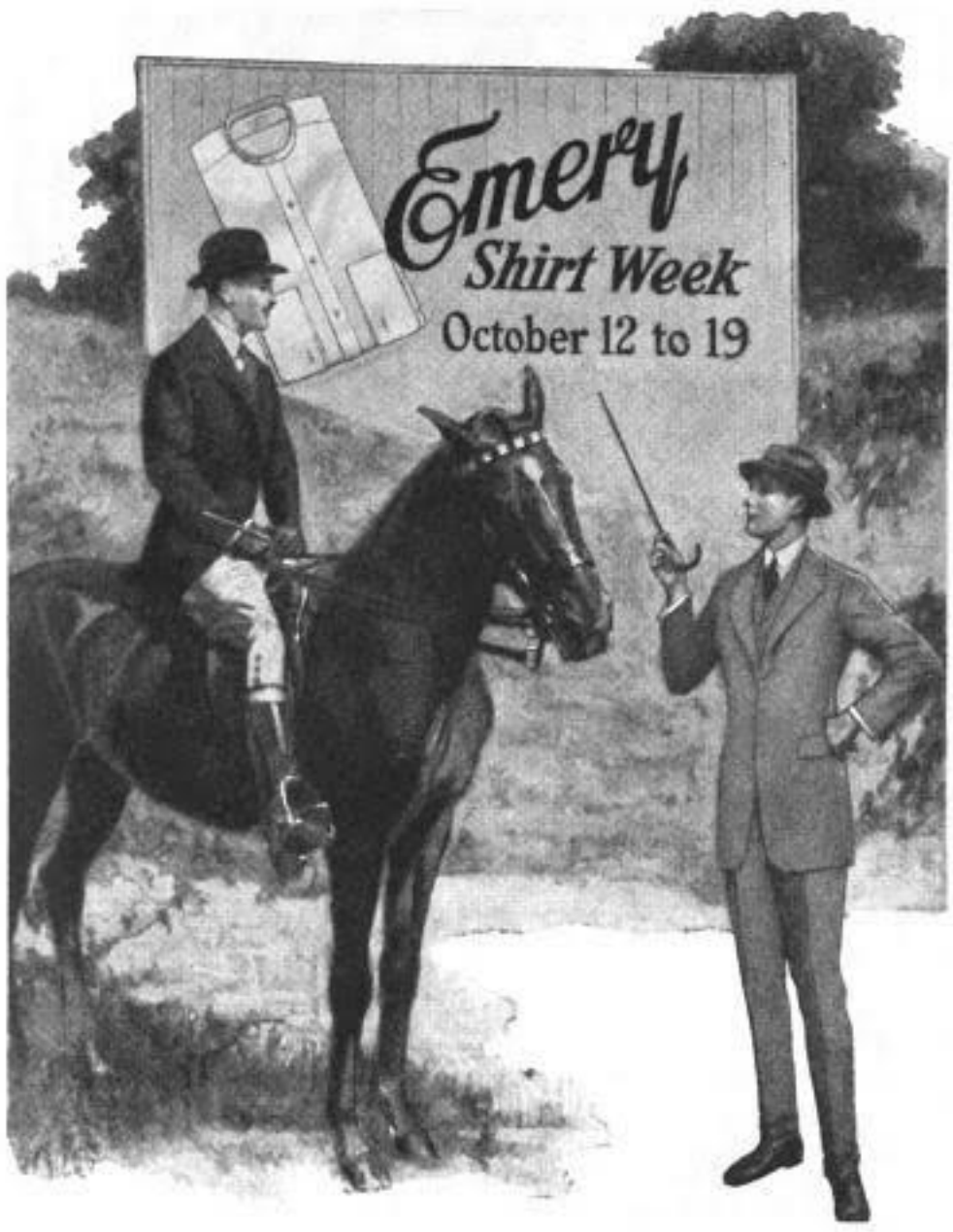
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that is generally understood. Finally an elderly woman who had been one of his staunchest sympathizers intrusted seven hundred dollars to him to be loaned on a certain mortgage. He disappeared with the money.

When he again came to light it was obvious that he had been submerged for a long while. His beard was white, cut close to his thin cheeks and ending in a small chin whisker. He was associated with two persons whom the police knew as Doc Wilks and Pepper, the trio making their headquarters for business purposes in a small, dingy and disreputable hotel on the West Side of New York. Epps' occupation consisted partly in traveling a hundred miles or so into the country and riding back in the smoking car, where—on lucky days—he scraped acquaintance with some rural visitor to the city who might be lured to the dingy hotel, inveigled into a supposed game of chance and fleeced of his cash. It was not a lucrative occupation. Often days elapsed between bites, and often the catch was heartbreakingly meager. Moreover, it not only had to be divided by three but shared with the landlord of the hotel.

Such had been Epps' way of life for several years—a man sunk and meagerly subsisting some fathoms below the surface—when he scraped acquaintance with a burly, shock-bearded, roughly dressed man from Pennsylvania. Because of his rough appearance Epps entertained no great hopes of him, and it was shown afterwards that throughout the afternoon and early evening the victim was indifferent to games of chance in view of the superior attractions of the bar. When he was finally got to the card table in an upstairs back room no finesse was necessary, because he was so fuddled that he could be robbed under his nose. In fact, he soon fell asleep, shaggy head on breast, and the trio coolly proceeded to empty his pockets. These circumstances were afterwards related in detail by Epps himself.

It was Epps, with slim hands, who went through his pockets under the vigilant eyes of the two others—for the three saved all their confidence for outsiders, using none among themselves. While fingering the victim's pockets Epps was struck by an arresting phenomenon—the man's heavy labored breathing had ceased. A brief examination showed that he was dead. He had assayed some four hundred dollars in cash. A large leather wallet, shiny from long use, had been taken from his inside coat pocket. It contained papers of no value to the thieves, from which, however, it appeared that the dead man's name was Charles P. Hiestend and that he lived in or near a Pennsylvania town. There was nothing worth taking in his shabby traveling bag, and nothing that seemed likely to afford a clew to his identity.

The landlord of the hotel was summoned. The wallet and papers which disclosed the man's identity were turned over to him to be destroyed. The body was then lugged into a bedroom and laid on a bed—Epps, to whom the more disagreeable tasks would naturally be assigned, for he was rather the jackal of the firm, removing his coat, vest and shoes. For verisimilitude an empty whisky bottle was laid on the floor by the bed, and about six dollars was put back in his pocket. Doc Wilks then registered the dead man—simulating a sprawly uncertain hand—as J. P. Smith, Pittsburgh.

This was about midnight, Tuesday. On Thursday morning the landlord would notify the police that one of his guests had been found dead in bed. He would say that the man came in late Tuesday evening, the worse for drink, and asked for a room, registering as J. P. Smith, Pittsburgh; on Wednesday nothing was heard from him, but the landlord let him alone, supposing he was sleeping it off; on Thursday morning he forced the door and found the man dead. No doubt an autopsy would show that excessive drink caused death. Under such circumstances the police would waste no time on the case, and a man unidentified save by a scrawl on the register would be buried at public expense. Meanwhile, Charles P. Hiestend from Pennsylvania would be added to the long list of mysterious disappearances.

The landlord claimed fifty dollars for carrying out his part of the arrangement. The remaining cash was divided between the three thieves, who then separated. But there was a piece of paper in Epps' pocket which the others knew nothing about. The wallet had contained a letter from a real-estate agent in Connecticut regarding a farm which he was offering to Mr. Hiestend for eighteen thousand dollars. Wilks and Pepper had paid no attention to this letter, as it could not be converted into cash; but Epps, with a better brain than either of them, had wondered whether Hiestend might not be on his way from Pennsylvania to Connecticut to buy a farm. Then, in rifling the dead man's clothes, he had thrust his fingers into the flat inner vest pocket and touched a piece of folded paper—and immediately had withdrawn his fingers, passing on as though the pocket was empty, for Wilks and Pepper were watching. Later, taking off the dead man's coat and vest, he found an opportunity to slip the folded piece of paper into his palm and convey it to his coat pocket. He was now fleeing from his partners with it.

The paper proved to be a draft on New York, drawn by the First National Bank of the Pennsylvania town to the order of Charles P. Hiestend for twenty-five thousand dollars. There was now no doubt that Hiestend had been on his way to buy a farm. But here was a problem to test any man's brains: This draft was payable to Charles P. Hiestend, and not indorsed. No bank would cash a draft for that amount unless the holder was introduced, identified and vouched for by some person of such standing that the bank had complete confidence in him. Except by going back to acquaintances of long ago—who would be sure to ask inconvenient questions—Epps did not know a soul in whom any sane bank would repose confidence.

Moreover, it behooved him to move rapidly. Hiestend, who carried a draft for twenty-five thousand dollars, must be a man of some note in his own locality. His disappearance would excite curiosity there. It was reasonable to suppose that he had left heirs who would be much interested in looking after his property—particularly the twenty-five thousand dollars in paper which he had carried to New York. Although the man who was to be buried under the name of J. P. Smith might never be identified as Hiestend, yet an inquiry would be set up which sooner or later would result in stopping payment of this draft.

The manner in which Epps attacked and solved this knotty problem showed that he was not a submerged rogue because he was unable to think. The letter from the real-estate agent gave him a clew. The business experience of his younger days helped. His experience in roguery helped also. Early next morning he was carefully examining the classified advertisements in a New York newspaper under the caption, "Real Estate for Sale, Connecticut." He disbursed some of his loot for fresh linen, a new straw hat, a new bag, a large manila envelope.

That forenoon an elderly gentleman in a new straw hat, carrying a new bag, dropped off the train from New York in a Connecticut town of some twenty-five hundred inhabitants and asked to be directed to the office of Mr. Wellman, a real-estate agent. A critical observer might have concluded that he was of an economical turn of mind in the matter of clothes, but there was nothing about him to arouse anybody's suspicion. Mr. Wellman, the real-estate agent, had no suspicion. On the contrary when the visitor said he was looking for a farm suitable for dairy purposes Mr. Wellman was all geniality and hopefulness.

He very cheerfully drove the visitor out to look at farms. Being a sociable and loquacious person, he naturally talked about farming, especially dairy farming. In a few hours the attentive stranger, who seemed a man of few words, had picked up enough points so that he also could talk quite learnedly about dairy farming. They looked at four farms that afternoon; but the visitor was a prudent, cautious man, by no means inclined to jump at the first offer. Next forenoon they set out again.

About noon Wellman and the prospective buyer returned to the first farm they had looked at—the one which Wellman had advertised. The farmer, who was anxious to sell, invited them to stay to the midday dinner, after which there was due haggling over terms. Finally, about two o'clock, Mr. Wellman drove the buyer and the farmer to town and led them into the First National Bank, where he cordially introduced the visitor to the assistant cashier as Mr. Heistend, who was going to buy Mr. Blank's farm.

The outcome of the haggling was that Hiestend had agreed to pay nineteen thousand five hundred dollars cash for the farm.

(Continued on Page 157)

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Clear, cold nights, an ideal altitude, and year-'round, warm sunshine lend incomparable aid.

Pure snow-water from high mountains feeds each tree exactly according to its needs, by irrigation.

Then these growers, taught by 20 years' experience, "thin" the trees of more than half the fruit—to give each apple the full vitality of the tree and ample *room* to grow maturely to perfection.

The result is crisp, firm, tender, juicy apples that melt into delicious flavor in the mouth—the very finest that the world produces.

Special apples, grown by specialists for apple lovers.

Finest Fruit
at Common Cost

And yet these luscious apples cost little, if any, more than common kinds. There's less *waste* by the "thinning" method than in the old haphazard way.

These growers don't let poor apples *grow*. They get more good fruit per tree.

They save the care and picking of the poor ones. Their labor brings more fruit that they can sell.

Thus you get a fruit that's scientifically matured at a price that must be asked for lesser grades.

Try them and you'll always get them. Taste your favorite Jonathan grown here in this way. Find even better qualities than you ever thought this apple had.

Every apple perfect—full-flavored, juicy, crisp. The world's prize Jonathan from a section that's unequalled for this fruit.

Save by the Box

If apples keep they're cheaper by the box. The last is like the first from Wenatchee boxes, for these better apples *keep* better also. Depend on that.

But be sure to get *these* apples. Look for boxes stamped like this: "Eat WENATCHEE APPLES." That identifies these finer kinds.

If your dealer hasn't Wenatchee Jonathans *today* he can have them for you in the morning. Taste them once and you'll insist thereafter.

Eat the Right Apple at the Right Time

Jonathan—October, November, December, January, February.
Delicious—November, December, January, February.
Rome Beauty—November, December, January, February.
Stayman—December, January, February.
Spitzenberg—December, January, February.
Winesap—February, March, April, May, June.



The famous Wenatchee Apple District, Washington. Known the world over for the apples it produces.

"An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away"

Eat Wenatchee Apples

TRADE MARK

These apples include the six most popular varieties—*your favorite* among them.

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(Continued from Page 154)

He was now to deposit one thousand dollars earnest money in the bank, where it was to be held in trust until the title was examined and passed upon by a competent person. If the title was clear Hiestend was to pay down the remainder of the purchase price and receive a deed. If the title was not clear the first thousand dollars was to be returned to him.

All of which was a perfectly correct and customary procedure. The assistant cashier listened to Mr. Wellman's statement of the situation without the faintest suspicion, for there was nothing in it to arouse anybody's suspicion. In the talk at the assistant cashier's desk it developed that Mr. Hiestend had sold his own farm in Pennsylvania and for several days had been looking around that part of Connecticut for another one. When he produced a bank draft for twenty-five thousand dollars the assistant cashier took it as readily as he drew breath, merely noting mechanically that it was made out in proper form.

He wrote a receipt for the thousand dollars earnest money and passed the remaining twenty-four thousand dollars to Mr. Hiestend's credit. There was then some talk about the title and other matters. The assistant cashier recommended the bank's attorney as a person competent to pass upon the title; or, Mr. Hiestend could get a title-insurance policy from a trust company in Hartford. The insurance policy would be more expensive however. Finally it was arranged that Mr. Hiestend should meet the attorney in the bank at ten o'clock next morning, for by that time it was nearly three o'clock, at which hour the bank closed.

Mr. Hiestend then inquired about a safe-deposit box, saying he was carrying some valuable papers in his bag and would like to get them securely disposed of. The bank had such boxes for rent in the basement. Mr. Hiestend rented one for a year, paying the rental of eight dollars in cash. The assistant cashier took him downstairs and saw him deposit a bulky manila envelope in the box. That concluded the day's business. Mr. Hiestend returned to the rambling white-frame inn with green blinds and found a comfortable wicker rocker on the elm-shaded veranda.

Mr. Wellman, with a thousand dollars commission as good as in his hand, was well pleased with the two days' work. Old Epps, gently rocking himself on the shady veranda, was also well pleased. True, he had not received a cent of cash; but he was identified at the bank, where twenty-four thousand dollars—legally payable in cash on demand—lay to his credit.

He felt quite confident about tomorrow. In his tawdry swindling operations it often became expedient for him to make an abrupt exit. He accomplished it by pretending to lose his temper—flying off in a fit of childish anger and stumping out. From long practice he could do it very realistically. When he met the attorney at the bank next day he would ask what his fee for examining the title would be. No matter what fee the attorney named, Mr. Hiestend would consider it unreasonable and lose his temper about it, becoming childishly outrageous, like an irascible old curmudgeon. And if the attorney offered to examine the title for nothing he would lose his temper about something else. As a signal mark of his displeasure he would draw his balance out of the bank in cash, take it downstairs and put it in his safe-deposit box. At least they would think he put it in his safe-deposit box.

Then he would make a long hike, even to California, where he proposed to purchase an orange grove and spend his remaining years in respectable tranquillity.

To the third person in the triangle—the young assistant cashier of the bank—the day was anything but satisfactory. For him the world was slipping that afternoon. He was desperately in love. Coming back to the bank after luncheon at home he had met her—and a tall companion—face to face on the street. It seemed to the assistant cashier that there had never been other brown hair to compare with that which puffed and kinkled under the brim of her hat, that nothing else had ever been so blue as her eyes, and no other cheeks so irresistibly made one think of apple blossoms. Meeting him face to face on the street, with a tall companion, the tint of her cheeks did not change; nothing disturbed the blue of her eyes; she smiled and nodded at him, just as she might have smiled and nodded at a drayman. Then she again looked up at her tall companion, and a moment later the assistant cashier heard her sweet laughter.

The tall companion was a city chap, visiting his cousins, who were rich and had a large house on a high hill. This meeting on the street was no revelation to the assistant cashier. For ten days he had been ground between the upper and nether millstones of jealousy. On the preceding Sunday evening he'd had it out with her about this city chap—and had been told, with spirit, that he was privileged to mind his own business. Therefore briskly grinding upper and nether millstones shredded his heart as he went on to the bank. The world was slipping. It had the taste of dust and ashes in his mouth. Nothing could ever be really worth while again.

He had been appointed assistant cashier, at the age of twenty-seven, about nine months before this. At that time his name on the small bronze tablet attached to his desk, and on the bank stationery, had given him much the same emotion which a young author feels on first seeing his sentences and name in print. There he was in bronze and in type, an assistant cashier. But he now regarded the bronze tablet with lackluster eye. What did it amount to, after all? Assistant cashier of a little country-town bank, on a little country-town salary! This city chap's pockets bulged with money. What prospects had he? In twenty years, when the cashier died or retired, he might hope for the cashiership at another country-town salary. The road stretched bleak and dusty to the end.

For two or three days, in his gnawings of jealousy and lowness of mind, he had been obscurely aware of something new—namely, a sullen indifference, a limp and soggy mental condition. As it happened, the president and cashier were both out of town for a few days. This was the first time he had been left in charge of the bank; but he slighted his work, letting things rip, and was ashamed of it—in the back of his head—yet seemed not able to help it. Like a dull knife his mind slid over things without taking hold. This afternoon he had really paid no attention to cheerful, loquacious Nick Wellman, the real-estate agent, or to the farmer, or the stranger with close-cut white beard and restless little gray eyes. He had listened and spoken and smiled, his hand had manipulated a pen; but all like an automaton, not really paying attention.

When the visitors left, several pieces of paper in relation to the business he had just transacted lay upon his desk and were to be disposed of according to the bank's established routine. One was the bank draft for twenty-five thousand dollars; another was Mr. Hiestend's application for a safe-deposit box; another was his signature card for the bank's card index. The assistant cashier was in a hurry to clean up his desk and leave. What he was really thinking about, so far as he thought at all, was finishing up the day's work and getting out of the bank—as though he might thereby somewhat escape those grinding millstones. But as he gathered up the pieces of paper habit asserted itself in a purely mechanical way.

It was his business to impress signatures on his memory. Many men never sign their names twice quite alike, so he had formed the habit, in memorizing a new signature, of comparing several examples of it, if several were available. He had in hand two samples of this new depositor's signature—one on the application for a safe-deposit box, the other on the signature card. In a purely mechanical way—absent-minded—he put the two samples together, and a discrepancy immediately struck him. On the signature card the name was spelled H-i-e-stend; on the application for a safe-deposit box it was spelled H-e-i-stend.

Odd, certainly, that a man should spell his own name differently within a quarter of an hour. Still another example of the signature was near by—namely, the indorsement on the draft. The assistant cashier picked up the draft. On its face and in the indorsement the name was spelled H-i-e-stend.

Now the business of the draft had been transacted first. The new depositor had indorsed it and signed the signature card; everything in that connection had been disposed of and put to one side. Then there had been talk about the title and other things—occupying perhaps a quarter of an hour. Finally, just before leaving, the new depositor had inquired about a safe-deposit box. After a bit of talk the assistant cashier had taken from a drawer in his desk one



Ten times* more effective than these wholesome foods!

Every one knows the value of these nourishing foods; but few people eat them often enough or in sufficient quantities. A vital health factor, present in such foods, is thus denied your body.

Make up this deficiency and give yourself a margin of safety by adding Yeast Foam Tablets to your regular food. These tablets contain ten times as much of a food-corrective element as the foods illustrated.

Yeast Foam Tablets are made entirely of pure, whole, dehydrated yeast; they keep—and they don't cause gas!

These tablets are a food—*a tonic food*—not a drug or medicine. They have been used with unusual success in cases of indigestion, malnutrition and certain skin disorders.

Made by the makers of the famous baking yeasts, Yeast Foam and Magic Yeast.

Sold by all druggists.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE—25c VALUE—
YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Your name _____

Address _____

SEP1014

Mail coupon to Northwestern Yeast Company
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago

Yeast Foam Tablets

A Tonic Food

* Scientific data to support this statement furnished on request.

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"The Double Ratchet brings awkward jobs out in the open"

"With this 'Yankee' Ratchet Breast Drill, I can drill out this broken stud bolt in the self-starter shaft just as if the chassis frame wasn't there to prevent me from turning the crank all the way round.

"The 'Yankee' DOUBLE Ratchet makes the job almost as simple as if I had the shaft in a vise on the bench.

"Even if I can move the crank back and forth only an inch, the drill cuts continuously. No other breast drill can do that."

"YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill

Speeds up the work. Makes drilling less labor. Works efficiently in cramped places where other drills are useless. A finger touch on ratchet shifter gives you any one of five adjustments: Plain Drill, Left-hand Ratchet, Right-hand Ratchet, DOUBLE Ratchet, or gears locked.

Two speeds; you can change instantly without removing drill from work. Just shift lever at base of hub.

No. 1755 (illustrated)—Length 17 in. Three-jaw chuck for round shank drills up to 5/16 in.

No. 535—Length 11¾ in. Two-jaw chuck for round shank drills up to 5/16 in.

Some other "Yankee" Tools

Spiral Screw-drivers
Quick Return Spiral Screw-drivers
Ratchet Screw-drivers 1½ to 30 in. blades
Ratchet Hand Drills
Ratchet Chain Drills
Ratchet Bench Drills
Plain Breast Drills
Automatic Push Drills
Ratchet Tap Wrenches
Bench Vises, removable base



A postal will bring you interesting TOOL BOOK FREE

Contains illustrations and descriptions of all the ingenious "Yankee" Tools for saving your time and your muscles in drilling and tapping metal, boring wood and driving screws.

"YANKEE" Ratchet Hand Drill No. 1530

Mighty handy for small holes in tight quarters. Only 10½ inches long. Weighs only 1¼ pounds. Has all ratchet adjustments of the big "Yankee" Breast Drills and Hand Drills. Single speed. Holds drills up to 3/16 inch.



Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

of the small application blanks, printed on a square of pasteboard. At the top of that form, following routine, he had written the depositor's name, very clearly. And in his low mental state he had committed the error which, normally, he reprobated in others—that is, he had misspelled the name, transposing the *i* and *e*. He then pushed the little blank over to the renter to be signed, and in signing the renter copied the assistant cashier's error, transposing the *i* and *e*.

So, mechanically recalling the course of events, the cashier found an explanation of the discrepancy which he had noted. He said that the new depositor had seen his name misspelled in large clear script at the top of the form, and that by a trick of the brain he had copied that error in signing the form. Such was the explanation that presented itself, in his edgeless mental condition; for his flat mind was set to security; he was not thinking of danger; Mr. Hiestend was not asking for money; he was buying a farm; he had deposited a bulky envelope downstairs. And without further thought the assistant cashier—anxious to get away—went dully on with the routine disposal of the papers on his desk.

In fact, Epps had written the name Hiestend only twice in his life—once in indorsing the draft and once on the signature card—before the application for a safe-deposit box was pushed before him for signature. At the top of the blank the name appeared as H-*e*-*i*-stend in the assistant cashier's large clear script. Epps thought it was wrong, but he wasn't absolutely sure. The assistant cashier had appeared to copy the name from the draft. If Epps said it should be spelled *i*-*e* and then the assistant cashier showed that it was spelled *e*-*i* in the draft, that might be fatal. So Epps, not absolutely sure, copied the assistant cashier's spelling.

The assistant cashier had received due notice and warning. He had noted that this stranger spelled his own name two ways. To a bank officer that should have been as sufficient as the dry whir of a rattlesnake. This bank officer wasn't really thinking, however. He was going through all the motions, but his mind was asleep. So he passed fatly on to the commission of a dirty error of a ruinous sort; for, in view of the warning he had received, nothing could excuse his letting the bank in for a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars.

Telling about it near twenty years afterwards he said that from the time he left the bank that afternoon until he returned next morning nothing happened that he could lay his finger on. He did not again see the girl with blue eyes, nor hear from or of her. For all he knew she spent the evening flirting with the city chap.

At dinnertime he was as sodden with jealous misery as ever. But sometime in the evening there appeared to be an obscure push of will and character—as of a macerated underdog saying, "See here; I've stood enough of this! Stop it!" He began asking, "Why am I doing this to myself?" And he went to bed reflecting, "Surely, I have been making a fool of myself."

He woke up to a situation wonderfully transformed, seeing clearly how foolish and wrong he had been to pitch into her that way. Naturally, she had resented it and was showing her resentment by flirting with the city chap. So he lay abed a few minutes in healthy, youthful reaction from his misery, tasting existence as something very good.

Approaching the bank half an hour before the opening time of nine, he was heartily ashamed of himself. This was the first time it had been left in his charge, and in several ways he had slighted the job, letting things slide. There was the Murphy matter and the unanswered letters on his desk. He stepped in alertly and made for his desk. The small account book, appertaining to the safe-deposit vault, still lay there, for he hadn't bothered to put it away the afternoon before. It brought the new depositor and box renter into his mind, and that brought a prick of the spur.

A man spelling his own name in two ways! Yesterday, in his blockhead state—the state in which half the world's mistakes are made; the state which marks off the duffer from the man of capacity—he had slid over that point, fatuously explaining it away without really thinking about it. That was the duffer's characteristic—his mind sliding over things like a dull knife; not really waking up until it was too late. His attitude of the day before astonished him now; for, in fact, it was very strange that a man should spell his own name in two ways. He got the spur more sharply in the thought that if he should let the bank in for a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars, after due warning, his career in it would be ended and no other bank would care for an assistant cashier with such a recommendation.

The draft had already gone forward in the night's mail and by now should be in the New York bank with which this institution corresponded; but he could not expect to reach anybody in authority there until nine o'clock. At ten minutes to nine he put in a telephone call. When the response came he asked the New York bank officer to get that draft out of the mail and send it by messenger to the bank on which it was drawn, instead of letting it take the slower course through the clearing house—telephoning whether it was paid or not.

That was an anchor to the windward, and with that anchor some bank officers might have been satisfied—simply making sure that the draft was duly paid by the New York bank on which it was drawn. But if a man spelled a name incorrectly it argued that he was not familiar with the name, and that suggested forgery. If the indorsement on this draft was forged the New York bank on which it was drawn might duly pay it, but the assistant cashier's bank would still be liable when the forgery was discovered. So he did not rest with the message to New York, but put the telephone at work again, calling up the bank in Pennsylvania which drew the draft. That took nearly an hour, but finally he was getting a response.

"Yes; we drew a draft on New York for twenty-five thousand to the order of Charles P. Hiestend. The draft's all right and Hiestend's all right; but who did you say you were? . . . What's that? How does he look? . . . Why, he's a big, heavy man, forty-five or so, with a bushy beard." The voice grew excited: "You don't say! Look here; there's something wrong! Hiestend's brother was in here yesterday afternoon asking if I'd heard anything from Charley. He's a hard drinker at times. Seems there was some business he ought to have attended to in New York Tuesday, and didn't. His brother said he was going there to look him up. You keep hold of that fellow."

Epps came in as the assistant cashier finished telephoning. He thought he saw the same young man at the desk with whom he had done business the day before. But he was mistaken. It was a young man aroused, alert—a young man with punch. The old rogue went through the familiar trick of losing his temper very creditably; but the assistant cashier explained apologetically that the bank was practically out of currency that morning. A fresh supply would be coming from New York by express on the 10:52 train; would Mr. Hiestend return in an hour?

Mr. Hiestend returned and fell into hands that did not let go.

If the assistant cashier had let his bank in for a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars, under such circumstances, he would probably have been discharged and disgraced. But the manner of the real Hiestend's disappearance was traced out. It was from Epps' own statement in clearing himself from the murder charge which the police were minded to lodge against him that the events of that evening in the dingy hotel became known. The story, in print, was sufficiently dramatic; and one of its best points was the young assistant cashier of a country-town bank to whose astuteness and prompt action detection of the crime was due—which astuteness and prompt action incidentally saved his bank from a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars. It was evident from the story as printed that this assistant cashier was a bright young chap, right on the job.

That was discussed by the directors of the biggest bank in ——, who were in search of a bright young chap. They decided to look this specimen over.

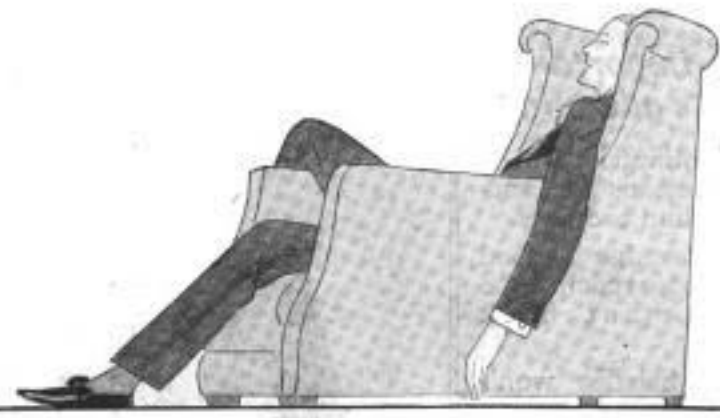
When Epps got hold of the twenty-five-thousand-dollar draft he thought he was making a big haul. But the big haul, in fact, fell to the assistant cashier, who went to the bank above referred to, and is now vice president of it. He told this story to illustrate what he means by punch.

"In my opinion," said he, "punch is largely just keeping awake. A good rule for success is, On starting to work kick yourself a couple of times to make sure you are not dozing."

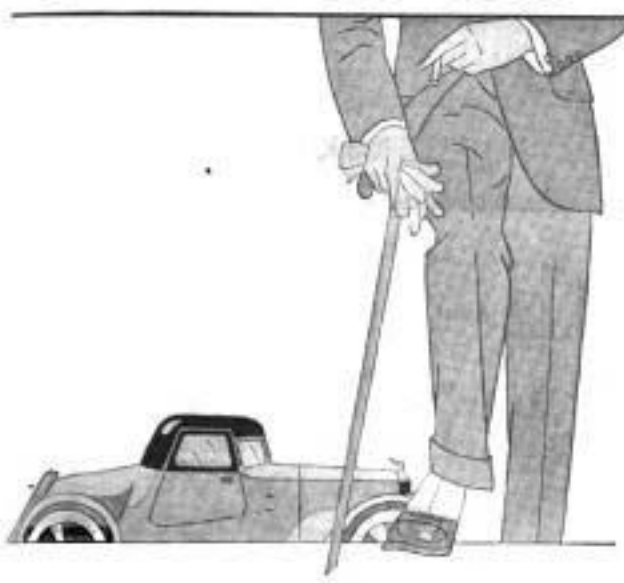
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Drawings by Louis Hurd



Talks to the WELL DRESSED MAN





A FEW years ago real men hesitated to express any considerable interest in matters of dress. There was fear of "dandyism," of being called a "Beau Brummel." So a studied indifference to style became the refuge of many.

But did you ever consider that this attitude was probably due to *style* itself? Years ago man's attire abounded in needless discomforts, useless frills and deforming excrescences. The padded shoulder, the abbreviated coat, the peg top trouser, the three inch choker—is it any wonder sensible men avoided such pronounced absurdities?



Fortunately, the evolution of man's dress in recent years has been all toward simplicity and comfort. The cut of





outer garments has been moulded to the human figure rather than to the tailor's dummy. Comfortable and appropriate sport clothes have come into vogue. The imprisoning stiffness of the starched shirt has given place to the soft shirt of today with its comfortable and natural cuffs, and the trim snugness of the belt has found increasing favor.

Man's interest in correct attire is now only an interest in comfort, convenience and naturalness. Careful attention to



dress today cannot possibly evolve the dandy, the fop or the dude, since clothes themselves have ceased to be dandified, foppish or dudish.

So a nation of men has adopted the Kum-a-part Kuff Button because it is supremely convenient. The Kum-a-part idea has evolved with the logic of events. Men have included it in the necessities of dress just as in business they have adopted the typewriter, the telephone, the telegraph and the automobile.



UNIVERSAL use of the soft shirt foretold a separable button. So the Kum-a-part Kuff Button was produced. The adoption of belts forecast a jewelry buckle with a perfected non-slip feature. So the Kum-a-part idea again came to man's relief with the Kum-a-part Belt Buckle that snaps and *can't slip*. Two products, in tune with the simplicity and comfort of modern dress, possessing the correctness of rich jewelry and a style smartness incomparable.

Kum-a-part Kuff Buttons are offered by jewelers and the better men's shops in combinations of precious metals and a variety of pearl and enamel effects. Up to $25 the pair. Kum-a-part Belt Buckles, priced from $2.50 up to $20.



THESE original creations of the Baer & Wilde Co. are alone privileged to bear the name "Kum-a-part." This is die-stamped on the back of both buttons and buckles. Stamp it on your own memory and *look* for the name when you purchase. You find satisfaction when you find the name.



A GOODLY number of the purchasers of Kum-a-part Products are women seeking gifts for critical men. They recognize the presentation value of the Kum-a-part Kuff Button and Belt Buckle. Either or both are certain to please—and though a man possess one pair of Kum-a-part buttons or a Kum-a-part belt buckle, he will welcome a second as a valuable addition to his wardrobe. In fact, most well dressed men now pride themselves upon wearing Kum-a-part buttons harmonizing with their shirts—a dress refinement made easy of achievement by the varied and rich resources of Kum-a-part designs.

You will enjoy reading the little Kum-a-part style book No. 20 containing a correct dress chart. The Baer & Wilde Company in the city of Attleboro, State of Massachusetts, will gladly send you a copy on request.

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Six important Alberite advantages

1. Scientific trim of bristles cleans the surface and crevices.
2. The wedge shaped Alberite reaches the important back teeth.
3. The bristles won't come out!
4. Only the best quality of materials used.
5. Germproof sealed wrapper.

and—

6. THE PRICE YOU PAY IS ONLY 35c.



FREE

Send your name and address and we will forward to you a copy of "How to Save Your Teeth." It covers the care of the teeth from infancy to old age

"I've studied brushes and teeth—this toothbrush is *correct!*"

by E. G. Jegge
Head of Research Department, RUBBERSET CO., Newark, N. J.

Letters from 625 dentists heartily endorse the remarkable new Rotary Wedge Toothbrush

SINCE 1887 we have been making brushes of every description. Rubberset brushes may be found all over the world—more than ten million are in daily use. For three years we've been working on a new toothbrush. Now we have perfected the Alberite Rotary Wedge Toothbrush. It represents a wholly new development. *And it is correct*—the shape that saves the teeth.

More than 600 dentists have used the Alberite. They say it is correct.

Atlantic City—with a floating population from all parts of the country of 80,000 every seven days—says that the Alberite is correct. In the six weeks that these brushes have been on sale there, they've outsold all others. So now we offer the Alberite to all America.



35¢

The diagrams at the right illustrate the big difference between the Alberite and ordinary toothbrushes.

The Rotary Wedge

A toothbrush that cleans the teeth *with scientific thoroughness*. It is wedge shaped and thereby reaches *the important back teeth* and *the spaces between them*. The brushing surface is also wedge shaped. The long center bristles, the point of the wedge, penetrate *between the teeth*, while the short side bristles brush the surface.

This brush cleans every crevice. Prevents decay.

The loss of a front tooth is regarded as a calamity. When a back tooth goes, that is a mere incident. *Yet the loss of a back tooth is by far the greater calamity!*

The whole contour of your face hangs on the preservation of the large back teeth, the so-called "grinders." The loss of a single "grinder" starts the first dismaying tendency toward the characteristics of age.

Day after day, tooth brushing goes on that scarcely touches these "grinders"—the most important teeth in your mouth, the teeth that sustain the firm contour of the face and are most needed for mastication of food and for maintenance of health.

Here these back teeth lie neglected. An easy prey to bacteria and decay.

The Alberite Rotary Wedge Toothbrush scientifically cleans the surface and crevices of all the teeth—the important back teeth as well as the front.

Save your teeth

The methods of the past show evidence everywhere of improper brushing. You can continue in this hit-or-miss fashion, or start to care for your teeth properly today. The responsibility is yours. Ask your dealer at once for an Alberite Rotary Wedge Brush. If he can't supply you send us 35c in stamps—specifying whether you want a hard, medium or soft brush. With it we will send you a copy of "How to Save Your Teeth."

The wrong way



This brush reaches merely the surface of the teeth.

The right way



The wedge shaped Alberite thoroughly cleans the surface and the crevices of all the teeth

Made by RUBBERSET COMPANY, Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

ALBERITE
ROTARY WEDGE
TOOTH BRUSH

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THE MAGNETIC WEST

(Continued from Page 23)

had its flaws and, I dare say, its good. I dare say! One followed the other—a simple and strong bravery gave way to involved degrees of skill and cunning in the soft bodies guarded in discreet offices.

Those fortunate hunters with cabins wreathed in flowering vines marked a happy spirit in Saint Louis equally expressed by the large houses—they were situated each in a walled square of the town, planted with fruit, plums and cherries, gooseberries and currants and service berries. A deep bank extended across the river bluff, and there were three parallel streets—the Rue Principale, now Main Street, the Rue de l'Eglise, with a log church, and the Rue des Granges, later Third Street. The stone château of the Chouteau family and the Spanish Government House were on Market Square, and the common fields reached westward. There was an iron weathercock on the church, the ferry keeper, at Elm Street, kept the only tavern, the settlement of Bonhomme was wholly American and the river landing was below Pine Street.

The years were remembered by names of the stirring events which made them notable—the year of the terrible winter; the year of the great water, when the American Bottom was flooded; the year of the ten bateaux, of the river pirates at the Grand Tower. Saint Louis grew, there were two taverns and a hundred and eighty houses, built principally of hewn logs beside the circular stone fortifications. By measure sixty arpens west to include the common and back, by the Sugarloaf, to the river, it marched out to the suburb of Saint George, to Carondelet Avenue, north to Chouteau Avenue and stopped, then, at the mouth of Stony Creek.

A pavement, with the stones set on edge, was laid in Market Street; and soon the Saint Louis Rolling Mills included eleven boiling furnaces, furnaces for scrap and lump, three bar mills and two billet, two slab and two sheet and one dandy, an annealing nail plate and two railroad chair mills, a spike and a rivet machine. This was in 1854, and in a week they turned out a hundred and twenty-five tons of finished metal. The Planters Hotel, begun in 1837, stood upon a part of the pasturage west of Fourth Street; it had a barber famous up and down the river, named Byertere Hickman; and Marshall Starks, who kept a coffee house on Commercial Alley, was the most celebrated faro dealer in the country. Saint Louis was the center of the river traffic, and in '69, when the first shoe factory was opened in a third floor on Green Street, the French song La Guignolée was still sung through the town by young men on New Year's Eve.

Old Steamboat Days

They sang in French and ate the little seasonal cakes with an impossibly long name; and, on the sixth of January, Le Jour des Rois, at the Kings' Ball, engaged in contra-dances. But the French were rapidly vanishing from the river and the mountain rendezvous and paved streets—from America; and in 1824 Gottfried Duden, the first German in Saint Louis, arrived. The Giessener Emigration Society was formed in the Grand Duchy of Hessen, and its members, in two divisions, reached the Mississippi in 1834. The revolutions in Europe, through 1848–49, resulted in much larger emigrations of Germans to Saint Louis; and that was the beginning of the city, the end of the voyageurs.

The keel boats, however, with their cordelles cutting a way through the buffalo berries and rose vines of the river bank, had already disappeared: the levee was packed with steamboats. The General Pike, a Louisville boat with a low-pressure engine, had reached Saint Louis in 1817, and, in 1819, Captain Armitage drove the Henrietta up from New Orleans in twenty-seven days. Almost simultaneously the aristocratic Memphis and Saint Louis Packet Company appeared, the Keokuk and Northern Packets to Saint Paul, the Missouri River Star Line, the Merchants' Southern Packet Company for Natchez and Bayousara, another Saint Louis company and the Kuntz Line to New Orleans.

Fulton and Livingston, at Pittsburgh, in 1811, had built the first steamboat, the Orleans, to float on west water; and, at a speed of three miles an hour, she navigated downstream to New Orleans in fifteen days. The second was the Comet, of twenty-five tons; she made two voyages to Natchez, upon which she was knocked down and her engine put in a cotton factory. The Vesuvius, with Captain Ogden, was next, starting from New Orleans; but seven hundred miles up the Mississippi she struck on a sand bar, where she remained from the middle of summer well into December, and then, near her port, burned to the water's edge. The Enterprise, the fourth, was commandeered by General Jackson; and the Washington, bringing in an era of splendor, had two decks, with a high-pressure engine and the boilers moved from the hold to the deck.

There were, in 1856, eight hundred steamboats on the upper Mississippi, forcing their broad, shallow hulls upstream and racing down, a broom at the pilot house of the fastest, their showering sparks reflected on the black night water, their harsh exhausts echoing and reëchoing from the shores. Their landings were made at levees informal with somber brick warehouses and the town marshal, revolver in hand, seated on a convenient snubbing post. In the evening the torches of the boat—iron baskets swung on the jaws of a standard—would be fed with light wood, ladles of pulverized rosin; and a mate with a barrel stave pierced with holes accelerated the activities of the loading and unloading. The holes in the stave were there in the interest of a better blistering of the skin, and there must have been a madhouse of disparate sounds.

Travel Spiced With Risk

On the Bon Accord, the Nominee and the Time and Tide—river boats entirely modern—the steam piano gave way to a nigger orchestra of banjos and guitars; and at the landings it sat on the guards and played to attract custom. There were, for the passengers, endless dances after the tremendous dinners then attacked—thirteen desserts, six in tall glasses and the others puddings, pies and ice creams, laid at once in a semicircle before the diner!

The bars were properties of the richest value, they were separately owned and run, and willed as choice legacies. The gamblers, always dressed as familiar characters, Indian agents, prospectors or planters, were a part of them; after the high cards in the packs they used were stripped—shaved at the sides between thin plates of metal—they were confided to the barkeepers, who in turn produced them, apparently sealed in the original covers, in circumstances of the utmost publicity. The gamblers drank incessantly, from bottles of innocent colored liquids; and it was their dream to encounter the gentlemen from down the river with bags of money and young negotiable slaves.

That river steamboating, however, was not entirely an affair of gilded splendor, with the captain in an ironed beaver hat on the Texas deck and a polonaise in the grand salon; it was the distressing fact that, with a startling frequency, the boats blew up. The water had a habit of getting low in the boilers; this would be hastily, optimistically, remedied, and, more times than not, the resulting holocaust resembled a volcano rising from the river. The average life of a steamboat was four years. The advertised magnificence, the costliness, of their fittings seemed out of all relation with the shortness of service; but, in reality, the steamboats were highly profitable. In a single trip on the upper Mississippi a boat worth, perhaps, sixteen thousand dollars, aggregated thirteen thousand and two hundred dollars. A steamboat that cost twenty-five thousand dollars would clear well over eleven thousand dollars a month for a season of five months.

But, sound as the financing was, the explosions brought an element of the precarious into the passengers' lives; a fact implied in the printed statement that The David Tatum was safely recommended as in every way worth risking life on. The Anglo-Saxon, off for a preliminary party of two hundred and ten persons, was giving every promise of a fast and brilliant career when both her boilers blew up at once and killed all but the odd ten. Mr. Kidd, who survived this disaster, had a distinct recollection of



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We stand ready to help you keep your customers warm this winter, by prompt shipments of Lawson Room Heaters in all types and sizes. Write for information.

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passing irregularly through the air, enveloped, it appeared to him, in a dense cloud. At the wreck of The Ben Sherrod ten ladies, in the utmost correctness of crinoline, simultaneously vanished overboard without a cry. Another gentlelady, on a different but similar occasion, violently propelled into the river, sustained herself with admirable heroism on a floating settee. After the explosion of The Lucy Walker, when the air was full of everything, everything that had been on the boat, fragments of wood and iron were thrown to the far shore, and the recovered parts of the boilers were no thicker than a worn silver four-bit piece. The Belle of Clarkville, in collision with The Louisiana, lost her hull immediately, and a cabin of passengers proceeded independently down river. The pilot house of The Marquette, blown high in air, alighted appropriately, but not without damage, on the steamer James Pitcher; and The Phoenix, insensible to the talisman of her name, wholly burned up.

In that hurried way, it seemed to me, the steamboats left the Mississippi; it was the railroads, actually, which tied them to the decline, the rust, of silent and deserted levees. They had, at their moment, taken from the keel boats and Mackinaws the fur trade upstream; but now the trading in beaver skins had itself gone from the river. The Missouri Fur Company, following the company of New Orleans, had brought about the Rocky Mountain Fur Company; and then both of them were extinguished by the superior, the more modern, organization of the Astor interests. When the Pacific Company had been abandoned in 1814, John Jacob Astor had turned all his attention to American enterprise, to the American Fur Company; and that corporation ended individual competition.

Missionaries of Trade

Now, in Saint Louis, an International Fur Exchange Building stood at Fourth and Market streets, where the fur buyers of the world assembled to trade in consolidated auctions at a winter's sale of more than twenty-five million dollars. Saint Louis was still a place of trading: I saw this at its height, filling a lower floor of the Statler Hotel, and I had an impulse to ask one of the innumerable traveling gentlemen how many peltrie-bons his liquid face powder, the ruffled crêpe de chine or synthetic ivory trifles, fetched. A peltrie-bon—the fur of a beaver—had been current for six dollars; but, displaced by persuasive extensions of credit, it was no longer a standard of exchange.

The street floor of the hotel was literally black with the salesmen of Chicago and the East. Their cryptic jargon, the vocabulary of commerce, humor and quiet frankness and hearty evasions, overwhelmed all other sound. Passing, in elevators, the rooms of their displays, the gigantic trunks of their merchandise, I caught glimpses of all the colors and textures conceivable, made, mostly, into things flattering to women. The buyers from the stores of the Mississippi Valley, gathered singly with salesmen or in voluble groups, appraised and priced and bought; they studied what was fashionable and listened to what, they were assured, would be fashionable tomorrow. Men, adult men with gray hair, bald troubled men, or young and earnest, argued with solemn passion over the length of skirts, the duration of a whiff of perfume on a glass stopper, or attempted to sell careful representatives of inland propriety what New York was at that instant decked in.

It was a remarkable, a reassuring scene, smoothly urban, marvelously efficient. From it a gayety of silk and satin, of plaited straw and painted leather, of gold pins and scent and slippers, would be spread, practically, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, from the North to the Gulf of Mexico; women everywhere would be the mirror of Paris. A sweeping improvement in no time at all had been made upon the past, on the packs of furs paddled down the twelve hundred hazardous miles of the Missouri. The lonely hunter, covered with tattooing—the first white man adventuring over the South Pass—was well lost in the polite horde carried to Saint Louis in limited trains. The superiority, for example, of dinner trays served by a troop of girls in white over the starving expedient of a few coffee berries rescued from the dirt of a corner and a shred of thin elk hide was obvious.

The hotel I left for the mortuary silence of the Missouri Historical Society rooms, cupboards of the relics of years and men that had so captivated, fired, my imagination. The faded uniforms and mementoes, the bright ceremonial dress of Indian tribes, dim photographs of steamboats, were frozen in pools of glass; and it occurred to me, very suddenly, how excellent a marriage of the Historical Society and the Board of Trade would be, the activity of the spring salesmen in the romantic dignity, the beauty, of a national and positive tradition. I was not, I hoped, blind to the romance of the present; but I wanted to see it in a bravery like that of scarlet cloth, with the fine keenness of steel, even at the price of cutting a finger or worse. That tradition, to be valid, must be broken out of the cases of museums, cast over the land as broadly as were the grosses of finery then, in samples at Saint Louis, displayed.

In Kansas City, however, there was no placid museum of the past except the collections of the Public Library; or if there was I wholly missed it. History, memories, were unimportant: the present was too vital, too insistent to encourage the melancholy of retrospect. Kansas City had, naturally, a past—it was, virtually, the head of the Santa Fé Trail—but it wasn't yet formally conscious of such traditions. As I walked over the abrupt paved streets, streets steep like mountains, the city had an air of growth, of change, under my feet; it seemed to me that, by the time I had returned to the hotel, there were new cuts dredged through the bluffs, impressive concrete viaducts thrown over cañons while my back was turned; the bank buildings took on stories, rose, while I watched them.

It was plainly to be seen that the city was a creation of the present, the result of strictly contemporaneous conditions. Obviously it was a younger Chicago; but it had characteristics, a definite personality of its own. The situation here, on the Missouri River, was perhaps better, eventually, than Chicago's; certainly at Kansas City there had been an amazing gathering of railways. Relatively a small place, already fourteen trunk railroads with thirty-two subsidiary lines carried into it and beyond the richness of the whole medial American region.

While the levee at Saint Louis still preserved an echo of the bull whistles of river steamboats, Kansas City was dominated by the clamoring bells, the harsh signals, of locomotives. Kansas City and railways were one. It had its place, for example, in the construction of the Union Pacific, an important link between the East and West, in an affair which held, reflected, every aspect, every splendid trait and inherent dishonesty the country owned. There was, in that, no loss of the adventurous fortitude I had found irradiating earlier days; the building of the first transcontinental steam road developed all the qualities of the frontier it destroyed. But specially it exhibited the political animosity born in the successive stages of internal difficulty between a Federal power and the rights of states.

The Vision of Asa Whitney

Asa Whitney, who, more than anyone else, brought before the country the importance of a means of unbroken national communication, was convinced that it would make happy and comfortable millions who were destitute and starving, and join all the world together as one nation. Instead of that, after a maturity of agitation, of travel and exploration and endless memorials to Congress, he found only poverty. The reception of his dream in Washington was ironically far from any suggestion of future peace: Lewis Cass would not vote for a bill that gave the President constructive power; the Southern senators refused to uphold a Northern President; in general, each party worked to load such responsibility on the other. In the Thirty-second Congress the bill for a transcontinental railway was killed by an amendment proposing that no government money should be applied to a railroad within any state.

Until 1845 states had maintained railways as public industries, until 1860 they were built by corporations with state aid, but after '70 they were private enterprises. And it was during this change, inconceivably bitter in spirit, that the Union Pacific was formed. The Thirty-fifth Congress refused the Committee for the Pacific Railroad a clerk; and the sessions of the House and of the Senate were pits of unparliamentary uproar and faithless obstructionism.

(Continued on Page 164)

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Even the beginner can soon play real music, for the Instruction Rolls—an exclusive Gulbransen feature—make it simple.

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The South, already threatening separation from the Union, would not vote for a survey, a line, with, at the east, a Northern terminus; the North resisted all attempts to follow a Southern route over the thirty-second parallel; and it was not until the Civil War had removed Southern politicians from the capital that a transcontinental road became an actuality.

The construction of the road began simultaneously at both ends, the Union Pacific building westward and the Central Pacific working east through California; and there was a provision that if either road reached a designated point of meeting before the other, it might proceed until they met. This, since a mile of railway, under its subsidies, meant from sixty-four to ninety-six thousand dollars for the company building it, resulted in a tremendous rival activity. Chinese labor drove the Central Pacific forward—the longer tunnels, for the time, they ignored, dragging locomotives over the Sierra Nevada to the tracks beyond; the Union Pacific employed Irish workmen, and each line had more than ten thousand men desperately employed. Coming together, in a characteristically national manner, at Promontory Point, they discovered that the Central Pacific had graded a useless eighty miles and that the Union Pacific had wasted a million dollars; but this, in a celebration that swept the land, in the driving of iron and silver and gold spikes, was dismissed as a triviality.

The Frontier on Wheels

The adding of western mile upon mile of tracks brought about a frontier, as it were, upon wheels, of its own. Towns were built in a day, what had been a dusty end of the desert would be animated by a loud confusion of life, and then, as abruptly, left again to the coyotes. There were streets, dry white wallows, tents and polehouses and false façades shipped from Chicago. The fierce activity of the day turned into a fiercer pursuit of pleasure at night, of drinking and gambling, murder and the blond heads of girls. Two great trains arrived and departed each day and there was an endless clatter of stagecoaches. The principal building was called the Great Tent. It had a frame of wood, a canvas cover with a dancing floor, and it was moved to the successive cities of the construction. The space for dancing was large enough for a cotillon, there was a raised platform for the band, and everything else was given over to the bar, elaborate with cut glass and mirrors and pictures in gilt, and the gambling—Monte and faro, rondo coolo and wheels of chance.

The tumult under torches, the feverish music and frigid voices of the croupiers, the drunken stir along the bar, the shooting and bloody dust, rising and then dying out on the profound emptiness of the plains, made a momentary and astounding spectacle. That was a phase of America violent, raw, in its heroics; but its sheer success was immeasurable; it was so monumental that it left nothing, comparatively, for following generations to do. Men, it seemed, who labored so vastly, in regions of eternal loneliness, found alleviation only in primal excitement; life, now sentimentally cherished, was balanced on the turning of a card. It was immensely deplorable, a state no better than savage; but there was the accomplishment, men stronger than any fatigue, more determined than fixed rocks; and these qualities, too, in the civilization which followed, were softened in an easier time.

All this Kansas City suggested, together with the fact that Lincoln was the strongest supporter California and Kansas had in the granting of land and bonds to railroad companies, and I traced the entrance of other lines into the city: the Atchison and Topeka Railroad Company, chartered in 1859, changed to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe in 1863. It was begun at Topeka in 1868 and reached the Colorado border five years later; the line between Atchison and Topeka was completed in '72; it arrived at Lawrence in 1874; where it was connected by the Kansas Midland with De Soto and Kansas City in the October of 1875. And in 1888 the Santa Fe was running through to Chicago.

The Burlington made its appearance over the tracks of the Platte County Railroad, and the Saint Joseph and Grand Island reached back to the Palmetto and Roseport Company of 1857. The Saint Louis and San Francisco purchased the Blair road; the Missouri Pacific steamed into the Grand Avenue Depot in 1865; and, the year before, the first excursion train ran between Kansas City and Lawrence. The Wabash, coming over the new bridge, was immediately followed by a direct route to Denver.

Throughout these developments, and for a decade afterward, Kansas City remained an informal town with plank sidewalks, a few street cars dragged by mules, and the Kaw River for water. The steep bluffs of its situation, the deep cuts of expansion, sent streams of red mud into streets that were often impassable. Convention Hall was opened by Sousa in 1899; it was burned within a year, with a National Democratic Convention to be held there three months later; but, when the delegates arrived, the hall was again ready for them; and Kansas City had entered into its era of extraordinary vital energy.

Primarily, there, I was conscious of the multiplication of tracks; but hardly a day had gone before I became aware of another pervading interest: metaphorically and actually I was overtaken by the weight, the odor of oil. It was, principally, the oil of Oklahoma; and it was so insistent that it drew me south to Tulsa. That city, at first, I failed to understand—it seemed to me to have been smothered under the blanket of insuperable summers; there was an appearance of stagnation, except on the floor of the Tulsa Hotel; and that animation, at once intense and restrained, I was content to examine from the mezzanine balcony.

It was a movement, a stir of subdued or sharp voices, exclusively masculine, a special masculinity in, without exception, leather leggins and broad hats. Each man had plans, blue prints, specifications, either rolled or spread, on a knee or the arm of a chair, for absorbed and serious scrutiny. There were, I saw, two varieties: a half or more were lean, with tanned faces, steady mouths and a deep-set speculative, often visionary, gaze; but the remainder, bleached in offices, were furtive.

Lo, the Rich Indian

They were, of course, selling oil leases, looking for capital or victims, for the chance, perhaps, to bore again, to sink a wildcat that would pour a limitless richness of black petroleum into the pockets of a wise investor. I saw among them an Indian; and I recalled the arrival of an Osage, from his Oklahoma nation, at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, with a ponderous limousine, bare feet and an elaborate brass spittoon. They were rich, the Osages; the year before, their income from the auction of their oil lands and participation in the subsequent oil had been ten thousand dollars for every member of the tribe. In many instances this had multiplied, and a squaw, a wrinkled old man or slender, copper-colored girl had had thousands of dollars to spend exactly as mood succeeded mood.

I sat beside such a girl in a moving-picture theater at Pawhuska, in the heart of the Osage Nation; the picture was brutally grotesque, an exhibition of incredible emptiness; and I wondered, as she watched the flickering white effigies in a pantomime of ignominious and cowardly blows, what her feelings were. None appeared on the handsome severity of her dark profile. She was wearing, over her lithe beauty of body, a rigid blue suit; there were long, white gloves gathered at her wrists, and a hard, black straw hat bore a wreath of yellow flowers. She was an heiress—an American boy with a soft, brown hat slanted over a weak mouth met her, as she left, by the door; and I hesitated, as well, about him. A great many shrewd youths, white in color, had made advantageous marriages in Pawhuska, bringing back to their haunts, to their cities like sinks, the money the Government had inadvertently directed away from its natural courses.

However, I had no special interest, no generosity of indignation, where the Osages were concerned; they, fatefully, belonged to the past; it was their misfortune to have survived the buffalo for a meaner and more trivial calamity. I wasn't absorbed by the Indians, but the oil that had been discovered on their lands was immeasurably engaging. The country over which I traveled, to a pool then coming in, was high and rolling and bare of trees; in the middle distance it was brown, diversified by grazing cattle, but farther away the hills were purple. The sky was overcast, and the

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gray clouds intensified the drabness of color. It was all, near and far, softened, blurred, exactly as though it were drenched in a fine, ceaseless spray of oil.

The landscape went on and on without change, there were no buildings, nothing but perspectives of fencing and the steers with lowered heads; it was utterly brown, absolutely purple, and indeterminate. An oil rig lifted its blunted open structure against the monotony of cloud. It was working on the beam, the long heavy horizontal moving up and down with a pinned regularity on its Samson post. More scattered rigs appeared. Some of them were old—coffee and sugar wells—pumping, it might be, a score of barrels in twenty-four hours; dependable, faithful, untiring; and where these formed a small group there were no oscillating beams, but a general connection with a central power. The activity increased and a sense of excitement was communicated to me, a sudden realization of the richness of the earth. A drizzling rain fell, the hills, the undulating plain, swam together; and a small black car turned into the road ahead, with, lettered in white on a box bolted to the rear, the word "nitroglycerin." It was driven with a patent disregard for the inequalities of the way, and jolted, slipped over the mud, disconcertingly.

Dinner I had with the men enlarging a casing head plant for the making of gasoline; built arbitrarily, it seemed, in that high bare wild, the plant was the perfection of swept order. The towers of steel shavings through which the gas mounted, absorbed in a refined oil, the precipitating coils with their drip of cool water and slatted screens, were painted uniformly gray. The dining room was set with long tables and benches, the tables were laden with steaming and appetizing food, and the benches held their masculine rows shoulder to solid shoulder. The kitchen was beyond an open wall, a glitter of burnished nickel and copper in charge of deft women of no uncertain bearing, and as each man finished he delivered his cup, plate and glass at the opening.

The rain increased, the workers tramped away with coats flung over their heads through pools of liquid mud, and then the downpour slackened, turned into a fall like a suspended mist. In the immediate vicinity of the oil pool the informal roads were sloughs through which immense trucks ground and sucked their way with a crashing ring of their heavily loaded iron casings, the long flexible tubing. Here the rigs were close together, uniform, slipping down a hill, filling the hollow; and on the opposite slope lay the incidental houses. They were houses by necessity—tents of every description, the ubiquitous box cars, and, even, aged log cabins lingering from an earlier day of cotton picking. One of these held still its family of negroes, and they had an air of bewildered surprise, an anxious amazement at the sudden rush of life invading their isolated placidity.

The Pioneering Bride

There were wash lines strung from tent poles with draggled bright bits of clothing, children naked in the mud, old men reflectively peering from shadows. At one spot there were a heap of belongings on the ground and a girl, young and personable and nicely dressed, cutting impotently at the soaked ground with a spade. She was, it was quite evident, newly married, her husband had gone momentarily for assistance or advice; and, with no knowledge of how to proceed, of what was necessary, indispensable, she was digging without result the pattern of some conception of a temporary home.

In a flash it came to me that here, in her, I saw what I had lamented as gone; this was again the frontier, the America, the conditions, that welded admirable men and women. Probably, wet and cold and helpless, the girl I passed was inexpressibly despondent, perhaps filled with an angry resentment; and yet, for all that, how fortunate she was—to be young and in a new land, faced with the simple actualities of life. She had come, in the language of all her familiar associations, to the end of nowhere, to incredible, improper hardships; she had left everything that made life possible—the sirupy drug stores and envious mimicry of a town or neighborhood, the thick, black pits of moving-picture houses, hours, days, years, of an emptiness rattling with pieces of colored glass and brittle lying phrases—she had been dragged from whatever made living endurable and condemned to build out of her ingenuity and patience and passion her ample part of a habitation and an adventure.

The larger town that had sprung up a mile away, was, in its obvious features, the absolute past; and its atmosphere was exactly described by the name Whizzbang. The derricks near were boarded in, to keep the oil from flooding the roofs, but that had the appearance of an unnecessary caution—the gutters flowed in black, sluggish streams of petroleum, the oil collected in depressions with a green shimmer against the rain. A single broad street was cut into fluid ruts, the new boards of the hotel porch ran with mud; the porch was wood, but the partitions of the hotel were no more than paper, the rooms on the second floor narrow cells. Below there were a game of pitch, and restless thronging men, a throng of tanned young men in boots and a girl tremendous in limb, with untidy red hair and eyes like the shifting glitter on oil.

Everywhere flambeaux of gas, standing iron tubes, streamed with unchecked flame; the houses were small, unpainted, mostly for the sale of chilies, there was a barber shop of canvas with a shed front, and I heard of a bank that was a screw door safe on a wagon under a tent fly. Different casing crews were advertised by their fanciful or poetic names, the Rosebud Crew and the Jackrabbits. The casing crews, of five men, contracted work independently; they put down the iron casings of the wells, first the eight inch and then the six and five-eighths; after that the two-inch tubing and rod of the barrel pump were lowered. They were independent, but the drillers, each with a helper, worked for the companies that leased the drilling tools.

The Jargon of Oil

I left the town, the club that had taken the place of saloons, selling—at least publicly—drinks violent in color if nothing else, marked by the small click of pool balls, and returned to the wells. I lingered where one, with a length of old cable, was being spudded in; the timbers of its rig were fresh, but the derricks that had been shot were black with oil. At another the tools had been removed for the long tin bailer, and the sand reel on which its rope turned was spinning. Terms and objects were impressed upon me: the string of tools—rope socket, jars, stem and bit—was sixty-five feet long and weighed, at the beginning, three thousand and five hundred pounds; the bailer was emptying drillings through a hole in the derrick floor; the men there were on tour; the bull wheel was the bull wheel except on the left, where it became a tug wheel. A bit was being heated in the forge and there were others in the slack tub for tempering.

Through an hour of the subdued afternoon I waited for the shooting of a well, the nitroglycerin car was near, and a group of men in yellow oilskins, dominated by the shooter, was busy under the rig. The sad minutes dragged interminably in a suspension which, it was always possible, might be shattered by a conclusive and unpredictable fatality. They happened like that, leaving a chasm in the earth and not a shred, a fleck of anything else. The ribbed cans of high explosives were removed from their box. I didn't, as it happened, see more; for the day was ending and I was forced to go back to Pawhuska; and all the way I caught vaguely the intent of a technical jargon—there was a fishing job for a string of tools at nineteen hundred feet, and the offset well of the opposite quarter section might be brought in tomorrow. This threatened to be calamitous, but a company that had inaugurated an era of five-spotting was criminal.

At Pawhuska I watched the Indians—the Osages from the wide hunting plains of the Missouri—in the pool rooms; they were at once lazy, avaricious and skillful; with a dulled and infinitesimal part of a lost miraculous vision they dropped the balls of imitation ivory into the netted green pockets of the tables. This they accomplished with utter satisfaction and comments faithfully patterned on the vocabulary of their racial superiors. They were imitating, with an infallible instinct, whatever was destructive about them. Very early, in the dark of the morning, I had breakfast at a station with the crew of the deliberate train that took me back to Tulsa and the hotel whose staircase the colored bellboys descended with a syncopated rhythm of foot beats.



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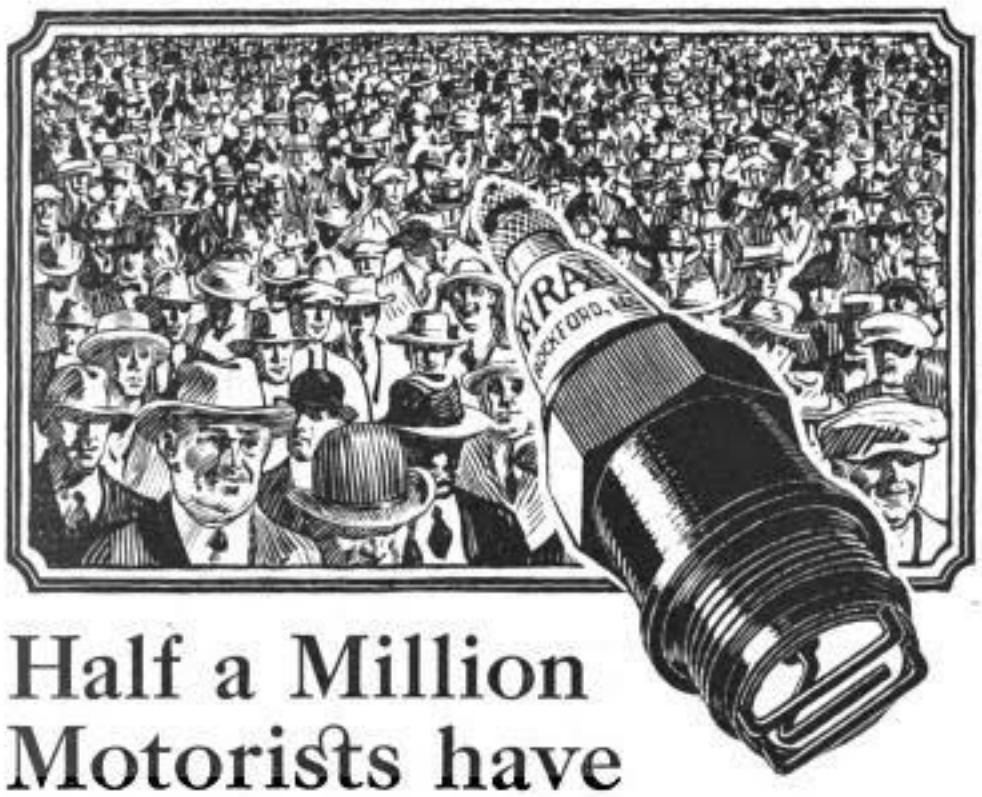
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Again in Kansas City, its steep stoned streets and cuts of raw earth were familiar to me; and, searching for what might be characteristic of it and the Middle West, I came on a college of stark simplicity. It, appropriately, was evangelical; its boys and girls gathered from farms and villages, from the missionary posts of tropical interiors, pursued learning in an atmosphere of prayers and frugality. They worked for the college itself; the girls rose by four o'clock and cooked, the boys performed all necessary manual labor, and, together with this, they studied and recited.

No sports were organized, there was small time for sport, but there were a number of literary societies; and, at the end of a general assemblage, these societies gathered each in a group and sounded, with astonishing volume, their several cries. They were vigorous, except for the girls, who bore the pallor of Korea or South Africa, and they were very earnest, which, in the young, disturbed me; and yet they possessed a native gayety of youth. They were not, in a delimiting poverty or singleness of dogmatic belief, to be pitied. The fact that they had a belief at all was, today, surprising, enviable.

In the ceaseless questioning that had invaded my mind I wondered which was the more fortunate—the unsettled luxurious youth of Eastern universities in their discreet clubs of the intellectual and social elect, bred in the purple of sport, where any conviction had grown so exceptional; or this spareness and doctrinal labor. Somewhere between them lay the happy mean; somewhere, but not, it seemed, in the United States. That was the unhappy fault of a national aptitude for appearance rather than substance: there had never been a country in the history of civilization so easily put off, satisfied, with the spurious; there had never been a people so determined to be clad, as it were, in a seal skin that was no more than the dyed hides of muskrats.

To a perilous extent America, like the Osage Indians, was neglecting to copy the right things—it had dispensed with an aristocracy but cherished a regard for its destructive privileges; it had cast away the standards of material prudence, so that it was humorous to be even commonly careful in the face of universal show; it had banished as rural—giving the term itself a shading of contempt—any attachment to soil, the passionate adherence to a particular plot of land; the sectionalism that survived was no more than a struggle between climates, resources, seen as industries.

These virtues, certainly, remained in scattered and unexpected places; but they were not notably increasing, and they did not represent the tone of the country. No, there was no just mean; only a few years, a decade or so, separated the toil of the college outside Kansas City from a sophistication of money without the intelligence, the saving force, of any responsible commitment. This, too, was the result of the massing in combs of characterless cities, of living forever transients in cages of steel and tiles, of never setting a foot on a square of owned sod. No man, except perhaps a member of a chamber of commerce, would die for a conglomeration of strange traps and dark alleys; they weren't a country, a tradition, a necessity in the blood.

In the swift passage of a motor I left one world for the other; I drove through the activity, the creative rudeness of Kansas City into a region of curving boulevards, parks and formal water. The dwellings, impressive on a bareness of lawns with fences but, practically, no trees, were the stone piles of the East—the Italian façades, English terraces and leaded turrets of France. They were faithful replicas, at least in manner, of the houses, times now gone even from Europe—the great houses designed for the concentrated scores of intermarriage, mobs of powdered servants, anterooms of hangers-on, hordes of political dependents; for feudal dinners and court balls, where the dances wove wide patterns in gold tissue to the courteous music of Mozart. Yet, that glorified suburb was significant of the city, of the Middle West—the indication of what, when it became prosperous, the Middle West, America, would be.

Every energy and great sums of money had been devoted to an escape from the ugliness of American life, from the materialism of its commerce. There was a full recognition of that ugliness; but, rather than conquer it and weave finely the whole texture of the United States into a shining cloth, all those with opportunity turned their backs, hurried away, went the easy road to Europe. They brought the mellow peace of the Loire, the manor houses of Devon, to select and expensive parts of Missouri, of the entire land; and in that borrowed and fictitious peace, ignored any engagement to their inheritance; refreshed by the streams from deep national springs, they neglected, forgot, the springs themselves; and they, the sources of life in what disturbingly promised to become a desert of nations, were being filled with evil sediments, contaminating fevers.

The dinners repeated the delicate courses, the fragile candles, the elaborate dresses, the pearls and jeweled bracelets of Chicago; the conversation, urban and informed, was the same. The masculine generation, responsible for the parties, the houses, gave me the impression of having thrown them off as by-products of their differently generated energy. Those men, where they were responsible for anything, were privately faced in other directions—toward the oil field in the Osage Nation, terminal wheat elevators, or the freight rates for the carriage of fresh beef. Indeed they seemed to regard all the rest, their daughters and automobiles and enameled wives and polite sons-in-law, as by-products of electrified plants and packing houses. None, yet, knew where their sons, their daughters faced; the present was a confusion, a loud and blundering fair, from which almost anything might emerge. And I recalled the girl in Oklahoma cutting impotently with a spade at the ground. If they were successful, that pair of which she was the sign, it was conceivable that, after a little, they would come to Kansas City; eventually they would move out by one of the country clubs and build a commanding house. They had known reality when they were young, their memories were a security and a stay, but into what soil would their children dig?

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.



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THE AX

(Continued from Page 9)

Bert cried. Jim made no sign. "Where's the ax gone?" Bert demanded.

Jim rose to his feet.

"I guess you better go telephone, Bert," he suggested steadily. "Get Doctor Crapo and have Will Bissell come up. The telephone's in the kitchen."

"Jodie Marshman!" Bert exclaimed.

"Go on and telephone, Bert," his brother urged.

Will Belter, a man who loved to bear tales, came up the hill with the storekeeper. Doctor Crapo followed a little after. Chet McAusland had seen them pass his farm in haste, and presently he, too, appeared. They found Jim Saladine whittling plug for his pipe, sitting on a chunk of wood at one side of the open end of the shed and looking mildly around. Bert stood at the other side of the shed, leaning his shoulder against the boarding, watching his brother.

Save only Will Belter, none of these men was quick at words; they spoke slowly, weighing each sentence before uttering it. Yet their thoughts ran in similar channels, so that what Will said, each was thinking.

"Hit him with an ax!" Will ejaculated. Jim Saladine nodded. Belter looked from one to another. "Where's Jodie at?" he whispered, and each waited for his neighbor's answer. Jim took his pipe from his mouth.

"He's over home," he replied. "We met Annie going to him. I guess he's trying to quiet her down, maybe."

"I'll go get him," Belter cried. "I'll fetch him over here. I'll bring him right over." He started, then hesitated and came back and caught Bert Saladine's elbow. "You come with me, Bert," he urged. "There'd better two of us go. He might get ugly."

Bert waited for his brother to speak. Jim Saladine was one of those men to whom others instinctively turn in time of stress; he was known to have a vast fund of common sense; he thought straight; he never became excited.

"I reckon Jodie'll want to come right over," he agreed now. So Bert and Will Belter departed together.

Doctor Crapo had been kneeling by the body; he got slowly to his feet.

"Wasn't hit very hard," he said. "Just about hard enough to slice through the bone. Oh, dead instantly, of course! But not a hard blow."

Saladine nodded. Chet McAusland said, "There'd ought to be tracks around, where whoever it was come along."

Doctor Crapo looked about.

"I don't see the ax," he suggested.

Jim jerked his thumb toward the gully below them.

"It's down there," he said quietly. "See it, under them dead briers?" Chet started toward it, and Jim rose. "We better go careful—look for signs down there," he suggested.

But it was apparent at a glance that there were no footprints near where the weapon lay. Jim, crouching above it and before touching it, pointed to a gouge in the soft earth.

"See?" he said. "It was throwed. Hit on the end of the handle there and went end over end and slapped down here, flat on its side."

McAusland, who had also some skill in reading signs, nodded. Jim picked up the ax, and on the under side showed a little smear of blood and hair.

"Whoever it was just throwed it down here and run," Chet agreed. He climbed back toward the shed. "Must have come and gone along the grass there," he suggested. "There's no tracks around."

Doctor Crapo, peering about, made a suggestion.

"Lute had just balanced that chunk on the block," he argued. "Probably he'd laid the ax down; maybe it was leaning against the side of the shed, right by him, or against his leg."

The men eyed each other, and each knew the other was thinking of Jodie Marshman. But no one spoke that which was in his mind. Jim sat down again. Doctor Crapo suggested that they move the body into the house. Saladine shook his head.

"Wait a spell," he urged. "Le's study this a little while."

Bert Saladine and Will Belter came back with Jodie between them. The little man looked more futile than ever; it was difficult to see in him a murderer. He met their eyes, and said, as though defensively, "I was coming right over. I was trying to quiet Annie down. It's upset her."

There was no man among them who represented the law; but Doctor Crapo came nearer this capacity than any of the others.

"We figure someone sneaked up behind him and grabbed his own ax and hit him," he said judicially. "Then threw the ax down in the gully yonder." He hesitated. "Don't know who it could have been, do you?"

Jodie looked from him to Chet McAusland, and from Chet to Will Bissell, and from the storekeeper to Jim Saladine. There was something hunted in the aspect of the futile little man. His mouth opened, but he did not speak. Jim Saladine spoke.

"They've all been thinking you did it, Jodie," he said in a gentle tone. "But I've been studying things some. You never killed Lute, Jodie."

Jodie shook his head uncertainly. The others watched Jim, who whittled a fresh fill for his pipe and lighted it without a word. They knew he never spoke lightly, and at length his brother asked, "Who did do it, then, Jim?"

Jim swung around on the chunk of wood he had chosen for a seat. Outside the open end of the shed the rain still slithered down. He eyed them mildly; there was a faint smile upon his lips.

"It's a right funny thing," he declared.

He had all their attention by this time. They were still where they stood, and Will Belter licked his lips nervously. Jodie watched Jim; watched the still thing on the ground beside the chopping block. He was pale.

"There's three or four things I noticed," said Jim mildly. "First was that hole in Lute's head. It's pretty near on top, on the right side; and it's level. Whoever hit him was as tall as he was—or maybe taller. Maybe they stood on something and hit down at him. But there's nothing to stand on. We know where he was; you can see his feet marks in the ground. There's nothing behind him but open air."

He pointed with his pipe toward the body on the ground; and they all looked that way, and Doctor Crapo said thoughtfully, "That's so."

"And he weren't hit very hard," Jim pointed out. "You'd think anyone that was going to hit him would have hit him harder, now wouldn't you? Just the weight of the ax would have done about as much as was done."

"He might have throwed up his arm," Bert suggested.

Jim shook his head.

"He never moved to turn," he said. "You can see his tracks. He never moved." He crossed his knees and continued argumentatively: "We've been figuring that he was straightening that chunk on the block when someone grabbed up the ax and hit him. But if he was straightening the chunk he'd have been leaning forward and the cut would be in the back of his head. No, he was standing up straight when he was hit."

He waited for them to confirm his suggestion by a fresh study of the body and of the tracks on the floor. Jodie paid no attention to what they did; he was watching Jim Saladine.

"It does look like it was that way," Chet McAusland agreed.

Jim nodded pleasantly.

"That was the first thing I noticed," he said. "And then I tried to figure how anybody could have hit him right on top of the head when he was standing up straight. Lute was a big man. I don't know anybody around here could have done it. Their hands on the ax would have had to be as high as his head was—and he wasn't hit hard, either."

Will Belter protested, "But somebody did hit him, Jim! Lute's dead, there. Somebody did hit him!"

Jim eyed Will with a certain solemnity.

"Aye, Will," he agreed slowly. "Somebody did hit him."

Chet McAusland was listening intently.

"Who was it, then?"

Jim put him off with a movement of the hand.

"There was another thing I noticed, Chet," he said. "About that ax down there. You saw the way it hit. It hit on the end of the handle and went right on over and hit



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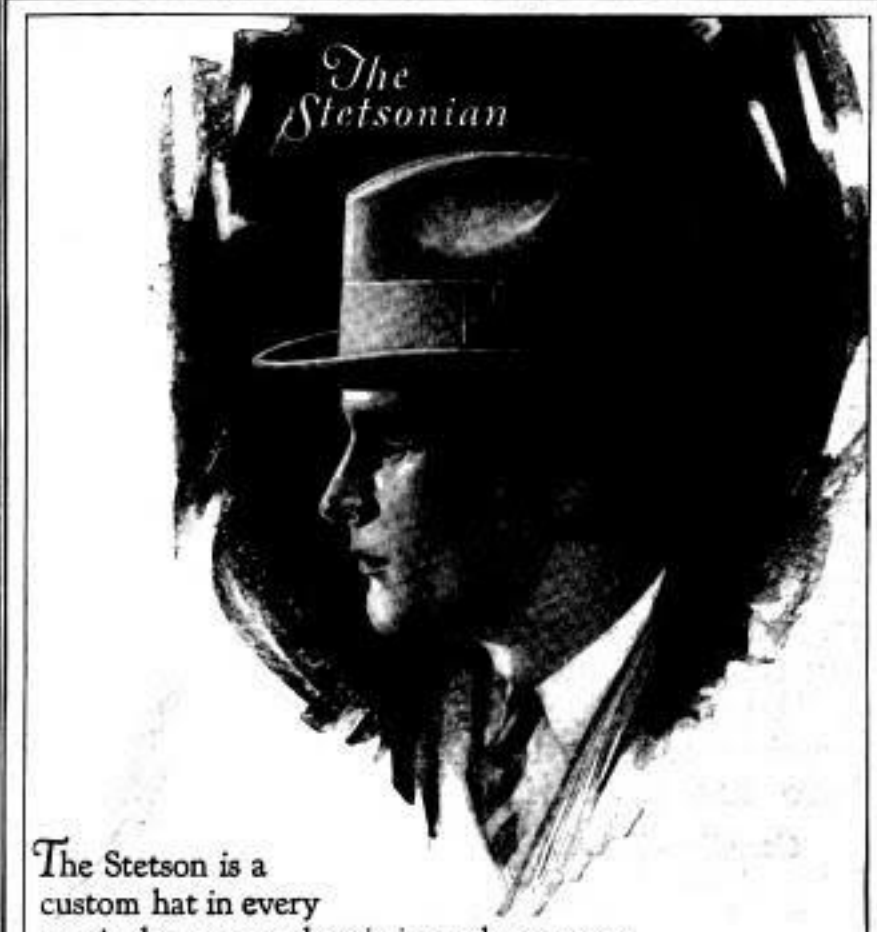
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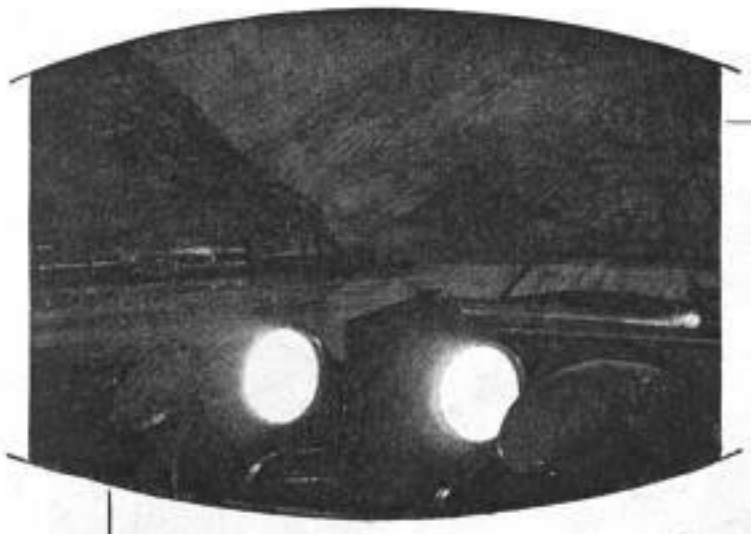


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on its side. It was flying end over end. Did you ever throw an ax away? Well, you never threw it end over end; you threw it sidewise, swinging it. But this here ax was going end over end. It was that that really told me what to look for. D'you see?"

Chet shook his head.

"No," he said, "I don't see what you're aiming at."

"Why," Jim replied, "I wondered if a man could stand in the opening of the shed here and swing an ax over his head and throw it that way, end over end. So I looked up to see if he'd have room, and I saw that rope up there."

He pointed, and they all looked up and discovered Annie Jeffers' clothesline stretched across the end of the shed, not much higher than a man's head from the ground.

"He couldn't have throwed that ax," said Jim. "The rope would have been in his way."

They were by this time bewildered and uncertain.

Will Belter protested again, "But someone did throw it, Jim!"

"I was noticing a lot of things by this time," said Jim mildly. "I noticed Lute had moved his chopping block from in the other end of the shed. See where he dragged it across the floor. He prob'bly did it when it got so dark when it come on to rain. You remember how dark it got. It's clearing now." He cast an eye toward the weather.

"Aye," Chet McAusland agreed. "I guess it'll blow off cold."

"He hadn't been chopping here right along," Jim went on. "You see, them's the first tracks he made—the ones he was standing in." He got up and took the ax and handed it to his brother. "Bert," he suggested, "you stand right in them tracks of his and take this ax and make like you was going to split that chunk. But don't you split it, Bert. Just move the ax slow; the way you'd naturally swing it, only slow."

Bert took the ax, faintly bewildered; he set his feet in Lute's very tracks. He swung the ax back sidewise and began to lift it over his head. At a certain moment of the slow swing, Jim Saladine said quietly, "There's what hit Lute. There's what killed the man."

The handle of the ax, just below the head, had struck the rope upon which Annie Jeffers sometimes hung her clothes to dry. When he felt the contact Bert looked up and saw the sharp blade just above his head, suspended on the rope.

"That caught it," Jim told them steadily. "His own swing did the rest. Drove it down so it just clipped through the bone, and then the rope sprung back and throwed the ax a-whirling down the hill there. That's the way it happened, sure."

There was a long silence while conviction grew upon them. Will Belter whispered "Say!" The others were still. Men are ever ready to accept and credit the mysterious workings of an unseen God, and Jim clinched their belief by putting the thought into words.

"Lute wasn't much," he said gently. "But he hurt a lot of folks. I guess God thought it was time to get rid of him."

After a thoughtful interval, "I've heard of such a thing," Chet McAusland declared. "Only the ax hit the branch of a tree."

There was nothing incredible in the matter to any of them; they were ax men; they knew to what vagaries the tool might lend itself if conditions were favorable.

Doctor Crapo nodded and suggested, "That's why he was hit so lightly!"

"Aye," said Jim. "But hard enough. Just hard enough to do."

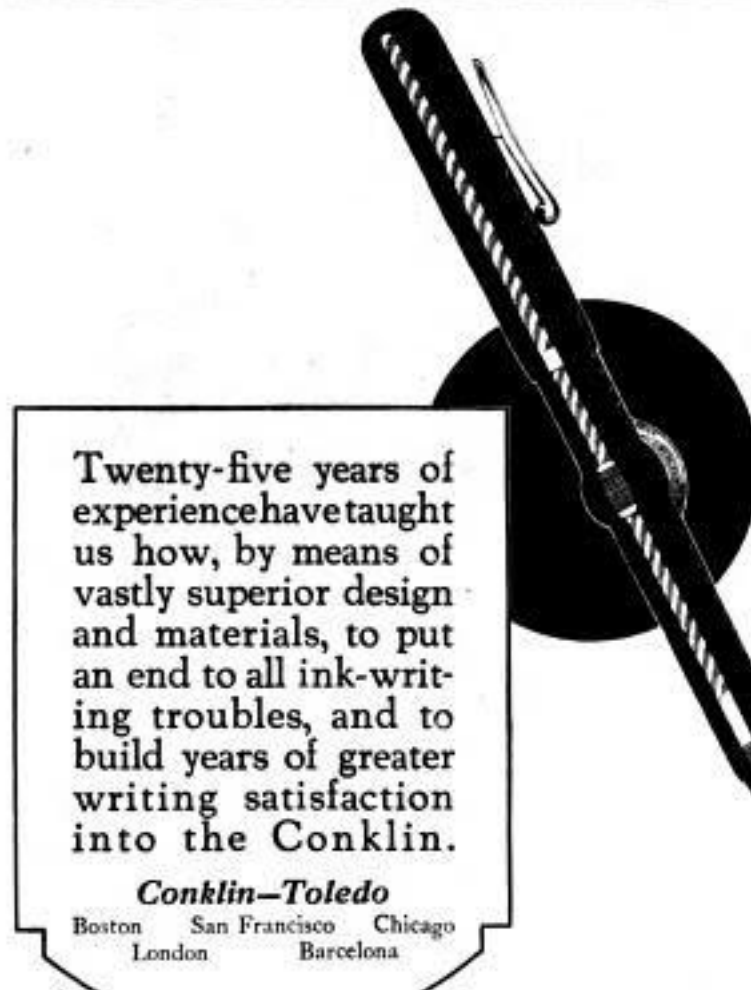
Eventually they moved the body into the house, and one by one all the men departed save Jim Saladine. He stayed to help Jodie with what had to be done and to await the coming of Isaac Gorfinkle, whose profession it was to care for poor clay when it was become clay and nothing more.

Jodie had been silent, scarce speaking; Jim, having convinced the others, said little more. But when the two were alone together, and Jim saw that Jodie would not meet his eye, he laid his hand on the little man's shoulder. Jodie looked up at him.

"It's all right, Jodie," the older man said in a reassuring tone. "However it happened, one way or another, I reckon it was time for it to happen, anyway. I wouldn't let it bother me if I was you."

Jodie's mouth opened slowly, shut, opened again. He shook his head.

"I told him," he said monotonously. "I told him not to sell them hens."



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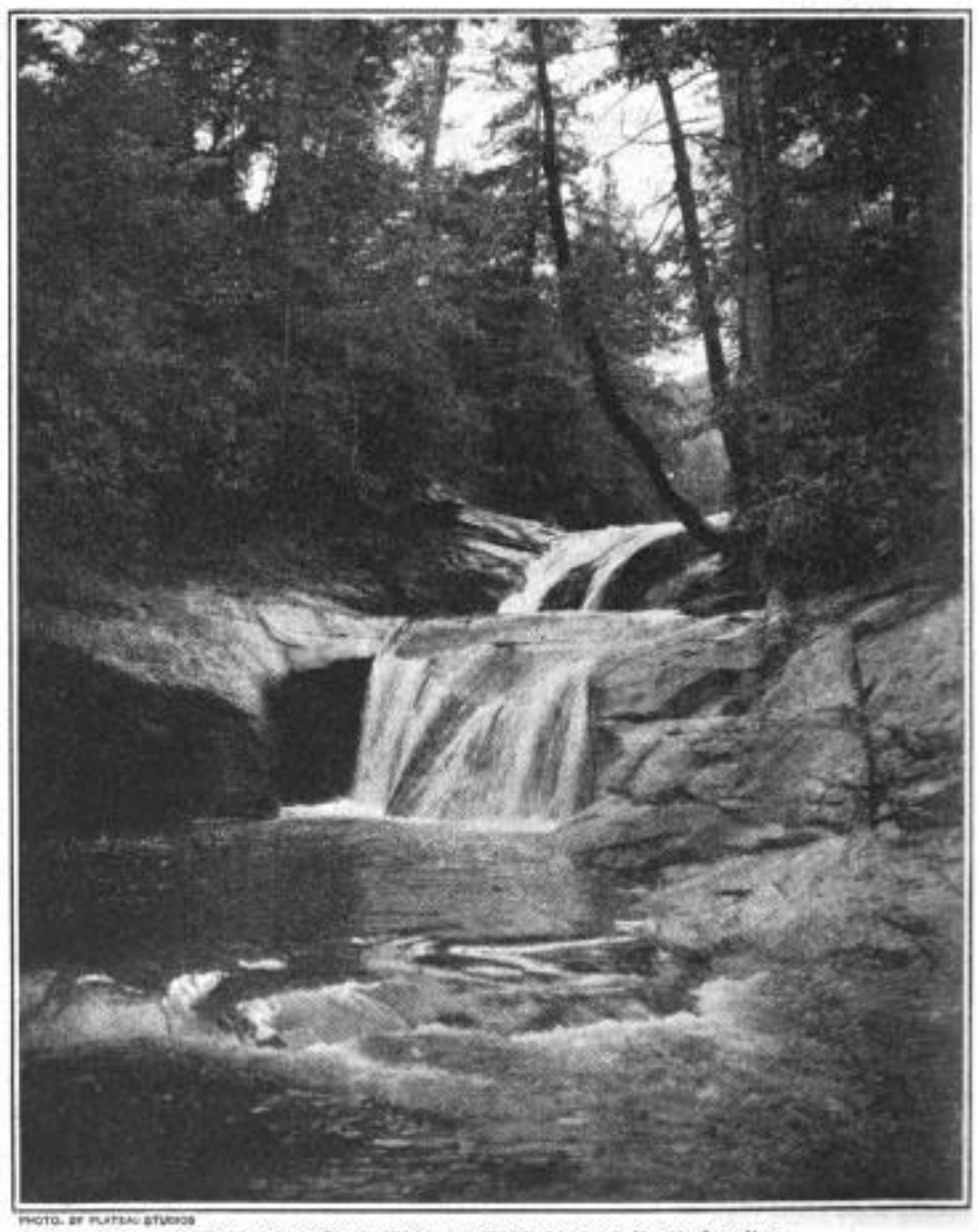


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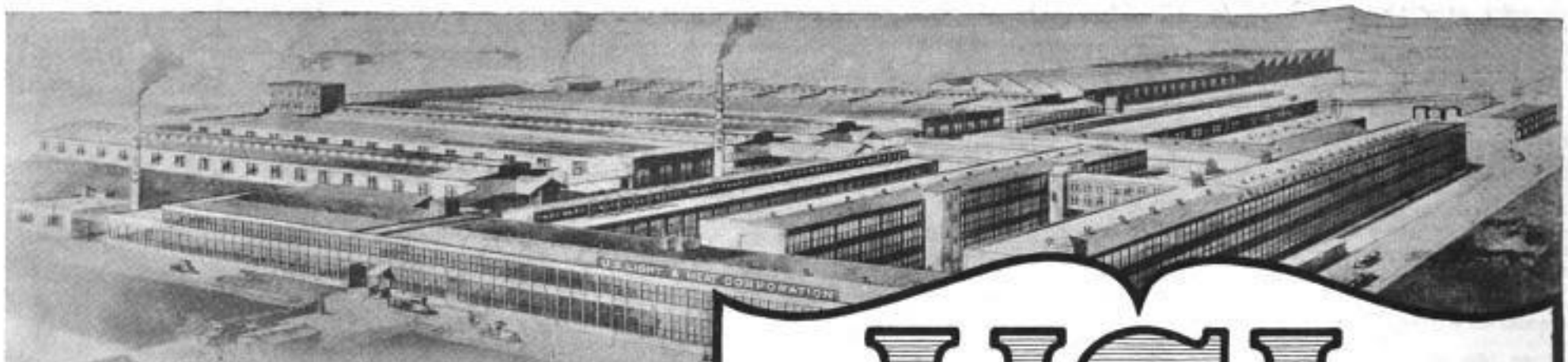
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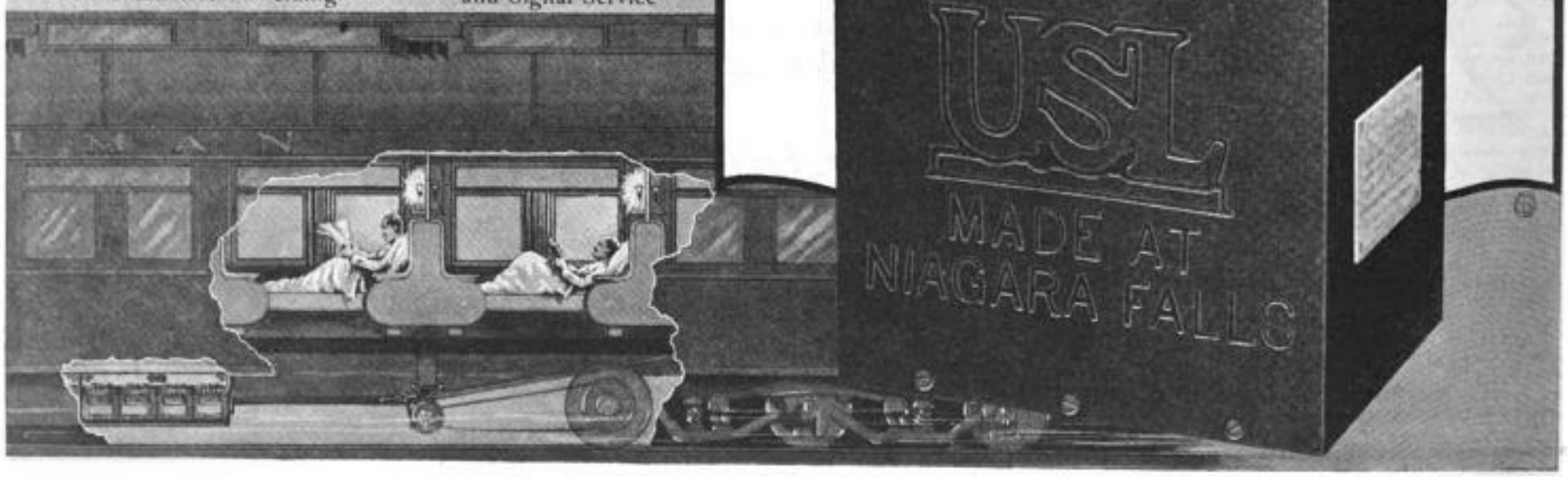


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MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR JUNIOR

(Continued from Page 14)

door, I thought it would be one lady, but no, it was a flock, and a mixed one at that.

When I made my entrance onto our French drawing-room set, it looked like the village was all there waiting. Actually there was seven of them, including one gentleman who come forward with a manner like his collar buttoned behind.

"Mrs. Smith?" says he in a voice which give my name a sort of religious sound. I admitted it, wondering, and he put me out of my misery with great promptness.

"Mrs. Smith, I am Doctor Winiger, chairman of the local board of motion-picture censors," says he. "And this," with a wave of his strong right palm, "is my board! Allow me to introduce my wife, Mrs. Anne Winiger, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, your namesakes, Mrs. Peter Pollion, Miss Gush, our Nature teacher at our high school, and Mrs. Whosis."

Whatter you know about that! I was knocked so cuckoo I was hardly able to shake hands all around and say pleased to meetcher in the conventional way. The censors! What did they want with me? My mind flew instinctively to all the fillums I had made, although I have never made that kind, and if I have sinned in any superproduction, why it hasn't amounted to any great footage, and I have always repented in the last fade-out. But you can imagine that in the actual face of the board my mind sprung a doubt, because when it comes to censors, why it is impossible to tell, as Al Goldringer has often remarked.

So all I could say was please be seated, and they did, even Mrs. Whosis, and that wasn't her name but she was one of the kind that Whosis is all the name you can ever think of for them. Well, we sat, I feeling shy as a young girl while her lover looks at the restaurant check, and Doctor Winiger cleared his throat and he had ought to of had a vacuum cleaner to do it with, judging from the sound, and then he preached—I should say, spoke, the rest of the gang nodding every time he hit a homer.

"My dear—ah—lady!" says he impressively. "We have come to you on a serious errand. In brief we have come to enlist your aid. It is our—ah—belief that the appeal for clean pictures should be made directly to the actors themselves. For if those who participate in the—ah—performance itself were to refuse to make improper pictures, it would manifestly be impossible for the—ah—producers to make such pictures!"

"I get you!" says I, greatly relieved. "But my own pictures have always been clean. Why pick on me?"

"Indeed we approve of you most sincerely, Mrs. Smith," says the old boy earnestly. "And we know that your influence in the motion-picture industry must be enormous. What we want is your direct coöperation in securing finer, better pictures, especially for the sake of the dear children. I may say that we are, with the exception of Miss Gush, all parents, and so I understand are you. You will as a—ah—mother realize how important it is that such things as murders, gun play, card play, thieving or gambling be not shown to our dear ones. You do?"

"Well!" says I, drawing a long breath and a blank. "Yes, I get it, of course. But just exactly what would you suggest me doing about it?"

Well, they at once all suggested something, the way people do. For it's the truth every living person has got an idea for a scenario and will tell it if given the slightest opening, and believe me the censors was no exception to this great common human weakness. But none of their ideas was any good and realizing this in advance I did not even listen. While they was merely talking I was thinking, and gradually a big publicity scheme come into my head. I would make a picture starring Junior and use my magnificent new country estate as the location. As soon as I got a chance I told them yes, I will make a special production with all that in mind.

"And when this picture is finished," I says, "I will invite you all to a private view where we can discuss whether it is not the most uplifting picture going, and entirely suitable to you as parents."

Well, bumblebee, our old family butler, who is old in the sense he is the kind who was never young, well, he ushered them out, and hardly had he got through ushering than I was on the wire arranging with the studio to send a crew out to make this feature. Jim was away on a location and the time was ideal for putting Junior out in a piece that was thoroughly according to my own ideas.

Well, for the next ten days we worked like a dog, and at the end of that time the picture was ready for the cutter, and still a secret from Jim. I called it Happy Days, and it was mostly Nature stuff. It showed Junior taking a coupla eggs out of a nest in a white suit with ruffles on the waist of it, and chasing a butterfly with a net and success, in velvet pants and a windsor tie. It showed him holding up a white rabbit by the ears, and feeding the solid gold fish in the sunken pool in our sunken garden, and a lot more things on the same idea. I didn't have no other people in the picture because as I was featuring Junior why I thought I might as well do it thoroughly and for once give a member of our family the whole camera.

Well, anyways, this picture was at least 100 per cent pure, and Junior looked like a regular little angel in it. I was thoroughly satisfied when I turned it over to the studio to be titled and cut, which I could not do personally myself, because I was by now very busy with other reforms.

Mrs. Noyse, the senator's wife, found a lot of use for my car, and we got real chummy, often being away together for several days at a time. Mrs. Noyse had to speak, see, before every woman's club in her husband's territory, to make sure the lady voters knew how he was taking personal care of their particular reform in Washington, D. C. And believe me, he must of been a terrible busy man to have his whole heart in all them various good works! Why, it hardly seemed like he would get any time for his regular government work and ect. I realized that he must be a wonderful scout, and it was a big disappointment that I didn't get to see very much of him, he being home so seldom.

Seldom home was by now beginning to be also true of me, as Jim remarked more than once during the next few weeks, and we even had a fight over it, because he commenced taking Junior to the studio every day to keep the child from being lonesome, which was all nonsense.

"I am helping clean up the world," says I with dignity. "You don't get the idea, I guess, Jim. But somebody has got to put a stop to things or there is no limit to how bad they will get. And these big social questions must come ahead of mere personal interests."

That last line was one of Mrs. Noyse's pets, but it left Jim quiet for a while and he didn't say anything, and beat it off to work. And I beat it off to Mrs. Noyse because we was due at a meeting up in Albany that night, and my car was already late.

We was to be gone three days this trip, and as soon as she and I was settled comfortably for the long ride she sprung the big news about this Englishwoman, Mrs. Pugh.

"She is coming to Rosemere!" says Mrs. Noyse, real excited. "Of course she will stay with us, and equally of course she will speak in my drawing-room. I have already had the printed matter attended to and she will be greeted on her arrival by seeing the paper all over town. Such a remarkable woman! And to think we are actually to have her with us!"

Well, of course I managed to get a big kick out of the idea too. It seems she was to come the next Monday. This was Friday and we would be back in time to meet her. Things certainly looked bright to me, but of just how bright they was actually going to turn out I hadn't even a glimmer!

Well, we made this trip I am telling you about, and Mrs. Noyse made her speech to a cheering mob of ladies, and we come back as per schedule, and I left her at her house and went home. Half an hour later she had me on the phone, her voice all filled up with anxiety.

"My dear!" she says. "Something terrible has happened! My little girl is sick with scarlet fever, and the senator and Mrs. Pugh are already on the train! We are quarantined of course, and you will simply

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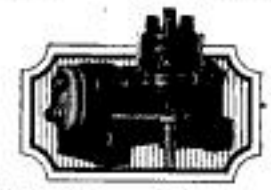
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have to meet them and put them up! I'll have the lecture switched to your house too. It will be a week from today. Oh my dear, isn't it too, too dreadful!"

Well, of course I says yes and I certainly will, and so forth, but when she hung up I sat there for a moment kind of dazed, wondering just what she meant was so dreadful. For the first time a yellow little doubt about Mrs. Noyse come into my mind. Which worried her the most—that her kid was sick or that Mrs. Pugh would be upset? And besides, kids do not come down with scarlet fever out of a perfectly clear sky, and I remembered now that Mrs. Noyse had said something about her little girl didn't feel so good Friday morning when I called for her, but she guessed it was a mere nothing. Well, that give me another thought, too, and I dashed out to find Junior and feel his head and look at his tongue, but both was fortunately O. K. and the only thing ailed him was the leg of the table in his playroom. He was in the act of practicing on this leg with the little saw out of his tool box, and it was a wonder what strength the child had! So I just says why pick on good new furniture, dear, when there is a lot of old worthless things? Which is the modern way, see? Suggest something else instead of hitting them a crack. And then I went off to order things got ready for my guests.

Well, it seems the cook had decided to leave at once on the ridiculous grounds I was never home and she would not take any more orders from ma. So first of all I had to beg her to stay as long as the company did, and she finally compromised on a new hunk of money and my guarantee ma would not again come in the kitchen. And no sooner was that settled than the butler give notice, but when I explained to him that one of his native English was expected that night, why he changed his mind. So then all I had left to do was have a brisk talk with the two upstairs girls and tell them to stick around upstairs a little more on account the rooms didn't look like they had been dusted the whole time I had been away. After which I had just time to dash to the train to meet these two wonderful people and also Jim who was on it too.

Well, Jim was the first to land, and when he had give me a kiss and said, well this is a big honor you meeting me like this, why he goes on to tell about a coupla nuts sat across from him in the Pullman.

"The most awful brace of gab slingers I ever listened to, and they are intimate with all European royalty," says he. "They kept trying to catch each other out on Lord Helpus or Baron Pasture or somebody. But if the one asked didn't know him, why they would come right back with the King of Spades as a substitute."

Well, while Jim was saying all this at the top of his voice, who would come right up behind him but the senator, and with him was this Englishwoman I am telling you about. I knew at once it could be no other, and when I seen her, believe me it was some shock, because she was a old bird which looked as if she was smelling something bad. Well, I thought, maybe she smells the other politicians on the senator, he has been mixing with them a lot and probably it rubs off. But out loud I went right up to her and explained the dope about how they was to come home with me and why.

"Ah, so?" says she, putting on a 110-proof English accent. "How quaint! I shall simply adore stopping with cinema actors! You are in the cinema, I believe? I've never met any cinema actors before, although when I was in Denver, I think it was, the president of the tramway system promised to have me to dine with Charlie Chaplin!"

With which few remarks, made in a voice which had all the sweetness of a poisoned pup, the deah old thing pulled out her lorgnette and made sure I was really there. Well, as I was only the hostess I merely said pleased to meetcher, and then told the senator how sorry I felt about his kid and how glad I was to entertain him in my home and ect. For a moment a troubled look came over his senatorial expression, and then he nobly controlled his face, registering fortitude. Tossing back his bobbed and permanently waved, or so I suspected, hair, he give off a noble sentiment.

"Ah, the home!" said he. "What should we do without the home, Mrs. Smith?"

"Well, it's sure nice to think of how it is always open," I says. "And now if you and her ladyship are ready, I would like to make you acquainted with Jim, my husband. Shake hands with Mrs. Pugh and Senator Noyse, Jim. Meet Mr. Smith!"

Well, if Wellton, our new director, could of seen Jim's face during the sequence just recorded, he would of made a full close-up at the very least and run fifty feet of it. It was a world's record in registering electrifiedness. But he soon cast himself for the perfect host, and in another minute we was on our way, Mrs. Pugh pointing her hard-boiled lenses at the scenery as we went through it, remarking something about how amusing it was to see the way the American landscape was trying to copy England. And at the same time the senator also kept up a solid stream of words about what he had told the President about the soldiers' bill. I don't know exactly how much the bill was, or which soldier had run it up, but maybe Mister President understood it more clear than I did. Anyways, my head was pretty well confused by the time I got these upset guests into my upset household.

Well, while I was getting dressed for my uncertain dinner, a doubt which wouldn't take no denial kept springing up in what had been in my mind, concerning Mrs. Pugh. There is some people who seem born with nothing else to give, so they give offense, and she certainly appeared to be one of these. Of course I knew that her book was the most wildly read of any in years, but I had not read the piece myself, on account scenarios take all my reading time. But the bookstore which furnished my imposing library in this magnificent new residence had slipped in the book, and so I sent Musette, my personal maid, to retrieve it, so's I could give it the hasty double O while my hair was being dressed.

Well, of course I didn't get time to do full justice to it on account I had only twenty minutes. However, I skimmed the thin ice enough to get the general idea, finding no reforms recorded, but only a lot of stills of the King of England, and Lord Hoosis, and the Prince with "Walesy" in brackets underneath, indicating that those was the terms she and he was on. Also, the reading part seemed to be mostly about how the Earl of Goofnah sent her three hundred roses because she had slapped his face, or about the time she stepped on the Vice-count de Bluff's pet bunion and all the court laughed at her exquisite humor. Honest to Gawd a motion-picture actress would blush admitting to the trembling interviewer that she had got away with stuff like that, or about how she had said to Lord Moe Goldhimer, the Earl of Hollywood, that he was a lobster or something. But with this Englishwoman I am telling you about, why insulting gentlefolks was her meat. And perhaps that is why the Intelligentzia of this country had taken her up so strong, because they was no longer on speaking terms with any nice people either.

Well, it is a terrible thing to have a friend staying in your house and not like their speed. And so to take the taste out of my mouth I went in to kiss Junior good night before going downstairs, and what if the nurse didn't hold me up!

"Miss La Tour!" she says. "Unless you will be around home more, I am getting through. Junior is so wild I can't handle him alone!"

And then Junior set up a howl and threw his arms around my neck and brushed all the powder off and ruined my hair and make-up, like they do, and a person is all tore between pleasure and rage at them.

"I didn't saw up no more good furniture, marmie!" he howled. "Only old stuff, like you told me!"

"There!" says I to the nurse. "See, he's gonner be good. So for heaven's sake, you stick around!"

And then I rushed off downstairs to find ma sitting glaring at Mrs. Pugh with her eyes fairly popping out of her head, and Mrs. Pugh chasing a cigarette at the other end of a quarter of mile of amber holder.

She paused under the gilded trapeze bar that was pop's memory token in our house, and which ma had insisted on hanging up in the parlor. The sight kinda fascinated Mrs. Pugh and she pointed at it with a laugh.

"So typical of your American taste!" says she. "Really a woman like yourself ought to be able to outgrow that sort of atrocity!"

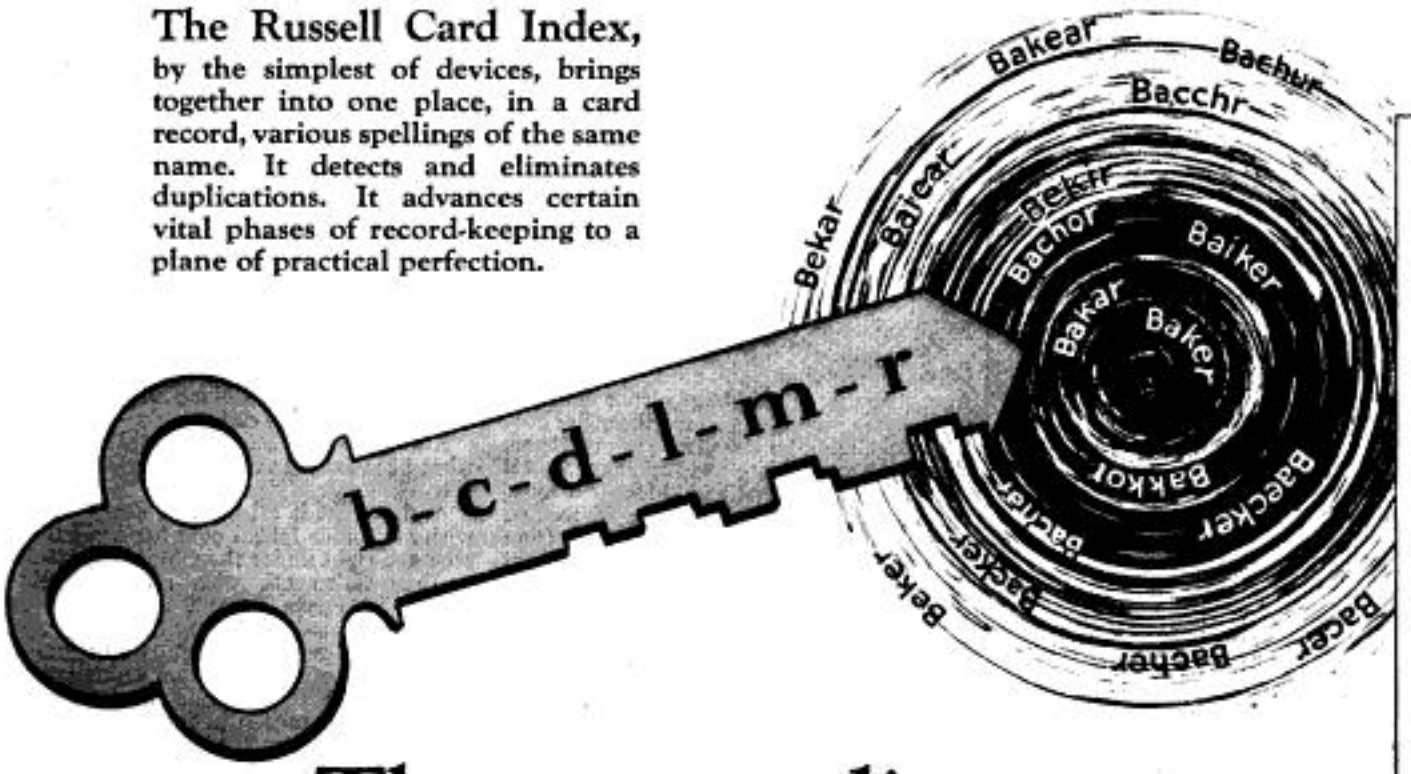
"It's a memoriam to my father!" I says indignantly. "And I think the world of it!"

"That so?" says she, never batting an eye. "I say, I don't see my book anywhere about. Haven't you a copy?"

(Continued on Page 176)

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(Continued from Page 174)

"It's up in my room!" says I brightly, thinking there was no come-back to that. But I was wrong again.

"Not that you've read it!" says she. "Or have the least idea what it's all about, if you have. As I once said to Walesy, you Americans are so exhausted with hard work you have no strength left for intelligent reading!"

"Well," says I, "I will admit there is some kinds of reading takes more strength, not to say patience, than I have got!"

But it didn't register; not with old Mrs. Elephant Hide.

"Exactly so!" she exclaimed. "I shall jolly well put that frank admission into my American diary. As the governor of one of your states was saying to me the other evening at a dinner he was giving in my honor, American women are awfully snappy. Of course I retorted that snap judgment must necessarily be a characteristic of women whose only idea of music is derived from the phonograph, and whose only notions of drama come from the cheap claptrap of the cinema!"

"Well," says I, "so far as I know, a good many people in this country who live too far from a railroad to commute to the opera are obliged to learn Caruso's best numbers by that humble means. And as for cheap pictures, why I guess probably you don't know it, but I been working in them for some years, and I have never yet heard of a fillum that was any cheaper than sixteen thousand dollars to make. And these fillums are also shown considerable in places where there was no drama at all, before."

"Ah!" says she. "Don't think I meant to rag you personally—no, my deah, I wouldn't offend you for the world. You have a most delightfully comfortable house. But you must not mind my utter frankness, because it is one of my principal charms. When I spoke about the drama I was thinking of Rushkina, the dancer, whom I saw actually dancing in long skirts! It is the provincial American prudery which forces a dancer into long skirts that I so object to!"

"Huh!" says I. "I guess nobody has taken you to the Follies!" And before she could object to that, our vulgar American dinner was announced, and the senator and Jim having now appeared, why she swept into the dining room to wrap her cultured self around a little of the humble fare we had earned the price of by our crude American habit of working.

Well, all through dinner the senator let her talk, on account he was, while not an average American, still average enough to take considerable interest in his food. And old Pugh didn't exactly pass up the caviar, duckling, alligator pears, Fromage Debris, and so forth, either. But at the same time she never forgot it was her well-bred duty to spring a sprightly line, such as telling about the time the Discount of Cash told her how beautiful she was and she replied "Why don't you prove it?" And he left the room in confusion. Or that other famous time when she put molasses in the bed of the Countess of Crutch. It seems Mrs. P. was considered the leading wit of England. Well, I had always heard the English haven't much sense of humor.

After dinner, however, Mrs. P. had to fight for her share of the floor, on account the senator literally got it first, and I suppose being on his feet made him feel at home, because he went right to it and talked. And while at the first I listened real interested and respectful, after half an hour of uninterrupted language, I begun to get worried and would almost of backed Mrs. P. against the field. You see, I remembered a piece I had read in the paper one time about where Senator Noyse had filled a buster or something and kept on talking till not alone the cows went home but all the other senators. And I begun to be afraid he had another attack coming on. If I could of understood it, I wouldn't of minded so much, but the line he threw listened to me about like this.

"In the event of the proletariat joining the Third International for the preservation of Upper Silesia," says he, "what I ask you, will be the attitude of China with regard to the Anglo-Maniac treaty? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Then of course it will become necessary for the President to interfere and the operators will as usual refuse to go act. Remember, I beg of you, the fact that Rumania and Kleptomania are Balkin' again, and if an open clash occurs, what effect will it have, if any, upon the railroad strike? Absolutely none, I tell you, my friends—my dear, true-hearted supporters—absolutely none! Which is the chief reason why the attitude of this present Congress must be changed in favor of the open door to America, and constitutes the principal factor for my demand that these noble immigrants be admitted to the free privileges of this great country!"

Well, that is a pretty fair sample of what he said, as I got it. But the way he kept shaking his bobbed, permanently waved head, and roaring out the words, made 'em seem even more highbrow. And old Hawk-Faced Annie had a struggle to break in at all.

However, every once in a while she would interrupt long enough to say that reminds me of the deah old King of Portugal—Goosey, we used to call him.

And then the senator would say, just what I have often said to the President, and ect.

And amidst it all sat ma, sound asleep with her hands folded over her black satin stomach right under the gilded trapeze bar pa had fallen off, with its appropriate "Rest In Peace." And meanwhile the clock got around to 11:30 without any signs of surrender on either front. So I thought, well I had better declare an armistice before I have a coupla exhaustion cases on my hands in addition to everything else.

When I finally got upstairs, the last straw fell on my camel's back, for I by now certainly had what deah old Mrs. P. would call the hump. For Jim, instead of treating me human, merely give me a slight peck of a kiss over the left eyebrow, and let me go to my room without a word.

When I had got there I sat down and had a good clear think. This was awful! Why, he acted like a comparative stranger and I had been away three days! Well, I was a comparative stranger, come to think of it, for I didn't know one thing hardly about what he had been doing for the past month. Then the nurse had said Junior was getting too wild to manage and I didn't even know in what respect! That was bad stuff too. And there was the other servants, the dusty house! In the exaggerated way things do when a person, especially a female, is overtired, everything seemed just gone to the dogs.

But this night was only the beginning of it, for the storm in our house raged on for a whole week, and yet without actually breaking until the day of this Englishwoman's lecture in my Early Wop drawing-room. For after what seemed like a thousand years the day finally did, as the poet says, dawn, but without Mrs. Pugh having said one word about I really must be going soon, I am afraid I will wear out my welcome, or anything to that effect. I suppose maybe the English custom is to keep on visiting at a country house until the Free Irish blow it up, in which case why they simply move on to some other earl's estate. Anyways, on the morning of her widely advertised lecture, she was apparently as much a fixture in our house as the plumbing, but considerably less welcome.

Well anyways, all this time I had been trying to find out just what it was Mrs. P. uplifted that had got her this big reputation, so I was naturally kind of interested in this lecture of hers on The Fall of the Aristocracy and even took personal pains about seeing that our Italian-palace set on the west stage—I mean in the west wing of the house—was dressed exactly right for making her lecture sequence. And when it was ready it sure had the very look that would of justified a subtitle to the effect "That night the Count de Kackiack prepared a brilliant setting for his guests" or some such remarks, only of course this was scheduled to be run at three P. M.

I had a big Venetian table of an Early Spring Moving Van type parked at one end of the room and beside it I placed a big red brocade chair with spidery wooden legs and a coupla gold crowns on the back of the seat and a coupla lion's claws on the end of the arms. It was one of the few real genuine antiques in the house and I thought it was in every way appropriate for the use of old Mrs. Stinging-Lizard. The rest of the big room was filled with funeral chairs and flowers, and we was prepared for about one hundred to be in the audience.

Among these I was of course hoping would be some of Rosemere's leading society queens, who I would get to know in this perfectly natural way. Well, the time for the lecture come and so did a few of the expected ticket-holders, and also most of the members of my club, and they took their seats and then, just as I was leading

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Mrs. Pugh in through the stage entrance as you might of called it, who would I see but Junior darting in ahead, as quick and quiet as a mouse, but when we got into the room I couldn't see him anywheres.

Well, I was feeling low as a snake's tail, and this action of Junior's didn't make me sit any prettier while Senator Noyse introduced Mrs. Pugh to the audience just as if they didn't know perfectly well it was her. But he had to go through with it all, even to mentioning how she was the author of that famous book entitled I Simply Must Tell on Myself.

There followed a few mild applause in which I joined like an automat, but my eye kept vainly roving for Junior, and also anxiously on the crowd, which, although Mrs. Pugh had mentioned not more than six dukes, a governor, one king and a coupla aces, which of course means she had hardly got started, why already I could see the audience was getting pretty restless the same as they do at a picture when there is too much footage given to a mob scene.

Well, Mrs. Pugh paid no attention to the audience or to her subject, either, but all the fall of the aristocracy that she mentioned was about how they had fallen for her. And then she begun telling what she thought about America and the audience commenced getting even more restless. I could see at a glance that far from having this lecture put me in right socially, it would probably queer me for life.

"I do adore America!" says Mrs. Jazbell P. "But!" And believe me it was some but! For she got right down to it and told us a lot of frank things about how we was money grabbers, hicks, ignorant and rude. She even claimed we used slang instead of speaking correct, and told this bunch of millionaires in our parlor that successful American business men had the manners of bricklayers, and that their wives was silly pampered dolls. Also she passed out a few genteel hints about what a pity we was so moral and worked so hard, because it prevented our having any leisured culture.

Well, she went on pulling gags like this for quite a distance, the audience getting madder by the minute, and naturally there was a coupla hisses among them. And then with a few more sworn statements about how she loved the U. S. A. why she sat down in the big antique throne I had prepared for her amid very mild applause. And then suddenly these, as the poet says plaudits, grew strong and husky and was mixed with roars of uncontrollable laughter, for Mrs. Pugh had pulled a Chaplin; she had sat down on the antique very dignified and it had collapsed under her! The only trouble with her Chaplin was that she didn't know how to do a fall, and lay there kicking a large pair of English feet high in the air, a gag which always goes over big with any audience. And I couldn't help it crossing my mind that well, anyways, we had at last got to the fall of the aristocracy.

I feel like perhaps it would be a wise idea for me to draw the seven veils of Salome over the shimmy which followed, because the things this Englishwoman said was enough, and she left the house at once with the announcement she preferred the scarlet fever over to the senator's, to our spoiled American child. Also the senator got alarmed about how if she went over to his house, why he would have to go as well, and he was scared pink in advance, so he sent himself a telegram from his boss, saying come right down to Ellis Island and let some immigrants in or something, and I and he had a few words on that subject, too, while I told him I was now firmly against allowing any more foreigners into this country to come and tell us we are color-blind and slangy and hard working and other uncalled-for insults, while taking our money for telling us it. And I also says I wouldn't mention no names, but all the immigrants that ought to be stopped was not in the steerage by any means, and that maybe if they had a little less cultured leisure in Europe and put in a few licks of work, why perhaps they would be better off. And ect.

Well, by this time the swell crowd of society atmosphere had evaporated. And as soon as I got finished with the senator he also left, saying he must hurry to Washington, the President wanted to talk to him about Yap. Well, I thought Yap is right, but thank heaven they will not be doing it in my house, there has been enough yapping around here. So then I went to look for Junior, and where would I find him but on the dago-palace set amidst the wreckage, and with him was Jim.

I had come in kinda quiet so they didn't hear me and there Jim was pointing to what was left of the big chair which anybody could see had been sawed clean through the legs.

"Did you do that?" says Gorgeous, holding the boy by the back of the neck and pointing severely.

"Yes, I did!" says Junior, the poor lamb trembling, he was so scared. "But don't you lick me, pop! Marmie told me to only cut up the old things!"

"Well, son!" says Jim with a chuckle. "Always obey your mother. Here's a dollar for you! Only remember next time, pick out some worthless old thing that is of no use at all!"

Well, I stole out the room again, my hand over my mouth, because in a situation like that, why the only way to handle it was not to know about it, see?

During the next week I was so busy getting my own home back on a working basis that I didn't think one thing about reforms or uplifts except reforming the way the clean laundry was coming home and uplifting some of the low habits of neglect my servants had fell into, and ect. I even forgot how I had planned to elevate the motion pictures by producing this 99 8-10 per cent pure fillum with Junior until Rosco, our publicity man, called up from the studio and says Junior's picture is finished, and I at once says I will personally myself show it to the censors, and arranged to do so the very next afternoon.

Well, I called up Doctor Winiger, the high muckamuck raker, and invited him and the whole board.

About ten to three next P.M. the board was all at the projection room according to promise, and I was there too, greeting them with diplomacy and ect., and then settling down in the dark all full of motherly pride in the sweet darling picture that they was about to see. And then I got a jolt.

The first thing flashed on the screen was O. K. because it merely says copyright by Goldringer Pictures Incog. as per usual. But the next flash caused me to arch up my back and spit. It was the title, and instead of Happy Days, here is what it read:

THE NEW SHERIFF
PRESENTING JIMMIE LATOUR, JR.,
UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF
JAMES LATOUR, SR.
PHOTOGRAPHY BY A. WILSON
C. DORD, TECHNICAL DIRECTOR
IT'S A GOLDRINGER KNOCKOUT!

Well, I could scarcely believe what I was seeing. So that was what Jim had been doing quietly at the studio while I was out toiling to make the world more like it! Oh, the brute! And believe me brute wasn't all that I called him in my mind as I watched the picture that come along in the due course of 13 min. a reel.

For here was my sweet little angel dressed in a regular Western get-up—chaps, handkerchief, boots, a little pair of guns even! And the first thing he done was hold up a stagecoach filled with seven-foot ranchers and rob 'em good and plenty! Then he got his gang, a bunch of kids which I recognized with horror every one of them was the children of the board of censors, and what was even further, these kids was made out to be a terrible tough crew and the lot of them, led by Junior, set out and cleaned up this Western mining town. They shot up the saloon, won all the money at the gambling joint and stole a truckful of liquor away from a bunch of bootleggers. What them young ones was shown doing was a crime, and included pretty near everything that censors make a custom of objecting to, even to the extent of the picture being exceptionally well made.

Well, at first I was so froze with horror I didn't notice what was going on around me, and then at last I begun to realize that queer sounds was disturbing the air, and finally it got through my paralyzed skull that the sounds was laughter. Actually it was so. The whole board, from Doctor W. to Miss Gush, was roaring and rocking over the piece, applauding like mad every time their own kids come on, and giving Junior an A 1 hand as well.

Well, I stood there in kind of a daze after, while the censors shook my hand and says what a wonderful picture it was, so much wholesome fun and wasn't their children remarkable, how had I kept the big secret from them and didn't I think they ought to let their child go into the pictures, and couldn't I get them a job, and so forth, adding that of course the picture

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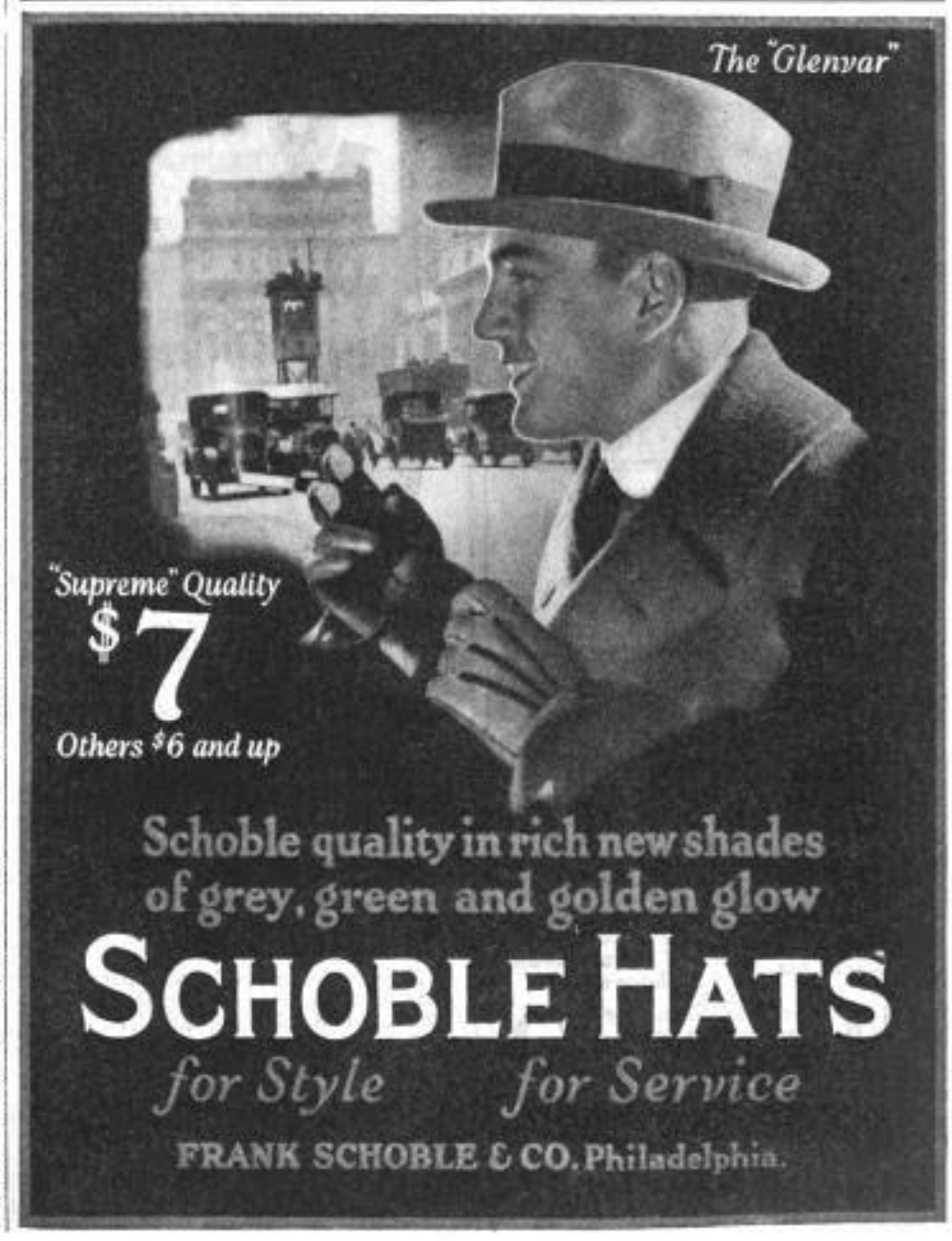
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would pass 100 per cent, and be given a special recommendation besides. The hit that fillum made with them censorious parents was sure a marvel. And then Doctor Winiger delivered the final blow.

"It delights me to be able to tell you this, dear Mrs. Smith," says he. "After our being obliged to turn down the first picture, Happy Days on the ground of—ah—cruelty to animals! Our dear member, Miss Gush, simply could not endure to see your boy catching butterflies and interfering with the domestic arrangements of the little birds and the digestive apparatus of goldfish. So of course we refused to pass it. But this free Western—ah—stuff is splendid, simply splendid!"

Well, I left the censorship-board rooms too upset to know what I was doing, and marveling at men and how two-faced they was. Also marveling at my kid and the stunts he had done in that picture, stuff equal to Doug or Tom Mix or anybody. I rushed home all set to take him in my arms and love him to death. And when I found him death was pretty near what I was ready to hand him, for there on the sinking steps to the sunken garden was Junior and his box of tools, and of all things he had got hold of dear dead papa's trapeze, removed the blue ribbons and sawed it in half right between the words "Rest in Peace!"

"Look, marmie!" he says sweetly as I come by. "I am making two masts for my boat, but I did like daddy told me and used up only a useless thing!"

Of all things, to take that sacred souvenir! What would ma say? For a minute I saw red. Junior knew better than that, and knew that I knew he did. Completely forgetting how much I loved him, like a true mother I seized him by the ear with one hand and grabbed up the ruler out of his tool box with the other.

"You come with me, young feller!" I says grimly. "At last I have found a real use for something out of that tool box of yours!"

An hour later Jim broke into my boudoir for the first time in a week, a big smile lighting up his map. But when he seen me all flushed and worried and ramping up and down the room he stopped dead in his tracks.

"What's up?" says he.

"Nothing, only I've just been giving Junior the licking of his life!" I says. "Believe me, Jim, a good spanking is the one thing registers with a bad kid, and Junior has had this coming to him quite some time. Even if he is a genius, like you have shown him to be in The New Sheriff, he has got to be disciplined in a natural manner. I don't believe in this modern bunk about let kids express theirself, do you?"

"What and the ——" began Jim, gasping.

But I am a true woman, and I know when I have a good line. So I went right on.

"And I thipk acting in a real manly picture like that will do him a world of good," says I. "I had no idea he was such a husky kid—or that he'd got such a smart daddy, either!"

And then Jim did just what I was working for. He took me in his arms with genuine enthusiasm.

"Say, hon!" says he tenderly. "You stay at the studio with us a little more, hey, dear? We missed you on the lot, me and the youngster did. Just leave off making the world safe for Junior for a spell, will you?"

"Say, listen, Gorgeous!" I says, sighing contentedly. "I guess I have my work cut out for me right here at home, making Junior safe for the world!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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3 Cups GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon shortening
1 egg
⅔ cup sugar
¾ cup milk

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg together. With two knives cut in the shortening. Add sugar and milk to well-beaten egg and stir into the dry ingredients. Roll the dough out on a floured board, cut with doughnut cutter and fry in deep fat. The fat is the right temperature when it browns a crumb of bread in 60 seconds. Do not roll them in sugar until just before serving.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

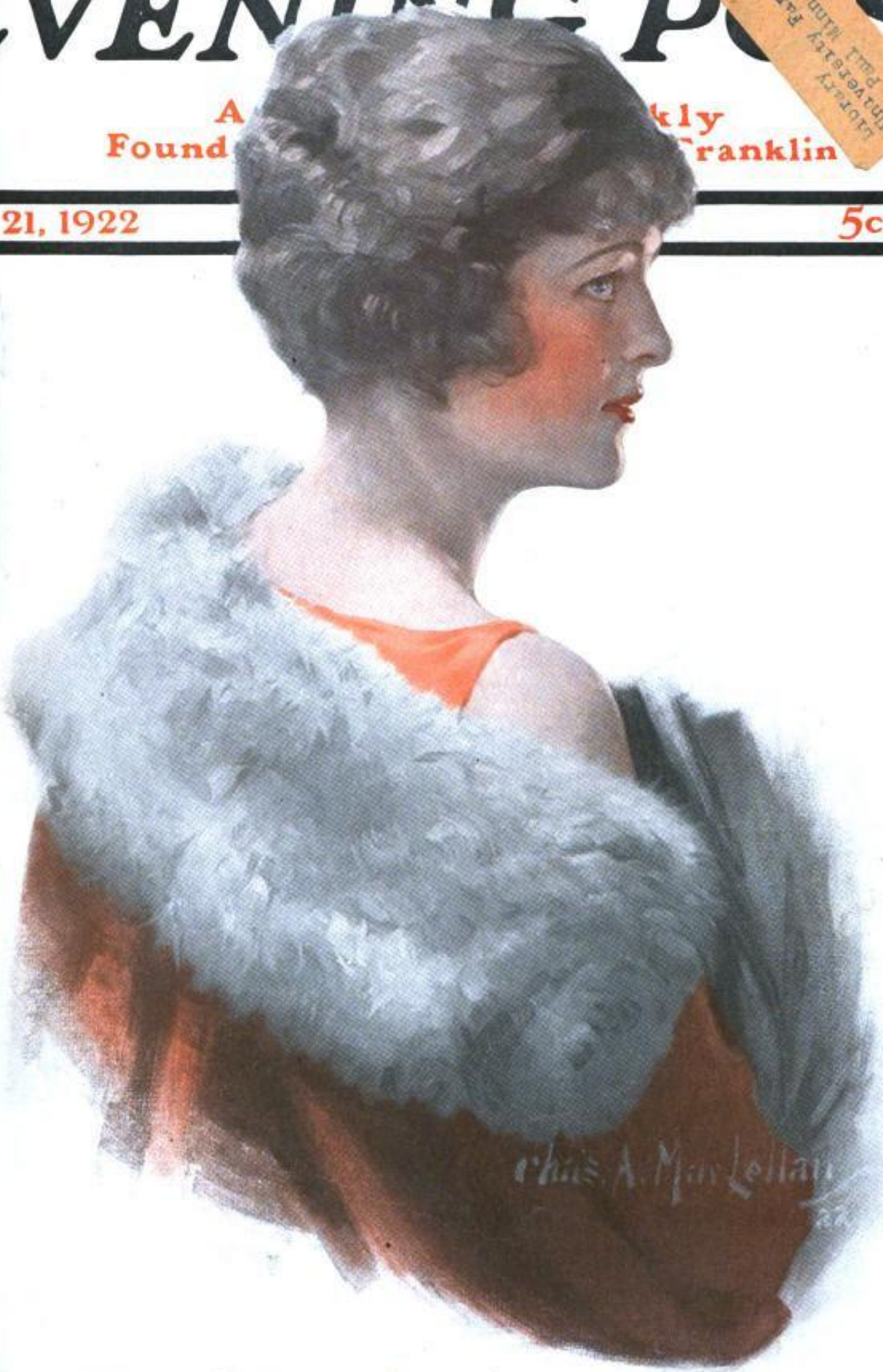
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"SHO' DAT'S DE PAPAH AH WANTS"

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The Submerged Congressman

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

SOME congressmen are born submerged, some have submergence thrust upon them, and some apparently devote their entire Washington existence to discovering ways and means of submerging themselves. But whatever their system for attaining submergence, their success at getting below the surface and remaining there for protracted periods is enough to give the latest-type submarine an acute attack of inferiority complex.

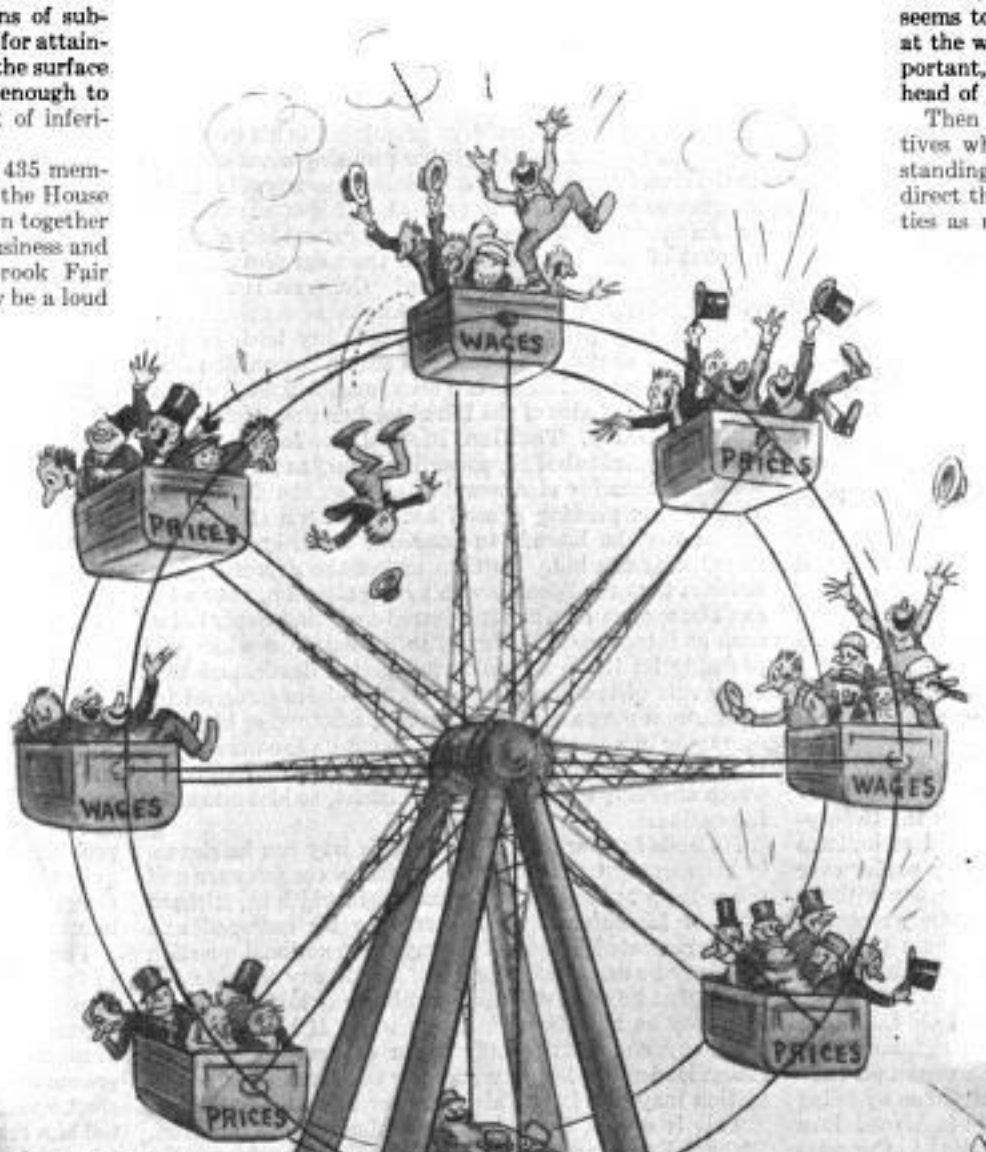
The House of Representatives is made up of 435 members and sixty committees. The membership of the House is so large that if all the members tried to sit down together with equal rights and privileges, and transact business and frame legislation, a large and noisy Donnybrook Fair would ensue, and the only result would probably be a loud and insistent call for ambulances. Consequently Congress splits itself into many small congresses, or committees, in which business may be transacted and legislation may be framed with a minimum of delay.

More than half of the sixty House committees are about as weighty and important as they would be if they were committees to persuade the Gulf Stream to alter its course or to communicate with the star Aldebaran. In other words, they don't amount to a row of hairpins. They seldom meet, and their members do no work; and their chairmen have all the weight and influence in the House that a sardine has on the other sardines in his can.

The rest of the House committees—especially those that are concerned with extracting money from reluctant taxpayers and with disposing of the money after it has been extracted—are extremely important. Consequently the chairmen of these committees and the chief workers on them—about thirty men in all—are prominent figures in the House, for they shape the policies of their committees, and the House almost invariably legislates according to the recommendations of the committee chairmen. To say that these thirty men are necessarily wise or that they are all deserving of their high positions would be something else again. Only too frequently their distinction seems to be the ability to do the wrong thing at the wrong time. None the less, they are important, and technically they come under the head of leaders.

Then there are about thirty more representatives who, without being chairmen of or outstanding workers on important committees, direct the activities of the House—such activities as naming committee members, whipping the members of the two parties into line, striving to tie members of the opposite party into parliamentary knots on the floor of the House, laying out the program to be followed by Congress in its efforts to win favor in the eyes of the rabid American voter, and otherwise practicing most fluently the more effective tricks of the mystifying, dingy and necessary trade of American politics. These thirty men, too, may technically be classed as leaders, although their leading is frequently somewhat similar to that of a military leader who carefully maneuvers his troops into a position where most of them are shot to pieces.

At any rate, there are about sixty representatives, at a generous estimate, whose heads are above water. The 375 other members are submerged. They are not always sunk without a trace; for occasionally a nose appears above the surface, and sometimes a hand is thrust above the troubled waters and is seen to gesticulate convulsively, while at infrequent intervals a strangled cry bubbles up from some unseen source.





ALL ABOARD!

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Not all the submerged congressmen are incompetent, by any means. Many of them are able men, who churn the political waters of the House into a creamy lather before permitting themselves to be forced down into its turgid depths. But forced down they are, no matter how strong and able they may be. Sometimes, if they are very strong and very able and very persistent, they wallow back to the surface in two or three years. Such cases, however, are not common. There is no record concerning the origin of the felicitous remark to the effect that ability cannot be prevented from ascending any more than a squirrel can be kept on the ground; but we may be certain that it wasn't conceived by any congressman who had served less than four years in the House of Representatives. A new congressman, struggling with that thought, would have been more likely to compare an able man to a hippopotamus, which can't rise a foot into the air without the assistance of a derrick.

Able new congressmen go down gurgling, spluttering and kicking. Incompetent new congressmen sink quickly and silently and drift idly around the bottom at the mercy of every stray current. They behave differently after their sinking, but all of them sink because of the same reasons, which are the great size of the House, the committee system, the rules of the House, which are framed to enable the House to rush through a great mass of business in a short time, and the seniority system.

Let us first consider the case of the Hon. Richard Roe, Republocrat, representing the Fourth Massafornia District, comprising the counties of Wicksaboola, Egg, Sookabunnet, Pink Mink, Hookworm Crick, Petunia, Washout and Potatopeel.

The Hon. Richard Roe is the owner of a string of newspapers in his own and other states. In his home town he is a man of such tremendous importance that whenever his hired men come into his private office they choke up and can't talk coherently. He has so much money that he has to spend two days a week hunting for new tax-exempt bonds. He is stern and uncompromising in his stand for law and order; and when the city fathers slip over a deal whereby the city purchases coal that consists mostly of crushed rock and scrap iron he shows them up in his newspapers, gets their twelve-thousand-dollar automobiles taken away from them, and has three of them put in jail for terms of eighty-five years, with three years off for good behavior. Practically everyone in his home district considers him much more prominent than the King of Greece or the Matterhorn, and with reason.

So he is elected to Congress; and throughout his state it is noised around that Roe is going to Congress, and that not only will Congress have to quit its monkey business when he gets there, but that the President will probably turn pale when he hears Roe climbing rapidly up the rungs of the political ladder.

Richard Roe for Congress

THE good old-fashioned story which dealt with the struggles of the handsome hero to win the girl was usually brought to a successful conclusion when, in the twenty-seventh chapter, the hero's half-baked mind assimilates the obvious truth, clearly apparent to every reader ever since the fourth chapter, that he can kiss her without running the risk of being sued for mayhem. Only recently, apparently, has it begun to dawn on authors that the most important and hectic part of the story begins at the point where the love-making ends.

Much the same thing is true of the good old-fashioned story of American politics in which the righteous and therefore temporarily unpopular hero overcomes all difficulties and receives the highest reward of virtue by being elected to Congress. This, like the old-fashioned love story, is too incomplete to be real. An election to Congress isn't the climax of anything but the election. To have reached its true climax such a story should have continued to the end of the Congressman's first term, and had him quit in disgust; or to the end of his third term, and had him licked by an opponent who promised the voters to perform impossibilities; or to his tenth term, when the seniority system shoved him into the chairmanship of an important committee in spite of his possible utter inability to hold down the job properly.

At any rate, the very important and prominent Richard Roe goes to Congress, anxious to start at once on his program of reforming Congress and saving the country. Immediately, and frequently even sooner than that, he is the recipient of a series of dull, numbing blows.

In the first place, nobody knows him except a few of the other Massafornia congressmen. There is no band at the station to meet him when he arrives; and the porter who takes his bags addresses him as "Captain," after the fashion of Washington porters, whose war training impressed on them the fact that almost every uniformed dub either was or wanted to be a captain in something. Such a form of address, however, makes no appreciable hit with the Hon. Richard Roe.

From then on the blows fall thick and fast. Nobody is interested in his opinions. The Speaker of the House shows no anxiety whatever concerning his ideas on Congress, favorable or otherwise. The House leaders not only make no effort to draw him into their councils but even fail to remember him when they encounter him on the street or in the long corridors of the Capitol. He may be a member of three or four committees—committees that have no influence and seldom meet, and do next to nothing when they meet.

The Hon. Richard Roe begins to smolder with indignation. He fumes and fusses around the corridors of the Capitol, loses his way several times and has to be directed toward an exit by Capitol guides who neither know nor care whether he's a congressman or an ordinary hick from Sock Center, Missouri. Smoke emerges from his nostrils, his eyes grow red with rage, and he determines to take vigorous steps.

So he sets to work and writes a red-hot bill, in which is embodied one of his most precious ideas for uplifting his state or the entire nation. If the leaders of the House will not, of their own accord, recognize the vast power for good that surges around beneath his cuticle, then he, the Hon. Richard Roe, of Massafornia, celebrated throughout the length and breadth of Massafornia for his power and importance and penetrating mind, will rise to his feet and witch those bone-headed leaders with impassioned oratory and burning thoughts. So argues the Hon. Richard Roe, little wotting that his ignorance of the entangling and overpowering rules of the House is well-nigh as great as a little child's ignorance of thermodynamics or the divorce laws.

Our Helpless Legislators

BEING, as has been said, as prominent in his own state as the new state capitol, it has probably never occurred to the Hon. Richard Roe to ask advice from any of his fellow congressmen as to how to proceed. Or if it has occurred to him the thought has probably only caused him a certain amount of pain in the vicinity of the solar plexus. Why should he ask advice of anyone? Congress is a parliamentary body, and everybody knows something about parliamentary practice. He learned way back in high school how to rise to his feet and secure recognition from the chairman; and on several occasions he himself wielded the gavel at debates of the Pinwheel Junction High School Literary Society. The Hon. Richard Roe feels that he is amply qualified to be fully as parliamentary as the next man.

So he takes his nice new bill over on the floor of the House, after priming himself heavily with a scintillating speech that he intends to pour out of his system when introducing the bill. He then makes the depressing discoveries that the Speaker won't recognize him, that a bill can't be spoken on when it is introduced, that every bill as soon as introduced is referred to a committee which will probably let it die a slow and lingering death, and that every rule of the House seems to have been designed for the express purpose of gagging him, smothering him, encouraging him to stay anywhere except on the floor of the House of Representatives, and preventing him from being worth anything to himself, to his district, to his state or to the nation.

He finds further that in no possible way can he rise up in his own right and enlighten his fellow congressmen and the country at large as to the manner in which he, Richard Roe, of Massafornia, would exercise his seasoned and highly respected judgment on any great national question that may be under consideration. To do any enlightening of any sort he must first ask permission of a House leader who may be his inferior in every way. If he has been a good boy and asks prettily for a chance to speak, the House leader who has charge of the measure under consideration may let him air his views for five whole minutes.

This is one of the things that almost kills the Hon. Richard Roe—that after running servilely to a frequently unpleasant and too often incompetent old man and asking permission to speak, he should be reluctantly accorded only five minutes in which to pour forth the turbulent thoughts that clamor riotously in his brain for utterance.

Roe is an energetic and capable citizen. He has plenty of ability; and in his own district and state he has had power, and lots of it. His brain functions smoothly and normally; and his mental processes lack the eccentricity that characterizes the so-called thought of many congressmen. Yet because he is a new and nationally unknown congressman, he sometimes isn't even accorded a hearing by the heads of big committees. It has happened that a new congressman of the Hon. Richard Roe type, wishing to obtain a certain greatly needed change in a highly important money-raising bill, has gone to the antiquated head of that committee to plead for the change. He was brushed aside contemptuously by the chairman; and finally, in order to be heard by him, he, a congressman, was obliged to ask one of the nation's great bankers to intercede in his behalf. The banker telephoned from New York to the chairman. "Look here," said the banker, "I don't know what it is that Roe wants to talk to you about; but it's important. It's something that you ought to know about; so you see him and hear what he's got to say." And then, but not until then, Roe got his hearing.

Now Roe has been elected to help make Congress stop doing fool things; so when he finds himself gagged and strangled and unconsidered, the perspiration stands out in glistening drops on his alabaster brow, and he is, in the argot of a vanishing day, fit to be tied. Like any able and successful man, he wants to be free of galling bonds and senseless restrictions. Such things drive him almost crazy, as they do anybody who is fit to make the laws of the United States. They make him indulge in language that helps to peel the mural decorations from the corridors of the Capitol, and they also make him want to quit. He says that he went to Congress to serve the country, but that he can serve the country more effectively in almost any place except Congress—a statement that has a certain amount of truth in it, since he is a man of great importance at home, with means of getting his opinions before the people.

This congressional form of government, however, is the American form of government; and in the long run it has been a pretty satisfactory form. So long, therefore, as the United States continues to grow in size and population with a vigor that makes all other rapid growths look like century plants, just so long will the business of government increase, and just so long will Congress be obliged to have large quantities of committees to take care of the business. And since Congress has a fixed amount of time in which to dispose of the business, the time must continue to be divided among the committees that do the business, and the rights and desires of the individual must continue to be largely ignored.

And since the business of government is so large and so diverse that it can be handled only by small specialized congresses, or committees, it is only fair that a congressman who devotes year after year to disagreeable and thankless committee work should be buoyed up in his labors by the knowledge that if he sticks to the job long enough he'll eventually become chairman of his committee. That, at least, is the argument of most congressmen after they have survived the first shock of their submergence. They further maintain that a committeeman would have no incentive to stick at it if he knew that after he had devoted ten or twelve years of hard labor to the work of a certain committee the chairmanship of that committee would be handed to a man who possibly had more ability, but who had worked only two or four or six years on it. On this argument, whether it's right or whether it's wrong, the seniority system is based; and the most fragrant essence of the seniority system is that a congressman must be a congressman for a long time before he amounts to anything in congress. It has another and less fragrant essence, to wit: If a congressman remains a congressman for a sufficient length of time he will be highly influential, even though he amounts to nothing.

Dreary Apprenticeship

CONSEQUENTLY, that able Massafornia representative, the Hon. Richard Roe, who finds himself hopelessly submerged at the beginning of his first term, can serve his country in one of two ways: He can get out of Congress and allow his place to be taken by another new congressman, probably less able than himself, and exactly as submerged as he himself is, if not more so; or he can stay submerged in Congress until many years of service have made him an influential congressman, with his head well out of water.

The great trouble with staying on and on in Congress, so far as the Hon. Richard Roe is concerned, lies in the accepted congressional belief that long service in Congress depends—owing to the gullibility of the majority of voters in most congressional districts—on the ability of the congressman to cut his corners and make his turns with sufficient speed to be reelected. Experienced politicians will tell him that he must keep up with the times, that he must trim his sails to catch the constantly changing winds of his constituents, that he must vote contrary to his convictions if by so doing he can get enough votes to come back to Congress, that he must become a party to the faults and the stupidities that he hoped to destroy when he first decided to run for Congress. All in all, the outlook seems very thin to the Hon. Richard Roe, and he can scarcely be blamed for wishing to be a quitter.

The Hon. Richard Roe is, of course, an unusually high-grade man. He is submerged; but he is above the average of those who are submerged. The average submerged congressman, on the other hand, is a gentleman who accepts his submergence with equanimity. Unlike the Hon. Richard Roe, such a congressman comes to Congress without any definite idea of helping anything or anyone but himself. His chief reason for wanting to go to Congress was the desire to go to Congress, and it naturally follows that when he has succeeded in getting there he will overlook no opportunity of making sure that he can keep on getting there. He places implicit confidence in those politicians and synthetic statesmen who hold that a congressman must permit himself to be dragged around by the nose by his constituents, and who never advocate the leading of constituents by their congressman. He is willing, from the moment of his arrival in Washington, to

(Continued on Page 128)

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Winnie and the Panther Man

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

LITTLE Miss Winnie O'Wynn, sitting up in bed, leaned forward impulsively towards her friend Lady Fasterton. The movement brought her small graceful head more under the shaded electric light, so that her hair seemed suddenly to be transmuted into a fairy cascade of golden foam pouring down the dark blue silk of her Chinese-embroidered dressing jacket. Her wonderful eyes were shining with the light of a new resolve and her exquisite face was pinkly bright with an enthusiasm which was fated to prove as expensive to certain individuals—at that moment probably moaning softly in their sleep—as it was attractive to the vivacious Lady Fasterton.

"Yes, darling, I see now," said Winnie. "I see at last—that I have been weak and perhaps a little selfish to have buried myself for the last year at March Lodge, grieving, grieving so; and with everything wrong and going from bad to worse too. I have thought it all out and I can see my mistake now. And I am going to be quite different in future, and I mean to try hard to be more like my old self. You don't think that is wrong, do you, May dearest?"

Lady May, perched on the edge of the big, billowy, luxurious bed of her little guest and best friend, laughed gayly and reached for another cigarette. "Wrong, darling? You are much too pretty to be wrong in anything you do, accidents excepted. It would have been really wrong to remain buried away at March Lodge, grieving yourself *passée* for what cannot be helped. I only left you alone so much because I knew that you were too clever to fail to see in good time that it is impossible for any woman to live on her past. It is quite difficult enough for women to live on their future—as most of them have to nowadays, poor souls."

Winnie nodded slowly, her wide blue eyes misty for a moment.

"I thought and thought, and one day it came to me quite suddenly that I was doing a wrong thing. I thought to myself, 'What would Cecil say if you were able to ask him? Would he say, "Yes, go on grieving, be sorry all your days because of me?" Or would he say, "Don't be sad—be happy and bright and busy as you used to be?"' And of course I knew instantly what he would say. And I made up my mind at once, darling, and telephoned to you immediately to let me come and stay with you while I look for a flat. And I am going to be happy now, and bright and busy, as I used to be. And I am so glad and it is such a relief to me to know that you do not think I have done wrong."



"As March Lodge is Now Mine, You See Why I am So Relieved to Meet the Mortgagee—'Mortgagee' is Right, Please, Isn't It?"

The lively May gave her a great hug.

"You dear, sweet, delightful, beautiful little thing!" anthemed this wife of one of the richest and most unreliable peers in England. "Of course you are right. Be happy, be bright—and if necessary be busy. Liven some of them up with your queer quick wits. Oh, I know you, darling; only I always forget that you have ten times my brains when I look at you. And you shall stop here just as long and as often as you like, and do what you like, of course. If you have been unhappy during the past year I can assure you that I have been bored. Fasterton is about as big a rake as ever, though he is a much bigger fool than he used to be. But I see very little of him nowadays, which is rather jolly. And nobody has anything to talk about except income tax and the price of things and the sullen, ungenerous reluctance of the tradespeople to give unlimited credit. Are your affairs behaving well, Winnie mine?"

Winnie shook her pretty head dolefully.

"Oh, no, they are so mixed up! I—I have been very foolish, I think." Her voice fell a little. "Ever since Cecil died I have just let things slide," she confessed. "But I am going to try very hard to get them in order again. I think I have been unlucky, too; but I know that it was my own fault. I have not troubled to look at my affairs ever since dear Lullaby lost the Derby—not even looked at my bank book, May."

But Lady Fasterton was much too charmed at the rebirth of the old Winnie to care about that.

"What on earth does that matter, darling? I've heaps of money, and Fasterton has far more than is good for him," she explained. "Did I tell you I've changed my solicitors? My new people specialize in inducing husbands to be financially spacious minded—and they are awfully successful. The senior partner is writing a book on it. He says he is thinking of dedicating it to me."

Winnie smiled.

"Oh, but I must put my affairs in order," she said softly. "I expect everything will be all right in the end if I am careful and try very hard."

"I am sure it will, child," agreed May, and rose. "How do you think I look now, Winnie? Older? More haggard and middle-aged and raddled and washed out? I used to be like you—in a way," she added ruefully.

Winnie reassured her.

"You are prettier than I am, May," she said. "And you look younger than ever."

May kissed her impulsively.

"You lovable little untruther," she said frankly. "I don't know how I've managed without you for so long." And so, affectionately tucked her up, told her she looked like a dear little live doll, and sought her own couch. For a long time after May Fasterton had left, Winnie lay awake, her eyes wide. She grieved no more for the man who once she had expected to marry. Over a year had passed since his death—of pneumonia, aided by the lingering effects of war gas and the inroads of that touch of the white scourge which, in the first place, had postponed their marriage; and as though to make quite certain of the destruction of a laboring, overdriven physical system which once had been perfect, an evil fate had added the mental stress of a run of financial bad luck.

There are only two kinds of financial bad luck—one being that which results from unavoidable and unpreventable causes, such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods, cyclones, and so forth, and the other being that kind of bad luck which would be preventable but for lack of judgment, balance and foresight, and, strictly, is not bad luck at all. Of this latter kind is the bad luck of the man who undertakes to deliver certain goods under a penalty without first assuring himself that he has the goods to deliver and the means whereby to assure their deliverance—and collect their cost. It was the mental stress of this kind of bad luck which had completed the physical ruin of Capt. Cecil Fairbairn, D. S. O., M. C., M. P., and for Winnie had substituted a funeral for a wedding, and poverty for modest affluence. For it was largely Winnie's money which Cecil Fairbairn had lost.

It was that of which the girl was thinking as she lay in her big bed after May Fasterton had left her.

"It was all my own fault," she told herself. "I knew very well that Cecil was not a good business man. I should never have handed him all that money to invest for me. But I let myself forget. And now he is gone—and nearly all the money, too—and I am almost where I was when I first came to London. It seems so long since I troubled at all about money. But now I shall have to. I loved Cecil as he was; perhaps I would not have loved him so much if he had been a perfect business man. But now I am just going to lock him away in my heart and be as I used to be."

She sat up in bed, her wide blue eyes suddenly brilliant.

"As I used to be; without any money to start with, and with just one beautiful diamond tucked away in my heart. No more sadness."

She slipped out of bed, put on a kimono, switched on the electric fire and pushed a cozy chair to a point where she could see herself in the mirror. Then she took from a drawer a worn brown leather book with a lock, put a box of chocolates within very easy reach indeed, and curled up to take the first serious review of her affairs for nearly eighteen months. For a moment she balanced the locked book in her hands, looking at herself in the mirror.

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"Shall I, Winnie?" she asked the lovely reflection in the great glass. "Shall I? You know exactly what it means, don't you? It is a beginning of the old life all over again: Winnie O'Wynn versus the rest of the world." Her eyes half closed. "Well, the rest of the world hasn't been so very kind to you, Winnie, has it? Even if it was not responsible for taking Cecil away from you it is guilty of taking your money away from you—when you weren't looking! Oh, how wicked and cruel!"

She slipped the key into the lock of the book.

"You ought to try very hard to avenge yourself for that," she cooed, and gave Well-Beloved-in-the-Mirror a little smile, her eyes sparkling.

"After all, you are only like that little creature the French people speak of—you are so naughty that when you are attacked you actually defend yourself! I think everybody in the world secretly likes that poor little naughty creature."

Best-Beloved nodded emphatically. The key clicked back the tiny lock and Winnie settled down to study the private diary which Cecil Fairbairn had kept. She had only found it on the previous day—tucked away in a semi-secret drawer of his bureau at March Lodge—when preparing for her visit to May Fasterton in London.

There had been just a touch of hesitation at the beginning of her campaign, but long before the hands of the little French clock had crept to one o'clock the air of hesitation had silently stolen away. Whatever it was that Winnie read, it certainly had the effect of steeling her will; and when presently she relocked the diary and rose it was the old Winnie who smiled affectionate "Good night, darling" to Best-Beloved-in-the-Mirror.

And the faint murmur with which she fell asleep was, for once, no reëcho of some treasured verbal caress from Fairbairn in the past, but instead was a repetition of the following scrap of hoarded wisdom from the repertoire of her daddy, the late Capt. Pelham O'Wynn:

"Never forget, my dear, this great natural law—the world belongs to the winners. And when you are tempted to waste too much sympathy on the losers, remember that it is the losers who make that law, not the winners. Think that out, little one; when you have thought it out you will never forget it."

"Nev-ver for-get it," murmured Winnie in her sleep.



"It is a Beginning of the Old Life All Over Again: Winnie O'Wynn Versus the Rest of the World"

II

TWO days later Winnie stepped from a huge limousine that bore the crest of her dearest friend, Lady Fasterton, at the entrance to that tranquil backwater off Southampton Row, London, known as Finch Court. She turned to smile upon the chauffeur.

"Thank you, Flintmore; you need not wait for me. Lady Fasterton is expecting you back at eleven o'clock," she said in her low, musical voice to the square-faced, grim-visaged giant at the wheel.

Flintmore's bronzed face softened as he touched his peaked cap and said that it was very good, and his eyes strayed after her as she moved slowly into the shadows of the court.

"She's not the girl she was," said Flintmore to himself. "No. She's perfect now—a couple of years ago she was a bit too much of the enginoo to satisfy me. But she's grown out of that—she's a thousand per cent better. I guess she's going up—and up." He swung the car round. "I wonder if my girl would improve like that if I—dropped out."

But that was much too depressing a speculation for Mr. Flintmore, who dropped it instantly as he weaved and burrowed and interwound himself comfortably into the intricate skein of traffic which for him appeared to possess all the homelike attractions which the jungle possesses for the jungle dweller.

Winnie was calling upon a gentleman of whom she had seen very little for the past eighteen months—one Mr. George H. Jay, a plump and breezy man with jade eyes and a highly hearty laugh, who, describing himself nebulously as an agent—presumably agent for George H. Jay—had once done business with, for and on behalf of the child, and even occasionally for Cecil Fairbairn. For some time past he had been engaged in the task of straightening out Fairbairn's affairs; and Winnie, sojourning in the Valley of Regret at March Lodge, had been content to let him do his best. Now she had come to see what he had made of it all.

Her interest was not inspired by any anxiety as to what Cecil had possessed, but by a somewhat poignant concern as to how much remained of the money which she had lent—or, more accurately, put in his hands for investment at her own desire—shortly after their engagement, and a little prior to the tragic discovery of his sickness. From that moment Winnie, desperately absorbed in the health of the man she loved and the struggle for his life, had ignored money. But they had lost their fight. Fairbairn had died, Winnie had mourned, and now the matter of ways and means was no longer to be ignored. Cecil had left everything to Winnie, and now she had come to ascertain how little it was. She knew things were—not good.

She looked very little, childlike and fragile as she faced the burly, morning-coated agent in his office. Her slim, gloved hand was lost in the all-enveloping grasp of his big white fingers. His hard, rather glassy eyes played over her in a stare of admiration as he shook hands.

"Well, well, this takes me back—what?—three years; yes, three years; right back to the day you first came into this little old office, a quiet little country mouse straight out of the old ivy-clad rectory; at least, so I thought at the time—ha-ha!" he breezed. "Miss Winnie, I'm not going to say I'm glad to see you, for you know that as well as I do. You are a vision to tired eyes and a tonic to a tired mind. Glad to see you, Miss Winnie? I tell you I want to climb onto the top of my bookcase and give three cheers. For if ever there was a mascot to old George H. Jay you were it, Miss Winnie; and I hope, I do certainly hope, you will be it again."

He fussed a chair forward.

"For things are bad in this gray old burg, Miss Winnie. There are business men by the thousand who've done nothing for the last year but sit in rows like rooks on the old elm tree and scan the horizon in search of a sign of the good ship Business sailing down towards them. Nothing doing. I tell you, my dear Miss Winnie, there have been times when I—yes, me, experienced old G. H. Jay—have locked up this office in despair and left it to the mice to have a carnival and gone out feeling fit to stand outside the Bank of England and bawl louder than the traffic, 'Gimme business or Colney Heath. One or the other!' But never mind all that. That's all past and done with. Just as soon as I heard your voice on the telephone yesterday I knew—I understood. I said, 'Little Miss Winnie is putting the past behind her and is out for business. Good luck—great work! Her instinct and natural talent have at last asserted themselves, and now the past—sad as it is—is past. Her blue eyes are fixed on the future—and so are mine!' And here you are, and you want to know how you stand, and rightly so. Well, old George Jay hasn't been idle, Miss Winnie. No, sir. I've got your affairs frazzled out to the last fraction and I can tell you where you stand to five decimal points."

He sat down, shuffled the papers on his desk and cleared his throat. For a moment he eyed the papers thoughtfully, but he was not thinking of them. It was with Winnie that his thoughts were concerned, and they were almost identical with those of that traffic worm, Mr. Flintmore. Her long months of sorrow had not hurt her. No, indeed. On the contrary they had tempered her as steel is tempered, refined her as gold is refined.

Lovelier—yes, she was lovelier than ever, infinitely more fascinating, with a new charm, subtle, complex, extraordinarily alluring.

Hey? Things were not so bad after all. Like the ancient war horse, gentle Mr. Jay sniffed the scent of battle from afar, and his slightly glassy eyes brightened.

She was poor nowadays, certainly; and there was more than a touch of dolorous black in her raiment; but how it brought out the marvelous skin, the blue, blue eyes, the misty pink and the perfect lips! Not a little lady who would remain poverty-stricken for any length of time—unless the world had changed a good deal in the last two years. And George H. was well aware that it had not really changed; only become a little more stressful for poor, deserving business men. He placed a formidable bundle of papers on the blotting pad before him with something vaguely of the air of a gunner firing the first shot of a campaign.

"I have struck a balance—a cold-cash balance," he said. "And it has not been too easy, my dear Miss Winnie. Would you like to run through the details from which I got the figures?"

Winnie reflected for a tiny instant, then shook her head.

"No, please. If I could not trust you, dear Mr. Jay, there would be nobody to trust."

"Ha, that is like yourself," said the agent, well pleased. "I call to mind that I was practically always old George Trustworthy Jay to you—my star client. And you are right, though I say it myself. What are the details, after all? They would only make you sad. So come to the balance sheet—the cash statement. I've kept it plain sailing, without any fancy bookkeeping."

He passed her a slip of typed paper. This is what Winnie saw:

CASH STATEMENT

MISS O'WYNN'S AFFAIRS

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Cash in hand	£ 663	General accounts unpaid	£2,057
March Lodge, contents & land (approx.)	8,500	Mr. Larringe's mortgage on March Lodge	5,000
Motor Car	450	Mr. Larringe's claim	8,000
Personal effects, jewelry, etc., say	——	Death duties, legal expenses, taxes, etc. (approx.)	1,000
Lullaby	——		
Nannette	1,000		
Barbarian	4,000		
	£14,613		£16,057

Mr. Larringe's little claim and totals were penciled.

For a long time Winnie studied the sheet in silence. Then she picked up a pencil, added against the personal-effects item the figure £2000.

"My jewelry and furs," she said with a sad little smile.

Mr. Jay brightened up a little.

"Come, come, that's a little better." He altered the duplicate sheet before him with a certain eagerness. "Sixteen six-odd plus versus sixteen nought-odd minus—ha-ha!" he added.

He dug a pencil at the item "Mr. Larringe's claim."

"What about this?" he said with a certain odd repressed hunger.

"Oh, please, that must remain, I think," George H. Jay's lip corners dropped a fraction. "For the present, I mean—until I have had time to think about it."

Her eyes were very blue and completely innocent of meaning as she looked at Mr. Jay. But his lip corners went up again.

"Hah!" he said, apparently without purpose. "And what about Lullaby, Miss Winnie?"

The lovely face shadowed.

"There was a time when we could have written in £10,000 for Lullaby," continued Mr. Jay. "The day she cantered away with the Middle Park Plate, Carrying a cold five hundred of my own money, bless her!" he interpolated in a caressing whisper.

He shook his heavy head very sadly. Winnie was writing on her sheet. Mr. Jay craned over to see and his face darkened again, for Winnie was only marking, very carefully, a great big black round O next to Lullaby's name.

"You believe she'll never race again, Miss Winnie?" said Mr. Jay, whose faith in Winnie's turf knowledge and instinct was absolute.

Winnie's beautiful black flyer had been kicked at the post at Epsom a few seconds before the Derby for which she was favorite, and the hoof of the kicking horse landing on Lullaby's off fore knee had cut every penny of her racing value off her as cleanly as the stroke of a guillotine blade cuts the last possibility of value from a convicted bomb thrower. And though Dan Harmon, her trainer, and other horseflesh wizards had worked on the knee like jewel cutters on a diamond of great price, Lullaby had not yet raced again. The cartilage would not come right. There was one person who might have done something—a man like a boy, one Mike, a horse idolater from Tartary and once private jockey to Mr. Jay; but Mike had long ago vanished as mysteriously as he had arrived. Winnie had not yet abandoned a secret hope that some day Mike, with his wonderful knowledge, might reappear; but that was no more than a hope.

"I think, please, that I will put nought next to Lullaby; just to show that I ask nothing more from her, you see. She has long ago done her duty to me, dear Lullaby," said Winnie softly. "I shall think of her as just a slender, slender chance—a ten-thousand-to-one chance."

Mr. Jay nodded, remotely cheered.

Winnie's eyes were dark when she next looked up.

"I am very poor, am I not? I seem to have gone round in a circle and to have come back almost to where I started from," she said wistfully.

Mr. Jay nodded reluctantly.

"Well, in a way, maybe you've got nothing to burn—*pro tem*," he admitted. "But it's very *pro tem*. Let me say this, Miss Winnie, while it's on my mind: You may not have much money just now, but you've got that little old cherub Luck along with you; and you've got style and influential friends. You are going to be a winner. They can't keep you down—you are going up. That balance sheet? You aren't letting that worry you? Let me tell you that I regard it as a thing of no consequence whatever.

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You were not born to be the slave of balance sheets and cash statements; not with eyes like yours. It's the other way round."

The pink in Winnie's cheeks deepened and the big blue eyes darkened.

"Oh, you only say that because of your kind heart, dear Mr. Jay," she said. "But somehow, please, it gives me confidence, and I want all the confidence I can get now." She rose. "I will think about everything very hard," she sighed, "and see if I can hit upon some little plan to be better off; just to be able to feel that I am solvent—isn't that the word, please? It would be so nice to feel that I had a little more money than I need, wouldn't it?"

"Very nice, indeed," agreed Mr. Jay.

Her blue eyes went to the paper-strewn table.

"And, please, you will send on all the papers connected with Captain Fairbairn's affairs to me at Lady Fasterton's, won't you?" she asked.

"They will be there as soon as you, Miss Winnie, believe me!" declared George H.

She believed him.

III

ON AN afternoon a day or so later Winnie, utterly bewitching in a little black-and-white kimono, was reclining on a big, cushiony couch in the cozy sitting room adjoining her bedroom at Fasterton House. On a low table beside the couch was a mass of papers, ladies' writing materials and a box of chocolates.

But the soft pencils, the broad pens and the cream-paper writing pads were idle now, for Winnie had finished her simple little investigations. She was leaning back, resting and thinking of Cecil Fairbairn. He had been a gallant soldier, even an honest politician, and, above all, a splendid lover. But her study of the papers relating to his affairs had conclusively proved that he was a child at stark-naked business. Thirty thousand good, hard-earned pounds had disappeared during his management of affairs, almost every cent of which Winnie had made herself.

But the spirit of the girl was so true and loyal, so fine and diamond hard, that all that loss and waste could not scratch or blur the surface of her littlest memory of the man she had adored. She lay back on the big couch, a trifle pale from her concentration of the past two days, and smiled indulgently as she thought of him.

"Ah, my dear, you would have always been at the mercy of the wolves of the world, I think," she whispered, "for you were not trained to the sleights and crafts. . . . Never mind—never mind. You were brave and honest and so kind to me. It was my own fault this money was lost. But—it will return."

She broke off as her friend Lady Fasterton came in.

"Winnie, dear, tea is coming and you are not to work any more," announced the sprightly May. "It makes me wretched. If you want some money tell me so, and Fasterton shall disgorge to me and I will pass it on to you. It is disgusting to think of the perfectly obese sums he appears to throw away, and it's high time that his extravagance was stopped. Your eyes will be red"—the slim, carefully dressed lady leaned over and studied her friend's face—"only they aren't. And that paleness suits you ridiculously. . . . Yes, Barlow, we will have tea here, and we are not at home," she interjected to the grave, portly and remotely reverend butler, who thanked her as if she had given him something of real value. "Oh, I do wish I were as pretty as you are, my dear."

Lady Fasterton fluttered white hands all among the papers.

"What a pile! Are they bills? Let's burn them. They would look much better burnt. . . . Thank you, Barlow. This is much nicer tea, darling, than Barlow ever lets me have when you are not visiting me. Isn't it, Barlow?"

Mr. Barlow paused in his superintending of the correct placing of the tea table by a subordinate to bow slightly and rather vaguely to beg her ladyship's pardon. He then cast the eagle eye of an admiral of the fleet around and retreated his footman and himself in good order, according to plan, while the vivacious May continued to rally round her little friend.

"Claude Larringe is dining here tonight, darling—as you wanted. And I will see that you have your little chat with him."

Lady Fasterton paused in the act of putting sugar in the teacups to fix blue eyes on the girl she so much resembled—in appearance.

"I know that you are able to take care of yourself, sweetheart," she said a little more seriously. "But don't forget that Claude Larringe is not quite what he looks. He is sleek and smooth and purry and suave and all that; but I should be very sorry to be at his mercy, financially, socially or in any other way. He is clever and crafty. A panther man, somebody called him once."

Winnie's beautiful head nodded slowly.

"Oh, ye-s-s, I will be careful, dearest. It is only just a little business talk I wanted with him."

"Have you had advice from that singular Jay person?" asked May, who possessed an ancient grudge against George H. "He is very shrewd—in his way."

"Yes, darling, he has advised me, and I must do the best I can in the circumstances."

May reflected.

"Had Claude Larringe anything to do with that unlucky dream of Cecil's, the Morriston Colony that was going to do away with waste strikes?"

She spoke of the scheme which had swallowed up all Winnie's money and broken Fairbairn's spirit. Winnie's lovely voice was low as she answered:

"I think that at one time he had an interest in it—in the wreckage—but not now."

Lady Fasterton nodded and pressed Winnie no more. She knew her well enough now to guess that, deep down, unseen and efficient, Winnie was working again; and the lightsome lady guessed also that her friend was silently cutting out from the great pack of mystery men who appear to flourish on unseen resources one Mr. Claude Larringe. But in what way, or for what reason, May did not know or attempt to fathom.

"Take care of him," she warned again lightly.

"Yes, May," cooed Winnie softly, "I will take care of him."

There was no hint of a double meaning in the sweet voice or the blue, innocent eyes that smiled upon the casual May.

They were silent for a moment. Then Lady Fasterton spoke again.

"Were things so very bad—at Mr. Jay's?" she asked. She meant the cash statement.

Winnie sighed.

"I—I am afraid they were not very good. But I think they will improve if I am lucky. I am going to try to make the best of it," she explained.

IV

THAT evening Winnie sat with Mr. Claude Larringe in the conservatory at Fasterton House. To any unprejudiced observer it would have appeared that Larringe had the best of the bargain, for never had she looked more enchanting or spoken more softly or demurely. There was a subtle, sweet caress in every word that she used, and a hint of gentle deference in her air. Superficially Mr. Claude Larringe gave off an impression that he was charmed; and, indeed, he may have been—temporarily. All things are capable of being charmed. On India's coral strand they even encharm—for brief periods and with some caution—the businesslike cobra de capello.

Mr. Larringe was a very dark, rather thin gentleman in early middle age—or very late youth. He was of the curious and unusual type of man that is sometimes accused justly of possessing noticeably faultless manners. These are normally unloved by plain John Citizen, who very reasonably objects to faultless panther men who, for example, are so eelily perfect in drawing-rooms that John himself is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that, personally, his own talent in the field of faultless manner is about on the level of that of the baggage camel or the sweet-natured rhinoceros.

But for all his perfect manner Mr. Larringe had a cold eye.

(Continued on Page 133)



"Listen to Me and Take a Hard Business Man's Advice, Miss Winnie. Put No Money in It! Don't Do It, Forget It, Turn It Down"

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THE CASTLE OF ARNSBERG

By Philip Gibbs

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

ANNA RIPPMANN went to school with my sister and came to visit us last year—a plump little thing with hair like yellow silk, and blue eyes, thoroughly German in appearance and manner though she had an English mother. I could not get more than a few words from her at first, and a timid smile now and then, until she sat up half a night pouring out her heart and, towards the end of her tale, her tears, and it is in that way that I have gained a curious side light on the assassination of Doctor Mülheim, which was an international sensation when the news came over the wires from Berlin.

The girl was governess at the Schloss, or Castle, of Arnsberg—twenty miles or so from Munich—and had charge of the children of General Baron von Arnsberg. The general had been married three times, and was sixty-eight at the end of the war, in which he will be remembered as one of the corps commanders of Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. Three of his sons had been killed in Flanders, but he still had a boy of nineteen—Felix—who had been too young to serve, and a boy and a girl of ten and eight, for whose education Anna had been engaged before the armistice, when they were younger than that.

Anna's first glimpse of Heinrich von Arnsberg was when he motored home from Munich with three of his staff officers. Following the Emperor's flight, the declaration of the republic and the signing of the armistice, there had been disorderly scenes in the little mining town of Arnsberg, where there was a revolutionary element. Many soldiers belonging to the miners' class had demobilized themselves, looted the barracks and the provision shops, and even attacked some of their officers by tearing off their regimental badges, so that for safety's sake they had to change into civilian clothes. The new flag of the republic had been hoisted over the post office, barracks and schoolhouse, but the old imperial flag still drooped over the Siegfried tower of the Schloss by order of the Baroness von Arnsberg, who refused very haughtily to obey the demand of a deputation of ex-soldiers and workmen to haul it down. That flag incident was, perhaps, one reason why a hostile crowd, made up of mining men and their wives, gathered each side of the stone bridge over the little river which ran below the Schloss when a telephone message from Munich informed the townsfolk of Arnsberg that the general was on his way.



It Was the Girl, as Always, Who Bade Him Go at Last

On the other hand, there were many people, mostly shopkeepers and farmers, who had no enthusiasm for the new republic and were still moved by a tradition of loyalty and sentiment to Heinrich von Arnsberg, not only because of his name, which was old in the romance of German history, but because of his own character and reputation. In the war of 1870 he had won honor as a young cavalry officer. In the European war of 1914 to 1918 he had been mentioned in all the dispatches of Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria as one of his most trusted generals. Now that he was coming home after the immense unrealizable defeat of the German Army and nation, in spite of victories which had been rung out by the church bells of Arnsberg year after year, there were many people, knowing his pride and his unshakable belief in final victory—until the last smash—who felt pity for the man as they stood waiting for him on the bridge.

The Baroness von Arnsberg, whose eyes bore traces of heavy weeping—she was a tall, stately woman twenty years younger than her husband, to whom she was devoted in a nervous, timid way—had put on one of her most imposing gowns of black silk and stood at the castle gate above the bridge, with her two small children at her side.

Felix, who was the son of General von Arnsberg's second wife, was close behind her, very pale and excited, thought Anna, the little governess, who glanced at him once or twice until their eyes met. He had just come home from Heidelberg University, and so far had not exchanged a word with her beyond a stiff "*Guten Morgen*" or "*Guten Abend.*"

From afar they heard the sound of a motor horn as the general's car passed through the narrow streets of Arnsberg and then came into sight where the road curved beyond the stone bridge. The crowd pressed closer to the roadway on the bridge itself, and Anna heard a number of people cheering as the car slowed down a little. But through the cheers another sound broke. It was a hostile demonstration by miners and ex-soldiers.

Above all the other noise one voice rang out with an angry shout: "Down with those who have led Germany to ruin and defeat!"

Quite clearly Anna saw one figure—a tall, broad-shouldered man who, afterwards she heard, was a mine foreman named Franz Dachs—force his way through the group of women and step close to the general's car as it crawled slowly across the bridge.

The man raised his fist and shouted again: "A curse on those who made the war and lost it!"

General von Arnsberg, who was in full uniform, with a cloth cover on his spiked helmet, was sitting in the open car, looking towards the castle gate and saluting the townsfolk who cheered him. By his side was a young cavalry officer in a sky-blue cloak, and opposite were two other officers of the corps staff.

Anna saw for the first time the heavy figure and massive face—slashed by three sword cuts in his young dueling days—of the homecoming general.

At the insult shouted to him by the man in the crowd his face flushed ruddily. His hand, which had been at the salute, was suddenly clenched, and leaning sideways out of the car he struck the fellow a blow full in the face, so that he staggered and dropped like a felled ox. A kind of gasp rose from the crowd, followed by a roar of rage mingled with cheers and laughter.

"*Schweinehund!*" said the general as the car came to a halt at the castle gateway.

Anna heard him speak the word with a short guttural laugh. Then, lightly for so huge a man, he skipped out of the car, raised his hand in salute again, standing stiffly with his heels together, before kissing his wife on both cheeks.

"Welcome home, dear and honored husband," said the poor lady, white-faced because of the episode at the gate, apart from all other emotion which stirred in her.

The three staff officers stood at a pace to the rear of the general, and the castle servants behind the baroness and her two children were motionless in the presence of their master.

The general glanced for a moment at the imperial flag above the turret, and his eyes moistened and some spasm of emotion twitched his mouth. But he spoke loudly in his harsh guttural voice, so that all could hear.

"I come back, dear wife, from an army undefeated and ever-glorious in the field of war, but stabbed in the back by the forces of revolution and disorder and cowardice. God save our Kaiser and Fatherland!"

Then he patted the heads of his small boy and girl, kissed Felix—his eldest son, now that three were dead—and presented the staff officers to his wife. The gate of the castle had already been closed, shutting out all view of the crowd, though their voices could still be heard, with cheers and booings in a tumult.

Anna's eyes were fixed on Felix, that boy of nineteen, back from Heidelberg in time for this homecoming. During his father's speech he had stood at attention, but quite unconsciously, perhaps, he gave an almost imperceptible shake of the head, as though disagreeing with that phrase "undefeated in the field of war" and the words that followed about "stabbed in the back." When his father kissed him he blushed up to the roots of his close-cropped hair and looked very boyish and handsome and shy. So Anna thought, as she told us.

That night dinner was laid in the old banqueting hall, which had not been used during the general's absence. In addition to the three staff officers there were about twelve guests, including three of the general's old comrades in arms, veterans, like himself, of the war of 1870, with their ancient and wrinkled dames, who were their faithful and obedient wives. There were also Count Fritz von Arnheim and his beautiful young wife; the pastor of the Lutheran Church of Arnsberg, with his enormously fat lady; Professor Schwarz, famous in Germany for his great works on German civilization and world power; with a few other intimate friends.

Little Anna Rippmann had been astounded and not a little frightened at receiving an invitation to join this distinguished company. It came from the general himself, who spoke to her in the corridor at the head of the great stairway as she was slipping away to the nursery to read Grimm's Fairy Tales to the two little ones, Rupprecht and Elsa. He was pacing slowly along with his wife, arm in arm, when Anna flattened herself against the paneled wall, wishing that it might open and swallow her.

"Who is that?" he asked in his big gruff voice.

Anna dropped a curtsy in the German way as the baroness spoke her name and explained her position in the house.

"She teaches little Rupprecht and Elsa. She is very kind and good."

"So?"

The general's eyes stared at Anna so that she seemed to dwindle to midget size as he towered above her.

"What do you teach them, *Fräulein?* Reading, writing, music? That is good. But not enough. You must teach

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them to honor the Kaiser and love the Fatherland, and hate all the enemies who have ruined our country. Teach them to hate, *Fräulein!* Lies, and cowards, and treachery, and the swine who have betrayed us from within."

Anna was speechless. She tried desperately to say something, but her lips moved without a sound. There was something terrible to her in the general's reiteration of that word "hate." There had been too much hate in the world, she thought, and it had caused a sum of agony and death that God alone could reckon. She had tried to teach the general's children the spirit of love, not with great success in little Rupprecht's case. Now this old man demanded an education in hate.

He smiled at her under eyebrows like spider's legs.

"You will dine with us tonight, *Fräulein.*"

Dismay at this command gave her back her speech.

"I have supper with little Rupprecht and Elsa every night. They like me to read to them."

"Tonight," said the general, "you will dine with my guests." He turned to his wife and added, "That is so, is it not, dearest heart?"

The Baroness von Arnsberg gave a wintry but not unkindly smile as she glanced at the governess.

"What the general desires is my pleasure also. You will put on your best frock, *Fräulein?*"

"A thousand thanks, *gnädige Frau!*"

In her little white frock she sat at the end of the table, next to the pastor's fat lady and opposite Felix von Arnsberg, who said "*Guten Abend,*" as usual, and then was utterly silent, next to the pastor.

Anna remembered this banquet so that her description was vivid of the great room with its high oak roof and its big portraits of Frederick William the Great, William I of Prussia, Von Moltke, Bismarck, and those who had been Emperor and Empress until their flight to Holland. The room was lighted with electric torches in iron brackets.

At the head of the table the general, still in uniform and wearing his decorations and Iron Cross, had the Count and Countess von Arnheim on his right and left hand. He drank heavily of red wine, which flushed his massive face and made the three sword cuts livid as though they were recent wounds. He spoke mostly of the war and of his glorious troops, as though victory had been theirs to the end. The retreat had been according to plan. The armistice was forced upon them by the complete breakdown of the home front, due to the cowardice of politicians and the Bolshevism of the civilians. The morale of the nation would have to be strengthened again by a relentless struggle against all revolutionary and destructive influences which had eaten into the strong old German spirit. At all costs, and by all means, traitor politicians like Mülheim and others would have to be destroyed like rats by those who were loyal to the old tradition.

"Thank God," said the pastor of Arnsberg, "we still have lion-hearted defenders of the Fatherland, inspired by the same devotion as yourself, dear and honored general!"

"Some of us are getting old," said Heinrich von Arnsberg. "These last days of shame have weighed heavily upon those of us who have borne the brunt of the war. The future of Germany is in the hands of youth."

"Our heroic youth is undefeated in spirit," said the pastor.

There were murmurs of agreement and emotion from the old ladies, and the beautiful Countess of Arnheim clinked glasses with one of the young staff officers and said "Youth is loyal." The general gulped down another glass of red wine.

"Gladly have I sacrificed three of my sons on the altar of the Fatherland," he said solemnly. "I have two others whom I consecrate to that service and sacrifice. As the others fought against the enemies from without—the ever-to-be-damned English and French—so now Felix, here, must fight against the enemies from within." He rose in his chair and, holding up his wineglass as though he would crush it in his great paw, stared over to the boy at the end of the table.

"My son, here before old comrades and friends who remember with me the glory of German victories, here before young men who have had the honor to serve with me in the war, and here under the portraits of our beloved Emperors who were sure of the loyalty of the House of Arnsberg which is your inheritance, I dedicate you to the service of Kaiser and Fatherland. Hate their enemies. Pledge yourself to destroy those who have betrayed them—our rascally revolutionaries—strengthen yourself to avenge your brothers when the day of vengeance comes. Be glad to die if by giving up your life you can serve in any way our Imperial Family and our good old German pride. Be strong. Be brave. Be ruthless for the might and right of the German Empire. May the blessing of God be with you in fulfillment of that last pledge. May the curse of God follow you if you weaken in this cause."

This speech, delivered in a strong guttural voice which trembled with a violence of emotion, aroused the enthusiasm and, indeed, the passion of the company. All eyes were turned upon young Felix von Arnsberg.

At the first mention of his name a deep wave of color mounted to the boy's forehead and then ebbed away, leaving him very pale. Towards the end of the speech, with its solemn dedication, he rose, and then, at the very end, bowed to his father and sat down again without a word.

There were shouts of "*Hoch! Hoch!*" The little old pastor of Arnsberg, with tears in his eyes, raised both his hands in a blessing above the boy's head. The young staff officers smiled at Felix and lifted their glasses to him.

According to Anna Rippmann, the little governess, it was a few moments after that, when the conversation was general again, that Felix raised his eyes from their contemplation of the tablecloth. They met Anna's for a moment, and she thought she read in them an expression of revolt against the paternal dedication. An expression of revolt, yet belonging to a soul trapped and seeking a way of escape.

That is how she described his look, though perhaps she put into that memory of his glance the knowledge which afterwards came to her of his character and views.

It was at least a month after this banquet that Felix broke the silence that had existed—except for that "*Guten Morgen*" and "*Guten Abend*"—between himself and Anna Rippmann. The direct cause of a secret and dangerous intimacy that followed was the influence upon both these young people of a man named Hans Eupen, who came daily to the Castle of Arnsberg to give music lessons to little Rupprecht and Elsa, and violin lessons to Felix, who was remarkably proficient already and played with an emotion which Anna found almost too stirring.

Hans Eupen had conducted the orchestra at the Court Theater of Munich for some years before the war, and was a composer of reputation and promise. In the war he lost a leg, and his nerves were so shattered that he was unable to write a line of original music or to hold a baton in public, so that he was reduced to the wretched task of teaching as a means of livelihood.

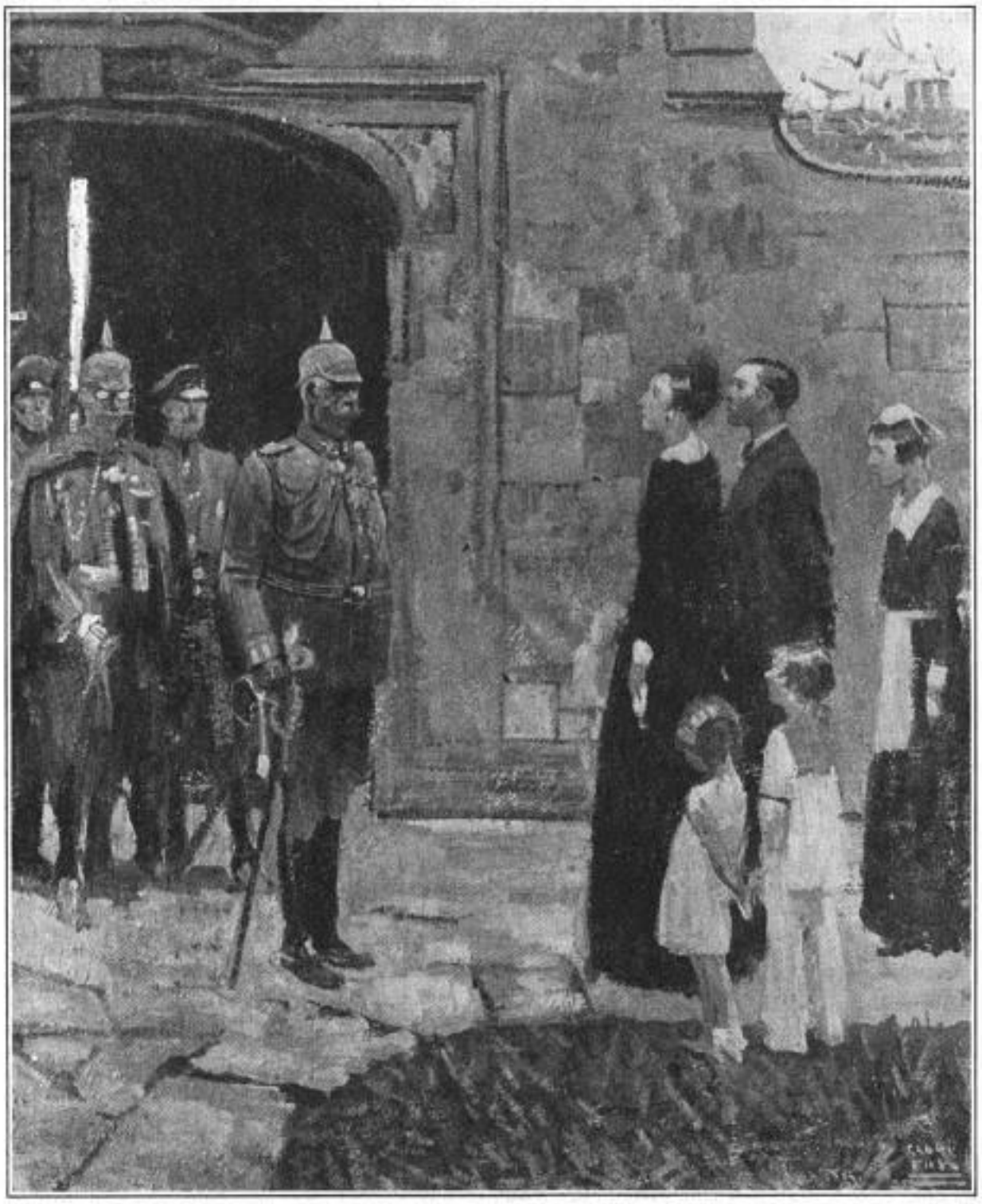
A tall, dark-eyed, melancholy-looking man, his patience was severely strained by the childish mistakes of Rupprecht and Elsa, who hated their music lessons, and it was out of sheer pity for his agony that Anna—always present during these exercises—engaged him in conversation. At first he was reserved and taciturn, but little by little he revealed a passion that consumed him as though by fire. It was a passionate hatred of war and of the materialism and militarism in all classes of German life, as well as in other nations, which had made the last war inevitable, and would, unless killed by a new faith and a new philosophy in Europe, make the peace that had followed only a breathing time before another monstrous and inevitable conflict.

"We must change the mind of youth," he said. "Unless we stamp out the old traditions of race hatred, military pride and national egotism, European civilization will perish. All depends upon the teaching of children like that. You have a great responsibility, Miss Rippmann!"

He glanced at Rupprecht and Elsa perched on their piano stools and struggling with a duet.

It seems strange, perhaps, that he should have talked like that to a little governess, but by some instinct he understood that Anna Rippmann—perhaps because of her English mother—did not hold the narrow views of these German aristocrats whose children he instructed in the rudiments of music. Day after day, in low voices, they talked of these things, and Anna heard much of the agony of the things this man had suffered and seen in war, and of his burning hope that some leader would arise in Germany—he spoke often of Doctor Mülheim—to make the republic safe for German democracy against all monarchist reaction and hopes of military vengeance, and to educate

(Continued on Page 117)



"Welcome Home, Dear and Honored Husband," Said the Poor Lady, White-Faced Because of the Episode at the Gate

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OUR OWN CROWD

By Dorothy Parker

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MR. AND MRS. GREW annually take it pretty personally when the end of the season arrives and they must call it a summer. Of course, Mrs. Grew feels it only due to society that she get back to the apartment and find out what steps, if any, the agent has taken about that crack in the dining-room ceiling; but she is just about unhinged at the idea of leaving the Pebbly Point House and facing the harsh realities of life once more. If Mr. Grew, who is a perfect wizard at ferreting out the sunny side of things, did not call to her attention the fact that it is but a matter of eight or ten months before another summer will be upon them and they will find themselves—barring acts of God and a rise in the hotel rates—at the Pebbly Point House once again, it is doubtful if she would be able to pull herself together for the journey home.

Mr. and Mrs. Grew do not by any means imply that every visitor to the Pebbly Point House gets as much out of it as they do. It all comes down to a question of getting in with the right set, that impeccable group picturesquely summed up by the Grews in the phrase "our own crowd." And, of course, you will find it pretty uphill work attempting to make the social grade at first. But once you get to be one of the boys, the Grews join in reassuring you that "fun" isn't half the word for it.

You couldn't ask for anything much fairer than the rates at the Pebbly Point House. The catch to it is that good news like that always gets around pretty quickly, and so the hotel is approximately as exclusive as the subway.

But do you know, the Grews laughingly ask you, that they regard that, really, as one of the assets of the place? It gives our own crowd, you glean, such a perfectly corking opportunity to see the screaming way the other half lives. In fact our own crowd gets so many hearty snickers out of the mannerisms and the sports clothes of the transients that the summer is practically a whirlwind of merriment. Mr. Grew, who has the driest way of playing on words, often speaks of this outer circle not as guests but as jests, and, as you can readily see, it's a riot.

Another splendid thing about the Pebbly Point House is that it is so unspoiled. The Grews as good as admit that, even if the rates were twice what they are, they would be simply tickled to death to pay them for the privilege of stopping at a place so refreshingly free from the Ritzy note. Mrs. Grew is just about on tenterhooks as each fresh summer approaches for fear she will get to the hotel only to find it utterly ruined by the introduction of city-chap ideas in regard to rooms, service and cuisine. What our own crowd loves to do, the members frequently declare, is to go up to the Pebbly Point House and just rough it. And good old Mr. Blatch, the genial on-and-off host, sees to it that they get their wish.

Our own crowd does not, really, assume the proportions of a mob scene. There are but six members, all charter—the Grews, Mr. and Mrs. Eddy and Mr. and Mrs. Rinse. As soon as the Grews explain to you the series of curious coincidences that threw them together you realize for yourself that they were slated from the very beginning to be fast friends, and could you meet them you would see at a glance that "fast" is used in the best sense of the word.

In the first place, all three couples made their initial visit to the Pebbly Point House seven summers ago. Then scarcely had they been there a month before Mrs. Grew discovered that Mrs. Rinse's sister-in-law lived in the exact same apartment house where the Grews had been during 1910–1911, and was just as dissatisfied with the elevator service and the hot-water supply as they were. As additional proof that the world is small to the point of stuffiness, it later came out that Doctor Creevy, who had been Mrs. Grew's family physician before she was married, was living not much more than a stone's throw from the Eddy's house in South Orange, and both Mr. and Mrs. Eddy knew him very well by sight. It is things like that that make you stop and think, as Mrs. Grew said at the time.

The real leader of our own crowd is Mrs. Eddy. She is a woman born to command, and brought up accordingly. Until she came to the Pebbly Point House she had never set so much as a foot in any summer resort where the rates were less than ten dollars a day for one. You know that for a positive fact, because she tells you so herself shortly after you have been introduced to her. Naturally, she enjoys tremendous prestige at the hotel. She has one of the rooms with running water.

Rocking gently on the porch, Mrs. Eddy gives a series of short talks on how she locks up her jewels in the safe-deposit vault during the summer months and just goes a-gypsying along without them. Also, she explains that it is her practice to leave at home her really good gowns and hats. It may seem a bit selfish of her, at first thought, to deprive the guests of the privilege of seeing the real hot dog, but when you consider all the bother about luggage she saves herself and the railroads you can see that it is the only sensible course for her to take. She really has to laugh, though, and pretty frequently, too, when she thinks of the bewilderment of her winter friends, could they see her at the Pebbly Point House, snuggling right up close to Nature in simple frock and canvas shoes, no more bejeweled than the day she was born.



It is There Settled by Mrs. Eddy That Our Own Crowd Must Get Together the Next Week at Her House

Mrs. Eddy is one of the most interesting conversationalists on the entire porch. "Well informed" is but a lukewarm term for her. She might, really, be called the Girl With the Camera Eye. She can tell you without a moment's floundering just who was sitting on the moonlit pier with whom, how close and until when on any night you can name; precisely how far things have got between that Sisson girl and the Binney boy; what Mrs. Binney thinks of it and what she would do if she were Mrs. Binney; at exactly what hour and in what state the McBirch party got back from that motor ride to the Goldenrod Inn.

Try to catch her—that's all she asks. She has never been known to make a memory-slip. It is not too much to say that she is losing time out of vaudeville.

Mrs. Rinse, now, is less the intellectual type and more the fluffy. She runs to ruffled organdie dresses with naïve sashes, and when she is really willing to let herself go she tucks a rose into her hair over one ear, where it balances the delicate gold chain that fetters her glasses to the other ear. She is full of fluttery gestures, and often, before she can control herself, she breaks out skipping.

She is the envied possessor of a flutelike soprano, delightfully lilting but not quite massive enough to be called a parlor voice—a kitchenette voice, say. Oftentimes, of a Sunday evening, she may be cajoled into giving the guests a musical treat. Her selections are amorous, in a refined way. She has done much to make popular Just a-Wearyin' for You and Little Gray Home in the West.

Mrs. Rinse makes a winsome picture standing there by the piano, gripping a property roll of music, her eyelids, behind the sparkling glasses, fluttering with the tender emotions caused by the lyrics. It has often been remarked what a shame it is that the hotel parlor, also used as a dance room, is so big and high-ceilinged. Those sitting back of the third row of camp chairs at Mrs. Rinse's recital might just as well be at the movies.

Mrs. Rinse is, also, a perfect shark with children. She explains it by admitting that she herself is nothing but a kiddie at heart. To put them at their ease, she employs baby talk in her conversations with them, which goes big with little boys of ten or twelve years old.

Annually she conceives and directs an entertainment given by the tiny guests in the dance room, with herself as prima donna. Two summers ago, for example, they did The Woodsy Fairy's Birthday Party, Mrs. Rinse playing the lead, and the supporting company, cast as wild flowers, in crêpe-paper costumes.

The plot of the piece unfolded to show how the Woodsy Fairy bade the woodland folk to her birthday feast; and, loosening up over the rose leaves and dew, they all came right out and told what they were thankful for. Some were thankful for the sunbeams, others for the brooklets; and that's the way it went, one thing leading to another. The Woodsy Fairy—being the author and producer, it was only fair that she got the big line of the show—was thankful that there was just nothing but happiness in all this great big old world.

Sex interest was supplied by the love of Spring Beauty for Jack-in-the-pulpit, and comedy relief was provided by Johnny Chickadee, a character part played by a somewhat hard-boiled actor of eleven years, who was merely adequate in the rôle.

The guests at the Pebbly Point House, however, were almost unanimous in declaring that last summer's Rinse production was even better. It was called Vacation Days at the Pebbly Point House, and the theme was much less generic than that of the Woodsy Fairy drama. It was a revue composed of sly cracks, in more-or-less verse, at recent local events. A member of the company would step forward, and, bucked up by tremendous laughter and applause, recite such telling thrusts as:

Sherlock Holmes could do wonderful things,
But we doubt if he could find Mr. Armbruster's
water wings.

When the audience were back in their seats again another performer would declaim:

Whenever you see Tommy MacWinch looking
blue,
It's a sign Mildred won't go out with him in
the canoe.

The song hit of the piece, rendered by Mrs. Rinse, had a generous number of topical verses and wound up with a stirring chorus of:

Then we'll give three cheers for the Pebbly Point,
And we'll all give three cheers more;
And we'll hope to all be back again
Next summertime once more.

It is, as you can see, a great thing for our own crowd to be able to list as a member one so feminine yet so full of fun as Mrs. Rinse.

She and Mrs. Eddy set each other off splendidly. And the beauty of it is that Mrs. Grew is entirely something else again—just a good fellow, she is; a regular pal to the college boys that spend their holidays at the Pebbly Point House, given to sailor hats and talk of cold showers, walking with the hands thrust deep in the sweater pockets, and even occasionally letting slip a goshdarn or a by golly before she catches herself.

The ladies of our own crowd do not go in any too heavily for athletics. Now and then, if it gives signs of being a reasonably cool day, they wander over the golf course, agreeing beforehand that there is no use in being fanatical about the thing and counting it as a stroke when you pick up your ball and toss it out of the rough. But usually a saunter into the sea as far as the waist, a conservative dip to get the shoulders wet, a good, rousing rock on the porch, and they are just about used up.

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EUROPE REVISITED

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

THE question uppermost in my mind at first in connection with all European countries is one of how the people are living, what they are thinking, and, in the maze in which they live between material difficulties and moral and political strain, to find out their reactions to the new peace conditions. Within a short time, if they expect to survive this reconstruction period, all the nations of Europe must reach a normal state of mind, yet they are often in the hands of governments they are unused to. Officials, nobility, landowners, rulers of all sorts, whom the peasants regarded as their guides in political matters before, are dropped out of their usual places. The peasants, workmen and others of humble origin feel quite at sea. It is a great test of national character. Each people is responding to conditions according to its nature, each quite differently, though, from all the others. How the children are being educated and brought up; how society is acting—all the society, of the nobility, of the bourgeois and of the peasant; what the industrials are doing; how the workmen feel; what power of reconstruction lies in the nature of each country's inhabitants—these are a few questions which rouse my curiosity.

Somehow, in America we have been tempted to regard these various Europeans from our own point of view alone, never from theirs. In whatever light they are presented to us by the casual traveler or by the various propagandists who bring us news with some set purpose—we judge them by our standards. We felt at first a great enthusiasm over the Allied groups, and a hatred of the common enemy. This lasted for quite a period following the war. Then, because of strained nerves or through the differences of languages and of viewpoints, in planning peace and reconstruction for our world, small misunderstandings frequently arose—things which wore on everyone's patience and which rather separated the Allied peoples. They realized more and more that, though a few ideals were common to them all, there were many differences of character and taste which prevented harmony in work meant for common good. It seems as if everyone had become too blind to make even very necessary concessions; or as if they were too tired for the long constructive effort.

We Americans have looked on at all the disagreements from a great distance. We felt we saw the issues in better perspective than did Europe, and we grew impatient at mistakes made across the seas by those who were trying to remodel their destinies. It is something of a shock to have our Allies, who during war days stood shoulder to shoulder with ourselves and thought seemingly as we did on all subjects, now in peace express such different ambitions from our own, and use such different methods. We have drifted far away from the scenes of battle and the suffering of Europe, and we find it difficult to realize fully what is occurring there. Also we are largely and legitimately taken up by our own serious troubles, both material and of the spirit. We many of us know that there are terrible problems abroad, the kind which must be overcome if the world is to move on smoothly and if our civilization is to live.

Things We Want to Know

A MAN, one among our greatest citizens, sent me a letter to wish me a happy and successful journey. He added the kindly thought that he waited with interest to read my report of Europe, and then he said: "There are a lot of people over there, formerly highly productive and prosperous, who have now had several years of peace and seemingly unrestrained opportunity to become productive and prosperous again. Yet they have not become so. One feels curious as to what it is which hinders them. Different things in different places, I suppose; but something everywhere. What are they all thinking about? Different things, I suppose, also, in different places. One wonders what are their tendencies. Are they getting a little better or a little worse? And which way are they going? That is the really important thing. If there can be any light thrown on such matters with a human background, instead of merely statistical reports which mean nothing to the mass of our American people, the whole population of the United States will subscribe to your articles with joy."

Another man was telling me what I ought to do, and he said he thought I had better get rid of usual, formal things, to tell instead how the people live, what they think and what they do. Then he laughed and said: "Tell us about the flappers and children over there, and how people are struggling to get on their own feet in some countries, while in others they are sitting back expecting to be picked up bodily and stood on their feet by us, and then propped up and held in place."

I decided to visit France first, then Germany and Austria, feeling that, after having been through the enemy countries, Italy, which I had always loved, would rest my overfed mind. I would return later to France for second impressions of the activity there and reserve England for my last stop before I sailed back home, keeping it a little apart from the other countries. Nearer as it is to us by traditions, by language and by so many of our habits, too, it seemed to me desirable to give England my longest visit, and to go there with the Continental point of view fresh in my mind, so I could understand the differences which other Europeans feel between themselves and England. We Americans generally admit our ties of blood with old John Bull, yet enough difference exists even between British and Americans to make one occasionally consider one's first impression of similarity a wrong one. Anyhow, I did not want to visit England first, but rather to linger on there after my travels on the mainland ended.

As I was bound for France, and there was no special need for haste, I decided to take one of the lines of ships belonging to a Continental company, reserving for my return trip a rapid British steamer. This plan promised me the same variety of material that I should have on land. I asked a friend who was sailing for Europe ahead of me, on a Dutch-American or German-American ship, to let me know whether his trip had been comfortable, as I might be tempted to use the same he was taking.



Princess Cantacuzène at Her Desk in Washington as Chairman of the Central Committee on Russian Relief



Jules Jusserand, French Ambassador to the United States, Sailing on the S. S. Paris for France

A Sudden Transformation

THE friend was a Russian, bound for Central Europe from New York, and he wrote to me immediately on landing, giving a description of his trip. He said the whole experience was truly hyphenated, and his letter, though meant in all seriousness, was unconsciously exceedingly amusing. He said his adventure had been curious, and then he added: "On our departure everything was as American on board as one could possibly desire. When we sailed they all spoke English. They were also very reserved in their words and gestures and seemed as Anglo-Saxon as any crowd of people could possibly be. As soon as we passed the three-mile limit, however, and the bar opened, I found myself in the midst of the *Vaterland*, except for one or two families, really American, who had chosen this boat to carry them out to the battlefields. Everyone else became German; the stewards, the musicians, the passengers spoke exclusively German. They laughed loudly, gave examples of heavy German witticism, gesticulating violently, and they gave one another resounding slaps. They even sang in German chorus the Lorelei and Ein Vögelein Sang im Tannenbaum. The doctor on board announced he had studied medicine in Heidelberg. Everybody else was equally German and equally enthusiastic about saying so. You would have been amused to see the transformation, it was so rapid and so unexpected; but the most unexpected incident of my first day on board occurred when an old woman rushed up to me, seized me by a coat button and, almost weeping, thanked me for having brought on board safely the Rabbi Zuckersomething. I beg you to believe that this was not the case, that I immediately undeceived her, and told her I did not know and had not seen her rabbi! I am afraid she didn't like my expression as I said this, for she hastily let go of the button, and our interview ended within a few seconds.

"The weather has been pleasant and very brilliant, and I am trying to forget my companions from Germany, in an agreeable *dolce far niente*, which I fill with grave meditations on the fourth dimension. Sometimes I watch the passengers drinking beer, which this German ship sells to its dry American patrons at fifteen cents a bottle. I have even found myself on several occasions taking the American side and defending it in some discussion—I who am a Russian and not an American at all—against some of these so-called American citizens who use German as the language in which to argue."

I didn't take the line on which my friend had traveled, needless to say.

As I meant to go to France anyhow, it seemed advisable to use the French Line, and I chanced to mention my intention to another friend, who had crossed by that route several times lately. I spoke to her of

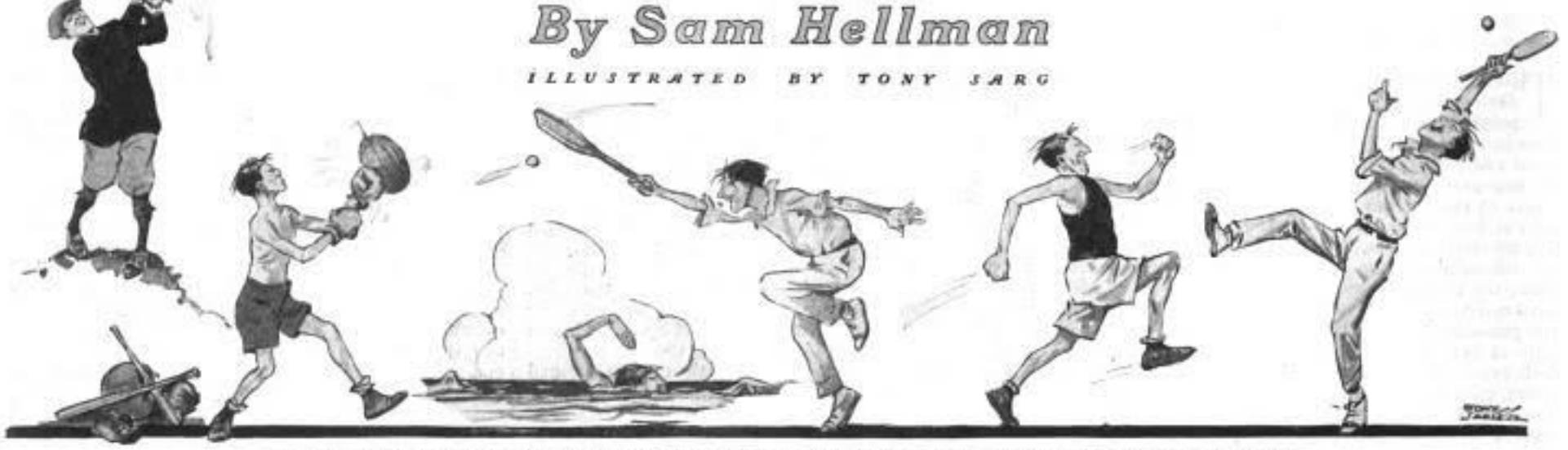
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KNOW ROQUE?

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



In Three Months He's Got to be the Best Amateur Fighter, the Best Swimmer, the Best Runner, the Best Squash Player, the Best Tennis Hound and the Snappiest Golfer on the Island

I'M RUNNING a health farm near Chi for a flock of wheezy Loop hounds that ain't seen their toes for ten years, when I get the rush come-on from Warrenton. The letter is signed by a baby that calls hisself secretary and says the boss wants me for a conference.

The name don't mean nothing to me, but there's a snappy little check for expenses that goes with the invite that gets an assist for helping me make up my mind. Besides I'm kinda fed up on the job of sweating down old has-beens so they'll fit into regular sized coffins, and I figure a vacation won't do me and them no harm. So I turns the reduction works over to a towel swinger I got working for me and hops the Twentieth Century for Long Island. I'm headed for a dump called Belleville which a bird at the farm tells me is one of them classy places where they pinch you for vagrancy if you work for a living.

All the time I'm trying to dope out what this bird Warrenton wants with me, and the only thing I can see is that he must be backing some box fighter and wants that I should take a hand in developing the boy. I ain't bragging none, but I guess they ain't hardly no one in the country that ain't heard what a bear Twin Higgins is when it comes to handling young talent. But I got the lay wrong.

In the big town I hear something about this Warrenton baby, but not much. He's just outta college and got more money than the telephone company's got wrong numbers. None of the boys around the Garden ever hears of him mixing up in sport, and they ain't got no ideas about what he can use me for.

Well, my date's for Wednesday at three, so I grabs a train for Belleville. In the smoker I runs into Harry Simms. Me and him used to work the same side of the dark alley when footracing was a profession and not no amusement, but I ain't seen him for a long time. "What you doing?" I asks him.

He tells me he's the athaletic trainer at some college and starts right in bragging about how many trucks he's turned into speed wagons.

"I got a lad now," says he, "that'll do the hundred in nine-two next spring."

"For how much?" I comes back.

"Forget it!" barks Simms, not making me right. "Ain't you got over them tin-horn days yet? This lad don't run for no money." And then he goes on to tell me the boy is nuts about a frail named Matter—Alma, I think her first name was—and is sprinting his legs off just to get in good with her.

I don't care nothing about this rah-rah baby's love affairs, so I change the subject. Me and Simms talks about old times until the conductor yells "Belleville next."

"Here's where I get off," says I.

"Me too," says Simms.

I got a hunch. "Warrenton?" I asks.

He just nods, digs into a pocket and slips me a note. It's the same thing I got. Harry don't know no more than I does about what we're wanted for.

"I ain't got no idea now," says he with a kick in the "now." "I thought at first that he heard what a baby grand I was at priming athaletes and that maybe he wanted me for one of them swell clubs around here, but seeing you here spoils that hunch. I guess he got a mailing list of all the bucket toters in the country and sent out a circular."

"That explains you, but not me," I shoots back, kinda riled. "Say, boy, when it comes to training, my name's a household word like 'hell' and 'damn.' For every cuckoo that's even heard of that scollege where you work they is five hundred that's got my picture in their scrapped books."

We kids forth and back till the train stops. Three other guys get off with us. I begin to look around for a jitney or something, when a bozo all dressed up like the Duke of York walks over to us.

"You gentlemen for Mr. Warrenton's?" he asks.

I says yes and so does Simms and so does the other three birds. We all piles into a machine that is so dolled up that you don't feel right wearing shoes in it. I'm sitting next to a long lanky guy with a mustache like the handle bars on a bicycle. He introduces hisself as Griffin, Jeremy Griffin. The name don't register with me, so he tells me he's a golf professional. On the other side of me is a tennis shark named Taylor.

"Say," I says to Griffin, "who's the lad in the front seat—a parchesi professional?"

"Oh, no," he comes back, solemnlike; "I thought you knew him. That's Algernon Yardley, the ranking squash player. He beat Strafford, you know, at Sturgess-under-the-Lyme."

"You don't tell me!" I gasps.

On the square, I don't know whether Walrus-Face is talking about an indoor sport or a soft drink, but I figure I'm in classy company and can't act like no bull in a Chinaman's shop.

"Won't you present me to your friend?" says Griffin, nodding at Simms.

The poor fish has been trying for five minutes to find a place in the machine to light a match and ain't paying no attention to no one.

"Sure," I replies. "Gentlemen, meet Mr. Simms, the champion runner of America. He holds all the records from the five-yard dash to the five-thousand-yard sprint, not to mention a lot of back-yard get-aways from the coppers. Tell 'em, Harry, how you run the Twentieth Century off its feet between Schenectady and Sing Sing?"

"Please do," begs Griffin.

Simms opens his mouth to bite me, but it's too late. We're at Warrenton's. Oh, boy, what a place! Long Island is just as full of classy dumps as Longacre is of the greatest actor in the world, but this joint is the high mark in huts. The house looks like it's got about forty rooms, there's a lawn around it bigger than most city parks, and the grass must have been lathered and shaved every morning. A bird dolled up like the chauffeur opens the door of the machine, leads us to the door, where another baby meets us and tows us into a room he calls the library. I look around for the books, but they all been loaned out.

They is two other guys there when we busts in. We sit down and wait around cheerful like a lotta pall-bearers. Pretty soon a nice-looking young fellow comes in and gives us a smile which we split seven ways. I figure it's Warrenton and I ain't wrong.

We is all introduced. Besides me and Simms and Taylor and Yardley and Griffin, they is a feller named Grace, who is touted as a guy that has forgotten more about swimming than most fish know, and a Doctor Halstead, the family sawbones. He looks more like a real guy than the rest of the gang, and I cotton to him from the start.

This boy Warrenton don't waste no golden minutes. He comes right out with his stuff. After he's talked about two minutes I figure he's been short-changed at the brain counter, but after a while I jump to the conclusions that he ain't so crazy at that. He wants a lot but he's willing to pay big per front foot, and I don't see why we experts can't deliver.

Here's the lay: The lad has made up his mind for some reason he don't let us in on that he wants to be the athaletic champion of Long Island. He ain't never done nothing in the way of sports, but he's got it in his conk that in three months he's got to be the best amateur fighter, the best swimmer, the best runner, the best squash player, the best tennis hound and the snappiest golfer on the island. He don't say nothing about lotto or croquettes.

He figures that in me and the other birds he's got the best men in the country in their special acts, and if the rest of 'em are like me he can't be so far wrong. All of us are to live at the house, get big money for our time, and a bonus thrown in for the guys that deliver in the best shape. He admits he ain't never tried any of the stunts he's going in for, but agrees to follow instructions without a whimper.

After he gets done with his spiel he tells us to take a walk and in an hour to let him know where



She Gives Him a Kinda Funny Look, But the Boy Works Fast. He Grabs Her Around the Waist

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we stand. He's gonna give us a week to clean up our own business, square ourselves with friend wife and etc. The whole stunt's got to be kept secret.

"A bit balmy, don't you think?" says Griffin after we're outside.

"I don't know," comes back Simms. "Long Island ain't such a big place."

"My word!" explodes Jeremy. "One can't be made into even a passable golfer in three months. The stance alone ——"

"Any game that's framed for spavs with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel can't be such a much," I butts in. "Now, boxing is something that takes a little brains."

"Yeh," says Simms, "and the littler the better. What it takes to make a sprinter ——"

About this time Yardley breezes into the argument.

"Squash," he announces, "must be born in one."

"Kinda disease, ain't it?" I asks.

He just gives me the fish eye.

"What I want to know," says Simms, "is what this lad wants me to blue-ribbon him for. Does he want to throw the shot or run the mile, or what?"

"You should care," I tells him. "He won't want to be nothing but a boxer after I take him in hand."

"Gentlemen," says Taylor, "let us not quarrel. I am for giving the thing a trial. After all, if he learns nothing except the proper manner of holding a tennis racket all the expense and time will have been more than justified."

That defeats me.

"You win the radium shoe horn," says I, "and they ain't no place or show money."

II

THE next Wednesday we're all back and Warrenton's got everything setting sweet and pretty for us. In back of the house is a running track with about eight laps to the mile, and the garage has been fixed up into a gym with squash courts and the rest of the layout. For swimming we got the Sound, and they is a country club about a mile away where the boy figures to take his golf lessons when they ain't nobody looking.

The doc is right on top of the job. He's a smart lad and takes my advice on nearly everything. We frame a regular schedule—so many hours for sleep, so many for this and that, and we even ring in a training table. This is the way we dope it: Warrenton starts in at five bells with a round of cow-pasture pool. He wastes an hour at this, then he comes in and goes through his swimming stunts. After breakfast he takes a coupla hours' rest and then I show up with some lessons in the manly art of taking a wallop in the jaw and getting to like it. They ain't nothing then till about three in the afternoon, when Yardley does his squash comedy. The boy loafs another hour and goes out on the track with Simms. Late in the evening the tennis comes in, and then the hay at nine o'clock.

I'm afraid the lad will go stale with the steady grind, but the doc don't think so.

"We'll watch him careful," says he, "and when he looks tired we'll lay off for a while. I figure by mixing the work the way we has, and with all the rest sandwiches in, he'll get through all right. Maybe he won't be no champion, but the exercise won't hurt him none."

He tells me he has examined the boy and that he is in good shape to stand the gaff. He's a husky kid, but he ain't just cared to go in for athaletics. He can't do nothing except swim a little bit.

At dinner that night the doc again tells us to keep our faces shut about what's going on, and we agrees. For the jack that we is getting we is willing to go out and cut off our right arm and keep it secret from ourself.

The next morning I get out just in time to see Griffin drifting in from the links.

"How's Clarence?" I asks. That's Warrenton's front name.

"Quite well, I think," says he.

"I didn't figure you'd ruined his health already," I come back sarcastic. "How's his game?"

"Oh, we haven't handled a club yet," returns Jeremy. "For a week or more we shall do little but discuss the history and the trade-editions of the sport. One must grasp the spirit, you know, before ——"

"History!" I busts in. "You only got three months, and you better get busy and show him how to pickle the pill instead of filling him with a lot of hop about what Queen Victoria said when Julius Cæsar hit her in the back with a golf ball."

Griffin gets kinda peevish.

"You will oblige me," he says, "by omitting the name of her late majesty from your low talk."

Then he walks away in high dungeon and I take a stroll down to the water to see what luck Grace is having. He's got the snap job. The kid knows something about swimming, and all he needs is to develop speed and wind. This boy Grace is good too. He cuts through the water like it ain't there a-tall, and before I beats it he's learned Warrenton a new stroke. I guess they ain't no history and trade-editions to swimming.

At ten bells on the dot Clarence breezes into the gym for the classy part of the program.

"Ever have the gloves on?" I asks.

He says no.

"That's good," I come back. "Then you don't know nothing wrong, and you ain't gonna, see?"

I has a little talk with him about how to stand and such like, and then we start sparring. Before he knows it I give him a mean wallop in the jaw that flops him to his knees. I watch the kid close. He's dazed, but gets up with a grin.

"That's the stuff o!" says I. "You ain't yellow, anyhow. I done that on purpose."



Before He Knows It I Give Him a Mean Wallop in the Jaw That Flops Him to His Knees

The boy's built nicely, got a long reach and is naturally light on his feet. I asks him if he dances much and he says yes. That explains his speed as far as his legs is concerned. Pretty soon I find out he ain't so slow in the head either. I don't have to tell him things more than once or twice before he's hep. Clarence is got his mind made up to be a champ. You can see that sticking out all over him. The doc drifts in to watch us for a while, and near the end tips me to ease off.

The next day the lad's a little stiff from the stuff he's gone through, and all of us go light with him. I have a talk with Simms and he tells me he's prepping Clarence for the hundred and the two-twenty.

"The boy's got a grand wind," says Harry, "and good legs, but they ain't no use working him into the mile or eight-eighty with you cuckoos wearing hell outta him with them barroom athaletics of yours. Say, did you see that squash stuff yet?"

"No," says I. "What is it like—croquettes?"

"Just as much," comes back Simms, "as you are like the Queen of Africa. It's the roughest rough-house you ever seen. I used to think it was as soft as it sounds. Believe me, Twin, a ten-round mill is like a Maypole dance compared to his act."

"I wonder what makes the kid go through all this torture?" I asks.

"He's one of that Wall Street crowd, I guess," says Simms, "and I reckon they is trying to corner amachoor sport. They got everything else, ain't they?"

Simms has been sore on them money barrens ever since he bought stock in a oil well which ain't got enough oil to grease a toy wagon, so I take his hunch with salts. A coupla hours later I'm wised to the lay.

Me and the doc are smoking a pipe on the porch. As I told you before we is kinda chummy, and I figures this is a good time to spring what's in my mind.

"What's the idea?" I asks. "Why the sudden rush of sport to the youngster's head?"

"Guess," says he.

"Skirt," says I prompt.

"Sure," he grins.

Then he spills me the inside stuff. Clarence is cuckoo about a jane who can't see nothing but athaletes. First she gives him the air for a squash hound, and when this baby fades out of the picture she grabs a tennis wolf. He's been cut out by four or five different birds that's good at some kinda sport. Warrenton finally gets sore and decides to show up the whole gang by making a champ outta himself in every line of athaletics in which this jane has picked a sweetie.

"Where is she?" I ask, thinking she might butt into the parade.

"In Europe," says he. "She goes every summer and don't come back until the fall sports between the different clubs around here. She never misses 'em. That's why we're speeding up. The games are on October fifteenth, and last for a week. Clarence figures on coming in as a dark horse and copping all the cups. The boy's in earnest, but even if he has the best experts in the country I'm afraid ——"

"It's a good scheme at that," I butts in. "Even if he don't get away with all the persimmons he'll be there or thereabouts if he keeps up with his training. These other birds can't be such a much."

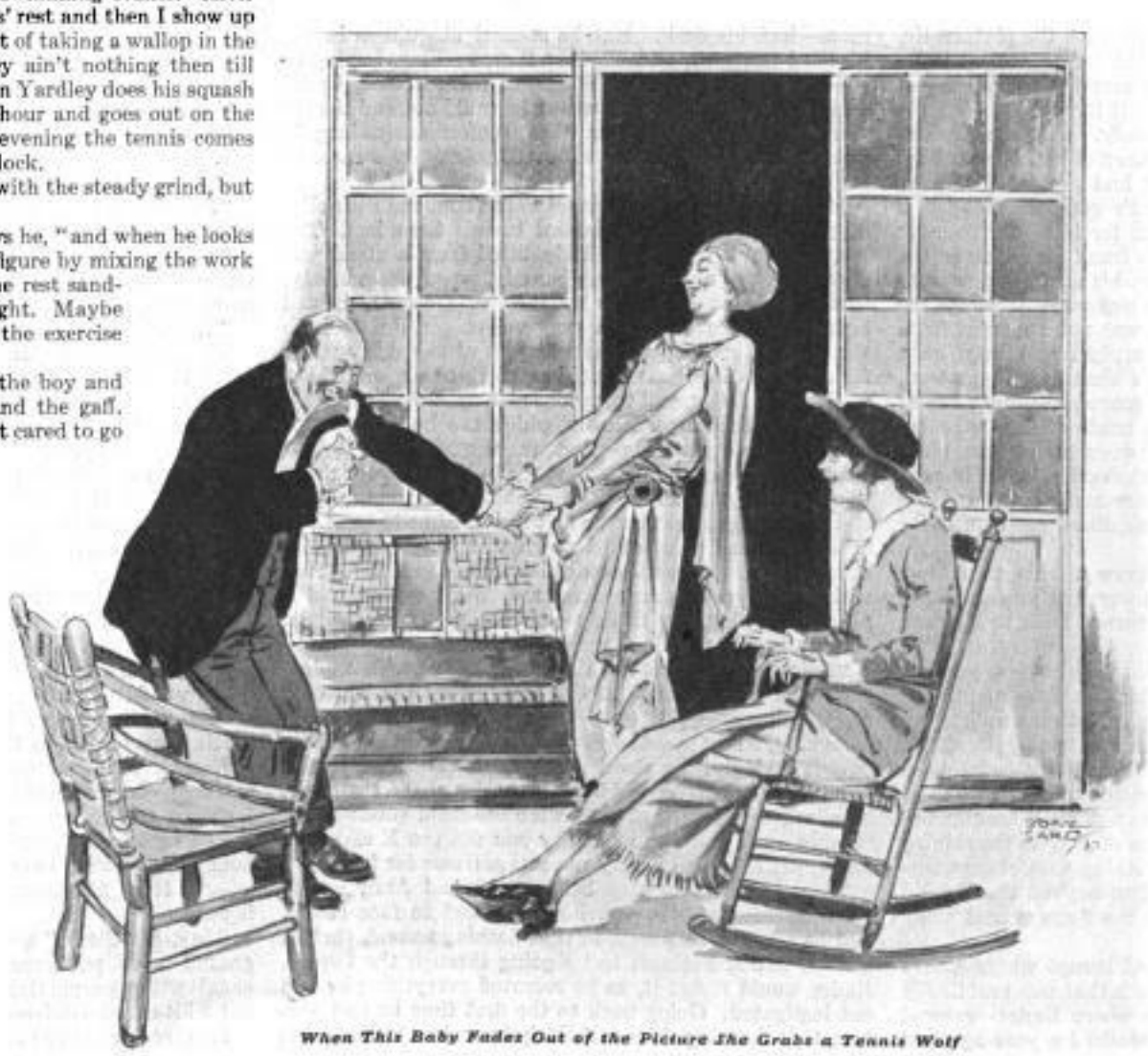
The doc shakes his head.

"Ever hear of Ted Houston?" he asks.

I sure did. Houston is one of the classiest Simon-pure welters in the business. I seen him fight at a benefit once, and I always figured if that bird got into the game right he'd knock Gibbons for a line of wet towels. But the lad's full of dough and ain't got no wish to get into the profesh.

"Is that the baby I'm pointing Clarence for?" I wants to know.

(Continued on Page 113)



When This Baby Fades Out of the Picture She Grabs a Tennis Wolf

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TWEEDS

By MARGUERITE CURTIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD LUND

THOMASSON put back the receiver and swung round from the telephone with an exasperated snort. "Here, Keay," he called to his assistant, "no use trying to get Ender this morning; one of his pompous fits on, I suppose." He couldn't help grinning. "The operator says he's expecting a big buyer from out of town and hasn't come down yet; you know—best tweed stock, the real Mallard's, not this junk."

He waved a contemptuous arm at the pinks and blues and lavenders and greens that were spread about the big bare room. Tweeds of every cheap variety everywhere. Then he came back to the matter in hand, tossing a pile of papers about until he found the one he wanted.

"This from the Errison people must come to Ender's attention today. Can't bother little Miss Mallard with that. Tell you what, you go up there and get Ender's ear—watch your opportunity; you know. Tell him Errison's is threatening suit; ask what to do about it. That's the worst of running two businesses. I'd tell them to go to!"

Keay laughed. He had a jolly laugh, and the small patch of golden freckles powdering his nose wrinkled together in a way a woman would have found alluring when he did so. The right kind of woman, that is, for Keay was so simply clad as to be almost shabby, and underneath the air of business acumen that he wore, as a small boy will copy the bass voice of his father, there were signs of a certain—well, for want of a better word, "wistfulness" will do, though it was quite definitely not exactly that either.

"Why don't they combine?" he asked with interest.

"What? Errison's and Mallard's?"

"No, I meant all the Mallard concerns; this cheap place down here and the clipping bureau," he grinned; "you know, the place where they sell the bits of left-over tweed to be used for trimming; all the different little places that haven't even a bowing acquaintance with the plutocratic, aristocratic parent. I can't see the reason for all these fiddling little businesses. Why not brand 'em together and say Mallard's—make a splurge about it?"

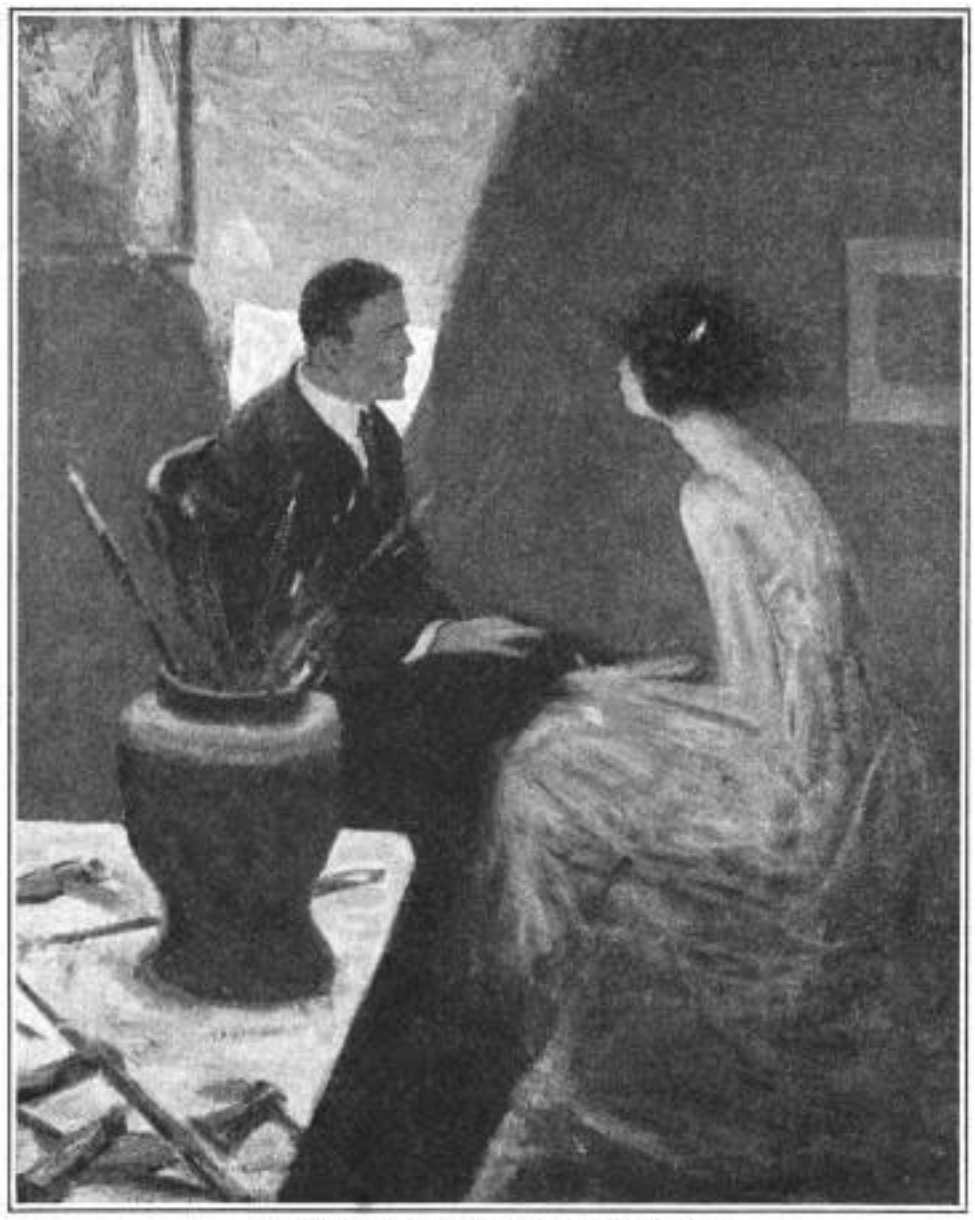
Thomasson looked at him curiously. His young helper amazed him sometimes by the acumen of his observations. Ever since that day when Keay had presented himself with a note from Ender, Mallard's general manager, a virtual command to make a place for him, the younger man had interested him. He was frank and open as the day, yet even after three months his senior knew very little about him. British, that was sure, although he spoke excellent American, and it was not apparent if he were Canadian or English; an orphan and keen as a rat—that was all. And it wasn't that he, Thomasson, was uncommunicative. Nominal manager—under Ender no one could really manage; he made all the arrangements, even for this downtown department, the place given over to the small, cheap wholesalers, who bought bolts of rough tweed for their ready-made suits or bolts of less vivid hues for their masculine customers—he couldn't afford to be that.

Suddenly, thinking it over, he grew a trifle suspicious. He didn't like these chaps who never told you anything but always asked questions. He turned back to his desk with an air of aloofness.

"Oh, I don't know. Why should they? Now you cut along up to Madison. Be sure Ender gets his eye on that." He pointed at the paper Keay stuffed into his wallet.

Andrew Keay stepped briskly out onto the street. It was a spring morning, one of New York's wonderful days. But he did not pay very much attention to that; not more than he had to, anyhow. He could not resist the puffball white clouds on the blue, or the rim of gold on the shining front of the tall buildings, a something that always surprised him when the sun shone. But beyond that he did not heed, merely swung down to the Subway and away uptown to the Mallard Building.

He hurried through the dignified lounge where callers waited to the great room in the back that was practically Ender's domain. That is, it was where Ender—general manager since the death of Mr. Mallard a year ago and more—had his desk. But he seemed ubiquitous in the Mallard concerns, and whether it was selling, buying or stealing, as Andy put it to himself without bias, Ender was back of it. Yet this morning he could not find the old man. He stood about for a while, conferred with languid salesmen, and then set out to investigate the new season's run of tweeds.



"I Wish I Were Smaller," Said Andy Ruefully

It was a tweed year. Women wore them, and little slips of girls, though not the Mallard tweeds these last. The heavy pattern book that Andy lifted from a stand was filled with new designs. He glanced through them briefly, frowning, then went over to the shelves. On softly padded beds of oak, covered with gray velvet curtains to keep them from the dust, the new lengths of tweed lay ready for display. A salesman could catch them up, unfold the full lengths deftly, and throw one at a time over the brass rod facing the easy-chairs in which the buyers sat. A tweed with a reputation—that was the Mallard slogan—was seldom more than fifteen yards in length; enough for two suits only. Andrew, one eye on the door and another on the tweeds, caught up the first roll he came to and hung it, straight and unwrinkled and undraped, over the rail near at hand. It was a beautiful design. He sighed. Tan, with splotches of orange and red, the suggestion of a pheasant's wing, lay thickly over the whole, merged in. He muttered something, peering down.

"Left out the purple this time, and that's a trifle crude." Whatever "that" was, it was covered by the rim of a finger nail.

Sighing, Andy passed on to the next. He touched these tweeds lovingly; he could not help it. However they'd been made, whatever the business ethics of the thing, yet he admitted freely that they were beautiful goods—firm, reliable, soft; and although they had not the K cashmere finish, yet they had a very unusual softness for tweeds.

There was a firm step behind him and Andy swung round suddenly. He somehow expected to face Ender, and he realized very well, in that flashing second, that he had no actual business to be going through the tweeds. Ender would resent it, as he resented everything he had not instigated. Going back to the first time he had seen him, that morning three months before when he had come seeking a job, Andy marveled that he had even thought of taking him on. He could see his cold, fishy, appraising eyes looking him up and down, and the set line of his mouth when he had refused him a position here. Why had he even sent him to the cheap-tweed department of which Thomasson was the nominal head? Andy had seized upon even this small link with Mallard's, because he wanted above all things to work at Mallard's for a time; but why had Ender sent him there? Momentary though the pause was before he lifted his eyes, he had time to think all these things for the hundredth time, and now he was just in the mood to ask Ender. He raised his eyes, his lips parted for the question.

But—it wasn't Ender. A man stood before him regarding the piece of tweed hung across the railing. He was tall and slender, with an air of quiet serenity that is not often met with in business. He had gray eyes that were both alert and dreamy, and a psychologist would have put him down as an artist born. As a matter of fact, he was; but he was also a business man. Mark Slade, he told Andy his name was, buyer for Manson Lake's, of Chicago.

Even Andy knew the name. In the background he could see one of the formerly languid salesmen signaling to him frantically. He tried not to see. Where was Old Ender? This Mr. Slade must be the important buyer of whom Thomasson had spoken; the man he'd expected. He began quietly to make a statement about finding Mr. Ender, but Mark Slade stopped him.

"No, never mind; you'll do. Show me some of your new designs."

Andy was in a quandary. He did not care to refuse, for he knew that big buyers of this kind are often capricious, and though he had no interest in the success of Mallard's—the contrary rather—he yet wanted to stay on. So, hastily deciding the question in his own mind as he wanted to decide it, he turned back again to the shelves, ignoring the signals behind him. He knew tweeds. None of the other salesmen could know them better than he.

"What are you buying for especially first, Mr. Slade?"

It was an unusual question, and the intelligence of the man from Chicago was caught by it.

"I don't get you," he said brusquely. "I'm buying the tweeds for Manson Lake's for the fall trade."

"I know"—Andy gave one of his compelling half grins—"but I mean, what are you thinking of first—sport suits, or lounge, hunting, golf?"

"Why differentiate, son?"

The gray eyes twinkled into the blue ones, and although Mark Slade's face was grave, yet the shadow of a smile hovered about his mouth. It was an expression to which the younger man warmed, and he talked to it instead of to the spoken words.

"Then I'll show you what I call the hunters' tweeds. See? Think of your background—tan and brown and brilliant crimson and yellow leaves; bare branches all one color; in the coverts some foliage not turned to brilliancy at all.

"You need something to merge in ——"

With the words he threw a length of tweed over the rail, stood back and viewed it silently beside Mark Slade.

"This is another," he said after a minute. "Keep your background in mind."

"I'm holding it," said Slade gravely.

His eyes turned to the new length—another tan, but different. Yet it merged; he saw that. Odd! How had this chap come to know all this? He'd been buying tweeds for years and never ——

The eager voice broke in on his meditations. Andy was holding a length of tweed to himself jealously. Before he showed it he had something to say, something to mark it out.

"Say, Mr. Slade," he said eagerly, "change your background now; put your guns on a moor—lowering sky, clouds with a purple tinge, mist, haze, browns and yellows, not a bit of red—different country, see?"

He threw the tweed over the rail and again stood silent.

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It was greenish, with a haze of purple and faint dots of yellow; a really lovely thing. Slade looked at it long, nodded his head.

"I'll take that," he said. "Say, do you know George Inness' work?"

"Inness?"

"The artist," Slade explained.

"Oh!" Andy's face cleared, a faint color rose in it. "No! But I'd like to. Where ——"

Slade interrupted him. The light of enthusiasm shone in his eyes.

"Mr. Mallard had one, I remember. Always surprised me, that; but you never can tell about men. They'll break out in surprising places sometimes. Come along, I'll show you."

Utterly oblivious of the eyes of the other salesmen, Slade led the way to the offices that had been occupied by the late head of the firm. They were sacred, now, to his daughter, Philippa, the nominal present head. Andrew tried to explain this to Mr. Slade, but he evidently knew his way so well about the place that it seemed like presumption to butt in. They came to the big glass door with Mallard's name upon it, and Slade opened it quickly, glanced about the empty room in some surprise, and walked over to a painting on the wall above the mantel.

"There," he said, "that's an Inness. Now d'ye see what I mean?"

Andy did, of course. The bit of splendid color facing him was a bit of his own life, almost. He ached as he looked at it. Oh, why hadn't he been able to do things like this, instead —— He broke off heroically in his thoughts and turned to the older man. Then that odd strain of practicality that always annoyed him came uppermost. It did not express at all what he was thinking, but it came out as the only apparent reaction he had made to that gem on the wall.

"That's what I was trying to say to you just now," he said. "We've got a length back there in the new tweeds that was designed on a day like that."

He nodded his head back at the picture, staring at it with bright, intent eyes.

"How'd you know?" said Slade, laughing, and a silver shadow of a laugh chimed in.

A girl had come from the inner room and stood smiling at Mark Slade, a slim slip of a girl with shining brown hair that had a sheen of gold on it in the light from the north window. Andy had seen her before, once, when he'd brought a message to Miss Mallard that Thomasson wanted her to have. She was the stenographer, he guessed. Pretty, quiet little thing. That time before she had been in Miss Mallard's private room, though, and the light wasn't so good there; he hadn't seen that remarkable light on her hair. Beautiful! He forgot to say good morning, he was so intent on it.

Slade was looking at him, waiting an answer to his query. The girl had walked over to a drawing board near the farthest window, and was fiddling with some thumb tacks, taking out a piece of paper fixed to the board. Well, she couldn't be the stenographer, then. Maybe—Andy had great difficulty in not asking her the question—maybe she was the designer, the one who—but that was impossible!

"How'd you know?" said Slade again, half impatiently.

Andy hedged, his mind clearly not on the subject in hand.

"It would have to be. Wait till you see it."

His smile finished the sentence so irresistibly that Slade laughed, admitted it, as he strode from the room in the wake of the younger man.

"Thank you," said Andy to the girl as he passed her.

She gave an absent little nod, but raising her eyes they just happened to meet Slade's, filled with amusement. He was getting a great deal of amusement out of Andy Keay, with his mixture of business acumen and artistic shrewdness.

Back in the showroom he refused the offer of assistance given officiously by the head salesman, and did not inquire for Mr. Ender even. Andy made a careful note on his cuff of the numbers ordered by his customer. He could have kept the patterns distinct in his head, but he knew that the other salesmen would not believe him.

He was getting worried, really, about the absence of Ender. Even though he had filled an order far above the usual one, had he only known it, the situation was difficult. He could have stood Mr. Ender's sarcasm—that would not have troubled him—but he hated the other men to think that he was trying to butt in on their work.

"Well," said Mark Slade at last, "I'll be off, youngster. Had a pleasant time, and got through in half too. What's your name? I want to find you again next season."

"Andrew Keay, Mr. Slade; but I am not usually here; I work at the other end."

The keen eyes of the other man focused on him inquiringly.

"You mean this isn't your job—you don't sell these goods?"

"Not as a rule, no. I—I just happened to be here, with a message for Mr. Ender. I work downtown—the other plant."

"Well," said Slade dryly, "that being the case, I have a little message for Ender myself. No, don't bother; I'll find him as I go out."

He put out his hand and clasped Andy's firmly, a friendly grip. Andrew stood watching him go down the length of the long room. Then as he disappeared he went up to Percival, the head salesman, holding out his cuff.

"If you want to take these numbers down," he said nonchalantly, "you can have the order for Manson Lake's. I—I had no intention of taking your commission away.



A Girl With Shining Brown Hair

It was just the fun of selling, I guess, and that Slade's a nice chap."

"A prince!" said Percival, unbending, as he produced notebook and pencil.

"Where's Ender?"

"Hadn't you heard? Home in bed—pneumonia; first time he's been away from here in ten years."

"So?"

Andy wrinkled his forehead in perplexity. He did not know what to do. Thomasson had made it very clear that this letter of Errison's must be replied to immediately. Yet the way in which Ender kept things in his own hands made it almost impossible to find a proxy. A daring idea came into Andrew's mind. He'd give it to Miss Mallard herself; go over Ender's head. After all, the girl was the president of Mallard's, Tweeds, even though it was the policy of everyone in the business to keep her in ignorance of the difficult or unpleasant items of the business.

Andy's mind jumped ahead. He moved from the big showroom and out into the corridor, standing by one of the windows, thinking. This would be the first time he had seen Miss Mallard—little Miss Mallard, as they all called her. The fact is, she spelled the romance of the business, somehow, to these men who worked under her; and Andrew wondered for the thousandth time what she was like.

He had reason, that he fulfilled unreasoningly, to hate the Mallard's. He carried it out faithfully in the way in which he regarded Philippa Mallard. He had heard in some roundabout way that she was a fast sort of girl—she smoked and wore outrageous clothes and drove a car so recklessly that she had been arrested twice for speeding. Also, she painted her face! If she did these things at twenty, what about her when she was ten years older? He'd have protected a girl who—who was sweet and a real girl; but one like this, who insisted on running the business and then did not take the time to do it properly—well, it would do her good, that was all, to have a little of the truth brought home to her.

He drew himself up and walked steadily towards the door from which he had come with Mark Slade such a short time before.

The girl who had been there—Miss Mallard's stenographer, as he'd thought—was there still, talking to Mark Slade. As he entered Andy saw her glance at him, a sort of surprised look, and then she went back to what she was saying to the buyer from Manson Lake's. He could hear it clearly as he waited for her to be free.

"Very well, Mr. Slade, I'll be glad to let Miss Mallard hear what you say."

She looked up into Slade's eyes, an innocent young look from eyes that were, Andy saw with surprise, a sort of glowing golden in the light. In shadow they'd be brown, he knew. Slade looked down for an instant without speaking. A sort of wordless communication passed between them, and then with a laugh he nodded and went to the door.

"I see. Well, if you will be so good, Miss ——" He paused inquiringly.

"Phillips," she made answer stiffly—"Miss Phillips."

"Thank you. Good-by, Miss Phillips."

Andrew came forward quickly.

(Continued on Page 85)



"Day After Day I Was There Alone, With the Sea and the Heather and the Colors in the Shifting Lights and Shadows"

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FOCUS POKUS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FLORIAN SLAPPEY was about to emerge from a protracted period of financial stringency. He could read unqualified approval in the countenances of the two colored gentlemen who listened with unfeigned interest to his mellifluous summary of the proposition.

Florian had sauntered into that conference possessed of a new suit, a thin dime, a slick nickel, a gold-banded cigar and an idea of moot value. Nor had his tiny supply of optimism been enhanced by the lugubriousness of his conferees. Christopher P. S. Shoots, editor of the Daily Epoch—colored—had declared that he didn't mind listening; but informed Florian positively that anything more expensive than mere words would draw his emphatic negative. The third member of the gathering, Professor Exotic Hines, Artist Photographer, was even more pessimistic. It was patent from the outset that both men were sufficiently well acquainted with the languid Mr. Slappey to doubt the possibility of general financial benefit in any scheme he might present. All of which made more glorious the triumph which Florian now faced. He had started diffidently, but with the first symptom of interest he had dropped the seventh veil of modesty and turned loose a flood of oratory which was not to be denied.

"We is th'ee gemmun," he concluded, "which has got swell brains an' rotten business. The fust named ain't no good lessn it can he'p them latter. Brother Shoots owns a newspaper, Brother Hines owns a photograph business an' I owns a idea. The newspaper has been losin' money sence it was changed fum twice a week to ev'y day. The photograph gall'ry ain't doin' enough jobs of wuk to keep the bill collectors fum the do'. My idea is sittin' back with its han's folded waitin' fo' a place to land. Ain't that the troof, brethren? I asks you, ain't it?"

Enthusiastic affirmation from the others.

"So"—Florian paused to light his last cigar—"I says that us has got ev'ythin' to gain an' nothin' to lose. Brother Shoots wants succulation, Brother Hines wants customers an' us all wants money. Heah's where we gits what we wants."

The naturally mournful face of Brother Shoots creased into an approving grin.

"What you uses yo' haid fo', Brother Slappey, is to keep yo' brains from slippin' out."

"You tell 'em, Brother Shoots. Brains is the one thing I ain't got nothin' else but. An' I is now givin' you gemmun the benefits of them brains. Heah"—he extracted from his pocket a notebook on the pages of which he had scrawled a few hieroglyphics—"we stahts the contest by announcin' that the Daily Epoch, in conspiracy with Brother Exotic Hines' Art Studio, is gwine determine which is the most beautiful cullud gal in Bummin'ham. We makes that announcement, brethren, an' right away we is gwine haf to call up the p'lice to keep the crowds away.

"Next day we makes the same announcement over again, an' right with it we also announces that the gal which is judged to be the mos' beautiful cullud gal in Bummin'ham is gwine git absotively free for nothin' a trip to New York—one roun'-trip ticket. An', gemmun, you know well as me that they ain't no cullud gal in Bummin'ham which woul'n't swap her best husban' fo' a trip like that.

"By that time the excitement is gwine be so strong that they ain't hahdly gwine wait fo' the conditions of the contes', which is printed the next day follerin', an' which says that the way a gal enters the beauty contes' is to have a 'ficial picture tooken by Brother Hines; then she buys a one-year su'scription to the Daily Epoch, an' in return fo' that the Daily Epoch prints the picture which Brother Hines took, an' when that pitcher is printed the gal is entered in the contest.



"Does I Not Win This Contes' I is Gwine be So Angry That I Won't Remember 'bout Bein' a Lady Until You Has Gotten Used to Wearin' Wings"

"Then we esplain two more things: One of 'em is that this ain't no votin' fake where maybe the ugliest cullud gal in town gits the prize because she makes her frien's su'scribe to the Epoch, but is gwine be a strict'ly hones' thing where beauty gits its just reward an' a trip to New York on account the judges is gwine decide fum inspectin' the pitchers which Brother Hines takes an' Brother Shoots prints.

"An' we goes on to state furthermo' that a gal c'n have herse'f entered as many times as she wants by doin' the same thing—new pitchers an' new su'scriptions—an' we let her un'erstan' that the mo' times her pitcher appears in the paper the mo' chances the judges will have of seein' how beautiful she is. An' we all win. Brother Hines gits mo' business, Brother Shoots gits a bigger succulation an' mo' advertisin', an' I gits 25 pussent of what both of you takes in on account it's my idea, an' also I goes aroun' town gittin' gals to enter up. I asks you now, is you with me?"

He paused, attempting to conceal the anxiety which surged within him. But he might have spared himself even that momentary agony of apprehension, for the indorsement of the others was instant and vociferous. After which they discussed details.

"These heah judges, Brother Slappey—who they is gwine be?"

"Well, we needs fust off to sillec' th'ee men which is familiar with what it takes to make a woman good-lookin'; men which knows if a woman ain't pretty why not. An' seein' as we requiahs esperts fo' that, I nominates myse'f to be the chairman of them judges."

"You is him. Now fo' the others."

"Lawyer Chew?" suggested Florian.

"You said it, brother."

"An fo' the third judge"—Florian hesitated, but only for a moment—"I has a name at the tip of my tongue which I hesitates to disclose to you gemmun. But since you has asked me to be suggestive, I is in favor of the Rev'en' Plato Tubb."

There was an instant of startled silence. Then the others nodded in unison.

"Dawg-gone if you ain't the observin'est man, Florian. Rev'en' Tubb has got a soht of keen eye fo' the ladies. Yas-suh, you sho is right in choosin' him fo' that third personnel. Will you ask them gemmun ifn they is willin' to serve?"

"I'll ask 'em all right, brethren, but it's like th'owin' away so much good breff. They ain't no mo' chance of them refusin' than they is of a ice business goin' bankrupt in hell."

Florian departed the conference, treading upon air. A pæan of triumph lilted in his soul; once again brain had risen triumphant above mere matter. Sore pressed for necessary cash, Mr. Slappey had started his intellect to functioning; and now, without the expenditure of a penny of cash and with no considerable degree of labor, Florian was about to earn for himself a highly satisfactory income.

Too, there was food for pleasing thought at the prospect of being one of the judges to select the most beautiful colored girl in the city of Birmingham. Florian postulated to himself that his popularity with colored femininity was about to increase, and though Florian was inclined to appreciate to the fullest extent the blessedness of a single life, he yet was not averse to having the fair sex seek his favors.

It was Florian's lucky day, and he was no gentleman to lie back when good fortune was visiting. He sauntered grandiloquently into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor and horned into a two-bit game of Kelly pool. They handed him the eight pill and on his second shot he clipped off the six and the seven. Then, with an ease and confidence not to be denied, he dropped the winning ball into the corner pocket.

"Hot dam!" he announced. "Ise the eight! Pay me!"

Nor were his new associates any less elated. Each had seen his business veering shoalward and Florian had conceived a campaign of salvation. Until long after midnight Christopher P. S. Shoots labored over the announcement which appeared on the front page of the Epoch the next afternoon—two columns and double-leaded. Within one hour after the appearance of the newspaper the telephones of Brothers Shoots and Hines commenced ringing and each recognized that success had come.

Not the least brilliant feature of Florian's conception was the selection of a trip to New York as the prize. For some inexplicable reason New York is the Mecca of Darktown's dreams. Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit—they are cities to which one may, with impunity, migrate. But New York is different; it is a city to visit, not to live in, and great is he who has sojourned in the metropolis for even the briefest of periods.

Birmingham's colored populace awaited with ill-concealed eagerness the second announcement. That had been cleverly phrased by the erudite Mr. Shoots, and so when the explanatory third appeared there were none to question the altruism of the scheme or the announcement that Mr. Florian Slappey was the one and only accredited

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agent for both the Daily Epoch and Exotic Hines' Art Studio—Pictures That Positively Please; Plenty of Poses Permitted.

From the very outset there was no slightest question that the plan was destined to be crowned with success. Within the week Exotic had engagements for sittings occupying all his working hours, and Christopher P. S. Shoots placed an order for extra newsprint paper to take care of the increasing circulation. Too, he contracted with an engraving company to make the cuts on a job-lot basis.

The first photograph to appear in the Daily Epoch was that of Miss Ella Dungee. It was topped by a boxed caption—"Is She the Most Beautiful Colored Lady in Birmingham?" That remained a set head, and each day a fresh picture appeared. There were large ladies and small ladies, dimpled ladies and coy ladies, pretty ladies and ladies whose pretensions to pulchritude were not to be seriously considered. The lure of that round-trip ticket to New York was sufficient to warrant success, but when that was backed up by the appearance of oneself in pictured prominence there were few colored damsels too poor or too conscious of their own lack of charm to give it a try.

One week after the announcement of the contest there was a meeting at the editorial offices of the Daily Epoch. All three gentlemen wore new neckties and satisfied smiles.

"Wiggilin' tripe!" It was Exotic Hines speaking. "I never done such a business in my whole life befo'! Pretty gals come up an' offer me extra money to make 'em prettier an' ugly ones come up an' say cain't I fix it so they've got a chance. An' ev'y las' one of 'em wants to know does I know who is gwine win."

Nor was Christopher P. S. Shoots less elated.

"My paper was headed straight fo' hell an' slidin' fast when we stahted off this heah thing. Now succulation is pourin' in an' I is gittin' mo' advertisin' in consumquence. How you is makin' out, Florian?"

Florian crossed one immaculately creased pants leg over the other.

"Tol'able, brethren, tol'able. 'Tain't hahdly time yet fo' me to rilly staht wuk."

"How you mean—ain't time yit?"

"You is bofe got all the business you c'n handle, an' Ise gittin' my 25 pussent commission fum ev'y cent you gits in. I begins to wait ontil business gits slack an' then I stahts to commence."

"Commence how?"

"Gittin' repeats."

"Says which?"

"Gittin' repeats. Linin' up the real pretty gals an' gittin' them to git new pitchers an' new su'scriptions so's they'll have a better chance. Tha's a job which takes brains an' 'bility, both of which I has got."

And so for the next fortnight Florian spent his leisure hours, some twelve of them per diem, within the smoke-saturated confines of Bud Peaglar's place, separating those less expert than himself in manipulating a cue from a modicum of hard-earned cash. Occasionally he visited the residence of some lady who modestly proclaimed that she wasn't pretty enough to enter the contest and spent a few moments convincing her that she was almost certain to win.

"But, Brother Slappey, they is a heap of gals prettier'n what I is."

"Shuh! I ain't saw none till yet."

"You is some loose flatt'rer, Brother Slappey, but what I knows I knows."

"You don't know nothin'—or even less'n that. Besides"—and he would regard her with the eye of a connoisseur—"even if you ain't no Mary Queen of Scotch, Exotic Hines c'n make a pitcher of you which nobody woul'n't know what you rilly does look like. An' the judges ain't gwine judge by how good-lookin' is you. They gives that New York trip by how good-lookin' is yo' pitcher."

Florian didn't have a chance to lose. Success was so continuous that it became slightly boring. Florian became inexpressibly indifferent as he became more affluent. It was not until he happened upon Zinnia Sanders late one evening in the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor that he felt a genuine personal interest in the contest winner.

Florian had known Zinnia rather casually for two or three years. He had always realized that she was an uncommonly pretty girl, but until the inauguration of this contest his interest in womankind had been largely abstract. A single melancholy experience some years before had served to make of Mr. Slappey a misogynist. Now, however, he had a weather eye peeled for feminine charm, and there was no denying that Zinnia had it in surplus.

He ordered an ice-cream soda and stood sipping it reflectively while his eyes catalogued her multifarious glories. It was plain, too, that she was not unconscious of his judicial scrutiny, and she saw to it that he was afforded an opportunity to inspect a few good points which he may have missed at the initial glance.

Florian was interested. Zinnia had always been rather uppity where he was concerned, and it flattered him to feel that she now sought his favor. He gazed critically upon her slender, curvy figure; her rich chocolate complexion; her stylish raiment. And then he saw that she was approaching him with intent to speak. She, Zinnia Sanders, past president of the Lily of the Valley Club and at the present time an officer in the Junior Beautifying Society; a damsel of leisure and of not inconsiderable wealth, thanks to a fond parent who had taken out life insurance in an old-line company before doing a high dive into a pool of molten metal —— Zinnia Sanders was seeking him.

He deliberately turned his back upon her, disdaining to display the gratification which her quest inspired. Somehow he had never fancied that the contest would elevate him to a plane which would bring Miss Sanders to his large and well-shod feet.

"Evenin', Mistuh Slappey."

He turned slowly. His eyebrows arched in slow surprise.

"Miss Sanders, I b'lieve."

She giggled.

"Tha's my name. Ain't nobody seems to be cravin' to make me change it, neither."

Florian ignored the bait.

"Will you jine me in a ice-cream soda, Miss Zinnia?"

"Yas-suh, Brother Slappey, I won't do nothin' else."

"Which flavor?"

"Pink. That's the fondest kind I is of."

Across the foaming glasses they conversed and Florian thawed a trifle. He would have been less than human had he failed to do so, but he yet felt an undercurrent of resentment against her pretensions. It was he who brought up the subject of the contest.

"Has you entered yet, Zinnia?"

She blushed a rich lavender.

"Ain't no use fo' me to enter no beauty contest."

Florian sighed. Same old stuff. But with this difference: Gazing into the liquid depths of her wide-open brown eyes he had no doubt that she was the most beautiful colored girl in Birmingham and he told her so.

"You gwan!"

"Woul'n't it tickle you, was you to be chose the mos' beautiful gal in the city?"

"I reckon so."

"An' woul'n't you love to git a free trip to New York?"

Her eyes sparkled.

"Jest woul'n't I?"

"Well then"—somewhat impatiently—"why don't you?"

"Why don't I which?"

"Enter the contest an' git chose?"

She shook her head slowly. The prospect was highly pleasing, but ——

"They's one reason, Florian; one good an' s'fficient reason."

"'Tis which?"

She lowered her voice.

"They's a heap of gals which don't like me, an' was I to enter up an' then not win they'd never leave off laughin' at me."

"H'm! That ain't no argyment."

"How come not?"

"Gal as pretty as you cain't lose."

"You says words, Florian, but they don't mean nothin'."

"They does too. Now lis'en heah at me! You come 'long down to Exotic Hines' place an' let him take his finest pitchers of you. An' you pick out the finest pitcher of all them finest an' enter that one by takin' out a su'scription to the Epoch. They ain't no chance then of you not gittin' chose."

It was plain that the prospect was alluring, but Zinnia was hesitant. On the one hand there beckoned the glory of triumph over her jealous feminine acquaintances; on the other the fuel with which she would supply them by unsuccessful competition.

"N-no. I coul'n't hahdly do it."

"Shuh! Ain't you got no spohtin' blood?"

"No," she retorted with perfect candor, "I ain't."

Her very opposition keened him to the scent.

"You got to."

"Ain't gwine."

"Judges in this heah contes' ain't wimmin; they's men, an' no men woul'n't fail to vote fo' you."

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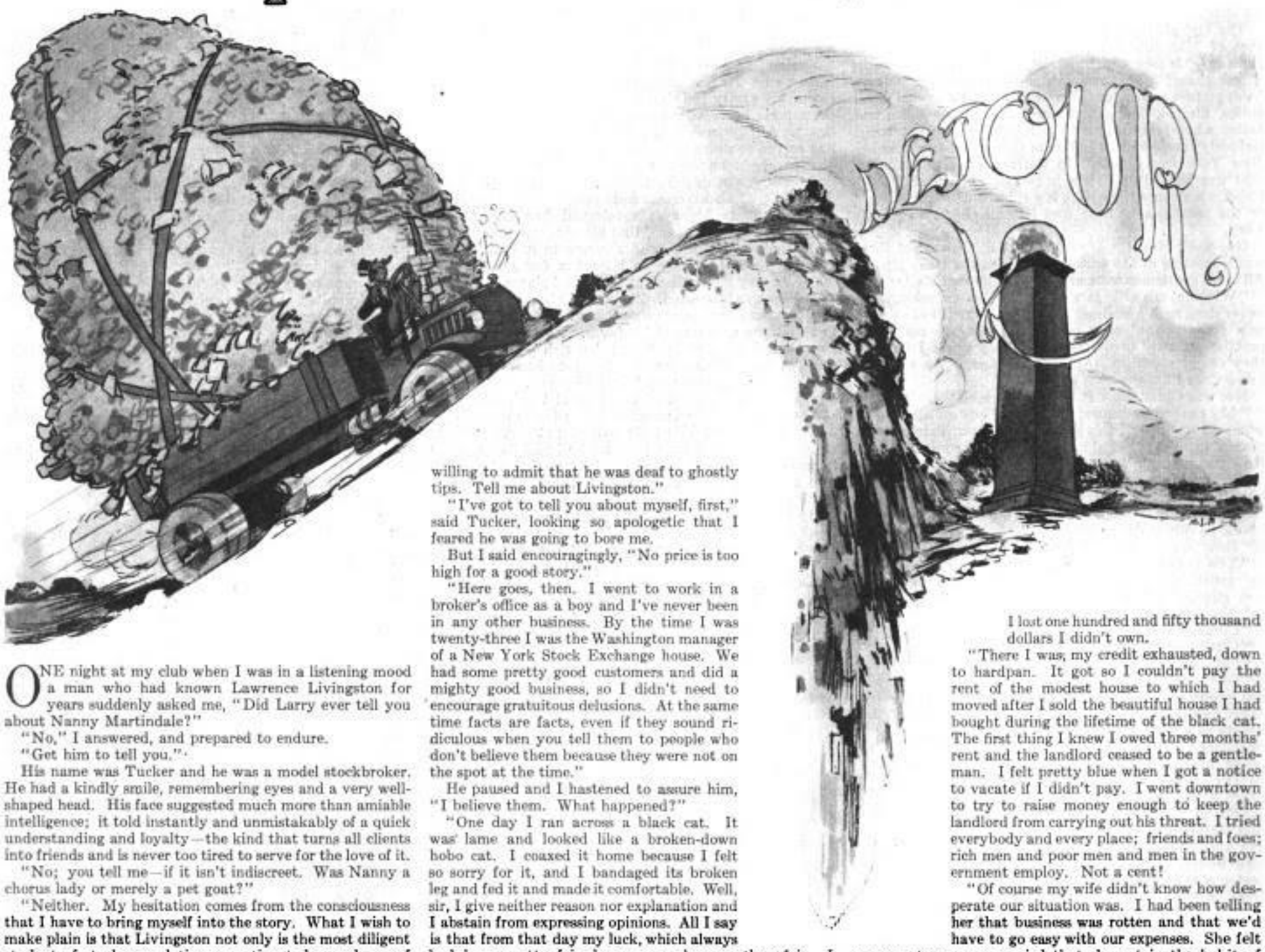
"That's the One Pitcher I Ain't Never Seen None Prettier Than"

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The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



ONE night at my club when I was in a listening mood a man who had known Lawrence Livingston for years suddenly asked me, "Did Larry ever tell you about Nanny Martindale?"

"No," I answered, and prepared to endure.

"Get him to tell you."

His name was Tucker and he was a model stockbroker. He had a kindly smile, remembering eyes and a very well-shaped head. His face suggested much more than amiable intelligence; it told instantly and unmistakably of a quick understanding and loyalty—the kind that turns all clients into friends and is never too tired to serve for the love of it.

"No; you tell me—if it isn't indiscreet. Was Nanny a chorus lady or merely a pet goat?"

"Neither. My hesitation comes from the consciousness that I have to bring myself into the story. What I wish to make plain is that Livingston not only is the most diligent student of stock speculation operating today and one of the most expert tape readers that ever lived, but, in addition to all that, he possesses powers that defy analysis. You can call him psychic or anything you please, but all I can say is that the way that man gets hunches is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw. He acts in accordance with his mysterious impulses and in nine cases out of ten he gets out of the market at exactly the right moment; almost to the very second. It is more than skill and more than brains and more than knowledge. He just senses it. There is a heap more to it than I can explain."

The Black Mascot

I COULD see that Tucker had long since given up all attempts to explain the utterly inexplicable; also that he considered my efforts quite hopeless—in advance. So I said, "The late Norman B. Ream, who was one of the wisest speculators I ever met, used to tell me that he never did anything because he felt it in his bones. He said that feeling might be only rheumatism. He could not see the wisdom of acting in accordance with a hunch."

"Maybe he didn't have ——" began Tucker, and caught himself as if he would not be impolite.

"He had enough to leave more millions than I have fingers," I said. "But I am willing to admit that he was deaf to ghostly tips. Tell me about Livingston."

"I've got to tell you about myself, first," said Tucker, looking so apologetic that I feared he was going to bore me.

But I said encouragingly, "No price is too high for a good story."

"Here goes, then. I went to work in a broker's office as a boy and I've never been in any other business. By the time I was twenty-three I was the Washington manager of a New York Stock Exchange house. We had some pretty good customers and did a mighty good business, so I didn't need to encourage gratuitous delusions. At the same time facts are facts, even if they sound ridiculous when you tell them to people who don't believe them because they were not on the spot at the time."

He paused and I hastened to assure him, "I believe them. What happened?"

"One day I ran across a black cat. It was lame and looked like a broken-down hobo cat. I coaxed it home because I felt so sorry for it, and I bandaged its broken leg and fed it and made it comfortable. Well, sir, I give neither reason nor explanation and I abstain from expressing opinions. All I say is that from that day my luck, which always had been pretty fair, became much more than fair. I made money hand over fist and I spent it as though I owned the mint. When money comes easy it is apt to go easy. Stock-market pickings don't stick to your fingers; there isn't enough sweat to them for stickiness. I ought to have known enough to salt away the surplus, but I didn't think of the future. It seemed as if I couldn't lose money in any of my deals. Of course I was very careful, and I thought that so long as I wasn't reckless in my operations I didn't have to save. You see, I always had made money. When I had more than enough for all needs I got married. I bought a fine house and had it decorated and furnished expensively. I'll cut the story short. One day the black cat died and the luck turned. I simply couldn't lose before. Well, after the cat died I simply couldn't win. No matter what I did, I lost. Tips I played went wrong. Tips I disregarded made good. I lost not only money but business. Some of the most outlandish things in the world happened to me—and always expensive. Bull markets petered out on me; customers died who ought to have lived to a hundred; a man who had never given me a wrong steer told me a marvelous and detailed story of a merger, and three days later when I thought I'd be a millionaire my friend was taken to an insane asylum. It wasn't long before I lost every dollar I owned And not long after that I lost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars I didn't own.



"There I was, my credit exhausted, down to hardpan. It got so I couldn't pay the rent of the modest house to which I had moved after I sold the beautiful house I had bought during the lifetime of the black cat. The first thing I knew I owed three months' rent and the landlord ceased to be a gentleman. I felt pretty blue when I got a notice to vacate if I didn't pay. I went downtown to try to raise money enough to keep the landlord from carrying out his threat. I tried everybody and every place; friends and foes; rich men and poor men and men in the government employ. Not a cent!

"Of course my wife didn't know how desperate our situation was. I had been telling her that business was rotten and that we'd have to go easy with our expenses. She felt so sorry to see me worried that she got in the habit of walking on tiptoe when I sat brooding in my chair."

The Scratching at the Door

"FINALLY, they served a dispossess notice on me and I went out to make my last desperate effort. I was going to try to raise it in dimes and quarters if I couldn't do any other way. That night when I got home with empty pockets I felt for the first time that I was down and out. I sat down at the table and forced myself to eat, so my poor wife wouldn't know that on the next day we'd have to find a furnished room somewhere.

"Suddenly I heard a sort of scratching at the front door and then a puny meowing. My wife had just brought in a broiled bluefish. Well, I jumped to my feet.

"'What's the matter?' yelled my wife.

"And I yelled back, 'That's a black cat that wants to come in!' With that I grabbed the bluefish by the tail and ran to the front door. I opened it. Sure enough, there stood a forlorn little black kitten. I held the nice broiled bluefish in front of her and she approached it, sniffing. I retreated slowly and she followed me inch by inch into the dining room. There I fed her.

"I told my wife that the kitten was going to bring us good luck, and though she smiled incredulously she let me have my way. So I fixed up a sleeping place and everything. The next morning when I left the house I particularly told my wife not to let the cat get away. I went downtown. I got a tip on Martindale preferred. I was able to buy one hundred shares at the opening. You remember the deal and the way both the common and the

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preferred went up when they won the big patent suit, don't you? Well, that was the day. I made one thousand six hundred dollars before noon by pyramiding twice; at that I was conservative and ran quick. That night I went home a winner for the first time in seven weary months—a winner in money and in recovered morale. I took mighty good care of that cat, you bet. We christened her Nanny, and in honor of the first lucky deal since the death of her predecessor we gave her Martindale for a surname. Nanny Martindale she is to this day.

"She is not only the household mascot but is beyond question the greatest stock-market barometer in captivity. She is 100 per cent accurate. Every time she has kittens the market turns. I mean that an increase in her family invariably signalizes the end of the bull market or of the bear market, whichever it might be. It is my one infallible tip to turn. She has been on the job several years and I have yet to record her first failure to tip me off straight."

He looked at me, sincerely desirous of impressing me with the absolute veracity of his statistics, so I assured him earnestly, "That is what I call the most rational method thus far devised for beating an otherwise unbeatable game."

"What I have told you," he asserted emphatically, "is exactly what happened. But let me get Larry Livingston into this story before you die. He came to Washington at the time Congress had about made up its mind to tax our business nearly to death. Larry came to Washington to try to convince some of our congressmen of the short-sightedness of some of the proposed taxes. He was naturally interested. His income tax was huge, but he was really thinking along broader and less selfish lines. I introduced him to a score of representatives and senators. He himself was one of the star customers of our main office and I had known him intimately for years. I knew he was bullish, but I knew it only because I knew he was heavily long of stocks; and, mind you, he was staying in my house. He used to go with me to the office every morning, but he barely glanced at the quotation board and I never heard him say a word about his market views. His mind was occupied exclusively with the proposed taxes and I respected my guest's silence."

Livingston's Strange Behavior

"ONE morning when he came into the breakfast room I saw that he was cross, but I could not imagine why. He didn't say a word and so I kept my own mouth shut. He sat down, frowning. Pretty soon the cat, Nanny Martindale, came in. If you know Larry at all well you must know that he is just crazy about children and that he is fond of domestic animals. At that time he had no child of his own and he had made friends with Nanny. This morning I noticed that the cat went up to him, got up on her hind legs and began to claw at Larry's knee. He fed Nanny, but she kept on clawing.

"I thought from the look on his face that he was annoyed, so I got up from the table and said, 'Larry, I'll take the cat out of the room.'

"But he snapped at me, 'Leave her alone! She is talking to me!'

"His face was tense and I observed that he was absently stroking his nose with his forefinger as he does whenever he is thinking hard. I've noticed that tenseness and that nose stroking more than once when the market's behavior puzzled him. Knowing what that look meant I never said another word, and he didn't. After breakfast we went out together as usual, but without speech. One of his motors was outside in the street, waiting—he had brought a couple of them to Washington with him.

"I walked toward it, but he called out to me 'Let's walk!'

"I said 'All right!' and so we walked down the street.

"We had barely gone a couple of blocks when he suddenly cried 'Let's ride!'

"So we hailed a street car and got on. We rode a little while and then he got up and signaled the conductor to stop at the next corner. We got off and walked in silence toward my office. You know, he is an inveterate smoker. I offered him a cigar, the kind he likes. He'd smoked dozens like it. He shook his head.

"I must have looked surprised, for he said shortly, 'You smoke cabbage!' I may have smiled. He added, 'I'll get some good ones!'

"We walked on. Pretty soon he stopped at one of the hotels, thought a moment, and then went in and bought a cigar at the stand in the lobby. We arrived at the office. There, instead of a casual look around and then hiking off to keep a date with some congressman, as he had done on every other morning of his stay in Washington, he sat down and stared at the blackboard. The market hadn't opened yet, and he waited. It was the first time that week that he had sat down to wait for the opening. Ten o'clock came and the ticker began to click. He got up and walked over to the ticker. He stood there, as I've seen him in his own office, glancing from the tape as it came out, to the blackboard, and back again, tapping his nose with his forefinger as he does when he has not made up his mind as to what to do. Pretty soon he turned to me and began to give me selling orders.

"The market was strong as the deuce. The end of the bull market seemed far away. I knew he had a big profit, so, of course, I did not blame him, but I felt like asking him if he thought the end of the big rise had come. He kept on until he had sold out over seventy thousand shares of U. S. Steel at a profit of a million and a quarter, and thirty-five thousand shares of other stocks. In all, he cleaned up about two millions.

"The market took the first fifty thousand shares of Steel as if nothing had happened. He got almost the top prices of the bull movement for his stocks. Now what do you call that? If he had been in his own office in New York in touch with market affairs, listening to inside dope or even to rumors, I wouldn't have wondered, for all that I myself failed to see any indication of the culmination of the bull market. But all that week there in Washington he had not shown the slightest interest in any of our telegrams from the New York office; he had not once discussed market matters with anybody. He was bullish when he arrived and he had done or seen nothing that could have made him turn. In fact, I had never seen him less interested in the course of the market. All he seemed to care to talk about was the folly of some of the proposed measures for taxing stock sales. Then all of a sudden, for no reason whatever, before he had seen a single quotation, he wanted to get out. It made him cross and fidgety, and he simply had to sell every share he was carrying. I call that a hunch—a curious psychical phenomenon. What do you call it?"



"I call it a good story," I said.

"It is as true as the Gospel," averred Tucker. "Every word of it."

"I know it," I said.

Some friends came in and we ceased talking about Larry Livingston and his trading impulses.

What Really Happened

THAT night in his home I spoke to Larry Livingston about hunches. In all the stories that he himself had told me I could perceive but one real hunch—one really inexplicable impulse to do the right thing in the market in the face of actual conditions—and that was when he sold Union Pacific short before the news of the San Francisco earthquake was known. The rest of the so-called hunches were merely the result of a series of ticker observations—of experience lessons, each rather slight but in the aggregate powerful enough to motivate him.

He nodded his acquiescence. Then I told him the story I had heard from his Washington friend. According to Tucker, all that Livingston did was to play the lucky black-cat hunch and cash in a couple of millions.

"Oh, that's one of Tucker's yarns," said Livingston impatiently. "Nothing to that! I do get irresistible impulses at times to do certain things in the market. It doesn't matter whether I am long or short of stocks. I must get out. I am uncomfortable until I do. I myself think it is as you say. I see a lot of warning signals. Perhaps not a single one may be sufficiently clear or powerful to afford me a positive, definite reason for doing what I suddenly feel like doing. That, I think, is all there is to what you have called the ticker sense, which you say James R. Keene had so strongly developed, and other operators before him. Usually, I admit, the warning turns out to be not only sound but timed to the minute. But the particular story he told you was not about a hunch. I didn't have any that time; not as he has described it. The cat had nothing to do with it. What he says about my getting up so grumpy that morning I suppose can be explained—if I really was grouchy—by my disappointment. I knew I was not convincing the congressmen I talked to and the committee did not view the problem of taxing Wall Street as I did. I wasn't trying to arrest or evade taxation on stock

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POBBLE & CO.

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

V

SCOTT MANNING and Ellean Pennington laid out the plans for the Pobble System campaign that night. They sat side by side behind the big Pennington desk, and bent their heads together over the sheets of Miss Aurelia Pennington's best notepaper, which they were covering with names and figures and estimates. Scott alternated between moments of admiration for the way the little tendrils of Ellean's bright hair curled up in the back of her neck and moments of reminding himself that she was practically engaged to two men already.

Ellean's attention was undivided. She said that she could sell any number of copies of The Pobble Perfect Memory System for him herself, because all her friends would take them; and she could get just heaps of people to take lessons of him. At first Scott rebelled at this, but he saw the justice of Ellean's remark that he could make more money in half an hour with a big class than he could in all day, selling even de luxe editions at $25 apiece.

Ellean was better than her word. During the next week she turned over to Scott a perfectly amazing number of orders and pupils and suggestions.

Miss Aurelia was delighted. She said that at last Ellean seemed to be taking a serious interest in something. She would have been less pleased, perhaps, if she had known that Ellean had gradually extended the field of her activities outside her own immediate circle of friends, and that with increasing frequency, when she saw a house that just looked as if it needed a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System, she stopped and sold it one. Ellean was an excellent saleswoman. No thought, perhaps, would have been harder for Miss Aurelia Pennington to bear.

The idea of her niece interesting her friends in a worthy system for the worthy purpose of assisting a worthy and ambitious young man was one thing; the idea of her niece book-agenting from door to door would have been quite another. Ellean was aware of this. It was why she did not happen to say anything about it to Miss Aurelia. Neither did she mention it to Scott.

At the same time the activities of The Pobble Perfect Memory System were reaching out in other directions. One day Ellean took Scott with her to the Brandlewaite Country Club. An hour later he was sitting on the railing of the clubhouse piazza, smiling his bewildering smile and drawing forth shouts of appreciative laughter by his remarks on Mr. Cheever and Mr. Patch and Mr. Merriman, and the heart and the hat and the bow, and the man who waited for ninety-three freight trains. Scott had a very pleasant afternoon. He also took a great many orders.

One of the men whom he met that day suggested that he drive out with him the following afternoon to his own club at Buxton Hills. He said that the people there were always crazy for something new. They were. The Pobble Perfect Memory System was new, and they hailed it with acclaim.

After that the round of the country club became an institution. Scott, with the assistance of Ellean, reduced his procedure to a positive science. First he found someone who could introduce him as his guest; Scott found his rather wide acquaintance useful. Then he played nine holes of golf, preferably with someone who did not like golf too well. By the time they had played round Scott had contrived to mention The Pobble Perfect Memory System. Then they went and sat in the shade in front of the clubhouse, and Scott's new friend mentioned The Pobble Perfect Memory System again. Then the others wanted to know all about it, and Scott told them. After that there was nothing else to do save to enter their orders in his order book, and say that he would see that the books were shipped at once.

Only to his own club Scott did not go. His father sometimes played there too. Scott was not ashamed of The Pobble Perfect Memory System, but it was a subject that he did not care to discuss with Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr.



"And," Pursued Ellean, "if You'll Give Me Twenty-Five Nice Shiny Dollars I'll Give You My Sample Copy, and Go Away and Not Bother You Any More"

Mr. Manning, Sr., meantime, was becoming increasingly puzzled by his son's conduct. He did not admit that he was curious, but he said to himself that he thought that he ought to know what the young scamp was up to. Scott, however, showed no tendency to confide in him. He did not often stop now, even when he was asked, to read his father's papers, but his refusal seemed less because he bore a grudge than because he was in too great a hurry. Scott always seemed to be going out.

Mr. Manning watched his coming and going with interest. He saw his son go away early every morning—before he himself did—and return barely in time for dinner. After dinner he dressed with a meticulous care that even Scott had never shown before, and went out again. Mr. Manning noticed that he always took his car in the morning, but that when he came back his shoes were sometimes dusty. This, he considered, was a very suspicious circumstance.

It was just at this time that an odd thing happened. Ellean, driving through town alone on her way from delivering two copies of a certain little volume to the Epworth Lending Library, chanced to notice a solid, expensive-looking house that fairly cried aloud for a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System; and when, in addition, she saw a solid, rather expensive-looking man sitting on the piazza she decided to stop and sell him one. And so it was that Mr. Manning, waiting on the piazza for it to be time for dinner, was surprised to see a very large brown car stopping at his door, and directly afterwards to see a very small person in brown approaching him with a small brown leather volume under her arm.

"Good evening," said Ellean.

"Good evening," said Mr. Manning, and gave her a chair.

Ellean smiled at him with a delightful assumption of friendship.

"You wouldn't think, just to look at me," she said at last, "that I'd come to sell you something—would you?"

"No," said Mr. Manning.

He said to himself that she hadn't either.

"But that's what I did come for," Ellean resumed. "I came to sell you a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System, Edition de Luxe, Revised and Enlarged, with Additional Examples and Exercises, price $25."

Mr. Manning opened his mouth to roar at Miss Ellean Pennington as he was accustomed to roar at book agents. Then he opened his mouth to say that he did not want any such thing. Even Mr. Manning, however, was not entirely unconscious of feminine loveliness. What he really said, therefore, was quite different.

He said: "You think I've got a poor memory, do you?"

"Oh, no," said Ellean quickly, "but I thought you might have someone in your family who is forgetful. Haven't you got a family?"

"I've got a son," said Mr. Manning.

"And is he forgetful?"

"Um—rather," said Mr. Manning.

"And does he forget what you tell him?"

"Sometimes."

"And does he forget not to spend more than his allowance?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Ellean in triumph, "The Pobble Perfect Memory System is exactly what he needs."



"Perhaps it is," Mr. Manning admitted.

"And it's only $25," she reminded him.

Mr. Manning made an inarticulate noise in his throat.

"And," pursued Ellean, "if you'll give me twenty-five nice shiny dollars I'll give you my sample copy, and go away and not bother you any more."

"It isn't a bother," said Mr. Manning. "It's a pleasure."

No one could have been more surprised than Mr. Manning himself to hear himself saying so.

Ellean, having made the suggested exchange, started down the steps. Then she stopped.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Manning," he said.

Ellean nodded.

"I like to keep a list of the people I sell them to," she explained. "I haven't got my book here now, so I can't write it down, but I'll apply The Pobble Perfect Memory System to your name and then I won't forget it."

They parted excellent friends, and Ellean, characteristically passing over the obvious association, tripped down the path to her car, repeating over and over to herself as she went, "Manning a ship—manning a ship—manning a ship."

Mr. Manning said to himself that she might be a book agent, but she was an awfully nice little girl.

Then he sat down and looked through the de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System. He reflected that if he should—he wouldn't really, but if he should—decide to give Scott one more chance at the law school this fall, perhaps, as she said, the book might be just the thing for him.

When presently Scott returned, however, Mr. Manning executed a curious maneuver. As his son's car whirled into the drive he rose, placed his copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System in his chair, and seated himself firmly upon it.

Scott greeted his father pleasantly, and went straight upstairs.

Mr. Manning noticed that there was dust on his shoes.

Ellean called Scott up that evening to tell him that during the day she had sold two copies of The Pobble Perfect Memory System to the Epworth Lending Library, and two copies to the Wayfield Lending Library, and two copies to the Sherwood Lending Library, and one de luxe copy to a Mr. Shipman; and that during the evening she could not see him because Gib and Stan were coming and she wanted to see them specially.

Scott was very much cast down. If he had known what was taking place on the lawn of the respectable Pennington estate he would have been even more so. The fact was that Ellean had had a new idea.

Ellean herself was sitting flat on the grass with her feet tucked under her.

She made Mr. Stanley Barker and Mr. Gibson Mylls sit on the grass in front of her. Mr. Gibson Mylls did not like to sit on the grass, because it was damp; and Mr. Stanley Barker did not like to sit anywhere, because he preferred to walk up and down; but that was where Ellean said they were to sit.

"Now I'll tell you," she said. "I'm going to have a competition, and you two are going to compete."

Mr. Gibson Mylls touched his little mustache with an affectionate forefinger and said "H'm."

Mr. Stanley Barker did not say anything, but he looked as if Miss Ellean Pennington was the only person on earth who could dictate to him without having him dictate back.

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"We're going to see," she said, "which of you can sell more copies of The Pobble Perfect Memory System than the other can. And the one that wins is going to get a Grand Prize."

Mr. Gibson Mylls displayed unexpected determination. He said that he was not going to do any such thing.

"You would," said Ellean, unmoved, "if you knew what the Grand Prize is going to be."

Mr. Stanley Barker had been watching her narrowly.

"You mean," he said practically, "that you'll marry the one that sells the most copies of The Pobble System?"

Ellean held up her hands in mock horror.

"Why, Stan!" she said. "How can you! What a crass, common, vulgar, gross, disgusting, low-down, good-for-nothing remark for you to make!"

Mr. Stanley Barker was not to be repressed.

"It's what you do mean, isn't it?" he insisted.

"Stan!" said Ellean again. "Stop it! I didn't say any such thing! Do you think I'm a pony, to be knocked down to the highest bidder?"

She got up and began to walk off toward the house.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Stanley Barker, "if that's the way you want to act about it! It's what you do mean, just the same."

Ellean did not stop.

"But, Ellean," called Mr. Gibson Mylls, "listen!"

And still Ellean did not stop.

Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker walked up and down one of the respectable graveled paths and told each other that they wouldn't have anything to do with such a ridiculous scheme. And wasn't that just like Ellean anyway? Then they went home and began to compete.

Mr. Stanley Barker met with immediate success. He was a young man who might in any case have been a book agent if he had been born into a different family. He enjoyed book-agenting.

Mr. Gibson Mylls did his competing by correspondence. His method was simple but effective. First he wrote to all his college friends, asking them to buy four copies each of The Pobble Perfect Memory System, Edition de Luxe, Revised and Enlarged, with Additional Examples and Exercises, limp brown leather with gilt edges and gold tooling, $25 each. If they replied favorably he wrote again, saying thank you. If on the other hand they replied saying that they were stony broke, he wrote again, asking them to buy four copies just the same, and send the bill to him. Mr. Mylls, too, did very well.

Ellean did not tell Scott of her arrangement with Gibson Mylls and Stanley Barker. He heard it first from Mr. Barker himself, whom he chanced to meet in the Pennington drive one day with a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System under his arm.

"But I don't want you to sell any books for me," said Scott in answer to his opening remark.

Mr. Barker shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't think for a minute that we're selling them for you," he said. "We're selling them for her. She's going to marry the one that sells the most."

Scott was very seldom angry, but when Mr. Barker's meaning was thus made entirely plain to him his expression closely resembled that of Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., on a certain memorable day in the latter part of June. He told Mr. Barker a number of things that he had always rather wanted him to know, added his general estimate of Mr. Mylls, and finished by mentioning where Mr. Barker might go and stay, and where Mr. Mylls might go and stay, and where The Pobble Perfect Memory System might go and stay. Then he plucked the de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System from under Mr. Barker's arm and hurled it into the shrubbery.

After that he and Mr. Barker did not see any more of each other.

Mr. Mylls made no effort to look Scott up.

Afterwards, when he was calmer, Scott said to himself that of course Ellean had a right to marry anyone that she chose, and to choose him in any way that she wanted to. Then he said that of course he shouldn't take any of their dirty money, but of course he could always give their dirty money back. And he supposed that he couldn't keep them from selling books if Ellean wanted them to.

But the immediate result of the discovery was that he worked harder than ever at the Pobble System, in the evenings studied the law in general and his father's business in particular, and saw less and less of Ellean. To be sure, he still went there three times a week for a rather perfunctory lesson with her and Aunt Aurelia, but he hurried away afterward with a greater promptness than he had ever shown before. He found that while he was still there, watching the quick play of expression on Ellean's eager little face, he was quite unable to regard her simply as a heartless child who had gambled away her happiness for a whim. And that, as matters stood, was the light in which he preferred to regard her.

VI

MR. MANNING, SR., noticed that Scott dressed with especially meticulous care only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and that on these evenings he came in early. He was not curious about Scott's change in habit, but he wondered what it meant.

And meantime the great work went on. Scott finished with the country clubs and began with the hotels, making flying trips, now here, now there, to coast or mountains. At first he simply went. Afterwards he was asked to come. Weary sitters on hotel piazzas who had spent the entire season plowing little furrows in the boards with their chair rockers, trampers who did not like to tramp, fishers who did not like to fish, and golfers who did not like to golf were roused to fresh enthusiasms by the associations of Mr. Baer, and Mr. Patch and Mr. Sawtell, and the man who wore out seven hundred and ninety-six pairs of shoes before he was eighty. It became one of the season's witticisms to wonder how many golf clubs a person could wear out in the first hundred years. New names on hotel registers were snapped up and associated before the ink was dry. It became fashionable to translate the day of the month into words from the code.

Everywhere that Scott went he found success awaiting him. He had, of course, his big days, such as the day at Magnolia, when Mr. Brumpton, the millionaire, proposed to give a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System to every public library in New England; or the day when Mrs. Minks, the popeyed dowager at the Sunset Hill House in the White Mountains, discovered the reason for so much social unrest, and decided to eliminate it by placing a copy of The Pobble Perfect Memory System in the hands of each of the orphans in her favorite orphan asylum. But all Scott's days were good days.

A kind of cult of the perfect memory grew up. Reports of the new method spread from Swampscott to York Beach, and from York Beach to Ogunquit, and from Ogunquit to Crawford, and the Profile House, and the New Mount Washington, and Bethlehem, and The Balsams, and the Canada Line. The system became fashion's summer plaything. Not to know Mr. Cheever and the meat cleaver was to argue yourself unknown.

But the season was drawing to a close; the law school would soon be opening, and Scott was ready to go back. He confided to Ellean that he didn't know what he should do with The Pobble Perfect Memory System when he went.

As a fitting close to his career as the Pobble representative, however, it was arranged that he should give a final all-surpassing lecture on the subject of The Practical Applications of The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

Ellean had arranged it—at the Governor Bradford Lecture Hall in town, where all the really great lectures of the season were held. She had scorned offers of the Shawcroft Rooms and Emerson's; for though they were eminently proper, they were proper and nothing more. She knew that to have Scott appear at the Governor Bradford Hall would assure the audience that she wished to have; people from Brandlewaite and other respectable suburbs always went in town to the lectures at the Governor Bradford Hall as a matter of course, because the Governor Bradford Hall was the place where they were going to be held. On the night before the lecture the house was already sold out.

The lecture was to begin at eight o'clock. At five minutes before the hour the audience was already settled—rustling. Ellean herself, however, was almost late. Then just as she had parked her car and was flying across the street, panic-stricken lest she should not arrive in time to see Scott come in, she ran—literally—into Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr.

"Oh, Mr. Shipman!" she cried. "How nice! I'm awfully glad to see you. Are you going to the lecture?"

"No," said Mr. Manning. "What lecture?"

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"Now I'll Tell You," She Said. "I'm Going to Have a Competition, and You Two are Going to Compete"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Industrial Symptoms

ALL industrial disorders are accompanied by a large element of mere talk and wasted time in the discussion of symptoms rather than the causes of disease. Instead of trying calmly to remove or improve the conditions that bring about the attack men wildly denounce its more violent and superficial indications. Intense excitement was caused by the rent profiteering of a year or two back and the coal profiteering of the present, but where was the equally keen interest in preventing the malady from starting on its course?

This is not intended as an indictment of either operators or miners. It is merely a statement, absolutely irrefutable, that where profiteering abounds something is radically wrong. In the case of coal it may be nothing more than a period of several months' cessation in mining. It may be something that only time will cure, and hysteria as regards profiteering will not affect it in the least degree.

Of course it is always much easier to denounce profiteers than it is to find ways and means to make a great industry function smoothly. A man who overworks persistently or who destroys his constitution through drinking and smoking always finds it easier to take drugs to tide over his headache or his dizzy spells than he does to mend his ways of living. It is fun to talk about symptoms; it is no fun at all to remedy the abuse of years of bad living.

All through the war any person capable of adding two and two could predict that rents were bound to go up because of the lack of building. Owing to excessive labor costs in the industry, and also because of the sudden inflation all along the line, construction was simply impossible. Yet people crowded more than ever into the congested portions of the larger cities. Many people who would have been as well off on an abandoned farm in Vermont, which might have been bought for a song, insisted upon living between Forty-second and Fifty-ninth streets on Manhattan Island, where most of the rest of the world wanted to live, and then foolishly wondered why rents had gone up.

If we can assure a constant, continuous, smooth, reasonable supply of goods we need not worry about profiteering. If on the other hand industry operates by jerks and a series of armed conflicts no power on earth can prevent profiteering. Rent and fuel commissions may perhaps intimidate and abash the landlord or coal operator or dealer into a semblance of decency, but no power can control the consumer or prevent his paying any price he chooses to pay for choice, select apartments in the most exclusive sections, or for bootleg whisky or for coal.

By all means let us prevent profiteering if we can. Let us prevent paying for the war. Let us waste our forests and still have standing timber. Let us eat, drink and be merry and have a sound constitution at the end. Let us never pay the piper. Let us get away without paying our board bill. In other words, wouldn't it have been more sensible to have considered coal profiteering when the production of coal was stopped for months at a time instead of after the harm has been done? Why so much excitement after the barn door has been left open for many months? Did any person in his senses expect a different outcome?

A State-Controlled Monopoly

EVERY country has its troubles on the toboggan slide of the business cycle. When a country has most of its eggs in one basket the troubles are aggravated. Chile furnishes an illustration. That little country holds the world's monopoly in saltpeter. Export taxes are not levied in this country, but before the war Chile drew three-quarters of her national revenue from the export tax on saltpeter.

Like most things, saltpeter sold well in 1920. In 1921 the demand collapsed. It was difficult to buy and sell on future commitment. In Europe fertilizer to replace saltpeter is being made more and more by fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. In Europe and here more coke ovens are equipped for recovery of ammonia than was the case before the war. Everywhere the buying power of farmers was reduced, and they cut down on fertilizers. In 1920 Chile exported some 2,730,000 tons of saltpeter, 1,237,000 tons coming to the United States. In 1921 the total export fell to 1,132,000 tons, most of which came here. This corresponded to a loss of practically half the revenue of the state.

This was worse than the decline in returns from income tax experienced in England and in this country as the result of the business collapse. Nor is the future roseate, since signs are not lacking to indicate that Europe intends to free herself, if possible, from dependence on the saltpeter of Chile.

The use of fertilizer is in its infancy in this country, but with our coal and water power there seems to be no reason why we should not develop self-sufficiency in nitrogenous fertilizers at a price comparable with the price of the imported natural saltpeter.

German Exchange Troubles

THE coal strike in the United Kingdom involved questions of wages of miners, housing conditions and price of coal. The coal strike in the United States represented principally a controversy over wages and collection of union dues by operators. For several months the coal miners of Germany have been on the verge of a strike. The employers and workers have been able to come to agreement on the subject of wages and the state has permitted the price of coal to be raised to cover the advance in wages. The deadlock has occurred over method of payment of wages.

It has long been the custom in Germany to pay the miners at the end of the month. This system was formerly regarded by the miners as making for thrift. With a falling exchange this is not at all the case. The miners during this summer found the wages paid in paper marks at the end of the month lower in buying power in the month they were to be expended.

Prices rise with fall in the mark, and the deferred wage has a continuously falling purchasing power. It has happened on two occasions that the real wages of the month had fallen one-third.

The miners demand to be paid by the week or by the fortnight, in advance. The employers resist this demand on the ground that their credit requirements would be greatly increased and their system of bookkeeping disorganized. They also retort that during the times when the mark rose the wage earners profited by the payment at the end of the month. But the workers have had few opportunities to watch the mark rise. Coal is sold daily at the mark value of the day. In equity the workers expect to be paid daily at the mark value of the day. Little wonder that *Valuta* is the biggest word in the German language.

The Captains and the Kings

THE winds of governmental change which swept Europe after the armistice picked up a grand collection of scepters and diadems. Here in America we did not realize there were so many all-highests and kings and grand dukes and minor monarchs until the scatteration began. It looked for a time as though kingship were going completely out of fashion.

The tide subsided, however, the remaining monarchs climbed out of the cyclone cellar holding their crowns on with both hands, things settled down; and then the inevitable reaction came. Constantine found his way back to the throne of Greece, Karl of Austria stole out of exile and made two feeble efforts to climb up on the Hapsburg throne again, the monarchists of Germany began to carry on their propaganda openly. Part of the population of Bavaria—a small portion probably, but a noisy one—clamors for the return of the Wittelsbachs. Even in Austria, reduced to rags and tatters through the folly of one half-crazed autocrat, there seems to be a distinct royalist movement. There is plotting, more or less open, everywhere. That old stand-by of the crossroads debating societies—Is the monarchial form of government better than the republican?—once a purely academic discussion because of the stability of governments, has become one of the vital questions of the day.

To those whose belief in democracy is firmly rooted it is surprising how easily royalist sentiment can be fomented and how wide is the sympathy for any movement to set up hereditary rulers again in the countries of Europe. The ghastly mistakes and treacheries which led to the Great War and marked its progress throughout seemed to have forever discredited the idea of monarchial rule; but today the theory is being put forward that perhaps these European nations are not ready for any other form of government, that they do not understand any other kind, and that greater stability can be obtained by a reversion to old forms. There is plenty of sentiment of that kind, even here in the United States. It is only too easy to find those who profess an admiration for the settled and gilded state of a limited monarchy. They do not quarrel with the republican idea so far as our country is concerned, but they fear it cannot be successfully applied under existing conditions in Europe.

It is doubtful if any of the new republics in Europe today face more desperate conditions or harsher odds than the thirteen scattered and impoverished colonies which essayed the great experiment back in 1776. It is certain that in no case would the restoration of a monarch effect a cure of the evils which are advanced as arguments for his return. Would the reëstablishment of a Kaiser at Potsdam bring back the mark or lessen Germany's reparation burden? Would the opening of the Hofburg put more food into the mouths of the starving people of Vienna? When the hope of Europe lies in less aggressive nationalism and the establishment of coöperation between the too numerous little countries, there should be a lesson in the sorry sequel to the one restoration to date and the critical position in which Greece now finds herself.

During the dark days from 1914 to 1918 nothing seemed clearer than that as long as Europe remained a powder barrel it would be unsafe to allow the scions of hereditary lines to play around it with lighted matches. There are, of course, limited monarchies where the power of the incumbent is quite nominal, and as long as the people of these countries like that form of government there is no reason for a change, but for kingship in any other form or degree there is no place in the scheme of things in the world today.

Can the deposed kings come back? The question we must ask ourselves is: Can the world afford to let them come back?

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THE CHANGING EAST

China at the Crossroads

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ONE Sunday last spring I went out to the famous Summer Palace built by the late Empress Dowager in the hills just outside Peking. My guide and companion was Ku Hung-ming, a brilliant scholar who had been as much at home in English literature and philosophy at Oxford, where he took high honors, as in the classics of his native Chinese. He is one of the last of the monarchists and still wears his queue, an unusual sight among contemporary intellectuals. Pathetically and whimsically he calls himself a piece of old China.

With this remarkable old man I wandered amid the pagodas and palaces of the beautiful place, so often designated The Fifty Million Dollar Folly, because the empress, or Old Buddha, as they called her, paid for it with funds officially set aside for a navy. Mr. Ku had served her well, and he was therefore full of wistful memories of the days when she was the inexorable law of the land. He also talked of the foreign powers in China and of the unhappy plight of his country.

As we reached the shores of the lake on which reposed the much-described marble boat, one of Old Buddha's many extravagances, Mr. Ku stopped and said, "The attitude of the powers towards China is like the moral of the story I once heard in America about the resourceful girl in the first-aid class. She was asked to tell what restorative to use in case of emergency, and she replied 'Whisky.'

"'Suppose you have no whisky?' was the next query.

"'Then promise it,' was the retort.

"And that," continued Mr. Ku, "is precisely what the foreign powers have been doing for years to China. They have been rich in promises but poor in fulfillment. It remains to be seen if the laudable intentions of the Washington Conference can be carried out."

The old monarchist's remark brings to mind the more familiar incident of the American engineer who on his first visit to Peking was shown a map of China on which the foreign concessions were marked in colors. It looked like a rainbow. After the British, Belgian, Japanese, French, Italian and one-time German areas had been pointed out, he asked, "Where is the Chinese sphere of influence?"

For many years apparently everybody has had a concession in China but the Chinese, and nearly everyone has talked or written about her. An immense amount of ignorant sentimentality has been spilled; advisers in an endless chain have enjoyed sinecures which mainly spelled security for their pay; selfish exploitation, masquerading as helpfulness, has done its worst. No wonder the Chinese asked to be delivered from their friends at the Conference.







Dr. W. W. Yen.
At the Top—Chow-Tsu-Chi. Left, Center—Alfred Sze. Right, Center—Wellington Koo

The Hub of the Pacific

I WENT to the Far East to try to make some appraisal of the economic and political consequences of the Conference. Although limitation of armament was the spectacular feature it was not the real and underlying problem. The mad race for prestige in sheer weight of fighting metal may aggravate a tense situation, but it is more a symptom than a cause. Nations have periodic attacks of virtue and economy, but when nationalism is aroused the best intentions, and with them treaties, go by the board. You have only to go back a few years to find verification of this unhappy fact.

Wars, as we all know, come and go, but the thing called business continues forever. Hence the fundamental and permanent issue at Washington was the commerce of the Far East. In that vast stake China is the all-important factor. With her immense territory—it is one-sixth greater than that of the whole United States—teeming with undeveloped riches, and the practically untapped purchasing power vested in her 400,000,000 people, she constitutes, with the possible exception of Russia and Siberia, the logical reservoir for the surplus products of the Western World. She is the hub of the Pacific, and the Pacific is the last battleground of the struggle for economic existence which is growing more bitter and brutal with each passing year. It is no longer a matter of mere profit but of self-preservation.

Thanks to the sorry mess made of Continental reconstruction following the Versailles Treaty we had come to believe that Europe was the prize imbroglio of political and economic interrelation. But she is not a patch on the Orient, and the center of it all is China. She is the Eastern question, because of her potentialities in demand and supply. This is why she has been the target of innumerable ambitions, and why, armament limitation to the contrary notwithstanding, she was the dominant problem at Washington.

All commercial roads lead to her portals and every world complication has some root there. The German reparations tangle, for example, upon which hangs the peace of Europe, is tied up to China. Why? If Germany is to pay the price of her stupendous folly she must become an even greater workshop. The goods of that shop must be sold. China was one of her best markets before the World War and Teutonic products are already flowing back to it. Likewise, Japan's whole industrial future depends upon how she coöperates with her neighbor. If we are to hang onto our war-born foreign trade and employ our merchant marine we must, as an observant American once remarked, set up shop, and not merely make visits to China.

The Great Enigma

IN THE preceding articles, save in the one that dealt with the latest Chinese civil war, we have only skirted China, as it were. Now we come to the colossus itself. It is a timely, if difficult, hour for analysis.

With her weaknesses and aspirations revealed by the spotlight of the Washington Conference; with an awakened consciousness that has already sought to lift the topheavy burden of militarism; with a general like Wu Pei-fu as unofficial steward of the republic, and with a new nine-power treaty, she stands, as never before, at the crossroads of her destiny.

Will China be able to capitalize the opportunity? What is the equity behind that teeming mass of millions? Does the confusion of today herald the order and unification of tomorrow? In this, and the remaining articles of the series, an effort will be made to find the answers.

No matter from what angle you attack the Chinese problem, there are difficulties in getting at anything like stable as well as comprehensive results. When you survey the area of the country, with its many and diverse dialects and disturbances, the prospect is almost appalling. It is like trying to describe the Grand Cañon or Victoria Falls. In these two wonders you have miracles of Nature that overwhelm you with their grandeur and their awesomeness. They represent the evolution of the ages. In her own way China also expresses a tremendous span of years.

Long before the Western World saw the light two great civilizations had developed on the other side of the world. One was in India and the other in China. India today is peculiarly a British problem, but China becomes more and more an international issue. In dealing with China you must consider at the outset that she was great when Persia, Babylon, Greece and Rome were at the height of their glory. The Augustan period of the Roman Empire was contemporary with the Han dynasty of China, which ruled imperial domains greater than those of Rome. All those older orders have vanished from the earth, yet China is just beginning a fresh era of advancement.

To go into a survey of any Western country you can at once get down to brass tacks. Not so with China. Just as

(Continued on Page 66)

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Livin' Wage

WE'RE hearin' a whole lot about a livin' wage these days, but who's goin' t' say what a livin' wage is? Surely not some ambitious paper hanger with a second-hand sedan an' two growin' daughters; an' most assuredly not th' painter whose wife is proud of her feet an' loves t' wear white. It seems t' us ther's too many different kinds o' workin'men an' too great an assortment o' tastes an' ambitions 'mongst 'em t' undertake t' even strike a fair medium in th' matter o' wages. We have plumbers who're interested in th' finer things o' life, an' we have plumbers who're dull an' indifferent. We have dude plasterers that no wage would carry from one Saturday t' another, an' dyspeptic plasterers who are unencumbered an' who kin worry along on bananas. Plasterers, same as other workmen, come in all styles. They're single an' double, an' ther's firsts an' culls. Aside from automobiles, pool an' lodges, ther's other things t' consider when tryin' t' arrive at a livin' wage. Some workmen demand prunes each mornin' instead o' oats. Some artisans are fond o' tourin', while others like t' dress up an' look like other people when they're strikin'. A carpenter may belong t' a country club an' be payin' alimony, or he may be powerful politically an' only care t' work when he feels like it. It's goin' t' be purty hard t' decide what a livin' wage is these days o' measured telephone service, ten-dollar shoes, fifty-cent collars an' twenty-nine-cent gasoline. Artisans are jest like bookkeepers. Ther's mild, ploddin', doughnut-eatin' bookkeepers, an' ther's dashin' expert bookkeepers. Workmen are gittin' t' be jest like all of us, an' none of us are gittin' what we think we're worth. Ther's too many new ways t' spend money an' not enough new ways t' git it. 'Bout th' only way we know of fer a feller t' git what he demands, next t' havin' his home made int' a duplex, or bein' a coal miner, is t' become so efficient that he's indispensable; but that's th' long way around, an' besides, it's so hard t' git off t' see a circus parade or take a vacation.

—*Abe Martin.*

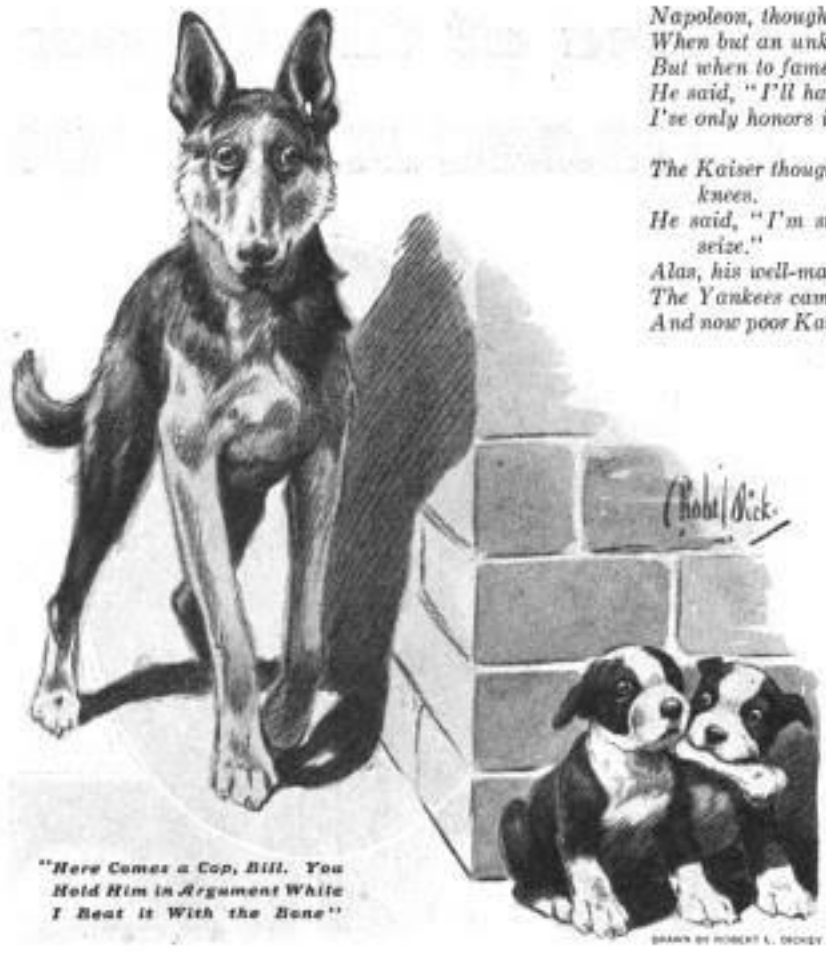
Outline of History by H. G. Wells

BEFORE the dawn of history, in fact before the Flood,
The merry megasaurus chewed his prehistoric cud;
And near him sported on the green
A pterodactyl—Pliocene—
While playfully the brontosaurus frolicked in the mud.

Ah, life was gay and carefree in those happy golden days,
For that was in the Mesozoic Age—to coin a phrase;
But soon there came to spoil it all
The gruff, morose Neanderthal,
A shaggy, low-browed early man, with coarse and vulgar ways.

Ten million years slip by. Ah me! It seems like yesterday.
The prehistoric beasts are gone, but man has come to stay.
He builds rude huts along the lakes,
And fashions spears of flint, and makes
Impressionistic paintings and crude pottery of clay.

The jolly old Egyptians dwelt in splendor by the Nile.
They prayed before the sacred bull and sacred crocodile.
They treated rough the Hebrew kids;
They built the sphinx and pyramids;
Their kings were named for cigarettes—a quaint and novel style.



"Here Comes a Cop, Bill. You Hold Him in Argument While I Beat It With the Bone"

The ancient Greeks went in quite strong for culture and for art.
In fact 'twas back in Athens that the drama got its start.
They licked the Persian hosts upon
The bloody field of Marathon.
Their offspring now sell peanuts and bananas from a cart.

The Romans cleaned up half the earth. J. Cæsar was their boss.
He shot craps at the Rubicon before he swam across.
They offered him a royal crown,
But thrice he had to turn it down,
And then his friend J. Brutus came and threw him for a loss.

The iron-clad Crusaders were a fierce and warlike band.
For many years they battled to redeem the Holy Land.
They fought the heathen Saracen,
And then they all went home again.
When dressed up for a party they resembled something canned.

Columbus claimed this earth of ours was shaped just like a sphere.
His neighbors sneered and laughed at him and said "The guy is queer."
But Isabella hocked her jewels,
And said "Go on, kid! Show them fools."
And so he sailed across the sea, and that's why we are here.

Napoleon, though little, had a large and lofty bean.
When but an unknown corporal he married Josephine,
But when to fame he rose at length
He said, "I'll have to play through strength.
I've only honors in my hand, so I'll discard my queen."

The Kaiser thought he'd bring the French and British to their knees.
He said, "I'm strong for earth control and freedom of the seize."
Alas, his well-made plans went wrong.
The Yankees came, three million strong,
And now poor Kaiser William's up in Holland chopping trees.

And so down through the centuries this gripping story tells
The tale of man's development from protoplasmic cells.
And though the author, here and there,
Has made mistakes, as some declare,
Yet truth lies at the bottom, you will find,
of H. G. Wells.—Newman Levy.

Wrong Brand

"ME GOOD man," she vociferated, looking out from the window of her limousine, "can I find anywhere in the vicinity a form of poverty that would be edifying to contemplate, gracious in aspect, cheerful in disposition, and from a decorative standpoint as ornamental as a peacock on a lawn?"

The aged, whiskered farmer halted the horses attached to his plow and gazed in silence at the magnificent lady.

"Madam," he said at last, "I can point out to you in this county no poverty except that which is horrible to contemplate, hideous in aspect, huddled in almshouses, dirty, diseased and degenerate into the bargain."

"Ah, me!" sighed the fine lady as she subsided into the cushions. "I am a professor of sociology at a seminary attended by the daughters of the wealthy, and my perplexity arises from the lack of any form of poverty that will fit into the theories I expound."

"I understand, madam," sighed the old farmer as he whipped up his horses, "for I am trying now to find a farm that will fit the agriculture my son acquired at a college."

—*Alexander Harvey.*

As it Probably Was

[Being a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. William Bradford in the year 1620, on the eve of the sailing of the good ship Mayflower. The scene is Southampton, England.]

MR. B.: Now listen, dear—for the last time. We've got to get everything into two suitcases; even the steamer trunk is out of the question. The Mayflower isn't a very big boat, remember.

MRS. B.: But I've got to take enough to wear, William. A woman is judged ——

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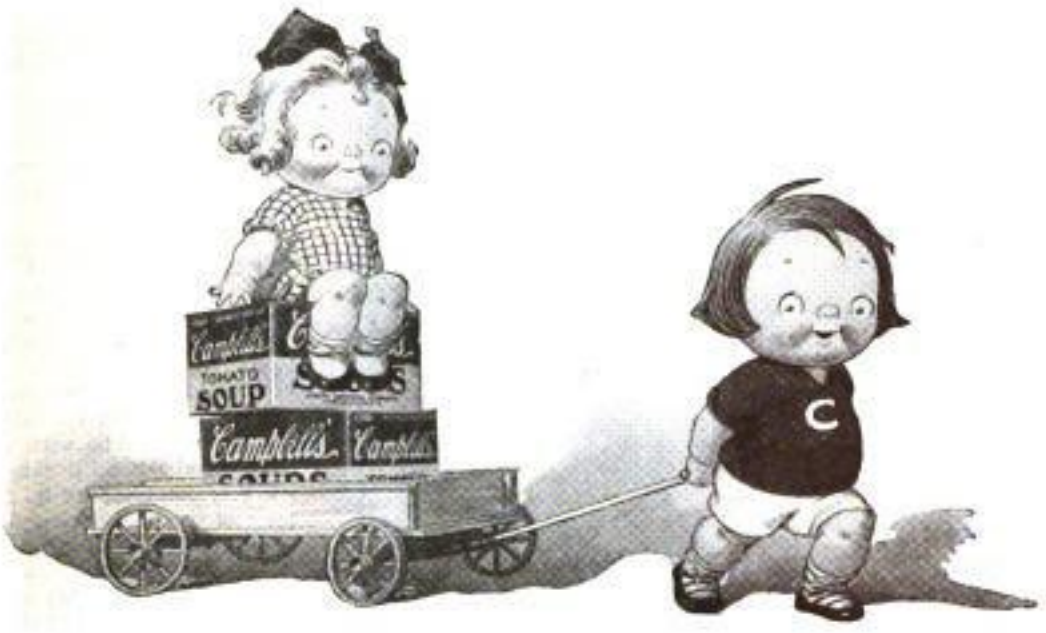


Supposing—a Few Distinguished Senators, Such as Robert M. LaFollette, Hiram Warren Johnson, Senator Borah, Senator Frelinghuysen and Henry Cabot Lodge, Volunteered a Public Demonstration of "How to Keep Warm Though Without Coal"

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

We're frisky go-getters, no lazy forgetters,
Real hustlers at work or in play.
This Campbell's we're bringing
Just sets us all singing—
It's the soup you'll enjoy every day!





Go-getters!

Healthy, up-and-doing people—the men who "get the business"—the women who manage right—are just the kind who enjoy Campbell's Tomato Soup the most. They like its sparkling flavor, its delicious spicy zest, its vigor and nourishment. Every plateful seems to say: "You're sure to like it!"

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is pure tomato—the tonic juices and rich "meat" of the finest fruit strained to a velvety puree. Butter that makes the blend richer and tastier still. Spicing and seasoning deftly added by Campbell's famous chefs. The recipe is an exclusive Campbell's creation. The soup is a delight which never fails to tempt the appetite.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

Your grocer can supply any of these soups

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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BACKBONE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

XIII

WHEN Yvonne de Marsay returned to the library Anthony Bracken was sitting in his chair, his forehead damp with the perspiration of fear. His hand shook as he carried his handkerchief to his brow, and it seemed to Yvonne he had shrunken inches in stature. There was a wizened look to him, an appearance of age and of breaking up. His cold, banker's face, sharp in its outline, carefully shaven, handsome, was hardly to be recognized. It was pulpy, soft, vague. He stared up at her without speaking.

"That was grandfather's voice," she said. "You heard it?"

"I—heard it," he said huskily.

"Did you hear it yesterday?" Her voice was hard, inexorable. Instinct taught her she had seized upon a defenseless moment, when his will was destroyed by terror. "You denied it then."

"No. No."

"You are lying, Anthony Bracken. If my grandfather is so ill, how can he sing? If he is too ill to see me, how can he wander about singing? How could he sing outside your office window? Answer me!"

He wet his lips, which hung loosely, and moved his jaw as if he were chewing some distasteful particle.

"He couldn't. He didn't," said Bracken. "I didn't hear him yesterday. He couldn't have been there. I tell you he couldn't."

"But he sang now—just as he used to sing. I heard him, Mr. Thorne heard him, you heard him. Why were you so frightened?"

"I was not frightened. I—it was exhaustion, overwork, indigestion."

"It was fear," said Yvonne. "Why were you afraid?"

He gripped the upholstery of the chair and fought to knit together his raveled nerves. His brain was inert; it refused to respond to his demands upon it. Terror of a sort he had never experienced held him in dead fingers. He tried to think, to defend himself against her inquisition, but whatever subtility of mind he possessed had deserted him.

"Why does my grandfather sing?" Yvonne demanded.

"He—he is ——"

Bracken forced himself to be silent, fearing what he would answer. He must make no replies to this girl which were not well considered, which could raise up danger for him in the future. It had been on his tongue to tell her André de Marsay was not in his right mind, but he had checked the lie before it was uttered. It would have been a dangerous lie. Insane men cannot issue powers of attorney; they cannot write notes giving orders, or if they do the orders will be disregarded. No, he dared not tell her André was insane.

"He is delirious at moments," he said. Then: "It must have been someone else. Your grandfather could not—it is impossible, impossible!"

"Why?"

He shook his head. His brain was clearer now, but not yet to be trusted. "You must not question me," he said. "It is against his orders."

"Nonsense! I am his granddaughter. I am of more importance to him than any other living being. He loves me, Anthony Bracken. No matter what his illness was, he would want me by his side. There is something wrong, Anthony Bracken. Something evil is going on in this house. I feel it. It is in the very air. The rooms smell of wickedness. What are you doing to my grandfather?"

"Doing to him!" At this direct challenge Bracken's instinct of self-preservation responded. "What should I be doing to him? What could I do to him? He is ill. You know as well as I how vain he is—of his appearance and his dignity. You know ——"

"I know that I suspect you." She paused at a new thought, one that came crashing in upon her as she considered all the circumstances which surrounded her—the dismissal of the old servants and their replacement by the Indian and the Chinaman; the careful guard set over her grandfather's room; the air of lurking watchfulness which lay heavy upon the house. "Anthony Bracken, are you keeping my grandfather a prisoner in his room?"

"Nonsense!" he said in something like his old chill, decisive voice. "You've been reading silly books."

Yvonne eyed him as a queen might eye a traitor who cringed before her in irons. "I don't believe you'd have the courage," she said slowly. "You're a coward. If you could benefit yourself you would do it, Anthony, if you dared. You would do anything for money. Take me to see my grandfather."

"Impossible," he said shortly.

"You wouldn't dare do it," she said musingly, "unless"—her eyes demanded the truth of him—"unless someone were holding you up to it—somebody who could compel you." She gave thought to that possibility. "That man Roper," she said.

"Your grandfather's physician."

"A man he would not permit to step foot in this house!" she said scornfully. "That is the most suspicious fact of all. If everything is right—there is but one way to make me believe everything is right, and that is to take me to my grandfather."



"'Tell Yvonne ——' And Then He Just Mumbled and All I Could Make Out Was a Word Here 'n' There"

"The foolish notions that get into your head are not my fault," he said.

"Anthony," she said, "I'm going to see the inside of that room. I'm going to see my grandfather's face."

"If you do—after my warnings—if you enter that room against his will—you will regret it to your dying day. And if you blab these idiotic ideas of yours ——"

"You are speaking to Yvonne de Marsay," she said. "I shall go where I please, say what I please. Take me to my grandfather or I will find a way to reach him."

"You will not!" he said. "You will do as you are told. For the time I am master of this house and all who are in it. For once you will take orders from somebody. He has spoiled you. He has filled your head with idiotic notions about yourself and the De Marsays—and I'll take some of them out. Meddle with important affairs again and I'll take steps to see you don't repeat it. I'll have none of your headstrong nonsense."

"You!" She laughed shortly. "For years you've been a hanger-on and a lick-spittle. My grandfather has tolerated you. I shall not."

He shrugged his shoulders. It was his purpose, if possible, to veer the talk from the subject of her grandfather.

"You've gotten us into serious difficulties with this man Thorne—burning bridges, dynamiting thoroughfares. What do you mean by it? So help me, if you dare another word or act I'll shut you up so tight you won't be able to do any harm. I'll lock you in your room!"

"I'll do as grandfather would have me do. I'll defend what is ours, as he would have defended it. And nobody will stop me."

"And get us involved in a lawsuit with Thorne."

She smiled. "At any rate," she said, "he is a gentleman. You don't understand his sort. There'll be no lawsuit. He'll fight, but he'll do his own fighting. He won't whine and slink off to lawyers and courts. Oh, if only he were in your place and you in his!"

Her own words took her by surprise. She stood silent, repeating them over, wondering why she had uttered them, and what they meant. She found them to be true. She did wish he were in Bracken's place helping her to fight Bracken in his place. She realized more than this—that when she found him to be an enemy of her house it had meant more to her than if he had been another than himself. There was something about the young man that had demanded of her her confidence and her friendship. In her extremity she had seen him as one upon whom she might depend. Vaguely, not deliberately, she had somehow counted on him. And yet he irritated her. She could be very angry with him. Most significant of all, he touched her imagination and tweaked at her curiosity. She regretted the necessity of hating him.

"Let me repeat to you," said Bracken, now almost himself again, "that I will have no meddling from you."

"And let me repeat to you," she said, "that I shall do exactly as I have a mind to. The idea—the idea of your daring to give me orders!"

The game had ended in stalemate. Bracken was afraid of what this headstrong, impulsive girl might be moved to do, and yet he could not control her. She would not submit to his control, and filled with apprehensions as he was, naturally timid, he dared undertake no harsh methods. He was afraid of her, of her potentialities for trouble-making. In short, he was nonplused, and made up in bluster what he lacked in actual authority.

As for Yvonne, she felt her helplessness. She burned with humiliation that she, the granddaughter of André de Marsay, the crown princess, as it were, should be so

(Continued on Page 28)

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Standard of the World



CADILLAC

Just how much deeper and stronger the national affection for the Cadillac has recently become, is demonstrated by the fact that Type 61 is recording the most successful year in Cadillac history.

A large proportion of Type 61 owners are men who have owned previous Cadillac types, and whose acquaintance with Cadillac, therefore, is of several years' standing.

Their regard for the Cadillac is not unlike that which they have for an old and trusted friend, whose character they admire and upon whose good faith they know that they can rely.

In their years of association with the Cadillac, they have had ample opportunity to test out its qualities under almost every conceivable condition. Invariably they have found it the same likeable, even-tempered Cadillac, responsive to their mood and dependably worthy of the confidence they place in it.

Consequently, Cadillac owners have proved that once they have chosen friends they are slow indeed in changing them, by coming back regularly for another and another Cadillac.

Regularly, year by year, their circle is joined by other discerning men and women who are desirous of forming a similar pleasant and enduring relationship with Cadillac.

They are agreed that their attachment to Cadillac finds highest expression in Type 61, the same Cadillac they have always admired, but with the added charm and deeper powers which years have given it.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation



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(Continued from Page 26)

powerless, so futile. As far as she could see in four directions the hills were hers; the men who logged them drew her pay and should be subject to her orders. So she reasoned. In the illness of her grandfather she should rule as heir to all things which were his, yet as soon as the silver in her purse was expended she would find herself dependent upon Anthony Bracken for money. How such a situation could have come about she was unable to comprehend. It was against nature. She could not rule even her own home. She could not walk its halls without espionage. And a stranger, a man with no De Marsay blood in his veins, a hired man, a dependent and hanger-on, exercised the high justice, the middle and the low! There was nothing she could do about it, and she raged at her helplessness.

There was no one to whom she could appeal, if her pride had permitted a cry for help. But she was not afraid—only angry, bitterly angry, humiliated and lonely.

So they faced each other warily, Yvonne eager to exercise power over this man if it were hers, Bracken possessing power, but forbidden by his timidity to make effective use of it. She felt herself the victim of a revolution in the palace, dethroned by some successful plot. Her imagination saw events in a romantic light, through a glamorous fourteenth-century haze. Bracken was mayor of the palace, she a Merovingian princess. Bracken was solaced by no romance. He saw himself in a ticklish situation and this girl as the chief menace to his security.

Yvonne had the last word, and it was one that fitted so snugly among Bracken's apprehensions that he was never thereafter to rid himself of it.

"This can't last," she said. "The time is coming when you will have to explain everything and account for everything. And it will be I who shall demand the accounting."

With that she turned and left the room. Presently she left the house, for its atmosphere stifled her. She remained within its walls only so much as necessity required. Her home had ceased to be her home—had become noisome, heavy with poisonous, nightmare vapors of dread and of suspicion. Lightness and gayety had vanished from it, to be replaced by a heavy, damp, clinging fog of threatened impending calamity. It was impossible for Yvonne to breathe its atmosphere of stealth and live. She sought the fair sunshine and the pure air of her valley and drew from it life and strength to endure and to defy.

As she descended the hill toward the village she saw, laboring upward toward her, stopping now and then to pant for breath and to clutch her heaving sides, a woman's figure which would be notable in any company for its abundance. Yvonne paused, poised, and a light of joyful recognition came into her eyes. Then throwing dignity to the winds she ran and called as she ran:

"Tante! Tante Whidden!"

And then with childish abandon she threw herself headlong upon that ample bosom, clasping it with her eager arms and pressing her cheek to the woman's dumpling cheek, and there she clung.

"Knock a body off their feet!" said Mrs. Whidden with a formidable scowl. "Divin' at a body like they was a lake of water!" She spoke as a cross-grained, high-tempered old lady should speak, but then her voice changed. "My lamb! My precious lambkin!"

A large, an extraordinarily large tear oozed corpulently out of her eye and paused speculatively on her lid before it undertook the passage of her cheek. Her face was still severe. It had softened in none of its firm masculine lines, but her eyes were the eyes of a mother seeing after a long absence the face of her child.

Mrs. Whidden was a belligerent old lady in every curve and line and movement of her. Her chin was square and her mouth was large and of a firmness quite unbelievable. Her voice was harsh to hoarseness, and despite her rotundity her every movement was brisk, brusque, of a decisive jerkiness. Her date was the early '80's. On her gray hair, which refused to grow white, was a jet bonnet, whose ribbons were tied so tightly under her chin that the knot was quite lost sight of and buried in flesh. About her shoulders she wore a Paisley shawl. Her dress was black silk, made from a dress pattern bought for her by her late husband in the year 1884, and she dated events from its acquisition, as: "Lemme see. That fambly moved here two year after I got my black silk, seems as though." Or, "Minnie's fust boy was born the day my black silk was seven year old."

This dress she wore Sundays and at funerals. It was her boast that she never missed "church ner buryin'."

There is a kind of shoe known to commerce as a common-sense shoe. Mrs. Whidden's shoes were the grandmothers of all common-sense shoes. They were of the ancient and disappearing type known as the congress, with elastic strips down the ankles, and were pulled on like a boot. The toes were their widest point, and they were of leather so soft that each of Mrs. Whidden's toes was clearly outlined for the public to speculate upon. She wore steel-rimmed spectacles, and there was a gold chain of astounding length about her neck which terminated in a gentleman's hunting-case watch.

In the privacy of her room she smoked a pipe! This was not for solace, be it understood, nor for love of the weed, but for "stummick" trouble. An itinerant patent-medicine vender once told her tobacco smoke was a sovereign remedy for indigestion. Let this prejudice no nice person against Mrs. Whidden, for if every man, woman and child whose grandmother smoked a pipe should be excluded from polite society there would be a marked scantiness at social functions. Also she drank tea. There was always a drawin' of tea on the stove, and in number of cups consumed per diem she could vie with the most distinguished male inebriate in the county. Finally, she was seventy-four years old and wanted it understood that, even at her age, she didn't calc'late to take no back talk from nobuddy.

She pushed Yvonne away and, drawing in her chins, frowned at the girl through her steel-rimmed spectacles. It was an inspection. Yvonne almost expected Mrs. Whidden to tweak forward one of her ears to discover if she had washed thoroughly behind it.

"Huh!" said Mrs. Whidden, "don't see but what you look about the same's usual. Them furrin parts didn't work no change wuth noticin'. Ketch that earl you was settin' your cap fer?" It was a fiction of the old lady's that Yvonne had determined to marry what she called a belted earl, and that no other species of masculine creature need apply.

Yvonne, who never wept, was crying softly and enjoying it.

"Here—hold your head back if you got to beller," said Mrs. Whidden. "Hain't goin' to have my black silk all spotted up with salt tears."

"Oh, auntie, auntie! I thought you'd gone away—and deserted me."

"Gone away—me? Huh! Sent away. Took to the door and turned out—that's what. Me, that's been in the fambly since your grandpa was a boy, turned off with a month's wages! But I'm back." She shook her head until the jet of her bonnet rattled. "I'm back, and the's them that'll find it out. Soon's I heard you was here I come full tilt. What's all the goin's-on up to that house?"

"Where can we go to talk? Not there. I can't talk to you there, and I've so much to tell you and to ask you."

"We'll traipse right down to the ho-tel and make that ol' coot, Pop Peake, let us set in his parlor. Now don't go rompin' off like a colt. Remember, you're growed up and 'tain't becomin' to prance."

At the hotel they found Pop Peake sitting on the stoop smoking a cigar contributed by a traveling man. He was in his shirt sleeves and wore his collar on the dresser two flights up.

"Mr. Peake," said Mrs. Whidden, "we want to borry the loan of your parlor for a spell."

"Like to 'blige ye, but the's two travelin' men in there a-playin' cribbage. Watched 'em a spell, but didn't git no good out of it. Now, if I do say it I kin count a cribbage hand faster'n any feller in the state."

"Tell them to git out," said Mrs. Whidden.

"Wa-al, now," remonstrated Pop, "they're guests, payin' their way, and I hain't got no right ——"

Mrs. Whidden marched up the steps and into the hotel. She paused majestically in the parlor door and surveyed the drummers.

"Young men," she said, "I want to occupy this here parlor. Pick up them cards and clear out. Leavin' aside everything else, I don't hold with card playin' on Sunday."

When they had settled themselves on Pop's haircloth sofa, upon which Mrs. Whidden sat gasping for breath like a miscolored goldfish out of water, with Yvonne sitting beside her, clinging to her hand as if the girl was afraid she would vanish without warning, Yvonne said, "Auntie, tell me first about that night—when grandfather was taken ill. Were you there? What happened? I—I don't know anything."

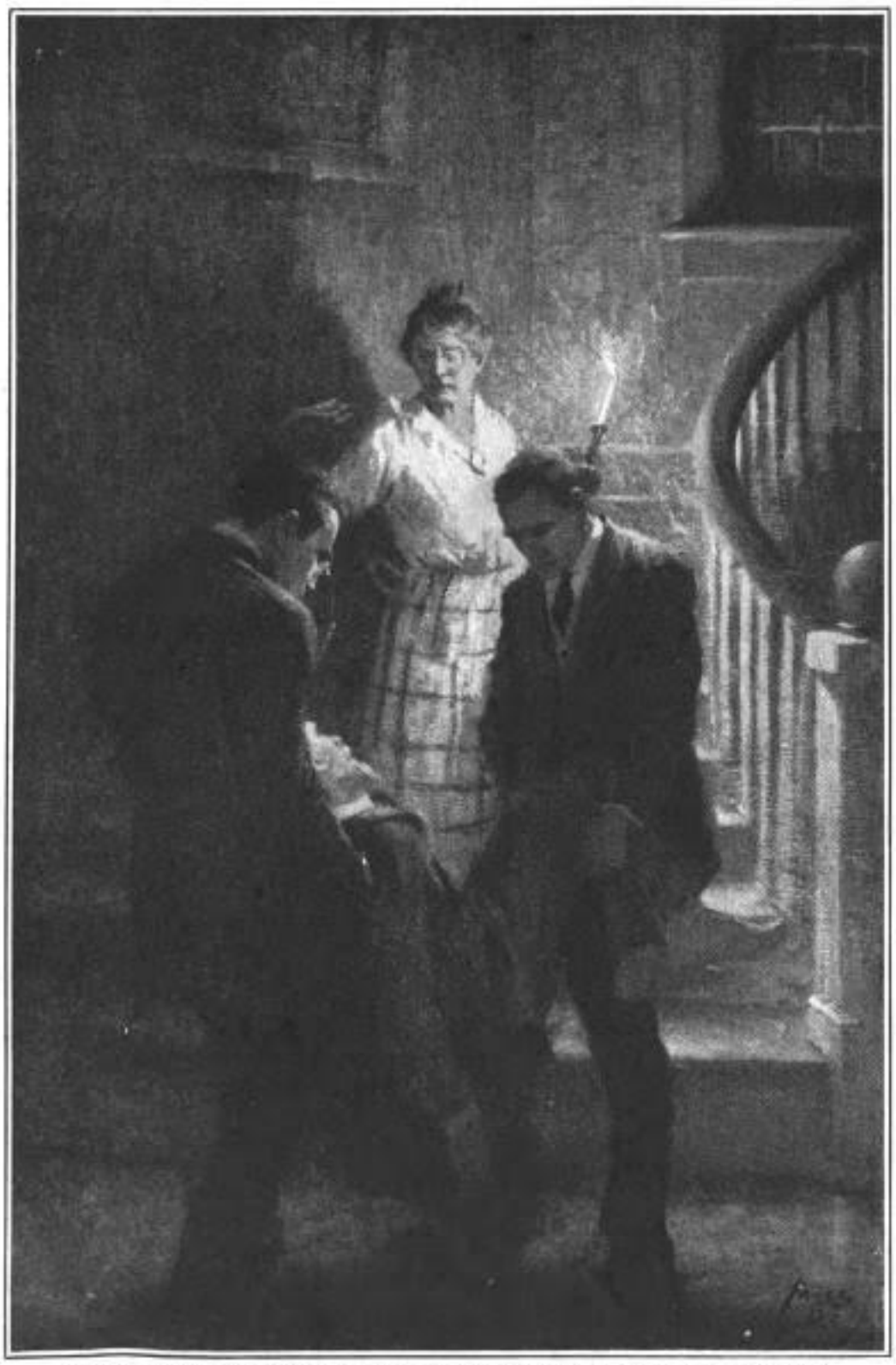
"Plenty happened," said Mrs. Whidden with a snort. "Lemme see, I was a-settin' up in my room a-knittin', and all to once I heard your grandpa raisin' his voice louder'n I ever heard him before, givin' somebody fits. Then in about four minutes this whippersnapper Bracken comes to the stairs, his voice all scairt and shaky, and calls to me to come right down.

"'What's ailin' ye now?' says I.

"'Mr. de Marsay is ill,' says he.

"'You scoot fer the doctor,' says I, 'and I'll see what's to be done.' So down I went, and there was your grandpa stretched back in his chair,

(Continued on Page 30)



"Bracken Come Back With Doc Roper. They Carried Your Grandpa Up to His Room"

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Announcing

The Good

MAXWELL

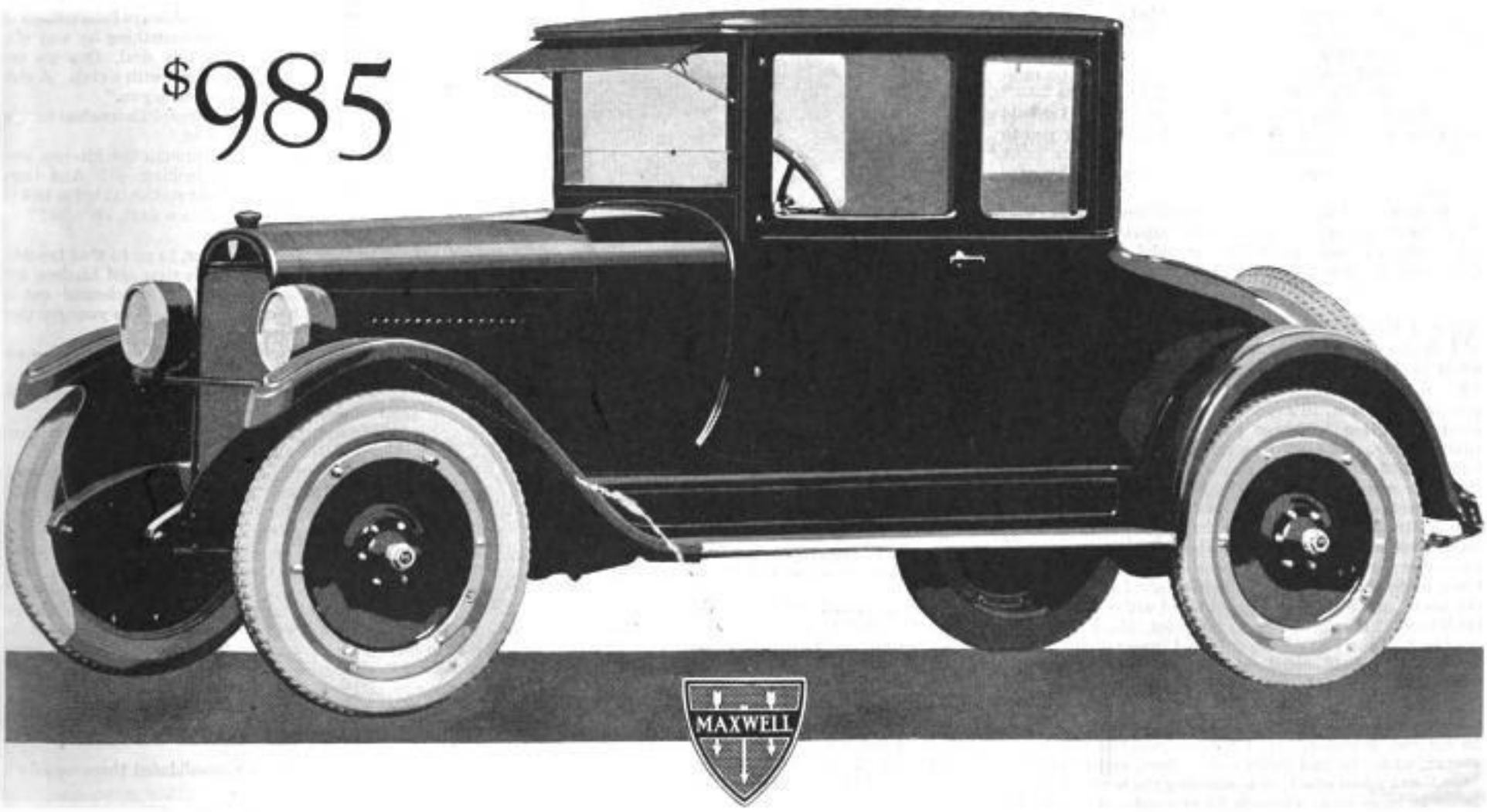
Club Coupe

So marked an advance in vehicles of this type that its superiority and greater value are recognizable almost at a glance.

Not merely a more practical two-passenger coupe in every way, but embodying substantial elements of comfort, convenience and actual elegance, unique in cars of this class.

Note in particular the singular beauty of the Club Coupe; the unusual quarter side windows, which can be lowered and raised; the larger window at the rear, with curtain; the advanced type of windshield; the visor, windshield wiper and rear vision mirror; the exceptional hardware; the leather upholstery; the devices for raising and lowering all windows; the comfort of the driving position; the ample leg-room and roominess of the seating arrangement; the convenient package compartment back of the seat, and the unusually large rear-deck compartment. Heater, disc steel wheels and cord tires are standard equipment. In view of these superiorities, *mark the price.* Prices F. O. B. Detroit. Revenue Tax to be added: Touring, $885; Roadster, $885; Club Coupe, $985; Sedan, $1335; Coupe, $1235.

MAXWELL MOTOR CORP., DETROIT, MICH. - - MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.



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(Continued from Page 28)

kind of gaspin' and purplelike, and Bracken so scairt he didn't know whether he was afoot or ahossback. I shooed him off for a doctor and got off your grandpa's shoes, him sayin' no word; and then I fetched cold water and bathed his forehead and face, and loosened up the band of his shirt so's he could breathe. Looked like jest a faintin' spell to me. Wa-al, he opened up his eyes halfway and tried to say suthin, and then he did say suthin, and it was your name.

"'Yvonne,' says he, jest kind of rattlylike. 'Tell Yvonne ——' And then he jest mumbled and all I could make out was a word here 'n' there. French mixed into it. Somethin' he wanted you to know—about somebody. I jedged somebody was comin'. But he couldn't git it out, and then he says three or four times a jumble of French. Somethin' about *queue*, with a *du* or some sichlike, and a dragon. Got that word out clear—'dragon.' Wanted I should tell you. No sense to it. You git any?"

"You can't remember the words?"

"Jest what I tell you—dragon, and somethin' that sounded like the way a Chinaman wears his hair—queue."

"*Queue*—that might be tail. And dragon ——" She shut her eyes, trying to make sense of the fragments. "Was it this: *La queue du dragon?*" she asked.

"Them's the words! Said 'em ag'in and ag'in. What's the meanin' of 'em!"

"It means the tail of the dragon," she said, "but—I don't understand. It doesn't convey anything to me. The tail of the dragon."

"The way he acted it was consid'able important you sh'u'd be told. When they put me out, and got that Chinaman to work in my kitchen, I got to figgerin' with the word in my mind—that word 'queue,' and says I to myself, 'Has it got anythin' to do with that yaller heathen?'"

Yvonne shook her head. "Then what happened?" she asked.

"Bracken come back with Doc Roper. Said t'other doctor was out of town. They carried your grandpa up to his room, and Doc Roper shet the door in my face. I didn't hear nothin' fer half an hour, and I was listenin' too. Then Doc Roper come up to my room and poked in his head and says, 'Nothin' to worry about, Mrs. Whidden. Better git to bed and git your sleep.' And he pulled shet my door—and when I went to it a couple minutes after, it was locked. Yes, sir, that rapscallion had up and locked me in! I didn't sleep a wink. Jest laid on my bed a-listenin'. Heard a lot of runnin' around and movin' things, and then the fire alarm went whangin' down on the common. Dumdest night I ever put in."

"And didn't you see grandfather again after that?"

"I did not. Next mornin' I was marched out of the house, and I hain't been in it since. And now I'm back," she waggled her head belligerently, "and I'm goin' to git to the bottom of it. The's some kind of skullduggery goin' on."

Yvonne pressed the old hand, wrinkled, with outstanding black veins interlacing upon the back of it, to her lips.

"I'm so glad you've come—so glad! And he left a message for me! The tail of the dragon! He wasn't ——"

"Out of his head? Not a bit of it. He wanted I should say that French to you, and I've said it. It's for you to puzzle out what it means."

"*La queue du dragon.* The tail of the dragon. It means nothing."

"It means suthin," said Mrs. Whidden emphatically. "You kin bet your bottom dollar it means suthin, and you got to study it out. Findin' the meanin' of it's the most demandin' business you got."

XIV

MR. PAUL GIBBS' method of being secretive was to deafen listening ears with a brass band. Therefore when he came to St. Croix for a most private interview with Anthony Bracken he arrived in the largest limousine procurable, which, to avert any possibility that it would escape attention, had been painted a light tan with red running gear. He came in a cloud of dust to the accompaniment of ear-shattering blasts upon a motor horn. His chauffeur was liveried, and Mr. Paul Gibbs himself wore the largest expanse of white vest known to the haberdashery trade. He also wore an imported plaid cap which was so voluminous as almost to be a burlesque cap, and his ankles were resplendent in pearl-gray spats. He owned the roundest, ruddiest, most humorously friendly face in the world, and his big blue eyes bulged with good will and kindliness. To be brief and to the point, Mr. Paul Gibbs, president of the Consolidated Pulp Corporation, was the most cheery, whole-souled old blackguard that ever knifed a friend in the back for a million or scuttled a corporation from which there was no escape for women and children.

His limousine stopped before the De Marsay office and he entered, beaming. He beamed upon the new bookkeeper, whom he had never seen before, and called him "son," and asked how he was standing the heat. He never failed to beam upon anybody he encountered, no matter how unimportant he might be. It was habit born of lifelong policy. His motto was that you can catch more flies with honey than you can with vinegar, and it had proved efficacious.

"Bracken in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. That door. He's alone."



"I Was Not Frightened. I—It Was Exhaustion, Overwork, Indigestion." "It Was Fear," Said Yvonne

"Better rap, hadn't I?" Mr. Gibbs asked, and made it appear he was deferential to the other's judgment on that important point. He rapped, and entered.

"Well, well, Bracken! As I live! Younger and handsomer every day. Bachelor too. How d'ye manage it? Saved you the trouble of coming to see me. Uh-huh! When a man of your importance says he wants to confer with me I don't wait for him. No sir-ree! I hot-foot it right to him. Um! How's the old gentleman? Hope he's taking care of himself. Splendid old man. Admire him." He did admire André de Marsay, because the old gentleman had proved a nut he was unable to crack and Gibbs had been satisfied to emerge from a certain abortive war with a disarmament agreement and a peaceful division of territory. "Hot, ain't it?" he finished, sinking into a chair and running his silk handkerchief around inside his collar.

Bracken shook hands warmly, but was unable to conceal wholly the wary look that appeared in his eye at sight of his visitor.

"Mr. de Marsay is getting along as well as can be expected," he said.

"In a man of his age," added Gibbs.

"Exactly."

"Which," said Gibbs, "is the reason you want to discuss the weather and where I buy my neckties and the exorbitant rate of transoceanic travel with me, eh?"

"Take off your coat; no ceremony here," said Bracken.

"Perfectly satisfactory answer," said Gibbs. "Clear, succinct and to the point. Before we get to business let me compliment you on your tailor. Cuts a good shoulder. Now shoot!"

"A few years ago," said Bracken, "you and Mr. de Marsay made an agreement ——"

"To keep from under one another's feet—yes. I let him hog what was his and he let me hog what was mine, or words to that effect."

"—— an agreement," went on Bracken as if he had not been interrupted, "which provided your interests should keep off the East Branch in return for our interests' keeping off Black River."

"You've got it word for word. Letter-perfect."

"What," asked Bracken, "is your opinion of the timber on the East Branch?"

"That it would make better pulp than it would lumber."

"Suppose something had made it desirable to modify the old agreement?"

"Such as De Marsay's age? Um! And his being survived by nobody but a girl?"

"Those considerations enter in."

"Way, way in," said Gibbs heartily.

"There are four towns that can be logged from the river."

"Roughly, a hundred thousand acres."

"In certain circumstances," said Bracken, "it might be thought unwise for this concern to expand. It might even be deemed advisable to realize on timber and to invest in securities."

"I can understand how it might be so. Minor heir, and that sort of thing. Natural solicitude for her inexperience. To be sure. Nothing like solicitude; one of the noblest virtues."

"Would your company be in the market for the East Branch if we decide to relinquish it?"

"At a price. At a price. Got it for sale?"

"I was coming to the price—after we touch on some other points."

"Such as," said Gibbs, "what do you get out of it, and what do I get out of it. We'll kind of touch on that one lightly. Always interests me to know. There ought to be something by way of a profit sitting around in this deal. One we can sneak up on and knock down with a club. A club don't make as much noise as a gun."

"A young man by the name of Thorne has bought that timber," said Bracken.

"Kind of climbed in through the kitchen window when nobody was looking, eh? And there were the pies all spread out on the table for him to help himself. Building him a dam, ain't he?"

"Plans a pulp mill."

"Um! Nice young feller, to go to that trouble. Wa-al, how do we rake his river and his dam and his mill away from him? Got it schemed out or you wouldn't have sent for me. The younger they come the tenderer the meat."

"Are you interested privately or for the Consolidated?"

"Same as you," said Gibbs cheerily. "Me first, and till I git through with it."

"If we use the De Marsay interests and the Consolidated we can handle this man Thorne."

"To be sure. I'll lend you the Consolidated, and you lend me the De Marsay. That way we'll both keep our hands clean. You won't be to blame to De Marsay for what I do, and I won't be to blame to the Consolidated for what you do. Something like that. Good notion. Have a cigar. Import 'em myself. Cost twenty cents in Havana."

"Thorne bought at an average of thirteen dollars an acre. Gave back a mortgage for 60 per cent. Now if he was to meet with reverses, if he couldn't finish his dam, and went broke trying to build a mill, there would be a foreclosure and sale. Not many bidders for a property of that magnitude."

"I figure De Marsay and me would be about the only two there are."

"But if you bid in for the Consolidated there wouldn't be any profit for Gibbs."

(Continued on Page 97)

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The rug shown above is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 378.

The rug shown above is Gold-Seal design No. 508.



GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Facsimile of the famous Gold Seal which is pasted on every genuine Gold-Seal Art-Rug.

Here Are the New Designs!

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs have long been famous for the rare beauty of their designs.

But the six new patterns shown at the left—creations of master rug-designers—are, we believe, the most beautiful Congoleum patterns that have yet appeared.

Unequalled beauty is but one of the many superiorities of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs. They are wonderfully economical and durable. They lie flat without fastening. They are very easy to clean—a quick, light mopping being all that is ever required. And they are unconditionally guaranteed.

Any Congoleum dealer in your town will gladly show you these six new designs, as well as many other attractive patterns suitable for every room in the house. We urge you to do this, inasmuch as these two-color reproductions cannot do these beautiful rugs full justice. Look for the Gold Seal guarantee when you buy. It is pasted on the face of the goods.

Note the Very Low Prices

6 x 9	feet $ 8.10	The rugs illustrated are made	1½ x 3	feet $ .50
7½ x 9	feet 10.10	only in the five large sizes.	3 x 3	feet 1.00
9 x 9	feet 12.15	The small rugs are made in	3 x 4½	feet 1.50
9 x 10½	feet 14.15	other designs to harmonize	3 x 6	feet 2.00
9 x 12	feet 16.20	with them.		

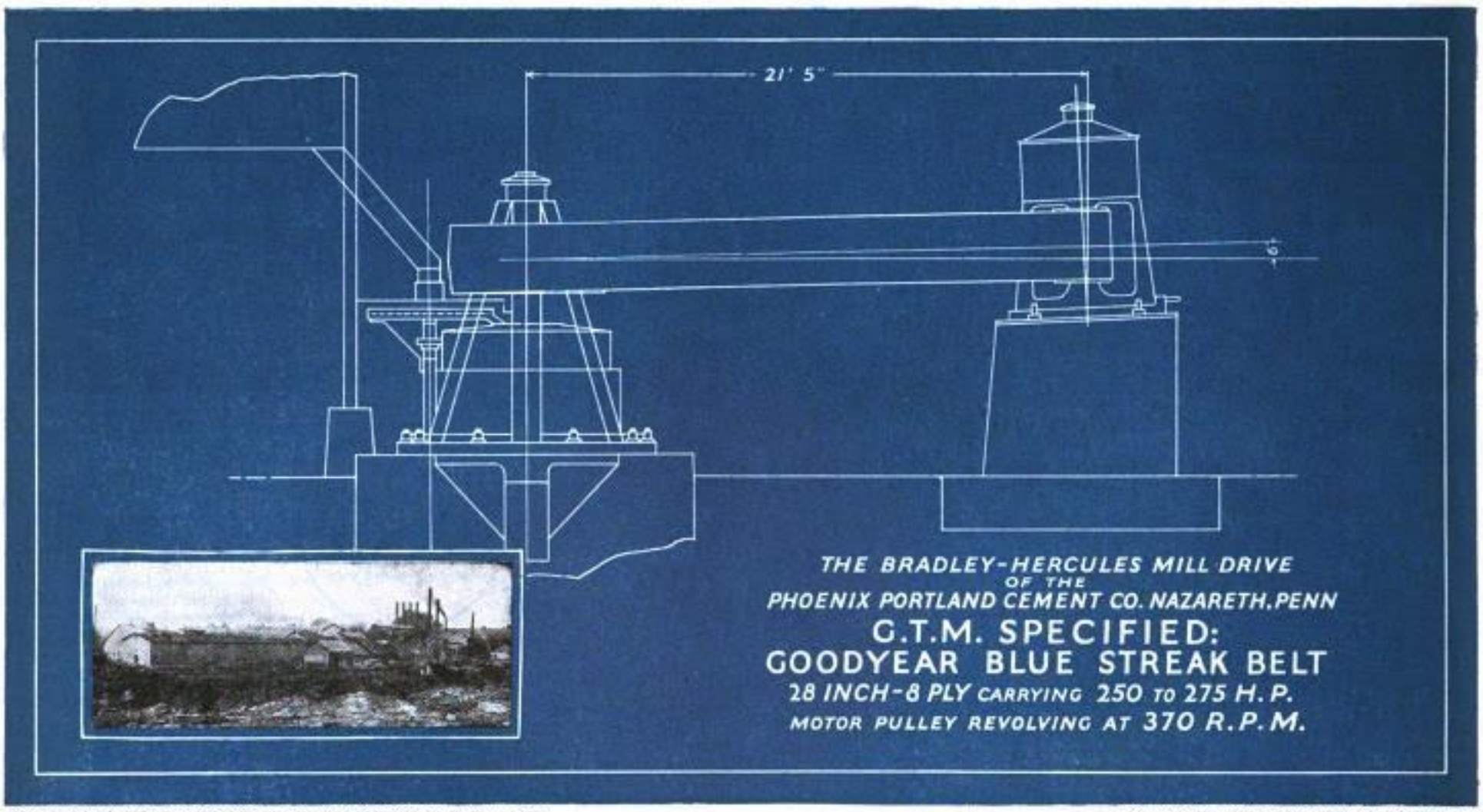
Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

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Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-belted Bradley-Hercules Mill Drive of the Phoenix Portland Cement Company, Nazareth, Pennsylvania, and insert photograph of the plant.

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

The Bradley-Hercules Drive—and the G.T.M.

It was the first plant analysis made by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—that fully convinced Mr. E. P. Haubert, Secretary and Purchasing Agent of the Phoenix Portland Cement Company, of Nazareth, Pennsylvania, that the economical way to buy belting is to buy the particular belt for the particular drive.

"To be candid," he writes, "I was somewhat skeptical at the outset. However, we gave the G. T. M. full sway, co-operating with him by furnishing all data on operating problems peculiar to our plant, and the survey he made gave us exactly the records we wanted. We consider the Goodyear Company furnished us an extremely valuable service."

Carrying out the G. T. M.'s recommendation, the Company installed a 28-inch, 8-ply Goodyear Blue Streak Belt on a Bradley-Hercules Mill Drive, August 25, 1921. That is a vertical drive, transmitting power for crushing rock of size from 1½ inches down into finer form for the pulverizing tube mill. It exerts a severe strain on any belt, for the belt must be kept under high tension, very tight, with the motor pulley revolving at 370 R.P.M.

"The best service we ever received on this particular drive from any belt whatsoever," is Mr. Haubert's summary of this Goodyear Blue Streak Belt's performance. "It stood by the job for nine months, during which we put through 192,172 tons of raw material, enough to make 604,000 barrels of cement. The best previous belt record on that drive was 70,637 barrels less.

"The Goodyear Belt was by no means worn out when we took it off. We took it off only because we felt that it might possibly break at some time when the time lost by reason of changing belts would seriously affect our production. If we had had another Goodyear Belt as a spare we would have left it on, and I feel sure would have got quite a bit of additional service from it.

"We have a number of Goodyear Belts, both conveyor and transmission, G. T. M.-specified, in addition to this Goodyear Blue Streak Belt, and they are giving correspondingly good service."

What the G. T. M. can do for one plant, in one industry, he may be able to do for your plant. He has an expert knowledge of Mechanical Rubber Goods. He has a practical knowledge of many industrial problems. You can rely on any Goodyear Mechanical Goods he recommends—belts, hose, valves and packing—to do their work more efficiently, more economically, over a longer time. For further information about Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods and the Goodyear Analysis Plan, write to Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR

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CREAM COMES TO THE TOP

By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRADLING

WHEN she was twelve years old Amelia Woolem went to work. Illegally, of course; but when your only father, a railway shopman, has just died, leaving you one of eight, legality waits upon need and desire.

She did not mind going. She saw small difference between work and school, except an extra hour or so. That was offset by a certain vividity to work's hours which school dully lacked. And fortified by three brothers' and two sisters' previous experience, besides many school friends' experiences, she could have given renowned lawyers points upon the working of the child-labor laws and the ease with which they may be evaded when the evader is astute and resolute.

One bright Monday morning in June she approached the plate-glass front doors of the Blarincky cut-price wholesale hat house as coolly as if she had been urgently sent for and warmly besought to come to the aid of the millinery industry of the Middle West.

And in the course of several years at public school Amelia had learned things never taught by teachers. Even as one patched black shoe hovered above the glossy mahogany threshold she saw Gyp Ferder and braced herself. He had a thin repelling nose, a ferrety pair of light eyes and auburn hair. That hair! It wore its authority flamboyantly.

The Blarincky establishment had not advertised lately for errand girls. There is this difference between a retail and a wholesale place of business: The former's front doors are as open as dandelions in May and all who would enter are welcomed inside like prodigal sons returning to buy their father's held-over wheat crop. But in the latter there is drawn a cold line between legitimate and other enterers to sacred precincts. This is a plottish and conscienceless world and there are many individuals who try to slip in where they haven't the slightest right to be, but should go to retail stores and pay the proper five—or five hundred—per cent increase in price.

Amelia had heard the Blarincky establishment mentioned super-favorably as a place for an ambitious young errand person of her sex. She stiffened resolutely to meet its gate guardian. He wore a jade colored necktie. Such glory for a door boy! It had cost at least a third of his week's pay.

Gyp elongated his thin authoritative neck toward her.

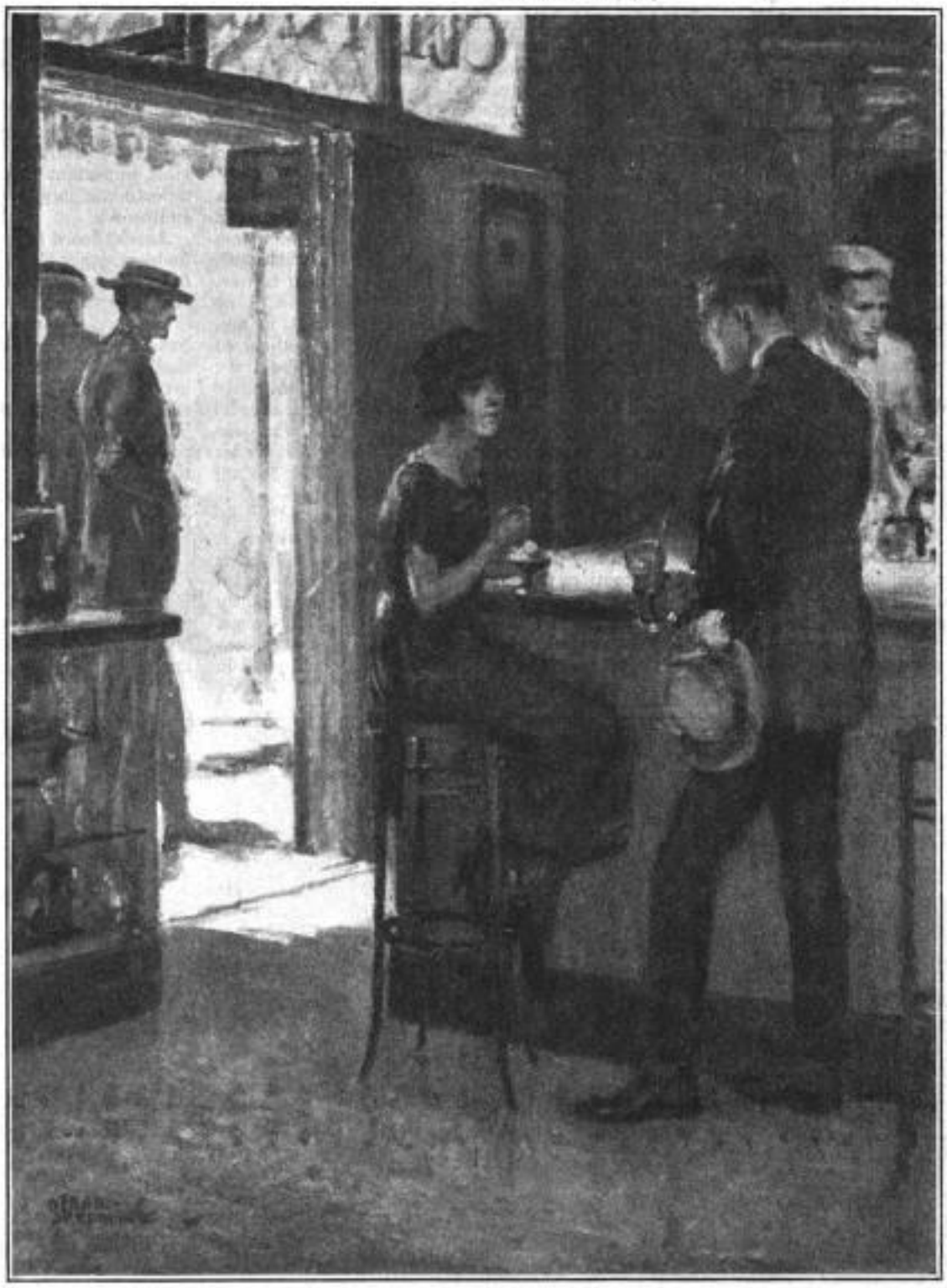
"Whatcha want?" he demanded haughtily. "We didn't advertise this month for help."

"We?"

She had him on the hip—using jiujitsuan figure. She put up a hand, ostensibly to hide, in reality to give emphasis to a jeering giggle. "Say, who's we? Why, tomato-head, I wouldn't choose you for an employyur if you was the only one hangin' low or hangin' high. An' I didn't spend five cents and forty minutes to waste time chattin' with someone like you. Lemme pass!"

He did not let her. But before he could stay her she had streaked under his arm and in half a second was halfway to the elevators which her quick eye, informed beforehand by kind friends, had detected at the rear of the great desk-lined, glass-compartmented main floor.

In any wholesale house an errand girl always is needed or about to be needed, advertisement or none. An hour later on the Blarincky fifth floor Amelia was carrying gray satin roses from stockroom to workroom with as much nonchalance as if she had been familiar with stock shelves for a year or more.



He Had Confided to Her That for His Part He Couldn't See What the Other Fellows Saw in Lilly Holstadt or Ina Booth

And since her looks are not unpertinent to this story, Amelia Woolem may as well be described at this point. She was not a pretty little girl; not then or later. She was lean, and she had straight black hair of no particular gloss, a pair of black eyes of no particular lashiness, and a nose that was too big for her face. Her skin was sallow, certified milk having been scarce during her first year, and a crowded home had been no beauty shop for Amelia. In time her skin took on not an unattractive indoor pallor, and in time, as her face grew older and larger, her nose was not so disproportionate as to attract attention.

But to describe Amelia well, it may merely be said that in the beginning all over her was written "errand girl." No door boy in the next four years went without his lunch to slip her a sack of peanut candy during the afternoon. No stock boy sheepishly neglected his own duties to get a bolt of satin from a top shelf for her. No under salesman looked after her and remarked that some day the kid would be a peach.

She was merely a small indeterminate city girl of the type Nature must be fondest of—she makes so many of them!

Amelia partly made up for her looks and repaid Nature by being a voracious picker-up of natural facts. In this way she helped to shape her own days and she gave support to the free-will theory of the philosophers.

In a day she knew that between gray satin roses and gray cotton ones hang dollars, distinction and dyes. In a week she knew that it was all right to take the customers'' elevator if old bald Henry Blarincky was not around; but, if he was, perilous beyond word. Beat it, oh, hasty feet! to the employes' or freight, seventy feet farther to the rear. In a month she knew that she would likely be the next errand girl to be promoted to stock girl. In a year she knew that she could easily earn fifteen dollars a week and up, undoubtedly up, before she was eighteen, and ever after. But if she desired to exchange the fifteen, or more, and independence for a husband who would be a prize and not a penalty—the phrasing was Mme. Jeanne Cary's, of the French designing room—she must look around with intelligence and choose him with discrimination.

And it may as well be said at once that in regard to the married state Amelia's long preconceived opinion was somewhat in accordance with Saint Paul's.

She was not unobservant. She had observed that many wives wore a facial expression that began as a faint but indubitable air of patience near their eyebrows and ended in two exasperated lines near the mouth. But she had not seen, either, that the unmarried women of her acquaintance trod an invariable path of roses from counter or factory to the grave.

Now she cast a disdainful glance at Selma Schmidt, a forewoman who was tall and sparely built and had a small black mustache and who said firmly, "No, I never married. Thank God. I've got three thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds, though, for my old age, while my two married sisters have never got out of the clutches of installment furniture houses in twenty years."

"On Halsted Street I saw a pale gray wood dressing table with a triple mirror," scathingly commented Amelia in an undertone to Lilly Holstadt, "that I'd certainly sooner have than some old savings."

"Me too," scornfully said Lilly, also of the errand folks, whose yellow hair was to be a pioneer in the bobbed movement. "Did you see Mrs. Jewell in the reception room the other day? Her fur coat was sweet."

Alfred Jewell was the Blarincky chief silk buyer.

"I saw her," said Amelia. "She was waiting to go to lunch and matinée with her husband. She had pretty white hands too. And white gloves, besides." And Amelia inclined a greedily receptive ear toward Madame Jeanne, who once had been, it was common knowledge, plain Jen Cary, of many a workroom.

Jen Cary was now stout and would have been gray-haired if she had not chosen henna instead, and she was untidily inclined to pins instead of hooks for her personal wardrobe. But she had been twice married, she got one hundred dollars weekly for a perfect color sense, incongruous with her full red face, and her everyday manner was animated with the unmistakable verve of a person who has found life pleasant for the most part.

"Well, I always say the right woman can do a lot with any man," she said tolerantly to Selma Schmidt. "I know wives who've done it. Amelia, run and get me some henna violets from the stockroom. Three dozen. My own cousin Maud was one. And I'll say Maud had ordinary material to work with."

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"I suppose you can find a case or two," grudged Selma.

"I'll say it takes tact and brains. But Maud was one who could see opportunity's fetlock—or forelock, whatever it is—before most men. Before Jim could. So she started before she married him; maybe"—chuckle from speaker—"before they got engaged. Sort of turned his mind toward success. I don't think Jim ever knew it, either."

Amelia sped unwillingly for the violets. She brought orange colored flowers instead of the desired shade. But Madame Jeanne had a tolerant tongue even in reprimand; and besides, she was still arguing with Selma.

"All I got to say is if I was a girl again I'd pick out some average nice young fellow—my two died, you know; pneumonia and taxi smash-up—and I'd trust to my own wits to train him into the provider I wanted him to be. Takes tact. Takes brains. But the girl who hasn't got a good-sized chunk of both," declared Madame Jeanne warmly, looping red velvet, "hasn't any right to wish herself onto any man. Men themselves have rights."

Amelia hearkened. Although at that time she had not yet met Perry Gramwell, there perhaps formed in her mind a nebulous picture of him: the pleasant-eyed, neatly dressed, aspiring young fellow who would loom as her fate.

At any rate her mind had received a seed for which it would prove black loam. Maud and Jim, whom she would never meet, would influence her days.

Place in family may have had something to do with Amelia Woolem's rather egotistical intentness thereafter on her personal future. She was not one of the elders, nor was she the youngest. She was one of the middling ones who in any large and struggling family are perforce for the most part left to their own plans and devices, not being called upon to bear the elders' burden of labor and responsibility or the youngest's burden of parental partiality that means either too much restraint or too little, with consequent lessening of life purpose.

As time went on, Amelia's sisters and brothers who topped her in age and income beautifully hoisted the Woolem family by, so to speak, their own boot straps. This often happens to families in American cities; multiple pay envelopes being able to jeer at one unsupported wolf. In time there was taken from the Woolem ménage that extra touch of hardship and economy which often blunts personal zest in life planning. Anna Woolem became well-paid manageress of a cafeteria. Helen became a private secretary. Ed ran a garage. Hart sold automobile accessories.

At seventeen Amelia had become a not unpretty girl who had not bobbed her hair and did not intend to. She had serious eyes and a slim figure which wore well the one-piece satin or soft cloth dresses in vogue among young woman workers of the country and the century. In color for dresses she inclined to midnight blue and sleek black. She knew both to be correct for business wear, both were inexpensive, and both set off her pale complexion. She was then getting eighteen dollars a week as assistant clerk in the Blarincky credit department, and she had known Perry Gramwell seventeen months.

Her friendship with him had begun in a modest and unsentimental way while she was stock girl, and it had been slow to cement itself with motion pictures or fruit sundaes. Amelia had been in love six or seven times before; with Bill Hart, with two of Norma Talmadge's leading men, with a youngish alderman whom she knew by newspaper pictures only, and with two or three young fellows who were friends of her older brothers. But after some time she recognized her feeling for Perry as different from anything previously experienced by her.

Afterward she was able to classify it. It was the feeling known to beavers. It was the building instinct. Perry was building material. But at the time—and this was quite by chance one idle hour—she had merely compared Perry's good profile with some irregular ones—they happened to be Gyp Ferder's and little Gus Johnson's—and she had become conscious of a strange stirring of spirit. What a nice-looking boy Perry was! Lilly Holstadt had said so too.

After a period this spirit stirring had changed into a certain complacency, as of personal pride.

This was, of course, after the day when she told him of Hammerson's loud mutter in a crowded salesroom.

Perry Gramwell was a quiet and unassuming young fellow with pleasant dark eyes and well-cared-for finger nails and light hair. He lived with his parents on the North Side, his father being a bookkeeper. Perry wore neat shoes and ties, and the good manners which are a heritage from father or mother—never a chance acquisition from outside acquaintances.

There were thirty or more of his age and circumstance in the Blarincky establishment. All immature of mind and body, all bullied and advised perpetually by their superiors and snubbed by their inferiors; all overfamiliar with cafeterias and bargain-rack blue serge, all trying to live, be happy and rise on small earnings and large hopes. They ran a diversified range of complexion, disposition and nationality; from black-haired Izzy Cohn to red-haired Gyp Ferder, between both of whom and Amelia there stood feud; from little snub-nosed Gus Johnson, whose tears flowed copiously all the elevator way up whenever he was late to work, to sleek-haired Charley Keyes, who once stole a bolt of black silk velvet and blandly laid it on his amnesia; from Harry Irwin, from Iowa, to Idor Sarian, from Armenia.

It must not be supposed that in this crowd of young males Amelia had created any widespread devastation of heart. Not in any perceptible number did boys offer their lives and attentions to her. Many were admirers of Lillian Gish or of pretty Lilly Holstadt, who had permanently waved her yellow hair and ascended in the establishment to misses' hat model. Harry Irwin outside his work centered his chief attention on his food—candy and pie à la mode predominating. Idor Sarian was interested only in silks, Izzy Cohn did not like any girls, and Gyp Ferder cared very little for them; so he said with a snap of his lean, not very clean fingers.

Amelia did not care what any of them cared for—except Perry. Carelessly she began to lump all the others in a crowd, except perhaps Charley Keyes, Izzy Cohn and Gyp Ferder. These three she disliked. Izzy was an egotist, Charley was a sneak and Gyp used his mouth too much. He always had. He began to do it her first day, when he was door boy. However, her dislike was not tipped, in the beginning, with any animosity. It was against a crowd, not any individual, that she lowered her voice that day her quick ears caught large-waisted, perspiring Hammerson's muttered complaint.

As has been said, it was a loud mutter. But it was a sweltering day in August with the seasonal rush on, and retailers, mostly women in swishing summer furs, so hemmed in Barry Hammerson, general salesman for the most important Middle States, that he seemed like an unfortunate large craft buffeted by many waves in an endless sea.

Amelia heard his aside. What the mind is attuned to it finds, whether the keyboard be finite or infinite; and it hears with perfect appreciation. Swiftly she turned and made her way to the stockrooms. Ostensibly she had an order sheet for verification. As if casually, she paused beside Perry hauling down countless ribbon bolts from shelves, and she imparted her news.

She knew him well enough. She did not know him so well as she intended to at some future time, but two noons before he had bought her a fresh cherry sundae at the cut-price drug store next to the cafeteria, and he had confided to her that for his part he couldn't see what the other fellows saw in Lilly Holstadt or Ina Booth; pretty but mercenary little baggages who expected a fellow at all times to have a perfectly plump pocketbook.

Privately Amelia was rather glad that Ina and Lilly had chosen to show Perry Gramwell that side of their natures. He was too good for them. Now she had a piece of news which might link further her own chain of friendship with him. And not only friendship but—but virtuously she put away a beaming picture of this boy sitting at Henry Blarincky's right hand and best flat-topped desk. Time later for pretty pictures. Now, action was in order.

"Busy, Perry?" she asked—quite carelessly. "They're certainly rushed out there. Even the under salesmen are running around like they're wild."

"Are they?" returned Perry politely, but without great interest.

Habitually he was polite. But that day the stockrooms, too, were sweltering, and he couldn't find enough ciel grosgrain ribbon.

Amelia coughed faintly. She saw that within earshot were Izzy Cohn and Gyp Ferder, two who were seldom asleep days. She was not minded to give them a tip too.

Low of voice: "Perry, what do you think I just heard Hammerson say to himself? That he guessed there wasn't a stock boy on the place with enough sense to come out on his own hook and take a customer or two off the salesmen's hands."

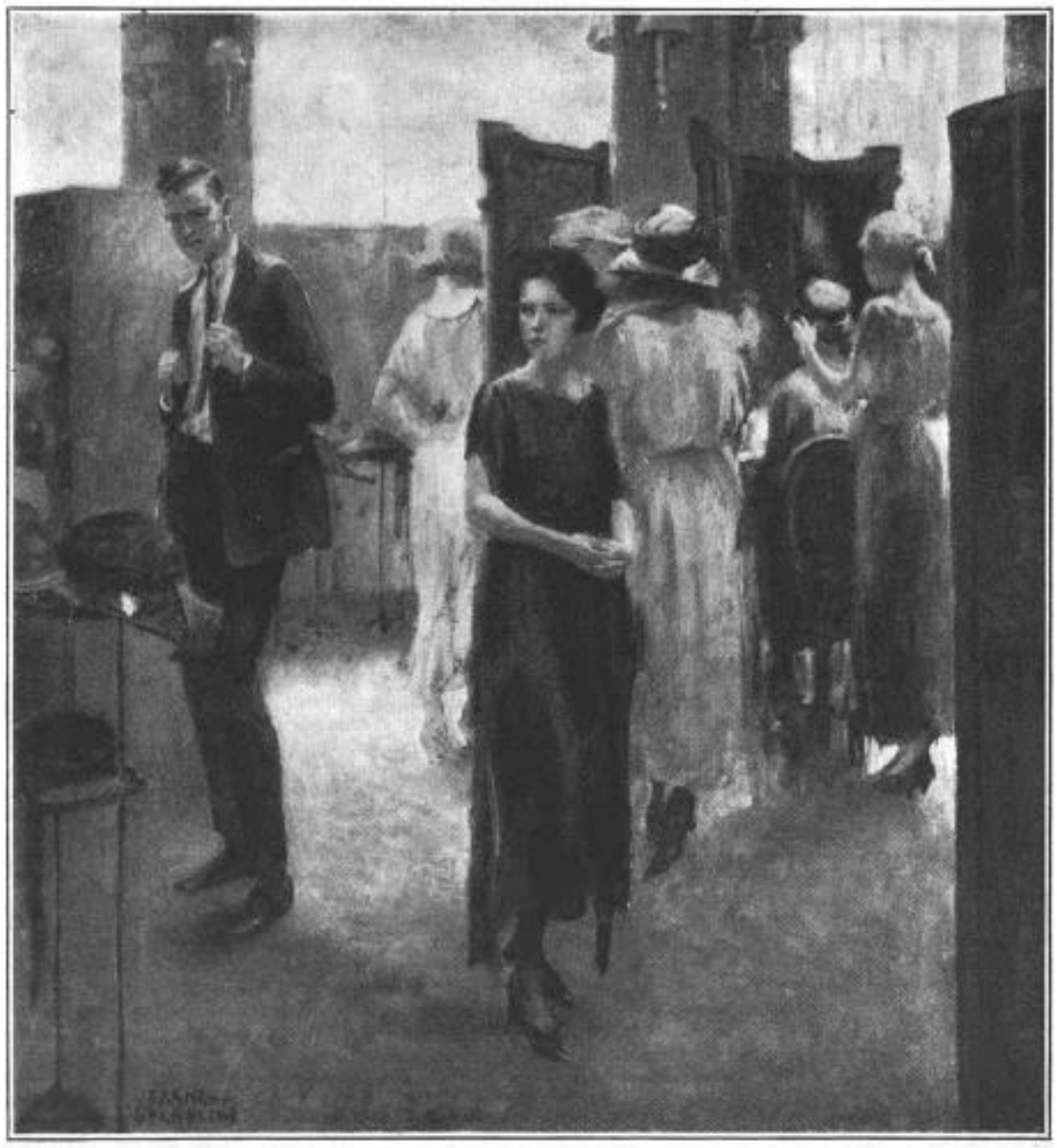
Rather widely Perry opened his pleasant dark eyes.

"Why, say, any stock boy that went out on his own hook and buttonholed customers would get something warm handed to him, I guess."

"Anything you do in this world depends a good deal on the time it's done," said Amelia a trifle impatiently. She read a great deal to and from work on the street cars; mostly inspiring modern stuff.

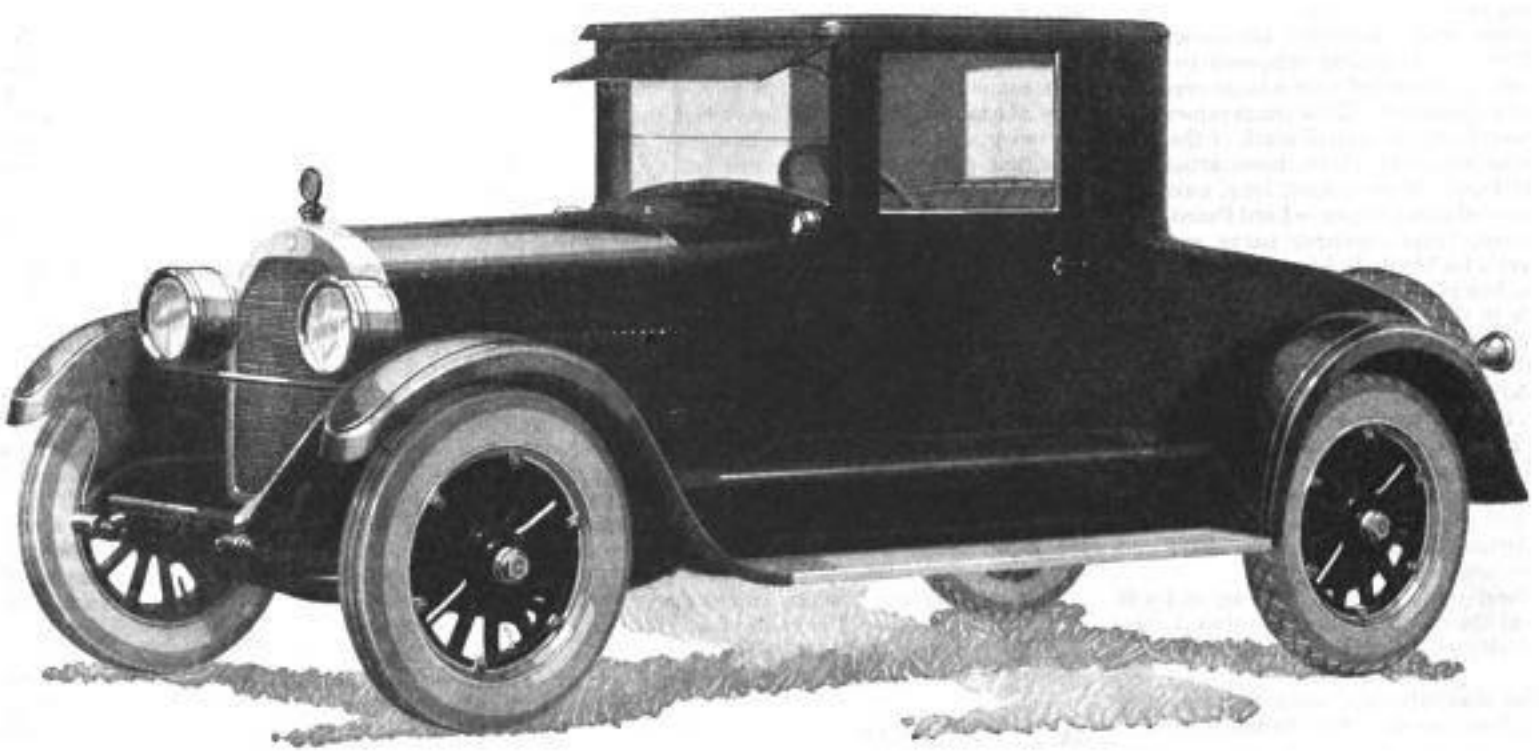
"After Hammerson said that ——"

(Continued on Page 46)



She Braced Herself to Return His Nod Naturally—Oh, Amelia Had Her Pride

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Over and over again, during the last two months, we have been told that for power, sustained speed and ductility, the like of the new Peerless Eight has not been produced before.

We record this fact out of a sense of gratitude and gratification.

What it means to us is that we have excelled ourselves.

That, assuredly, was our aim and our purpose in building the new Peerless Eight.

Here is an eight-cylinder organization of long standing and long experience.

It has worked together for years. It pioneered the eight-cylinder principle in America, and has witnessed its growth to a tremendous vogue among buyers of cars of the higher grade.

Admittedly, then, it is pleasant to be told that all we had hoped for in our latest effort has been realized, and that admirers and adherents of the cars of the highest grade everywhere are turning to the new Peerless Eight.

THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IS BUILT IN THE FOLLOWING TYPES:

Four Passenger Touring Phaeton
Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton
Two Passenger Roadster Coupé
Four Passenger Suburban Coupé
Five Passenger Town Sedan
Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan
Five Passenger Berline Limousine
Four Passenger Opera Brougham

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

PEERLESS

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ILLUSTRATED BY—

By M. L. Blumenthal

I'M ONE of the people who make the pictures, or illustrations, that you see in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and the other magazines and about which you say, "Yes, yes, of course; pretty picture, but, tell me, what's it got to do with the story?"

You are the proverbial kind reader who is beset with a passionate yearning to know everything about illustrations, the illustrators; how and why they make illustrations and all the funny little things they think about when they haven't anything else to think about.

An artist, you know—and illustrators are sometimes artists, as you shall see—is popularly supposed to be a very disorderly person, handicapped with a large overdose of something called temperament. This temperament, in the minds of most everybody, is the hall mark of the true artist. More temperament, they think, more artist. If Raphael Rembrandt Dauba doesn't sport long, unkempt hair, a big, floppy tam-o'-shanter, a mauve Lord Fauntleroy tie, a black velvet coat, taupe corduroy pants, sandals, pack a copy of Murger's La Vie de Bohême, sip red Italian ink, sing O Sole Mio, live in a garret, and once in every so often bite his initials in the City Hall tower, he's no real artist. Moreover, he must be always starving.

And nowadays that's all wrong, except possibly the starving. I hate rudely to bump such a colorful tradition, but honestly artists, especially good artists, are just about like you and me. I know some very fine artists with polished bald heads; I know a top-notcher who looks like a barber; I know three who resemble, physically at least, successful bankers, and one who has seven clean children and pays his bills. Artists of today are orderly people and the illustrating artists are even more so.

Now if you will forgive me all that you can and will regard me as a typical illustrator, I will modestly take the spotlight and try to tell you just exactly how it all comes about.

I have been making illustrations of one sort or another, mostly another, for about twenty years, to put it kindly. During those twenty years I have been asked by interested friends and acquaintances nine million eight hundred and forty-two thousand six hundred and eleven questions about my work. Not that that number accurately represents the number of my friends or acquaintances. Not by several. Some individuals ask a lot of questions and some ask the same question every time we meet. Sort of a "How d'ye do."

These questions easily assort themselves into ten classifications—ten different questions; never any more, never any less, and my fellow craftsmen tell me that they are subject to exactly the same questions. I think I can clear the air a great deal if I give you a list of these ten questions in the order of their frequency and then try to answer them singly at greater or less length.

The Illustrators' Questionnaire

THE first question is always asked; it is never missed. I never met anyone in all my career who didn't ask it. I never understood why it was asked; I fear I never shall understand it. It is the one great mystery. The psychology of it holds an unending interest for me. Maybe some of you, cleverer than anyone else in the world, will write and tell me why this question is always asked. Are you ready for the question? The ayes have it. The question is, "Do you have to read the story before you make the pictures?" Now, I ask you, isn't that a wonder? Isn't it?

The second question is better: "Do you have anything to do with the author? Does he tell you what pictures to make for his story?"

The third: "How do you make the pictures?"

The fourth: "Does the editor tell you what pictures to make and how many?"

The fifth question: "How long does it take you to make a set of pictures?"

The sixth: "How far in advance of publication do you have to make and deliver your pictures?"

The seventh: "Do you use living models for your characters?"

The eighth: "How do the pictures get printed in the magazine? What is the process?"

The ninth: "Who settles the question of how much you are to get for a set of pictures?"

And the tenth and last question goes something like this: "Now, Mr. Blumenthal, not that I want to appear unduly curious, but just as a matter of interest, to settle an argument—I hope you won't think I'm inquisitive—but how much do you make a week?"

Now let's get down to tacks and see what we can get out of these questions in turn.

First, prize question: "Do you have to read the story before you make the pictures?" The answer is, I'm afraid I do. Not being possessed of a clairvoyant mind, not being a mind reader or an expert telepathist, I invariably have to read a story before I know what is in it. I am deeply ashamed to have to admit this and advertise my crass stupidity. Won't some kind and beneficent person please tell me, once and for all, how I can be expected to know what a story is about unless I do read it?

In a sincere search for the meaning of this question I often wonder whether its askers are actuated by the fact that sometimes an illustration fails to fit the story and they, the askers, jump to the conclusion that the illustrator has never seen the text. Once in a great while an illustration that does not illustrate will get by, and once in a greater while an illustration that is entirely at variance with the sentence underneath it will slip through. If the blunder is the illustrator's he will not remain long in blissful ignorance. A whole army of Veritases, Constant Readers, Well-Wishers, G. T. Z.'s and Vox Populis are waiting with poised wet pens to spear such bulls, and the editor's next morning's mail is literally crammed with letters from these kind Columbuses. Then in a careless, offhand manner the editor passes the bouquets on to the illustrator and that chastened soul promises to be such for a long time.

Let me 'fess up to a few such breaks in my own experience.

I illustrated the first of Hugh Wiley's very fine stories about that lovable negro clown, the Wildcat. In one of the pictures I drew the Wildcat in an argument with a French colonial soldier.

The only mistake I made was in drawing the Wildcat on foot when he should have been astride a mule.

Slips of the Brush

ANOTHER time my trouble was due to laziness. I was illustrating a humorous article by Nina Wilcox Putnam in which she told of a hunt, by her husband and herself, for a country home. I wanted to make caricatures of the lady and gentleman, and a none too hard quest did not get me adequate photographs from which to build up the graphic slanders. I asked folks who knew them to describe them, and from these descriptions I made my funny portraits. Very shortly after the story appeared Lady Nina sent me a fine large photograph of herself and life escort. Only half a look at it showed me, for all time, the foolishness of long-distance caricature. With the photograph came a nice little note saying that for herself she didn't mind, but for hubby she was sensitive.

Another time I slipped heavily by drawing a popular humorist without a cigarette in his face, but I more than atoned for the faux pas by being a little overgenerous with his equator.

Of course every magazine has people whose work it is to catch such errors before they get into print, and considering the number of pictures published, they are remarkably accurate in an overwhelming majority of instances.

I do read the story before I make the pictures; not once only, but always two or three times; first, just for the fun of it—if there is any there—just for the sake of the story, to ease myself into it. No matter how long or dry—the story, not I—I always go through the same process. Next I read it and jot down on a handy pad of paper all the possible or impossible situations that suggest pictures. Out of the usual story I can get anywhere from five to twenty situations that are sufficiently important to merit illustrations. Then I read it again and reduce that number of suggested pictures to the number I want or am required to do to illustrate the story adequately. If I want to make, say, four illustrations, I will pick for them the situations that will best carry the story along, most interest the reader, give the broadest scope to what I consider my strongest line of ability, and maybe sometimes—let us whisper it—the ones that are easiest to do. This last emergency is born of the fact that a set of pictures must often be made in an unbelievably short time to meet the magazine's schedule. More of that later.

The second question: "Do you have anything to do with the author? Does he tell you what pictures to make for his story?" The answer is: No, thanks be to Allah, I don't have anything to do with the author, and he must be just as glad not to have anything to do with me.

The reason for all this thankfulness on my part is that the average author seems to have as much idea about what can or cannot be put into a picture as has Jack Dempsey about the Einstein theory of relativity—or less. His conception of a picture worthy to illustrate his creation is generally a combination of a moving picture, a pageant, a diagram and a map of the universe all in a space small enough so that it will not crowd a comma out of his text. This, too, has its reverse side. The illustrator will frequently question the necessity of publishing any text with his wonderful graphic masterpieces. Of course there are authors who form exceptions to this rule. I refer to the ones who might read this comment on the author's knowledge of picture making.

Before we leave this quite so bleeding raw let me say that the average illustrator bears about the same relation to the art of writing as does the average author to the art of illustrating. The only contact I have ever had with authors was socially or when they had the kindness to tell me how much they liked or didn't like my efforts, or vice versa. Sometimes the authors might suggest to the editors the names of illustrators whom they would like to have illustrate their stories, but this happens comparatively seldom, I think, and after this it won't happen even that often to me.

The third question: "How do you go about making illustrations?"

The answer to this question will be long and must be somewhat technical, and I think the best way to cover it would be to take you through a typical working day with me; a day on which I am to start and get well into a brand-new story.

An illustrator—a practical, usable, schedule-fearing illustrator—maintains about the same working day as any other member of the business world; but there is a very distinct limit to the number of hours in which he can do good creative work. He gets to his job between nine and ten in the morning, takes the usual ninety-minute hour for lunch and calls it a day along about five o'clock in the afternoon. This for five days in the week, with a Saturday afternoon let-up. If he averages six full hours daily, year in and out, he's doing very well for this particular kind of brain work.

That tranquil arrangement goes on except when for one reason or another the story must be rushed. Then the regular hours go bang, and day and night are all the same to the illustrator. He sticks to his job until his job is done.

I have known Herbert Johnson, the cartoonist of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, whose workshop—he won't call it a studio—I have the privilege of sharing, to work right through the night to finish a cartoon, go home about eleven next morning and to bed. Assuredly that kind of thing cannot be made a habit. Original picture making is wearing if not tedious work, and is very, very different from the routine stint.

The place in which an illustrator works is called, sometimes by courtesy, a studio. It is, at its best, a large room on the top floor with a north-facing skylight cut into the roof. Every worker in the graphic arts prefers north light for its quality of steadiness and its lack of direct sunshine.

The necessary furnishings of a studio consist of an easel, a drawing table, stand for holding brushes, paints and water, a platform upon which the models pose, a variously sized library of reference, sixteen pipes in all stages of fragrance, an empty tobacco can, a heatless radiator that bubbles and hisses when you most need quiet, and other furniture and trappings designed to give atmosphere and worry the janitor.

The Artist Known by His Studio

I CLAIM it to be true that fussy furnishings and dust-catching doodads in a studio will exist in inverse proportion to the quality of the illustrator; the better the illustrator the less Turkish corners, dirty fish nets draped over scabbards and ancient guns and the whole contraption somehow suspended on the wall, large broken glass bottles, dilapidated Chinese screens, shaky taborets of teakwood, Spanish chairs minus seats, frayed and holey Oriental prayer rugs and saddlebags, piles of ornate and empty gold-leaf frames, discarded canvas stretchers and the other traditional and worse-than-useless impedimenta of the storied studio. Your modern working illustrator wants a clean, airy place, tastefully and sparingly furnished, if at all, plenty of space to move about and place his models where he wants them, and on the walls a few pictures by better illustrators, if there be such.

All right, it's nine A.M. We're in the studio, you and I; we've got a corking good baseball story to do. Let's get on.

You'll notice that the story is printed on long, narrow yellow sheets with the type in single-column width. These sheets are called galleys. Why galleys I don't know, except to remind the illustrator that he is a slave. Excuse me, please. Galleys are the proof sheets of the story as they come from the type-casting machines. These type-casting machines are marvelous contrivances. The operator punches a keyboard resembling a typewriter keyboard as he reads his copy—the author's manuscript—and for each punch a letter is cast in type metal. The letters are

(Continued on Page 38)

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from the factory

Your pipe will tell you

that the Tuxedo Tobacco you have been smoking recently is cool, mild and mellow, wherever—whenever—you get it.

This is because we have added to the careful ageing and blending for which TUXEDO has always been noted—

something entirely new

—the guarantee that it is fresh when it reaches you—for freshness is the essence of smoking tobacco quality.

TUXEDO is now delivered to your dealer in small lots—even one dozen tins, if necessary. The cartons are dated with the last day it can be sold.

This means that no dealer—anywhere—has a tin of Tuxedo that is not "Fresh From the Factory."

Buy a tin—try one pipeful—and see how good fresh tobacco really is.

Now 15¢

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(Continued from Page 36)

automatically set into words, the words into sentences and the sentences into paragraphs.

Sometimes when the editor cannot wait for the galley sheets he will allow the illustrator to read, in the editorial offices, the author's manuscript and make therefrom the notes necessary for his pictures. I say in the editorial offices, because few editors will risk the original copy out of their hands and sight. This second method of digging out material for pictures is not so good, because it is often necessary to refer to other parts of the story in making pictures to fit certain sentences or paragraphs.

We don't seem to get down to work; I guess we've been talking too much.

So we have our galley sheets, and you will please sit over there and look at my books while I read the story in the way I outlined in the answer to Question Number One.

The story is marked for a spread, we'll say. A spread consists of two pages facing each other, as, for instance, pages six and seven in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. All of our pictures and the most of the story must go, then, on these two pages, and the rest of the story will hang over or be continued next to the advertisements in the back of the weekly. Once in a while a picture will appear, also, in the hang-over, but only when that part of the hang-over takes up a full page. If I do not make this clear look over some copies of THE POST and you'll see at once what I'm trying to say.

My job on this baseball story is, we'll assume, to make four pictures—three vignettes and one square-finish. Vignette is the trade name for one of these cute little pictures that wander all over the page and sometimes on to the next page, and bring on an acute case of optical jimjams as you manfully try to make the frayed end of a sentence read right with its continuation three and seven-eighth inches to the southwest. A square-finish picture is one whose limits are set by right-angled clean-cut lines.

Getting Down to Work

WHEN both vignettes and square-finish pictures appear in the same story the important picture is the square-finish one generally. For the most part, you may have been kind enough to notice, I make vignettes.

Now that I have my situations and legends all selected—and a legend, you know, is the one or two lines of blacker type that appear at the bottom of a picture telling you what it's about—I make one on a number of little tentative sketches for each picture to get the arrangements and compositions best suited for them. Frequently I'll make as many as a dozen of these little thumb-nails for one picture; another time I'll hit what I want first crack out of the box.

Say I've got the four little sketches I want—I wish it were that easy. Next I go to the paper cupboard and find a sheet of illustration board. Illustration board is made by mounting smooth, medium or rough white drawing paper on heavy cardboard. The sheets I use are thirty inches high and forty inches wide. I thumb-tack this sheet onto a slightly larger wooden drawing board, put that on a tilt-top drawing table, adjust it to a vertical position, sit in my easy working chair, light a smelly pipe, and you may now come on over and watch me go to it.

I am going to ask you to keep very quiet until I get a good start, for the facing of a thirty-forty space of dead white is a fearsome thing. It looks easy, but just you try it once. Provide yourself with everything I've mentioned, a T square, a ruler, an eraser and a sharp pencil, face all this empty whiteness and a universe devoid of ideas and go right ahead and make some pictures, good ones if you can, but any old kind. Then you'll know why I want silence and very little of that. You may holler when I'm driving, screech while I approach and do a war dance while I putt, but now you'll please keep quiet. Thank you.

Up to this stage illustrators work pretty much alike, except that some might use canvas for painting in oils and pen-and-ink paper for pen drawing. If they use canvas and oil paints they generally use an easel instead of a drawing table. At this point my method varies from that of most illustrators.

I lay out lightly in hard pencil the column spaces, twice as high and twice as wide as they appear on the printed pages. In THE POST each of the pages in the front of the book carries three columns three inches wide by twelve and a quarter inches deep, with five-thirty-sixths of an inch between columns. My diagram as laid out on the large illustration board will be two pages with three columns on each one, measuring six inches wide by twenty-four and a half inches deep, with five-eighteenths of an inch between columns. In other words, I make my drawings twice the linear dimensions, or four times the area.

Next I roughly and lightly block in my four pictures about where I want them to appear on the pages, shifting them around until I get the arrangement that suits me best. I always try to vary these so-called layouts to avoid monotony.

It is this scheme of doing the complete pages on one piece of paper that is different. The majority of the illustrators make their pictures each on a separate piece of board and the art editor arranges them on the pages. Of course if he does not approve of my layout he changes it around, or there may be some other reasons why he cannot follow it. In a flattering number of cases he does, however, and at these times I am tickled, as the problem of arranging the pages is a most fascinating one to me.

We'll say I have my pictures all placed as I'd like them to appear when the issue is printed. No small part of the job is finished; for, as interesting as this part is to me, the overcoming of the inertia of a bare start I find heavy going. Each picture is now lightly and roughly, sketchily planned so I can see what research I'll have to make to get them all accurate and true in every detail. This information I get from several sources—my own reference books, which include everything from the catalogues of sporting-goods houses to an encyclopedia, from the public libraries, from folks who know the intimate things about the subject matter of my story, from the actual sporting events when I am doing a sporting story, and from my file of clippings, taken mostly from photographs and drawings that have appeared in past issues of the illustrated magazines.

Every illustrator has one of these files, and some illustrators are energetic enough to keep them amazingly complete and up to the minute. The contents of these files, usually clippings pasted on typewriter-paper-size sheets and indexed under a number of classifications, are jocularly called swipes, but the name is not descriptive. No illustrator who cares for his good repute can afford to steal from anything that has ever been done before. The discovery of only one such sin would mark him forever.

We're doing a baseball story. I get out the sheets of clippings marked "Baseball," any books that I may have about baseball, and the sporting-goods catalogues for details of gloves, masks, balls, bats, bases, uniforms and what not. If there is time enough on the story you and I will go out this afternoon and see a big-league contest in order to steep ourselves in the actual atmosphere of the game. I do that sort of thing whenever possible. If the story is about stage people I know where I can go back of the curtain and get what I want; if about the movies I go where movies are made; if about a prize fight I go to one, and so on. I find that sort of thing invaluable, and sometimes very amusing experiences result.

Let's stop work long enough for me to tell you just one of these experiences. I illustrated quite a few of Charles E. Van Loan's sporting stories before his passing left such a woeful gap in our list of really good short-story writers. Once I had one that went very intimately into the lives of its characters—a story about prize fighters and a rattling good fight. I needed local color, so I called up the manager of the city's largest biff-bang shop and told him my troubles. He asked me to come to his office. I went, and he was very good to me; introduced me to an old-time handler of pugilists who was to act as my guide, to some fighters who were hanging around, and invited me to his club for that evening's bouts. The handler met me there and we went through the audience and the boxers' dressing rooms, meeting many present stars, past stars and never stars of the game, from Benny Leonard, world's champion lightweight, who was called over from New York to disfigure a local fighter—and he did it well—to the most ancient prelims, now reverted to seconds, towel men and rubbers.

Scrappers Turn Art Critics

WHILE I was asking fool questions of Leonard his sparring partner came into the room fresh from one of the preliminary bouts. He was a sight. In a field of two he had come in a bad second. He stood, or almost stood, in the open door doing his level manliest best to smile with a mouth no longer good for expressing even such a simple emotion, gazing as best he could through his less damaged eye, and altogether posing very well as a statue of battered and genial ruin.

Benny, the master workman, looked earnestly upon the remains of his protégé and a funny little curl appeared in one corner of his mouth as he kindly said, "For Pete's sake! Why did you let him hit you?"

The poor fellow tried courageously to broaden his wounded smile as he replied, "Honest, Benny, I didn't want him to hit me; honest, I didn't."

Most of the boys I met that night seemed to think that what I needed was statistics of their lives and battles for big newspaper notices. I am afraid I was not quite frank enough to disavow this, and I let them talk as they would. Two of them, one an ambitious youngster just coming along and another, a battle-torn veteran of thirty-one, promised to come up to the studio the next afternoon and look at my pictures, then pretty well along.

They came as per schedule. All afternoon they sat in my easiest chairs fanning about their own and other fighters' experiences and never once did they pay me or my pictures the slightest heed. When my light was almost gone and it came time for me to go home I coughed a little to attract their attention and politely suggested that I would be eternally grateful for the merest word of criticism.

They looked earnestly at the pictures, and finally the younger said, "Just draw dat guy's arm back a little bit. He couldn't git no pep in his punch from dat angle. Goo'-by!"

But, here, here! This story is scheduled and we'll have to stop visiting and get to work. We can't even have time to go see a game now. Too much talk and too little work.

At this point comes the matter of models, and I cover that in the answer to the question, "Do you use living models?" The answer is, as you shall see, very seldom; but I'll have much to say on the subject of models, so, as we've been talking too much already, we'll leave that.

I work almost altogether in two different mediums, and "mediums" means, broadly, tools. One is a black-water-color and pen-and-ink combination and the other is a thick, soft, black carbon pencil. In using the first medium I lay the picture out with a regular everyday lead pencil, perhaps just a little finer than you use. I work with this pencil and a piece of pliable kneaded rubber until I get the picture all drawn in to suit me. Then I go over the outlines with a pen and indelible waterproof ink, trying to improve the drawing as I go along. When the ink outline is finished I erase the pencil lines, and the drawing is all ready for what we call the wash. This wash is made by mixing water with a specially prepared lamp-black, or ivory black pigment, that comes in small collapsible metal tubes. The more pigment the darker the wash or tone. An almost pure pigment, with just enough water to make it flow easily from the brush, is a deep, rich, solid black. The illustrations I made for H. G. Wells' serial, The Salvaging of Civilization, were done in this medium, except that as a variant I used diluted ink for the outlines.

Temperament and Diplomacy

IN THE other method I use a carbon pencil from start to finish. This carbon pencil is made of carbon, compressed just as graphite is, and incased also in wood It makes a blacker, duller mark than graphite, can be rubbed with the fingers or a chamois stick, or stump, and can be erased very easily. This is the medium I am using for the baseball story I would be doing if I weren't talking so much.

Broadly, the first of these mediums I use for decorative flat-tone work and the second for naturalistic light-and-shadow illustration. More of that later.

Back to our job. We draw and rub out, draw and rub out—and fortunately good illustration board will stand a lot of such abuse—and draw and rub out until we get what we want, and then we go on to the next picture and the process is the same. Often we'll strike a snag. A figure—a piece of furniture, a cat—won't come out as we'd like, and the more we labor and fret and fume the worse it gets. It just won't come. Then if we have the sense—and time—we'll read another story to distract our minds, practice our golf swings, go to a near-by movie or shut up shop and go home. Then we'll come back fresh, do the picture all over again, and easily. It goes that way often, and you just can't figure out the why of it. Sometimes it will all flow serenely from your pencil, pen or brush and the picture just draws itself, and sometimes it doesn't. It seems impossible to regulate it. You'll go for a long cool hike in the evening, take a fine bath, have a long sound sleep, wake up singing the birds to shame, go to the studio with your chest sticking out a mile and you can't draw more'n a fish. You'll go out to a wild party, go to bed at three A.M., get up at six feeling like a lost soul, crawl down to the studio and produce a masterpiece. And again—vice versa. I don't know the answer; do you? I wonder if it's our old friend Temperament. I wonder!

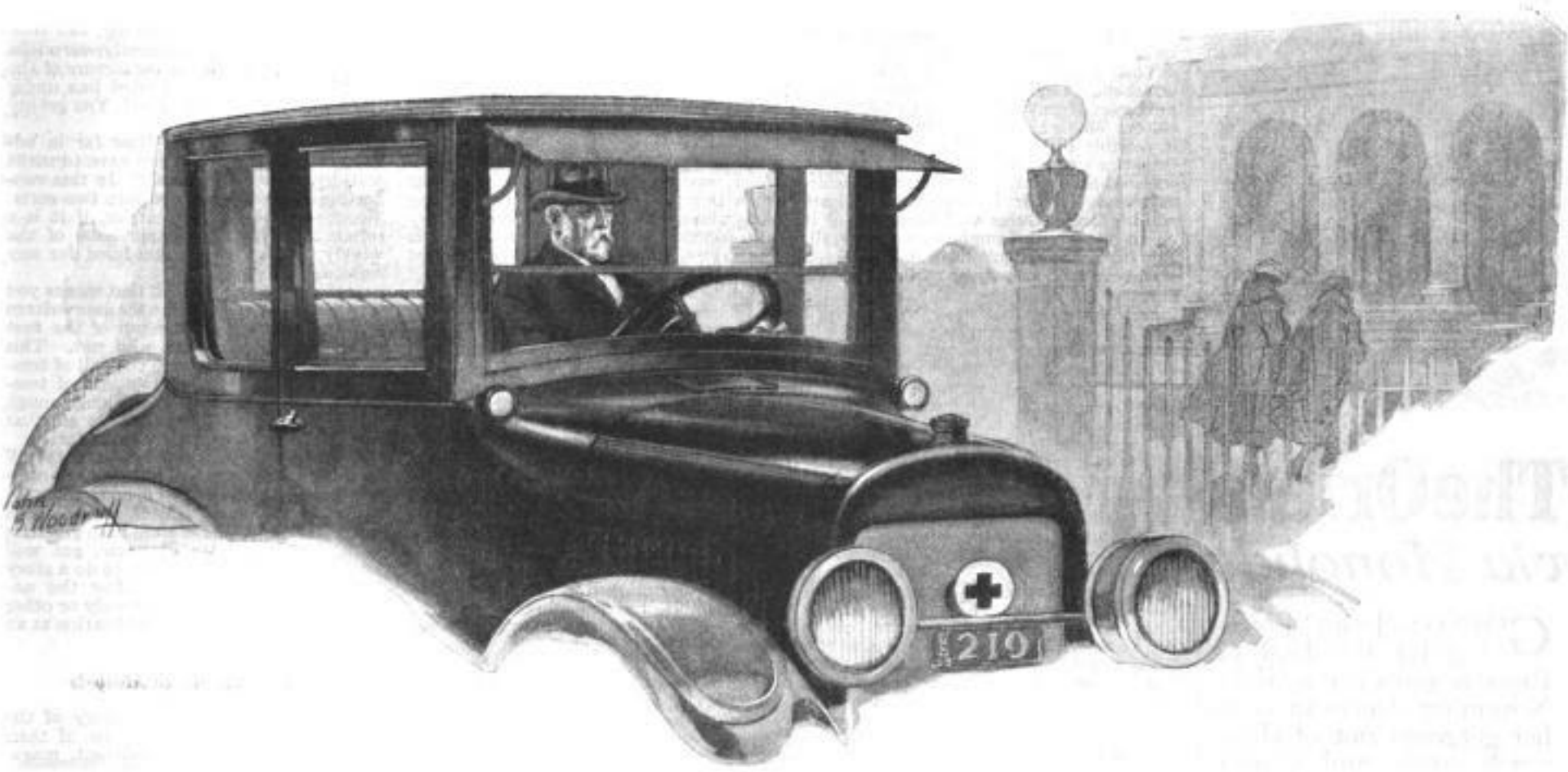
One day follows another until our time is consumed and the pictures are finished, or until our time is consumed and the pictures are not finished. In the first case we spray them with a thin solution of white shellac in alcohol, called fixatif, to keep them from smearing, wrap them up in yesterday's newspaper if they are good, and in nice, clean, expensive wrapping paper if they are poor. Then we bear them over to the art editor, and he either hugs us in his glee or he does not.

In the second case, when we haven't made good on the schedule, we call up the art editor and say: "Hello, old man! How's the family? Car running all right? Certainly is good to hear your voice! Say, old scout, I've a trade last for you. Sure I'll tell it to you—glad to. You know Tellem, don't you? Sure, that's him! The great art critic—smart fellow. Well, he told me last week that he considers you the very best art editor in the business! Sure he did, honest—cross my heart! Thought you'd be glad to hear it, and—oh, yes, old top, would it put you out a great deal if I didn't get those baseball pictures in until tomorrow afternoon? It wouldn't? Now you're sure? Y'see, I could get them in this morning, but this story appeals to me very strongly, and I want to make the pictures just as fine as I possibly can. Want to throw myself on them. Well, au revoir, old scout. Take lunch with me sometime soon, will you? S'long!"

If, in reverse, the answer is "Nothing doing, must have them now," you go back to work and finish the pictures on pure grit and little else.

(Continued on Page 40)

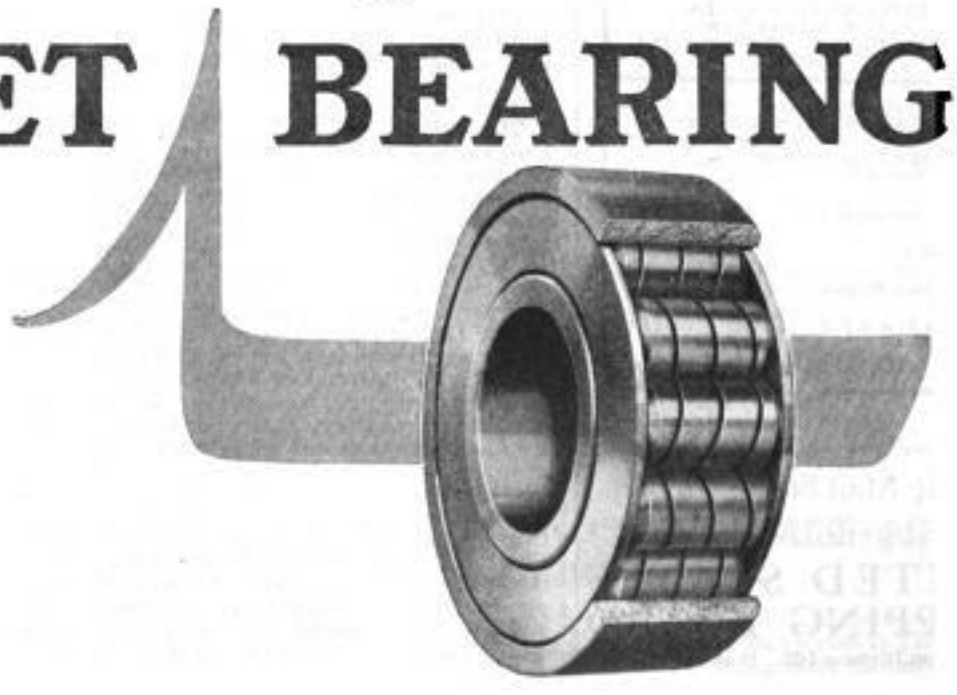
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WHATEVER the time, the road or the weather, the doctor must hasten where duty calls, for his is the greatest of all human responsibilities. To go where he is needed, when he is needed, a doctor must have automobile service that is absolutely dependable and unfailing—the kind of service that sturdy, trustworthy Hyatt Roller Bearings provide for owners of Hyatt-equipped cars.

Unfailing

HYATT QUIET BEARINGS



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The Orient *via Honolulu*

GOING to Japan? Longing for the land of Pagodas and dreams when November dances in with her gorgeous riot of chrysanthemums and scarlet maple leaves? Determined to forget the melancholy threat of winter in the mellow Eastern sunshine amid the gay, exquisite beauty of Japan's Autumn?

Then send the information blank and learn about *your* ships that travel to The Orient. They are among the finest on the Pacific—and they are operated by the **Pacific Mail Steamship Co.**, pre-eminent for 54 years in trans-Pacific travel. The voyage is made via Honolulu over Pacific Mail's famous **"Sunshine Belt"** to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Manila and Hong Kong. Send the blank today.



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(Continued from Page 38)

Now that our job is done, we can do a little more digressing with clearer consciences.

This business of getting the drawings in on schedule time is one of the most prolific producers of gray hair or no hair for the art editor. Woe is his. Not all illustrators find it possible to work to the minute, and a magazine's time schedule must be met that way. It isn't always the illustrator's fault, as I've explained; it surely isn't the art editor's fault. Guess we'll have to hang it on to our friend Temperament, after all. But the conscientious illustrator can keep up a very good average as to date of delivery; he won't miss it often. The art editor knows he's always in there trying, and he'll get the preference for purely practical reasons over the illustrator who can produce more brilliant pictures, perhaps, but can't or won't get them in on schedule time. I have a very good friend who makes the most astonishingly beautiful illustrations; but promises, to him, are things to be forgotten at once. As a consequence, no matter how much the magazines want to use his work, they must not, except on stories the publication of which can be set for months hence and postponed and postponed and postponed; and such stories are very few indeed.

Magazine stories are, as you have noticed, of two kinds: Those completed in a single issue and those running in two or more issues, called serials. In the ideal and usual way the serial is supplied to the illustrator in complete galley sheets—all the serial at once. Sometimes this cannot be done. Maybe the author will not have finished his entire serial, and the editor is anxious for one reason or another to get it started in the magazine. The illustrator will then get as much of the serial as is finished and the rest as it comes from the author's hands. This is seldom done, and many editors make it a rigid rule never to start any work on a serial until they have the manuscript complete. This rule is made, of course, to save embarrassment caused by the author's failure for any cause to complete a serial and the magazine's being forced to have it finished by someone else or to cut it off before it is completed.

Specialty in Illustration

Again, a serial story can be given only to a dependable illustrator, a known schedule meeter. No chances can be taken on this, because, as you must see, it would be more than awkward for a story to be illustrated up to a certain installment by one man and then carried on by another or carried on without pictures. Think of the possible horror of the first predicament! Suppose E. Z. Brush started to illustrate the serial Percy's Perilous Position, and Brush's Percy was a svelte, fragile, thin-lipped Percy; and then suppose Brush got the pip after he had delivered six installments and the first two had appeared; and then suppose the illustrator who had to pinch-hit for Brush simply couldn't draw a svelte, fragile, thin-lipped Percy. Just suppose all that and shiver!

Suppose, once more and again, that an illustrator of sporting stories had got well into the illustrating of that stirring serial Golfing Gussie, and then inconsiderately died; and suppose all the other sporting illustrators were tied up with other work and Golfing Gussie had to be finished by, say, a marine illustrator. Suppose all that, too, and you are entitled to one more shiver!

This brings us very naturally to the question of specialty in illustration. Specializing is just as true in illustration as it is in the other professions. Run through your back numbers of THE POST and you will see, to cite only a few instances, that H. T. Dunn does serious stories of adventure for the most part, as do W. H. D. Koerner, Clark Fay and some others; that Arthur D. Fuller and H. J. Soulen will do adventure stories in a somewhat lighter vein; that F. R. Gruger will handle stories of business romance, such as Hergesheimer's Steel; that Henry Raleigh and James Preston will get stories of love and adventure; that May Wilson Preston and Clarence Underwood will do the up-to-date humorous and girly things; that Anton Otto Fischer will make pictures of the sea; Charles Livingston Bull the animal stories; that Guernsey Moore will do dignified, pure decoration; that Tony Sarg, Ray Rohn and I will do the humorous stuff, mostly, that needs a decorative touch, and so on, and so on.

You will find this same rule to apply in all the other magazines, and the reason is not obscure. If a man establishes himself as, say, a humorous illustrator the art editor feels perfectly safe in sending him material of that sort, knowing just about what the result will be. This in spite of the fact that some of our funny illustrators will imagine themselves to be sadly misunderstood, and that they are not humorists when they are best but intense brooding souls who need only the right kind of story with which to brood successfully. You know, Eddie Foy believed to the last that he had within him the world's ideal of Hamlet, and I'll bet a partly used tube of Chinese white that in his thoughtful periods Charlie Chaplin cherishes pale visions of being thunderously acclaimed as Macbeth or King Lear.

Now the fourth query in our original list of ten: "Does the editor or art editor tell you what pictures to make and how many?" Very occasionally he does. I can cite only my own experiences in answering this question. Different editors and art editors work with different illustrators in different ways.

The way I work with THE POST is this: The art editor calls on the telephone and asks me to come over and talk with him about a story marked to be illustrated by me. I go. He tells me whether the story is to occupy one, two or three pages, and in which part of the weekly. He tells me not infrequently that he wants the pictures delivered on the day before yesterday or sooner. I ask him to have a heart and beg him to be reasonable. He tells me, when he is forced to, that I will have to meet the date. I tell him for the nineteenth time that I cannot possibly do it, and then—I go back to the studio and do it.

Once in a while the ideas for illustrations are suggested by the editors and talked over in a conference. This is an unusual situation for me. I am almost invariably allowed a free rein. I appreciate that. Not because the editor's ideas are not so good as mine, or better, but only because mine are mine and the thrill is still there. Again, any illustrator, if he knows the needs and limitations of his craft, can be and is depended upon to choose his own situations for pictures. Obviously the art editor is too busy a man to go over a story with an illustrator, pick out the parts to be illustrated and suggest how the pictures should look.

In fine, an illustrator must know how to illustrate. He must know what pictures can be made and what pictures cannot and must not be made. Things can be said in text that either cannot or must not be done into illustrations. They would have the wrong kind of interest for the readers, or no interest at all. Let me cite two extreme cases. Imagine, please, a picture illustrating the following lines: "The powerful motors met head-on with a soul-terrifying crash, splintering them into unrecognizable shapes and strewing the ground with disfigured dead and writhing, moaning, bleeding forms that but a few seconds before were care-free, pleasure-seeking men, women and children." That sort of thing just isn't done. It might be written, but not pictured. Or in the other case: "Outwardly Sir Herbert was perfectly calm and unconcerned as he sat in his chair, but his mind was a seething, boiling caldron of miserable unrest. Terrible thoughts flitted through his sick, weary brain." Wouldn't a close-up of Sir Herbert sitting outwardly calm and unconcerned be a thriller?

Always to be Avoided

Another thing we illustrators must not do—ever! We must not give the story away. Let me explain, again by example. The story is a triangle love story. You know—one he loves she, and she loves the second he, who doesn't love she, or the other way around, as you please—write your own ticket. In this particular specimen most of the punch hinges upon the bewilderment of the reader as to whether abandoned Adrian or plodding Peter will annex the hand, heart and fortune of capricious Cora. All through the tale you are supposed to be pulled first one way and then the other as you try to guess the answer, until at the very end you are supposed to read: "Slow, honest, patient Peter folded her in his bearlike arms and their lips crushed in a painfully sweet crush." But suppose once more you'd started this story, got down to the middle of the third column when the guessing contest was going good and strong, and then you happened to glance carelessly over on the next page and saw a fine big picture of the crushing kiss with the quoted line under it. Where would the story be? You get my point, don't you? Thanks.

The sixth question: "How far in advance of publication do you have to make and deliver your pictures?" In this connection stories are divided into two sorts: Those scheduled to appear, or, if it is a serial, to start in a certain issue of the weekly, and those not scheduled for any certain issue.

If the story is scheduled, that means you must deliver the pictures on the date written under your name at the top of the first galley sheet or explain why not. This cruel date is the red rag to the bull of temperament. Not bad, that—"bull of temperament." The date is placed long enough before the date of publication so that everything can be properly cared for.

If the story is not scheduled a date will be given you, but it will not be so uncomfortably close, and it will be, up to a certain point in forbearing patience, movable and usually moved. I have often been given an unscheduled story to illustrate, got well into the job, and laid it aside to do a story that came to the weekly after the unscheduled one, but that for timely or other reasons was scheduled for publication at an early set date.

The Question of Models

The time between the delivery of the pictures and the scheduled date of their appearance varies with different magazines. It depends upon whether the magazine is a weekly or monthly, or upon office policy.

Yea, verily and of course, I have often wondered whether that awesome date for delivery of scheduled pictures isn't set a couple of days on the safe side of the strictest truth. I've often wondered, but I've never asked. I don't want to know, really. I opine that if I were running a magazine I'd cheat a little bit on the date question, just enough to cover the average vagaries of that old temperament—if there be such an average—and then I'd stick to the sanctity of that date through all eternity, I would!

The scheduling of a story hinges upon several things. If it is just the usual run of story, has no especial significance as to season, timeliness, or carries no other reason for giving it early publication, it takes its regular turn. If it is a story bearing on a timely question or by an author of importance or much in vogue, or the like, it may be put into the earliest available issue, and the illustrator is in for a period of rush work.

Seventh question: "Do you use living models for your characters?" I do not—usually; most illustrators do, however. My kind of work, being for the most part of a serio-comic and decorative sort, with more or less caricature or conventionalizing in the faces and figures, makes the use of models more of a hindrance than a help. I try to draw from imagination and memory.

Right here it might be illuminating to roam a little bit afield and try to mark for you the difference between decoration and decorative illustration on the one side and regular naturalistic illustration on the other. Roughly and briefly it is this: Decorative illustration concerns itself more with a symbolical, ornamental embellishment of the pages, and the pictures are done in flat tones to achieve a pleasant artistic spotting rather than a realistic rendering. Decorative illustration, broadly, does not deal with the effects of light and shadow in a scene or composition. Naturalistic or realistic illustration takes into account all the effects of light, shadow and atmosphere, and attempts to visualize for you the scene as real as may be. Perhaps I can better explain by asking you to consider three decorative illustrators such as Guernsey Moore, Ray Rohn and I—although I try to do both sorts—and three naturalistic illustrators such as Harvey T. Dunn, F. R. Gruger and Anton Otto Fischer. I think that will help.

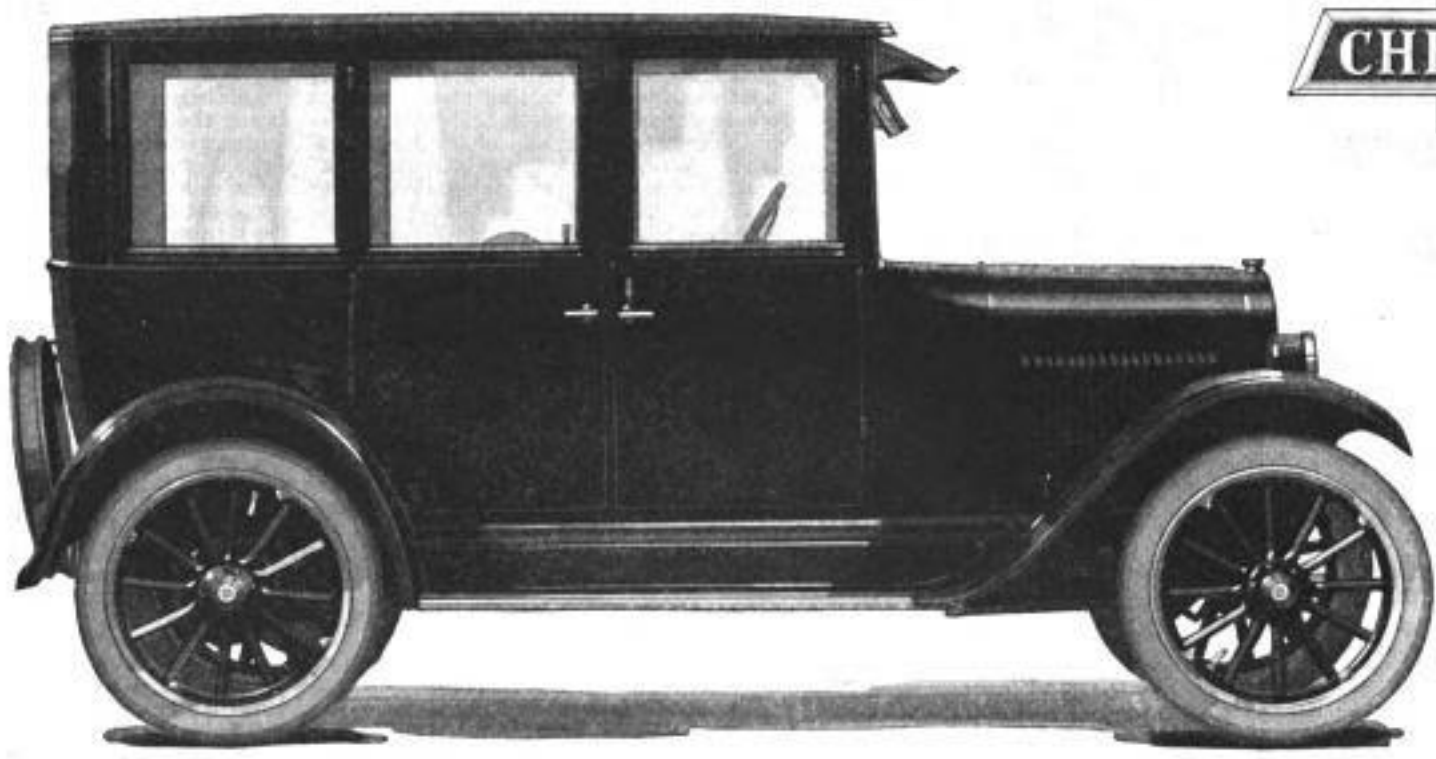
To return to models, their jobs and their ways. The business of being a model is a precarious one; it is hard work, and the monetary return is sparse, to put it mildly. There are ten classes of models—one class of reliable models and nine classes of unreliable models.

(Continued on Page 42)

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SUPERIOR Model Sedan
$860 *f. o. b. Flint, Mich.*



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Announcing the new SUPERIOR Models

Again Chevrolet Motor Company has emphasized its admitted leadership as producer of the World's Lowest Priced Quality Automobiles.

The new SUPERIOR models—one of which is here illustrated—represent the most sensational values in modern, economical transportation ever established.

Quality has been still further improved by more artistic design and added equipment.

Economy has been still further increased by engineering refinements and greatly increased facilities: over 10,000 dealers and service stations insure prompt and economical service.

Prices remain the same in spite of added equipment and more expensive construction, which have greatly increased values.

Some Distinctive Features

Streamline body design with high hood; vacuum feed and rear gasoline tank on all models; drum type head lamps with legal lenses. Curtains open with doors of open models. Closed models have plate glass Ternstedt regulated windows, straight side cord tires, sun visor, windshield wiper and dash light. The Sedanette is equipped with auto trunk on rear.

See these remarkable cars. Study the specifications.

Nothing Compares With Chevrolet

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

10,000 Dealers and Service Stations Throughout the World

Applications will be Considered from High Grade Dealers in Territory not Adequately Covered

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Watch This Column

PRISCILLA DEAN
in
"Under Two Flags"

PRISCILLA DEAN in the character of "Cigarette" in UNIVERSAL'S screen version of Ouida's celebrated novel, "Under Two Flags," has done the finest work of her career in my estimation. She fairly loved the part and reveled in it. That's the spirit that puts fire into a play.



PRISCILLA DEAN

When Ouida wrote that novel, she "builded better than she knew." It instantly became a play. For years it was a sensation all over the world. And it made great reputations for the principals in the cast. It is going to make even a bigger one for MISS DEAN.

UNIVERSAL'S screen production is of course elaborate. No expense has been spared, and the picture will be ten times more delightful, romantic and picturesque than the stage play. MISS DEAN is supported by JAMES KIRKWOOD, a fine actor, whom most of you know, and an exceptional cast of stars.

My idea is that "Under Two Flags" will be one of the great star productions of the year. Seems to me I *ought* to know because I have been making pictures since the industry was in its swaddling clothes.

Don't forget that you *can't* see all that is best in pictures until you have seen UNIVERSAL'S.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 40)

People take to being models from various and varied urges; mostly, I'm afraid, because they cannot get bread and butter in any other way. Theatrical managers are unappreciative—don't know a good thing when they see it—and Henry Irving Booth Smith, Mary Anderson Bernhardt Simpkins and Maisie Korus go to posing for painters, sculptors and illustrators; a lighthearted or heavy-handed gentleman revokes his marital vows and responsibilities, leaves town, and his pathetic, worn lady, perhaps with her deserted youngsters, takes to posing; old age comes, the usual ways of making a living can no longer be followed, and the poor old fellow trudges from studio to studio looking for a few hours' posing; or, failing in that, just a little temporary loan to make frayed ends meet. Unkind friends tell a pretty good stenographer or an efficient iron molder that she or he is wasting time by not favoring the eager artists with her dainty charms or his cave-man brawn. And they go the route, try posing for a while, and wisely come back to stenography and iron molding.

So, you see, models are made, not born. This is especially true of the nine classes. The one class, the first-class model, is a rare bird; but he or she is a great joy when you find him or her. They make a real business of being models, conduct themselves in a businesslike way and are absolutely reliable, keep themselves in fine physical condition, are gentlefolk and know how to pose.

Posing, as I said, is hard work. The model poses commonly for three hours in the morning, three hours in the afternoon, and sometimes three hours in the evening for a class or school. That makes a terrific day—nine hours of the most arduous kind of work. The model takes a pose or position dictated by the artist and sits or stands rigidly, as the case may be, for twenty-five minutes while the artist draws or paints. Then the artist says "Rest," and the model changes position or walks about to relax for five minutes. Then the artist says "Pose," and then another twenty-five minutes of complete immobility, and so on for three hours. If you think that isn't real hard labor, just hold even the simplest pose for twenty-five minutes and see how you like it.

Before the recent war models were usually paid fifty cents an hour, and some of them posed three hours for a dollar. There were those, the very good ones, who commanded seventy-five cents or a dollar an hour, and when posing for photographers or other millionaires as much as a dollar and a half or two dollars an hour. During the war, when almost everybody made two livings and the poorest fish could get a job running a factory or being mayor, the prices for posing soared and there were few models to be had. Now they're down again, along with the prices of the other things you don't absolutely have to have.

Models in Fiction

Models have been let in for a very great deal at the hands or pens of fiction writers—that is to say, female models have. I don't believe I ever read or heard of a story in which a male model figured. There's a virgin field.

But the lady models have been featured much and mightily. Of course you and I know that almost all of it has been pure buncombe.

You know the lovely old tale of the Paris Quartier Latin in which a grisette—or was it a croquette?—used to collect her few sous for posing for one poor artist and then go and lend them to another so that he could pay her for posing for him, and then she'd take the same few sous, go out and buy a banquet of German sausage—that was before the war—and a bouquet of garlic and feed all the penniless comrades, and then the whole bunch would go out and maltreat the grocer from whom the sausage and garlic came and take the few sous away from him so that they—the sous—could again take up their task of supporting the neighborhood. Oh, surely!

And then that nice old weepy one in which Donald P. Goof, ninth in line for the baronetcy, starving and in dire want, nothing on him but his heaven-sent genius, sits in a garret in Soho, London, England, his head bowed in his two poor wasted hands. Before him stands his grand masterpiece, all finished except for the wondrous Venus, the glorious center of the picture. He had searched London high and low—they always do that—among the usual places and his friends of high degree. He couldn't find the right model and he couldn't have paid her if he had found her. He is all in, down and out, on his uppers, last squeak, and all that sort of thing, y'know, and all ready for the expected high dive into the black waters of the Thames, that mystic stream whose dark depths mask the sad sorrows of the great gripping city of London, England. A timid scratching is heard from back of him, and a thin, piping, tired voice is saying, "Won't I do, sir? Just try me, sir. Hi'd love to 'elp you, sir. Yer so kind, sir, and yer look just like me poor dead mother, sir. Hi'll pose for you, sir, please, sir!" He turns quickly and sees the little slavey who cared for his room and whom he had seen only about a million times before.

"Great Rubens!" he cries, staggering back.

She poses for him. England and the world are all het up about his picture. It wins three prizes and four others it wasn't in competition for. The baronet and the eight who were ahead of Donald in the line for the baronetcy are all killed at cricket. He proudly leads the slavey, who proves to be the long lost Lady Humpshire, to the altar; the band plays and—and ain't it grand?

And then that eighteen-carat bunk about the gent who, happening, unexpected, into his dearest friend's studio, finds his own wife posing in—in nothing but—but—well, anyhow, posing, and grabbing a near-by maulstick runs it through his perfidious pal's heart. 'S'nough!

Even though I do not use models except on occasional jobs and for practice, I have met and still meet a great many of them, and they are funny folks.

Models in Real Life

One of them is a former—very former—captain in the Dutch Army; or was it the Swiss Navy? He is a delightful old gentleman who is in dire straits twelve months of the year and prosperous the rest of the time. He has a carefully manicured beard, wears clothes of his days of affluence in winning combinations, is short and squat and tired, and unless you have to draw a former captain of the Dutch Army or Swiss Navy you simply cannot use him. During the fall and winter, when the models are busy and he finds little posing to do, he teaches French, English, Dutch or any other language, and so pieces out a very uncertain living. He always shows you a wrinkled piece of paper attesting to the fact that just as soon as a long list of relatives passes out he'll come into undisturbed possession of a tulip plantation near Scheveningen, or somewhere, or something. But he's lovable and he's game—over eighty years old and still going along. Once in a while some of us try to find him a nice warm home in an institution for old people. He gets very indignant, and says that as long as he can walk he'll make, or try to make, his bread. He's a love and the illustrator's pet, a gentleman and a scholar. I haven't seen him for a long time, and I don't know but what maybe—maybe—but I certainly hope not.

Another model—a fairly young and a very good one—took fine care of a sizable family by posing for illustrators and acting as professional pallbearer for a large local undertaker. He got five dollars per funeral. Often when I'd call his phone number his wife would say, "I'm sorry, Mr. Blumenthal, but Jack's got a funeral tomorrow morning, one in the afternoon, two on Wednesday, one Thursday afternoon and two on Friday; but he's free the rest of the time." Verily, a gay, lightsome life! He had a shiny tall hat, a Prince Albert coat and the only other property needed for a funeral, a suitably lugubrious cast of countenance. A really fine, affable chap, but so worn was he into the ways of the professional pallbearer that whenever I'd ask him to smile during a pose I could hear the clods of dirt thumping on the polished plate-glass top and the minister saying "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." This model has given up posing and is now an official at a large railroad station.

Then there was a dear old lady—was, I say, because I think she has answered the call of too many years—who was a perfect delight to have around. Sunny and helpful was she, a good model and a perfect old-mother type.

Still another one of the old days was a hulking brute of a fellow, deep chested, six feet three inches tall, muscled like a Sandow and featured like a Gladstone—a good model.

And then he'd speak, and then—and then you'd have sweet visions of a young girls' seminary and just oodles and oodles of chocolate bonbons!

Another model taught swimming in Maine during the summer and posed during the winter, and another—— But there, that'll do! Maybe some day I'll write a whole story called Muddled Models and then try to get it through. It could be done—the writing, I mean, if not the getting through.

The eighth question: "How do your pictures get printed in the magazine? What is the process?" This is a very interesting subject to me, but the process is more or less involved. A full answer to the question would take a long time, and unless you have a technical interest it would bore you. Briefly, the process is this: The photo-engraver photographs the drawing on a sensitized metal plate—zinc for pen-and-ink reproduction, copper for half-tone reproduction.

The plate is etched in an acid bath, the acid bites into the metal, and the lines or tones left unbitten form the printing surfaces.

This original plate, so called, is never used to print from in magazine work. Exact duplicates are made in electrotype metal or other materials, and they are used.

Usually the illustrators make their drawings larger than the size in which they are to be printed, allowing for the refining of the lines and tones in the photographic reduction.

The ninth question: "Who settles the question of how much you are to get for your pictures?" The rate is usually set at a quarrel between the art editor and the illustrator, at which the price is fixed at about one-fifty-sixth of what the illustrator thinks his work is worth, or fifty-six times as much as the art editor thinks it is worth. This is a perfectly happy arrangement.

Different magazines pay different prices, depending upon how rich the magazine is or how cheerfully it gives up.

Of a certainty, the product of the experienced, capable, well-known illustrator will command a higher price than that of his less experienced fellow craftsmen and a return in proportion to the public clamor for his pictures.

At this point it would be such a delightful thing to insert a bit of prose poetry about an illustrator for whose illustrations the people just yammered and yammered and yammered until the management gave him the whole magazine for a single facile smear from his gifted brush. But so far no hokum—just cold facts; so we won't spin that pleasant yarn. But it would be nice, wouldn't it?

The Little Matter of Price

As a matter of loyalty to the union—and particularly Local 248—I can't tell you what I think about the illustrator's pay, but I do think so. Suffice it to mention lightly that so far no illustrator has made John D. Gasoline look to his shekels; but they all seem to be able to afford a bottle of ink, and I heard of one who has reached the eighteenth installment on his flivver.

More often than not the very lowbrow question of price is never mentioned between the art editor and the illustrator. When the art editor receives the first set of drawings from the hands of the illustrator he says—maybe, "Ah, very fine, Penpusher, very fine," or "Oh, heavens!" as the case may be. "A check will reach you in due course."

Then Penpusher hies him back to his studio, sinks back among the cushions and awaits the promised check. Depending upon the magazine, the check does one of three things: It comes on time, it doesn't come on time or it doesn't come. We are portraying ideal conditions, so we'll assume it comes on time.

With the usual trembling fingers Penpusher tears open the envelope.

"For the love o' Mike," he wails, "only this! The beast"—meaning the art editor—"I'll show him! I'll show him!"

He slams his real French *béret* on his head, rushes madly out and over to the beast's cave, muttering as he runs, "The stingy devil! Only this pittance for two days' work! I'll show him! I'll show him!" He is admitted to the art editor, who smilingly asks, "Well, Penpusher, what now?"

(Continued on Page 44)

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The
SINGLE-SIX
SEVEN-PASSENGER SEDAN

With the Single-Six, Packard now eliminates the condition which, for so long, assessed a premium against buyers of the finer motor cars.

For the first time in motor car history, Packard is building a car of the very highest quality on a basis never before thought practical for such a product.

Limited production is costly production, simply because it is limited. It operates against a high money-value in the product. It necessitates a higher selling price.

The larger production, as Packard is applying it, accomplishes all that the other must fail to accomplish.

It tends to heighten quality, instead of restricting it. Costs are spread over a larger number of units. The value of the car is increased. Selling price is brought to the point where a vastly widened market is available.

This is exactly what has taken place with the Packard Single-Six.

It represents a revolutionary value among fine cars. It has found the larger market, which is registering an eager demand far beyond our present ability to supply.

Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485; Sport Model, $2650; Coupé, $3175; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525; Five-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3325; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575; at Detroit

The Packard Twin-Six provides a quality of motoring beyond which it is not possible to go. Truck users know there is profit in hauling with Packard Trucks. All Packard upkeep is made still more economical by Packard standardized service

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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Ride Easy in a FORD

The Goodrich Pneumatic Auto Seat is a brand new Goodrich creation for the comfort and convenience of the owner of a Ford car.

A softer and more hygienic seat. A real buffer to take up the bumps of a rough road.

A cool and comfortable seat. Firm, though flexible, it gives you a real seat, yet as easy as an easy chair in your home. You ride on air.

Easy to install. Take out your old cushion and put in the Goodrich.

Investigate it. Send for our interesting booklet.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

Goodrich Pneumatic Auto Seat

"BLOCKS THE SHOCKS"

(Continued from Page 42)

"Huh?" says Penpusher. "Mr. Scribbla, I—I—I—wa-want to thank you for your generous check. I hope you'll send me a job very soon again," and so on.

Of course, all that's just an attempt to liven up this occasion. Usually the price is satisfactory all around and everybody is happy about it.

The tenth and last question: "Now, Mr. Blumenthal, not that I want to appear unduly curious, but just as a matter of interest, to settle an argument—I hope you won't think I'm inquisitive—but how much do you make a week?" The answer is, almost enough to live on—some weeks!

So far I have touched only magazine illustrating, making pictures for the periodicals you are used to seeing. Not all the magazines—unfortunately and woe is us—use only drawings for illustrations. Most of them use both drawings and photographs, and others, usually technical magazines, use only photographs as illustrations. These photographs come for the most part from the large news-photograph syndicates. Still other magazines foolishly—yea, foolishly—appear entirely unillustrated. These we may well ignore. You have never heard of them anyhow. Still other magazines illustrate with photographs and with cartoons reprinted—with credit given—from the newspapers or wherever else original cartoons are published. Again this type of magazine is as useful to the illustrator as is an umbrella to a fish—just about!

Newspaper Illustration

Passing along, we come next to the illustration of newspapers by line drawings, cartoons, photographs and the comics. Newspaper illustrations deserve more than a word, especially the cartoons and the amazingly sought-for and influential comics. Cartooning, political and social, is a separate and distinct art, and the really successful cartoonists are few, surprisingly few. The cartoonist wields a tremendous influence upon public opinion, and the aid of a well-known cartoonist in a political battle, for instance, is a very powerful asset. Consider the work of such men of the recent past as Homer Davenport, Linley Sambourne, Thomas Nast, Sir John Tenniel and the other great ones. Usually the big newspaper cartoonists invent their own ideas for cartoons. Sometimes they are arrived at in editorial conferences.

And now the comics, and some of their creators, who command moving-picture-star salaries. By that I don't mean the moving-picture press agent's dream of what the moving-picture stars get; I mean the actual iron men that are rolled in the star's direction on pay day. I really believe there is a slight difference.

But back to the comics, or the funnies, as the eager youngsters call them. Some comics are, I believe, for the majority of newspaper buyers the sole reason for buying. In popularity they vie only with the column, or little piece of a column—also a comic—headed, "Situations Wanted—Female."

The big and popular comics are, as you doubtless know, not controlled or published solely by any one newspaper. They are syndicated in two ways. In one method a number of newspapers all over the country form an association, pay the comic makers' salaries and control their entire output. All these newspapers use the drawings, or strips, as they are called. In the other way the syndicate pays the artist either a flat salary or royalties, or both, and then sells his work to as many newspapers—only one in each town, however—as will buy it.

It is estimated by the wise ones that the big comic men earn a yearly stipend of a size to make the old-time prince's income look like a poor peasant's collection of marks, rubles or Mexican dollars, and I believe it to be true.

Just a word at this stage for the magazine-cover makers and their work. This again is a specialized branch of periodical graphic art, and the successful cover designers are, of all the magazine-picture makers, best known to the public. As far as subjects for covers are concerned, the pretty-girl ones are away far in the lead, with no second. Whenever a magazine uses a cover portraying something other than the usual gazelle-eyed, bob-tressed, swan-necked lady it feels that it is laying the supreme sacrifice at the altar of Art—spelled with a big A.

Once every thousand years some foolish editor decides to break away from the pretty-girl tradition. A couple of years ago one decided to make the break, and started a series of men's heads and figures as a direct slap at the thrall of feminine beauty. It was a grand success—not! Old Vox Populi bawled right out in meeting. So the repentant editor came back into the warmth of the fold and again showed the usual periodical charmer.

During the last decade a very important branch of illustration has come into its own and forms an exceedingly large field for the picture maker. I refer to commercial illustration, as it is called, or the making of pictures for advertisements. Many of our very best illustrators have turned their talents in this direction and find every opportunity to put just as much careful drawing and painting into the work as they did in the legitimate, so to speak. Look at the really splendid advertisements involving clothing, automobiles, chocolate layer cakes, tires, hams, machinery, canned goods, oranges in full color, and what not in the back pages of the magazines. They, more often than not, are real works of art. Nothing could be finer. It used to be that the real dyed-in-the-wool, crackajack illustrator and his only slightly less crackajack coworkers turned up their noses at advertising illustrating. No longer is such the case. Our very best people are doing it, and I believe it to be true that their pictures are on the whole as carefully handled and reproduced as in the editorial pages of the magazines.

Cheer up! This is almost done! It has been heavy going, I know, and you have been very patient; but I would like to include just a few more phases of the subject, and to answer with, I hope, some measure of information another question that is often asked. It is also a prize. Here it is: "When did you become conscious of your talent for making pictures?" A personal reply to that might help some.

My own little story, and I give it for what it is worth, is this: After going through the unique processes of being born, nursed, spanked, coddled—along with twelve brothers and sisters—publicly schooled and almost completely Sunday-schooled, I found myself at eighteen about to graduate from the Philadelphia Central Manual Training High School, class '97.

The Start of a Career

My ambitions centered upon becoming a physician. Lucky enough that I didn't, for what with the generous spreading of my mob family I would have had a fine large practice and no cash customers. As it is, I have double-crossed them. None of them wants to buy art, so I have no bad debts. I was counting on winning a free university scholarship. Seven of them were given out for the year's best averages. I came in eighth. A would-be medico was nipped because nobody had the price or desire to send me to college.

I remember distinctly that when I was somewhat recovered from not hearing my name as the lucky seventh our free-hand drawing teacher came to me and said, "Blumenthal, why don't you take the free scholarship to the art school?" He said it with a loud, doleful accent on the "you," with a somebody's-got-to-take-it sort of an emphasis. So I replied, "Well, I simply can't go home without a free scholarship of some kind. I'll take it." And that's the curdling tale of how it happened with me.

Every family in the world possesses and loudly boasts some member—a son, a daughter, a niece, a nephew, a cousin—who shows astounding untaught ability to draw. The usual line of patter is this: "Say, I want to tell you about my kid. He's only two years old—never had a lesson in his life, but draw? Say, that kid has real inborn talent. He can sit down and draw right on the edge of a newspaper the best dog-gone likeness of anybody you ever saw. Yes-sir! I'm not kiddin' you! I don't know where he gets it—never heard of it in mine or the wife's family; just comes natural, I guess; but he's a wonder! Now I want you to tell me what to do with a kid like that."

Under my breath I say, "Kill him while he's young and happy." Aloud I say: "Let him alone! If his talent is any good, let him alone until he is about eighteen or twenty. Give him a good, sound general education—through a university if possible, and let him carry his art instruction on subservient to that until his general education is finished. If his urge toward art work is strong you can't kill it; it will live in spite of what you do. If it isn't strong it isn't worth nursing. By forcing it you'll probably develop the youngster into a mediocre illustrator, and goodness knows his competition, as such, will be fierce. The woods are full of them. A second-rate physician or lawyer or dentist can always make a pretty good living, but a second-rate artist is hopeless."

If, however, you want to enter your youngster in an art school just as a means of rounding out a good working education, I say, fine; nothing could be better; but for pity's sake don't force what you fondly think is talent. The chances are dollars to doughnuts that it isn't. If you want to find out definitely take the youngster, with some examples of his original work, to a successful illustrator or artist and he'll put you straight. You take his word for it. I'd a million times rather see a child of mine grow up to be a good cabinetmaker than a poor artist—yes, and far rather a journeyman bricklayer or plumber, if I dare aspire so high.

Beware of Youthful Genius

This business of being buttonholed about the genius son, daughter, nephew, niece or cousin would still be funny if it didn't happen quite so often. Occasionally it's funny, even at that. When I finished this article in longhand I took it up to the factory that furnishes me money to live between stories and gave it to one of the stenographers to type. This done, I strolled out into the shipping room, and the head shipper ran seven-eighths of the way to meet me, his face aflame with excitement.

"Say, Mr. B.," he exploded, "I want your advice. I gotta little nephew over in Camden and y'oughta see that kid draw," and so on.

He is still the head shipper, but only because I didn't have influence enough to get him fired. Needless to say, I have lots of youthful Rembrandts brought to me, and about one in a thousand has a talent that amounts to a hill of beans.

The gentlefolks bring in their hopefuls, together with large bundles of copies of lovely ladies, flower-and-fruit pieces and Christmas cards with real artificial snow on 'em, and that are absolutely worthless.

Anybody can copy, but only the great exception can originate. Anybody who can learn to write can learn to draw, but I think nobody can learn to create. It's a real gift. It can be nourished from little, but the spark must be there.

Illustrating is a pleasant way to make almost a living; I can think of no pleasanter way, unless possibly it is being an editor, art editor, author, professional coupon clipper or permanent champion heavyweight of the world. None the less, it is pretty hard and exacting work, and only the comparative few arrive—the very comparative few. For one illustrator who makes a good living hundreds do not. I write that in all faith, not to be discouraging to the hopeful young illustrators—not at all; but still—at that it might help to keep down competition. You never can tell!



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DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS SEDAN

Exceptional interest has been aroused by the practical arrangement of the interior.

The entire rear compartment furnishings—seat, seat cushions, back cushions, seat frame, foot rest, carpet and all—can be removed from the car in a few moments.

The front seat is then tilted forward, giving a gross clearance of twenty-two inches through the rear doors.

In this way, a space of sixty-four cubic feet in the rear compartment is made available for loading.

When the rear seat fixtures are back in place, the interior is complete and attractive in appearance. Its convertibility is not apparent to the eye.

Business men, farmers, salesmen, campers, tourists and everyone who has occasion, at times, to carry bulky articles or luggage will readily appreciate the great utility of this construction.

The Price is $1195 f. o. b. Detroit



Patents Pending

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Number 130

—one of the twelve most popular pens in the world

A more appropriate name for this pen than "The Easy Writer" could not have been found. With just the right degree of flexibility, and a point neither too fine nor too coarse, it suits the average writer perfectly. Holds enough ink, too, to avoid constant dipping into the well.

Choose from the dealer's display case, order by number for safety's sake, and buy by the box—it is red.

The Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
72-100 Delaware Ave.
Camden, N. J.

Canadian Agents: Brown Bros., Ltd.
Toronto



Send 15c
for sample of the twelve most popular pens in the little red box.

Esterbrook

CREAM COMES TO THE TOP

(Continued from Page 34)

Out of the corner of an eye she saw with annoyance that Izzy and Gyp were edging close to hear what she was so carefully telling Perry.

"Of course if you're afraid of losing a nine-dollar job ——" She was more than a trifle scornful. "My goodness, there are other stockrooms in town. At this season of year you'd get taken on any other place."

By nature Perry was polite and fond of fruit sundaes, but he was not without pride. He flushed and looked down, as if offended at Amelia, slightly smiling and very wide-awake in her cheap blouse and short skirt.

He ran a hand through his well-cared-for light hair. It was his habit when discomposed.

"If you go out to the salesrooms," said Amelia maternally, "wipe the dust off this side of your face, Perry," and moved on her way.

Presently looking back, she suppressed a smile as she saw Perry's serge shoulders go through a door. She went on to deliver a carbon sheet to an elderly man who would never in his tired life do bigger work than tabulate such sheets.

Later in the day Perry met her—in a side aisle where she had betaken herself to be met, although he did not know that. His eyes were bright.

"Say, I took some chance! But I got patted instead of jawed, so it was all right. Old Ham was mopping his forehead and he said he certainly could use anyone. But d'ye know"—with injury—"some of the other boys must watch what I was doing, and rush out in a bunch and spoil a good thing?"

"Some of them would," said Amelia regretfully. "Never mind. You rushed first. Hammerson may not forget."

"He won't, I think."

"I read a newspaper article the other night that said nobody ever got any place without moving himself in that direction or being moved," said Amelia meditatively. "And I happened to think of you, Perry. I wondered why you stick in that stockroom when you could just as well be getting out of it."

"Oh—you did?" Perry spoke uncertainly, as if not sure whether she spoke compliment or stricture.

"But I decided you were just laying a good foundation for your future," she said brightly. "Sort of getting all the bottom training and information you could while you had the chance."

Perry looked at her uncertainly. And Gyp Ferder was passing, to her annoyance.

Gyp always was an intrusive person and several years of acquaintance between him and Amelia had not served as basis for warm friendship.

"Oh, my, what's this?" he now gibed, having caught a word. "A little chat on How Good Stock Boys Become Bad Presidents or Heads of the Silkworms' Union! Oh, boys, come over 'n' listen."

They did not come, being intrigued by a water tank where presently Gyp with one arm knocked Gus Johnson away while with the other he got himself first drink, with more regard for might than right.

Amelia regarded red-haired Gyp and the others with disapproval.

"You're certainly different from some of them, Perry," she murmured.

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Perry in a sudden burst of confidence, "I'm not so assertive as other fellows around here. It doesn't come natural to me."

"Of course, in a way, a man's got to be assertive if he's going to die rich or get to be head silk buyer in a wholesale house." Amelia frowned in an effort to remember certain printed paragraphs' wording.

No male, however young, is without a certain instinctive suspicion and wariness. Perry looked curiously at her.

She saw, and disarmed suspicion before it could do harm.

"I've been reading a good deal on how to be successful," she went on briskly. "Because I don't ever intend to marry. I'm going in for business myself."

"Oh, you are?"

"I'd like to be silk buyer for a big house like this," she said musingly. "Some snap! Some job! European trip every few months—stop at best hotels—tip bell boys—big salary—my!"

"Yes. It's a peach of a life," said Perry with quickened breath.

Jewell happened to be strolling within their vision. Perry's eyes followed Amelia's after the thin, dapper, assured silk buyer.

"I'd certainly like to wear his shoes," she said absently. "Or Hammerson's."

"Of course," said Perry with a hint of reserve, "there are some—a few women buyers."

"I couldn't be one," she said mournfully and truthfully. "I'm color-blind."

"Are you?"

"Not all. But I can't tell a lot of shades apart."

"In that case you couldn't be a textile buyer," he said. His tone was mildly consolatory. "Still, there are lots of other things a woman can do. Ledger work—and stenography."

"Yes, I know," she said briefly, and went on her way.

The stunt of that day could not be repeated often. For one reason, Perry's initiative had compelled too much imitation. From higher up there presently bellowed down loud command that stockrooms be not again deserted. But Amelia Woolem, calmly attending with facility to her own tasks, regarded Perry with content. Was he not more alert of eye than formerly?

In the course of time green apples redden, and stock boys outgrow or outlast their niche. Perry was promoted in time to the floor. Not alone. There were others. But he was the youngest.

"And Hammerson let me take care of J. F. Jelby while he went out for early lunch," the first week he elatedly told Amelia. "Gyp Ferder had shoved right up—you know that redhead! Hammerson waved him back—'No; I recall once this chap showed pep.' Gyp was sore." Perry smiled happily.

Amelia's eyes danced. The Jelby brothers, of Omaha, were prize retailers. When she met red-haired Gyp she was smug with triumph. Already she had sensed that, among a diverse ambitious young crowd, Gyp might prove a most serious rival to Perry.

There was nothing childish in this triumph. Nor was there gaminish hint to the answering glint in Gyp's sharp eyes. Cool keen rivalry—vicarious, of course, in a way, on her part—was indicated. A race was on. No childish race. But the sober race of adults—adults out for heavy stakes. Life stakes, using broadest meaning; food and shelter, stripping away verbiage.

Later that same day Amelia wore an oddly satisfied look as she sat at her desk in the credit office on the main floor. Glass partitions were the rule on that floor, which was given over to offices. Any desk worker had a clear view of the street doors. A telephone instrument stood handily near her inkwell. It was perhaps ten days later that, somewhat surreptitiously, Amelia took up the instrument and got the salesrooms. Carefully, through an errand boy who was not garrulous—being indeed in Amelia's opinion a comfortably stupid boy—she got Perry. Her voice was mysteriously low but distinct as she passed up to him the information that Hammerson and the salesman next in rank had both gone home with colds—which Perry already knew—and in the Blarincky front door, very important in her black satin skirt and expensive imported jet earrings, was waddling one Mme. Stogan, from Springfield, to buy midseason stock.

"You know she doesn't like the shy-violet type of salesman. Grab her as she steps out of the elevator, before anyone else has a chance. Ask her where she finds her classy jewelry. You'll get a fat slice of commission."

Then Amelia put up her receiver with calm satisfaction and turned her chair so as to give herself, bent over her ledger, even a better view of street doors and the wide center aisle leading to the elevators which connected with the sales floor.

Into every life fall certain years that are dangerous in that they are a specious standard by which to measure less hopeful, less illusive-pink years. There came two such to Amelia Woolem; busy, optimistic years filled to overflowing with daily work and reading and sage conversation.

To an outside eye the months might have seemed the patent progress of a leisurely, matter-of-fact, American-city courtship. Amelia and Perry lived on the same side of town, and so there were eliminated for them the long street-car rides which are an unpleasant and discouraging factor in the courtship of a young city man whose means—and hours—are limited.

It was convenient for Perry to walk the blocks between his home and Amelia's and spend an evening playing rummy or the phonograph. And when the living room was deserted by others of the Woolem household, for motion pictures or something else, the two young people held long interesting talks on such subjects as success, ambition and Hammerson's successor.

Amelia was well posted. Nearly always she had a brand-new book or article tucked in her coat pocket.

"You read a lot," said Perry once when she pressed on him the loan of a book just off the press—on pep and punch. "I can't remember half these authors' names."

"You don't have to," she said absently. "I'll—I mean I read 'em to kill time. And I always know what authors to buy."

Perry pocketed the small valuable volume—or so it was blurbed—and admitted this was convenient for him.

But Helen Woolem, Amelia's eldest sister, once made amused comment. "My goodness, Amel, what a weighty evening! I couldn't help overhearing some. Doesn't jazz ever tempt you two?"

Amelia explained patiently that Perry didn't make enough money to spend in riotous entertainment.

"And I wouldn't let him spend a lot. I want him to save."

Helen was not unpractical. "Well, of course. But how about the parks? They're cool and green this month." Inquisitively: "One would think ——"

"Um-m—yes," said Amelia.

Helen laughed softly. "Is Perry too demonstrative? Or is he careful of his kisses as well as his dollars?"

"He is not one or the other," said Amelia with dignity and a flush. "We are not really engaged, you know. We're just friends."

"Um-m." Helen gave advice. "There are two kinds of young men a girl has to watch out for, you know—the ones who are too free with their arms, and the ones who are too cautious, Amelia!"

Amelia considered questions and advice in bad taste. She was indeed annoyed, although she was fond of Helen and admired her. Helen had soft dark eyes, earned twenty-five hundred dollars a year and had a very pleasant love affair of her own in the handling. But Amelia did not confide to anyone her private affairs.

It was about this time—and perhaps this was one reason that Helen's interest was not more welcome—that Amelia had recognized herself, Perry and Gyp Ferder as a tacit, tenacious if silent triangle.

Not the usual, the love triangle. Oh, not that! But Gyp and Perry patently were neck to neck in desire and plans. It might have been any one of thirty-odd young fellows who became Perry's chief competitor. But Amelia had seen some time back it would be Gyp. Even physically he seemed one of those individuals who serve as basis for stories of errand-boy success. His hair was set off by his sharp eyes. And for some reason as he had grown older, and more serious, he had acquired a cool amused way of looking at Amelia herself that annoyed her.

Once or twice he had stepped in front of Perry and got a bit of luck or credit that should by rights have been Perry's. Thus he worried her. She compared him with Perry—to Gyp's disadvantage. He had somewhat the same dapper taste in clothes, as his earnings, too, had increased; but he was not good-looking. However, not being unintelligent, Amelia readily enough traced a part of her dislike for him back to one day when he had caught her marking passages in a book for Perry to read. The book was Inspirational Incidents for Insecure Salesmen, and it was a very worthwhile book indeed in her opinion.

"Oh, Amelia," said Gyp, apparently serious, "I like good literature too. Let me come up to your house some night and tell you what authors I like best?"

Having known Gyp long enough, she was able to treat this remark with silent dignity. And indeed her attention within the hour was otherwise engaged, because she saw Lilly Holstadt's blond head pause beside Perry's neat light head in a somewhat

(Continued on Page 48)

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This pipe covering saves more heat

HERE is a heat insulation that saves more heat and costs no more than ordinary pipe covering. Its name is Improved Asbestocel.

Improved Asbestocel has an important construction difference. Most coverings are merely built-up rolls of corrugated sheets forming hundreds of open tunnels along the covering. Through these the heat gets away.

Improved Asbestocel, on the other hand, is a honeycomb of thousands of closed cells which confine the heated air, prevent its free circulation and so save heat. The "closed cell" construction makes a stronger, more lasting, more efficient and better looking material.

So that you may be able readily to identify Improved Asbestocel, we will henceforth mark every length of this material with a red band on the inside of each end. For maximum economy look for the red band.

Look for the red band

Section of pipe with Improved Asbestocel covering opened to show the construction that saves maximum heat.



Send for this book

It tells how Improved Asbestocel helps to keep house temperatures up and coal bills down.

Through—
Asbestos
and its allied products
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Improved Asbestocel

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 50 Large Cities
For Canada:
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

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HEAT
Automatically Regulated

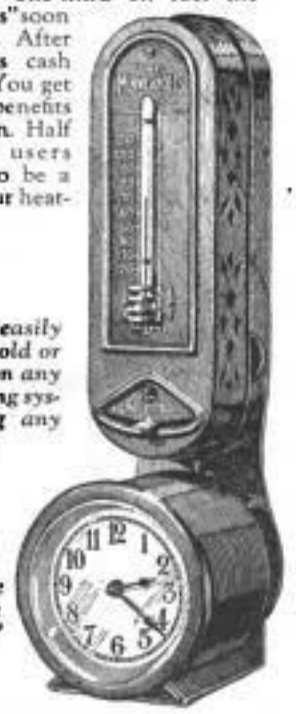
Comfort The "Minneapolis" Heat Regulator makes homes more livable. It keeps them cosily warm without overheating; provides a uniform temperature at all times; maintains a steady low fire at night; automatically changes the temperature to day-time warmth while you sleep so you can dress and breakfast in comfort.

Convenience The "Minneapolis" banishes the work and worry which are part of hand-regulation of heating plants. This modern convenience asks a minimum of your time. You set it for the day and night temperatures and wind the clock once weekly, the only attention it requires. Saves trips to the basement. Saves many steps each day.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR
"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

safeguards health. Those of old age and tender years are extremely sensitive to changes in temperature. Chilly or overheated rooms are detrimental to anyone's health. Keep the temperature uniform. Install the "Minneapolis." Protect your greatest asset—health.

Economy By saving one-fifth to one-third on fuel the "Minneapolis" soon pays its cost. After that it pays cash dividends. You get all its other benefits in the bargain. Half a million users know this to be a fact. Ask your heating man.



Quickly and easily installed in old or new homes on any type of heating system burning any kind of fuel.

Write for booklet, "The Convenience of Comfort."

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
2803 Fourth Avenue, So. Minneapolis, Minn.
Service branches in 20 principal cities.

(Continued from Page 46)

deserted salesroom. Starting from the same station and stature at early teens, Amelia and Lilly had developed differently. And Lilly—Amelia knew Lilly's facile nature. But she was not really disturbed. It was true that Perry's eyes, following Lilly and pretty Ina Booth at times, held a male's natural admiration. Natural enough. They were pretty persons, with fluttery gestures and eyes and silky hair to set off Blarincky hats—or they would not have been Blarincky hat models. But that same evening Perry confided his real opinion of them to Amelia—he had alluded to it before.

"You have to have money to interest 'em. They're not a bit bashful about letting you know it. Today I heard"—in disgust—"Ina telling Lilly about a fellow she'd been out with the night before. 'Nerve!' that's what she said. 'Over to the L steps he walks me! I said to him, "Well!"' Believe me, Amelia, I don't care for either girl."

Amelia was not regretful that the two were candor itself in talking to each other at the top of shrill young voices in any salesroom or showroom. Men need certain information handed to them on a large platter. And presently the Surcom order was taken and she and Perry jubilantly forgot all else.

The order ran into ten thousand dollars. Abe Surcom was a malcontent customer from another wholesale house. Perry had chanced to grasp his hand first, and successfully. Perry got great credit from his superiors. Gyp Ferder, contrary to his usual good-natured flippancy, had been almost sulky for a week. To celebrate, Perry took Gyp out to lunch.

"I wanted to rub it in," he laughed to Amelia.

"You needn't have bothered. Gyp already was rubbed. It was some order—and it practically walked up to you," said Amelia comfortably.

"Well, I practiced the art of salesmanship a little, too, after it walked up," protested Perry.

"Oh—of course. I didn't mean—you see, I was thinking it puts you in line to be offered the next good road vacancy," mused Amelia. "With a road job"—brightly—"you can afford—afford taxicabs when it rains."

"Sure I can." Perry was emphatic in agreement.

"Can what?"

"Afford taxicabs. I don't mind telling you, Amelia, that sometimes on the income I make I feel darned cheap."

She was quick to proffer comfort:

"Oh, Perry! That's foolish! You're not so very old, you know. And there are lots who can't make it on tires yet."

In salesroom or on prairie, in city or field, the months run their twelvefold course—white January, pale green April or heart-of-gold September.

In a January Amelia sorted the records of the house salesmen and laid them neatly on a general manager's desk. Gyp Ferder strolled by the desk within the hour and, being a cheeky young man, cast his eyes down on what was not meant for them.

"Gramwell's on top? Why? Ah! So, I dare say, it will first impress itself on managerial records and memory."

Coolly, with a hint of vicious resentment, he put his own atop.

"Please don't interfere in my department!"

Really, some red-haired people are intrusive!

"Oh, I suppose you'll put it back." He shrugged in annoyance.

Youth is evanescent—like mist, like evening's rose veil. Even while it exists it is a threat to pass. The two faced each other with a curious anger of humor which somehow was not youthful. Then Gyp laughed. It was evident that he strove to make the laugh good-humored.

But he was not a self-important door boy. He was a self-collected and ambitious young man. Long acquaintance confers its own sense of intimacy, whether two people like or dislike. Amelia was angered and at the same time she felt aggrieved, as if anyone ought to understand that she was within her rights. This mixture of feeling marked something childish in her nature, of course, for all that her years had increased. The incident was small. Gyp walked away whistling.

But some months later a bigger one came. While passing a glass-incased private office Amelia happened to see a general sales manager with horror wave a telegram at a vice president. Three minutes later she had eager hold of Perry's gray coat lapel.

"Listen! I just heard! You know Hammerson dashed to St. Louis, Monday, to nab Freimen, who unexpectedly decided to start a chain of stores through the Middle West? Oh, Perry, Caldwell's just got a telegram Hammerson's broken his leg in a taxicab crash from the depot to his hotel and he's flat in bed. Caldwell's simply wild—he says a broken leg would mean nothing to Freimen, and he doesn't know who to send except Jaber, who's in New York, and Harry Newells, who's fishing somewhere in Minnesota—and neither could get there within forty-eight hours." She paused involuntarily to take a necessary mouthful of breath and went on impetuously: "And Caldwell told Newman that neither is the right man to handle Freimen, who's a crab for disposition. Listen, Perry! Freimen kept it quiet that he was going to start the chain because he didn't want to be deluged with salesmen, so Hammerson practically had the field, and this is your chance! Perry, it's some chance!"

She ended with a small squeal of pure joy.

"My chance? Amelia, you're some little adviser at times," protested Perry, not greatly impressed, "but I don't see myself hurrying down to inform Caldwell." He laughed. "And besides, my ——"

"Wait till I finish! Of course not. Caldwell would fix his old iron-colored eyes on anyone in the house and silently motion you to run away. But your vacation starts tomorrow."

"Yes, I've bought my ticket."

"To your uncle's farm—I know. But, Perry, why can't you go to St. Louis instead, and pretend you're vacationing there with relatives and drop around as a matter of course to call upon Hammerson, who'll be tickled to death to tell you how maybe to keep Freimen in tow?"

"Oh!" He was half intrigued, half hesitant. "I don't know about this, Amelia. Jaber would get there about the same time I did."

"He couldn't. You can get a train in two hours. I know most of the time-tables from copying salesmen's routes. You'd be there ahead ——"

"I haven't got a grip packed. I couldn't get out home."

"Perry, I'll take a taxicab out for your grip and meet you at the depot. On your way across town you can buy a clean collar or two and your ticket."

She darted off on the word.

Ten days later Perry returned to Chicago, vacationless but as filled with verve as an explorer returning gumdropless but with a new degree of latitude. There was one fly in his ointment. Strangely enough, Gyp Ferder also had happened to be spending his vacation in St. Louis. The two young men had reached Hammerson's bedside simultaneously.

"Gyp would." Amelia was more annoyed than astonished, she discovered. "I'm stupid. Not seeing him around here for two weeks, I supposed he really was off on his vacation."

Hammerson had been amused, Perry related. From his pillows he had slapped the two on the back, given them the keys to his sample trunks, called in porters to take their orders and introduced them, by telephone, to Freimen as two of the brightest stars in the Blarincky sales firmament. And now they were getting the honorable mention which he had ardently promised them back home.

"I wish you'd not had to divide it with Gyp," sighed Amelia.

Perry did not reply. He seemed discomposed about something, though.

"You know, Amelia, Hammerson's no fool," he said finally.

She opened her black eyes.

"Of course he isn't," she said promptly. "He makes eighteen thousand dollars a year, commissions and all. I've helped add ledger columns in this place a few years."

"Well"—Perry seemed to bring it out uncomfortably—"to tell you the truth, Amelia, I didn't feel any too sweet when he began to pump me as to how I happened to blow down there to his bedside. And—I guess I'm not a very good liar."

"Well?" She was puzzled. "I don't think Hammerson ——"

"He got it out of me. Your share, I mean."

He may have misunderstood her steady gaze.

"Really, I couldn't help it, Amelia. You see, he seemed to guess that there must have been some snooping around or listening —— Well, I don't mean that exactly, Amelia. But"—earnestly—"I couldn't let him think I was standing outside a door listening to Caldwell's private conversations, could I?"

"N-no. Perhaps not," she said slowly.

"I didn't want him to think I'd do a thing like that." Perry did not look straight at her. "So I simply had to tell him it was ——"

"Me?"

"I just said a girl. He didn't press for your name."

"What did he say then?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, he laughed. You know how loud he laughs—got the habit, I suppose, from jollying customers all these years—and said he got married young himself but he guessed I didn't need any advice on that subject. And I told him I had no intention of marrying until my salary would stand it. He laughed again."

She was silent.

"I didn't mention your name, Amelia. I hope you don't think I acted shabbily toward you. But you see"—rather injured—"Gyp Ferder was right there, really visiting relatives or with a straightforward reason for his presence."

"I don't suppose Gyp Ferder has a relation south of Hammond, Indiana," she said shortly. "And he probably got his information the same way I did—snooping. I wouldn't put it past Gyp to open the firm's mail or hide inside a roll-top desk to hear."

"Now, Amelia, if you're ——"

"Oh, it's all right." She abruptly recovered her good nature. "You're a little unexpected at times, Perry. Sometimes I wonder ——"

"Wonder what?"

"Oh, nothing."

Whatever her feeling over Perry's attitude, she was reassured later in the summer. Hammerson's leg was repaired and he got back. He was a good guesser. One morning he saw her with Perry in an aisle and he smiled in passing them. Amelia flushed scarlet. After all, to eavesdrop is not exactly laudable, even when it is done for the great god Success' sake.

But later she was pleasantly surprised. Hammerson paused beside her desk and mopping the perspiration from his full face said irrelevantly:

"Go to it, little one. That's the kind my wife was, and I've never been sorry she got me. At fifty-four she's still got her temper and her figure."

Amelia reflected soberly that a young man and an old one did not seem to have the same breadth of understanding. She sighed, as if half looking forward to the decline of life—when a husband has been made and is old, stout, successful and comfortable of understanding.

All this in summer. The summer was ending in a swirl of colored leaves in parks and a whirl of tailored suits on streets when Amelia, who had been a lean, wiry, reflective small girl, mused somewhat pensively that years have a way of passing too swiftly. Lilly Holstadt had just said so.

"I don't know what you think, Amelia, but, believe me, I don't like to look over the top of my twentieth birthday and see twenty-five gaping up at me. Misses' models aren't supposed to grow old, you know"—touchily.

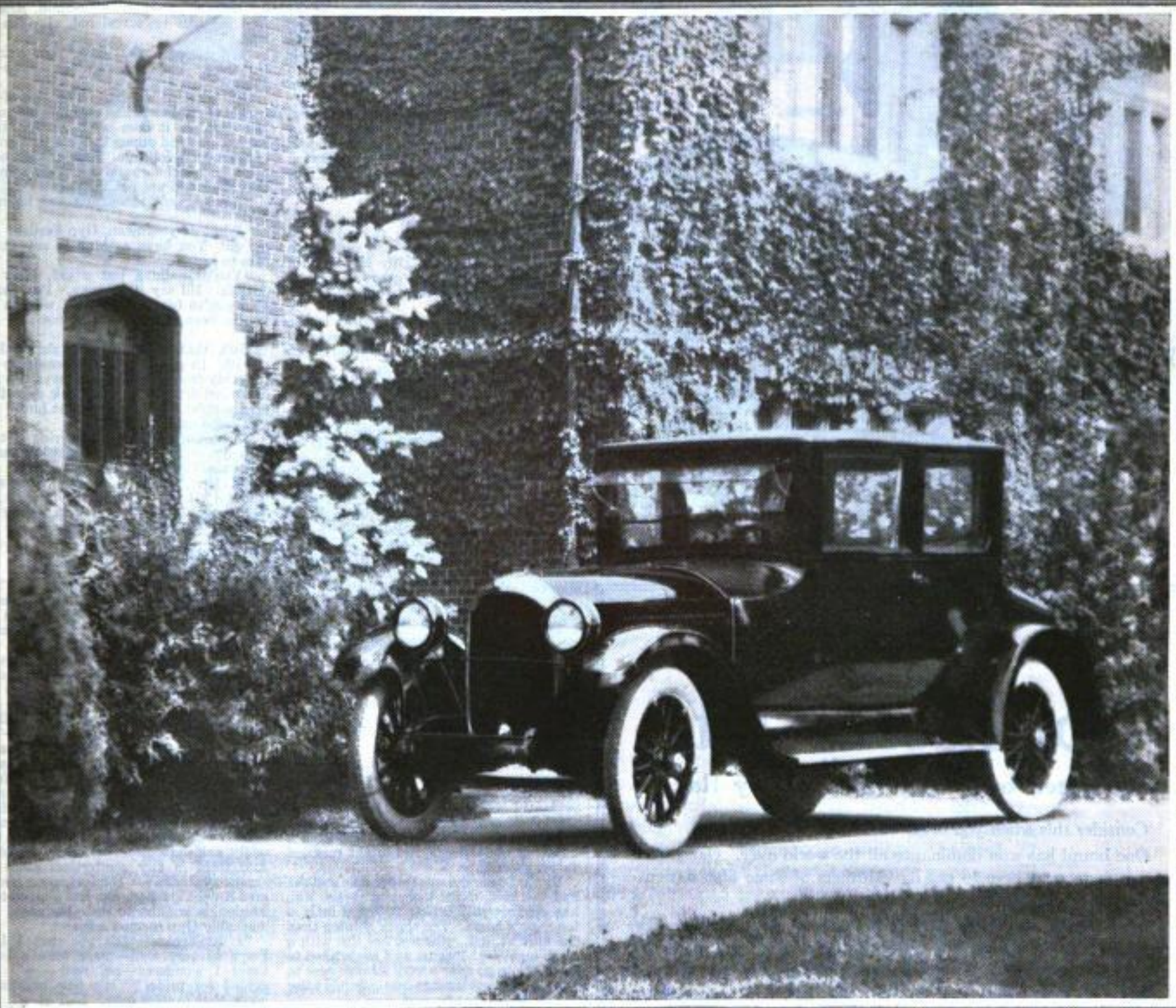
She fluttered off in bobbed blondness, white Canton crepe and a faint frown. Not a heavy frown, because a salesman was waiting for her to exhibit a line of tams, and tams don't go with frowns.

But it was that same month that there crept round the establishment, like a murmur of storm, the rumor that Hammerson was going to retire and spend his sixties on five acres of oranges in California. He said he had worked long enough. Amelia agreed with him, although secretly she regarded his loud jovial laugh as much the sword of a soldier of fortune as any metal blade hanging at gold-and-scarlet belt. She promptly forgot Lilly Holstadt's pessimistic remarks; she promptly forgot some private weariness with life of her own.

Into every life fall occasional weary hours, dissatisfied hours, be the life brimming with good plans or stoically empty of that fatuous hope which invites the gods to inflict disappointment. Amelia heard and decided that life was pleasantly exciting; like a game. Perry stood in line—oh, he

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PAIGE

The interior of the New Series Paige 6-66 Coupé suggests the comfort and convenience of a well appointed home. The broad rear seat is a delightful invitation to relax and the upholstery and general appointments are worthy of any drawing room. This is a car designed and built for five full grown adults, with ample arm and leg room for each passenger.

When you first see the Coupé you will be amazed at its roominess and luxurious comfort. And remember that underlying and supplementing this rare artistic achievement is a mechanical foundation that assures complete command of the highway. One ride behind the mighty 70 horsepower engine will prove a revelation in terms of strictly modern motoring.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

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Not Mere Oats

But queen oats—the rich, flavory flakes

Consider this when you order oats.

One brand has won dominance all the world over. Oat lovers everywhere send here to get it. Mothers of some fifty nations serve it to their children.

That brand is Quaker Oats. The reason for preference lies in its flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Millions send overseas to get it. You find it at your store. And you always get this premier brand when you specify Quaker Oats.

You will not forget if you consider what that means to you and yours.



The kind they love

The oat is the food of foods. It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food—rich in 16 needed elements.

As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame. Then make this dish a joy.

Quaker Oats

The food of foods made delightful

The purpose of this super-flavor is to foster the love of oats.

Mothers want their children to eat oats in plenty. The way to insure this is to serve the oats they love. The way to get them is to ask for Quaker Oats.

The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago

(Continued from Page 48)

plainly stood in line to succeed Hammerson. She was not sure of the length or the thickness of the line, but he stood there.

And she was seeking him one end of day, when customers were trickling from mid-season crowds to end-of-season thin line, to discuss the prospect with him. Her own work for the day was over.

Finding him she was again eavesdropper, this time not intentionally. She was not a large person. In her straight blue satin one-piece dress, with her black hair waved back as was the prevalent mode, she was one of many similarly attired young woman workers in a large establishment.

Aisles and corridors were marked with them, vivaciously passing to and fro in multiple. Anyhow Perry was very much absorbed in talking to Lilly Holstadt, in the bright inclosure of a group of mirrors which faced outward, and he did not see her approach.

She narrowed her glance slightly as she approached him and Lilly. She knew Lilly. And the rumor of Perry's advancement might have ——

And then she heard Perry, not Lilly.

"Oh, I'm practically certain of it," he was confiding smilingly, one hand smoothing back his well-kept light hair. "And it means eighteen thousand dollars for me soon enough."

"I always had an idea you'd come to the top," put in Lilly with conviction. "Even when you were a stock boy."

"Cream comes to the top," said Perry thoughtfully. "I can't help saying so. By the way, Lilly—got a date tonight? There's a peach of a show at the Grand." In sudden burst of confidence: "I'll say I like to take out a classy girl like you and Ina, Lilly—but you know how it is when your income's limited."

Expertly, on small silent soles, Amelia Woolem backed. She backed step by step carefully; using as protective screen some last leaves of the season in the persons of four large, brightly gowned retail ladies from Des Moines. Step by step, back, back.

Floated another deprecating sentence from Perry: "Nothing serious, you know. I'm a free man."

Oh, Perry, how could you? Amelia was self-possessed enough, having heard, to render small deserved tribute to Lilly, who evidently was not all sex traitor. Perry was brushing away Lilly's scruples. Amelia turned this over dully while she gained a haven in the angle of two bright racks of velvet show hats.

By that time she was rather pale and she had the hurt, dazed look of a person who has unexpectedly broken a toy, a limb, a fancy or a heart. The shock is more than the hurt at first. She wet her lips with a small inefficient tongue, as if she wished to use them to go over a very strange case to herself. A most strange case! Surely after the years, the happenings ——

She stared down dazedly at her bare third finger—which Perry had never been able to afford a white ring for. It was not an unpretty white finger. It trembled a little now.

Gyp Ferder's face must have appeared to her indistinctly. It suddenly became visible at the wide end of the racks' angle. Staring, it did not surprise her at first; she was used to seeing Gyp somewhere on sales floors most of the time. She braced herself to return his nod naturally—oh, Amelia had her pride!

And then almost at once she read in his expression that he knew; he must have heard too. She saw that in the sharp inquisitive inspection he gave her.

Over Amelia's face the scarlet flowed—flowed fast and warm. Oh, this was mortifying! That Gyp Ferder—anybody, but Gyp most of all—should have heard too! Gyp, who did not like her, whom she did not like—Gyp of the always ready tongue, of the sharp, jeering eyes.

She faced him hotly, as one faces an enemy.

Gyp was not a person to refuse any challenge.

"Sure. I heard. I was standing right behind you. You nearly stepped on my one corn getting away."

"Oh—you—I ——"

"And I'm glad I heard. And I'm glad you know I heard. I certainly wouldn't have missed," said Gyp coolly, "hearing ——"

Ordinarily Amelia had her share of self-control. But this was too unexpected, too cruel.

"Oh, I hate you!" she cried furiously. "I hate all men anyway. And if I hadn't been slightly color-blind in the beginning I'd never bothered ——"

"I knew you were color-blind, Amelia. And my hair isn't real red. It—it's auburn!"

"I don't care what color your hair is! Go away—and quit talking to me—go away!"

Gyp glanced around. The end-of-day trickle of customers had disappeared to the last drop, as it does often at that time. Salespeople and others had left that corner of the room in solitude. With a swift movement he caught one of Amelia's arms so that she could not get away.

"Amelia, quit screeching and listen to me!"

"What do you mean, Gyp Ferder! Let me go! You have nothing to say that I care to hear."

"You're nothing but a kid, after all, Amelia. I'll say it anyway. I'm darned glad you've found out at last what a dub you've been wasting your time and wits on!"

Well, that was not what she had expected. In surprise Amelia ceased to pull furiously from his hold, and over the pain and mortification in her black eyes flickered wonder. She stared up at him.

"Yes, I said a dub!"

There was the familiar jeering note to his voice. But even in her emotion Amelia was caught by something in his eyes.

"He wasn't worth it, Amelia! He wasn't worth it! I knew this was coming to you. Many's the time I've felt like telling you so, and trying to make you see ——" He paused.

"Make me see what?"

"Me!"

"If you're trying to be funny ——"

Furiously she again tried to pull away. The salesroom was quite empty and fast taking on the shadows of nonoccupancy. He retained his hold of her arm.

"I'm not trying to be funny, Amelia. But I hate to see you mooning over something like Perry in his nice clothes and conceit."

"I'm not mooning over him! I'll let everybody know that. But I—I ——"

"Sure you did! You made him what he is today. If you didn't make him what he could never be, that isn't your fault. Honestly, Amelia, I'm not trying to be funny. I never was more serious in my life!"

Against her will, against her judgment, Amelia was impressed. She looked at Gyp oddly, as if she were seeing a new individual. And since in any comfortless state one grasps at straws for comfort, poor humiliated Amelia grasped, too, and yielded to an irresistible impulse to state her case. Remarkably Gyp seemed a friend.

"I don't care! It's not that I liked Perry so very well—there were a lot of times I wondered—oh, well ——" She gulped for pride. "It's like building a house that topples over. I—I ——"

Gyp interrupted her. He not only interrupted. He let go his hold of her one arm. He took hold of her two hands. Tight, masterful hold.

"I'll tell you what you did, Amelia. You took a fellow and maneuvered him up from nine dollars a week to where hundreds plus are in sight for him."

With a catch in her voice: "Oh, I don't care a l-lot. And of course he has a right to fall in love with a prettier girl."

"Pretty? That china-eyed putty-face?"

"Oh, do you think so, Gyp?" Obviously she was slightly comforted by unbiased opinion. "I don't care. I'm not narrow."

"Of course you're not!"

"And he's got a perfect right—I'm really not a bit narrow—but—I—I really did ——"

"Sure you did! I'll say you shoved a chap up a ladder till ——"

"And he might be just fair enough to give me a little cred——"

"He gives you credit!"

"I didn't hear him"—bitterly. "And if you're trying to be f-f——"

"Say, can't you forget that dub even after he hands you a black eye?" demanded Gyp in exasperation. "I wasn't trying to be funny. I wasn't talking about him! I wasn't even referring to him. I said you shoved an ordinary fellow up the ladder and he gives you credit. But I didn't mean sissy Perry. I meant myself! And I'm no person to deny credit where credit is due! Amelia!"

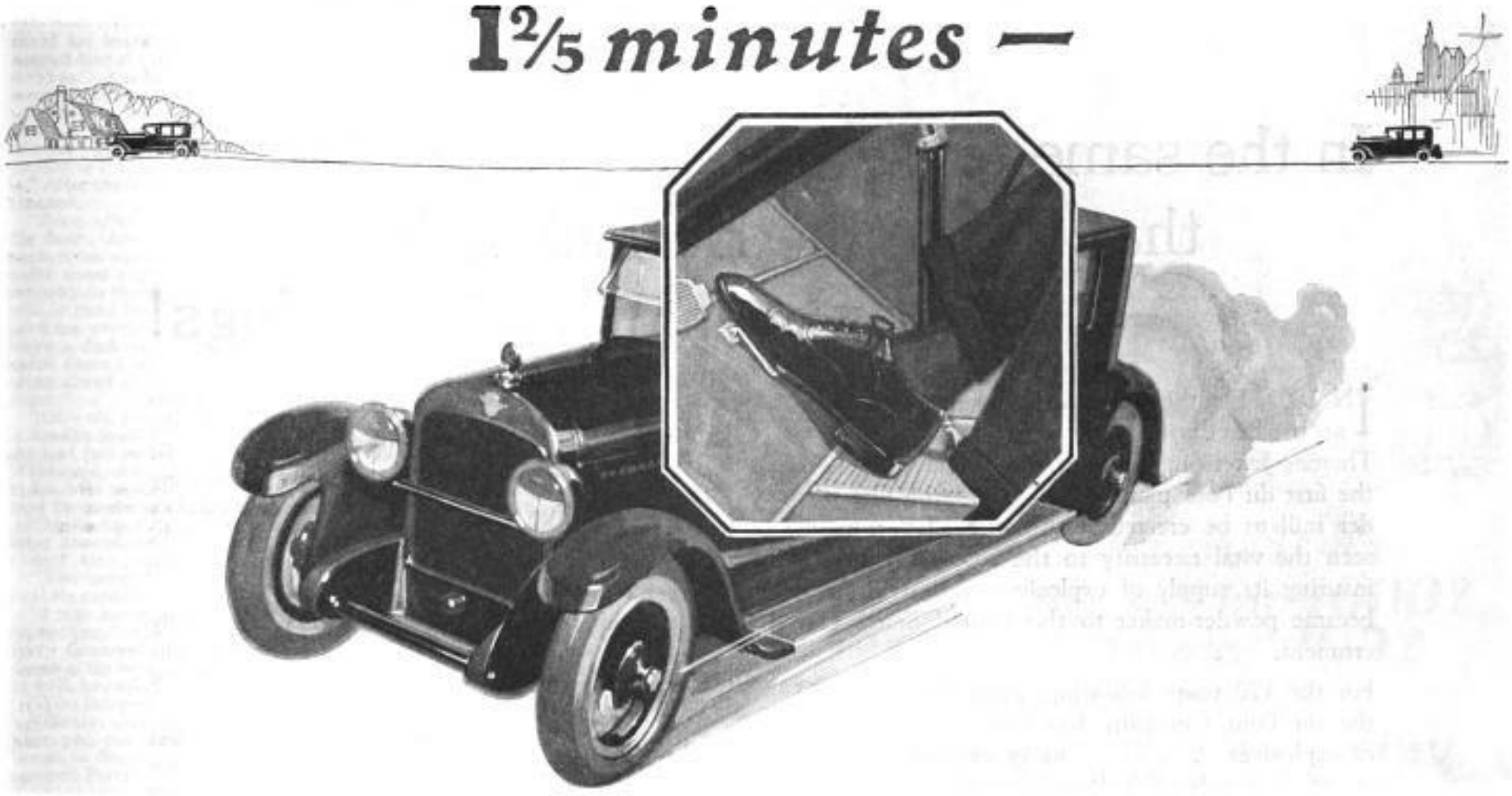
He shook her violently. But she saw no meaning to his words and was incensed at what might be meaningless chaff.

(Continued on Page 53)

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2 tons-1 mile

1⅖ minutes —



The next time you seat yourself at the wheel of your automobile make this interesting, almost miraculous experiment.

Realize first that this inexpensive mechanism you call an automobile may weigh more than 2 tons (4,000 pounds).

Realize also that the fastest a man has ever run the distance of a mile—has ever moved his own weight a mile—is 4⅘ minutes.

Then start your motor, go noiselessly, rapidly through the gears, and keep depressing the accelerator. In such manner can you move—from a dead start—2 tons 1 mile in 84 seconds.

Several ounces of foot pressure and this miraculous mechanism called the automobile has done work 66 times greater than the best man has ever done by himself, even by expending thousands of times more energy—moved 22 times the weight the same distance in one-third the time, with no apparent exertion.

Of such force is automotive transportation.

An unseen Something, under your easy control, moves 2 tons 1 mile in 84 seconds.

It is Power.

Protect it with Timkens.

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TIMKEN

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DU PONT

In the same test-tubes that insure the Nation's safety, Peace finds myriad blessings!

IN 1802, Eleuthère Irénée du Pont de Nemours, at the invitation and with the assistance of Thomas Jefferson, built on the Brandywine River the first du Pont plant . . . . the first powder mill to be erected in America. Jefferson had seen the vital necessity to the country's safety of insuring its supply of explosives, and so du Pont became powder-maker to the United States Government.

For the 120 years following, from 1802 to 1922, the du Pont Company has been a manufacturer of explosives . . . . *today*, explosives are but *one* of the family of du Pont products.

And the reason is . . . . The Chemical Engineer!

* * *

THE Chemical Engineer is a strange mingling of abilities—a coupling of the man of science with the manufacturing expert. He is a chemist who knows manufacturing as well as his science, and who can take the chemist's discoveries on the experimental scale and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. His province is the *practical* transformation of matter from useless to useful forms. And he has brought into the world's manufacturing plants a new knowledge, a new set of abilities, that have revolutionized industry in the past generation.

The du Pont Company was one of the pioneers in developing the Chemical Engineer. Since its founding by E. I. du Pont de Nemours, who was himself a chemist, it has been building on the foundations of chemistry, for the manufacture of explosives called for increasingly higher forms of chemical knowledge. And in the early years of this century, the du Pont Company had come to have one of the finest research staffs in the country, and in addition a staff of *Chemical Engineers*, men who knew manufacturing as well as chemistry.

This staff was essential, for since 1802 the du Pont Company's larger service has been to be *ready* to supply the Government with whatever explosives it might need for the country's defense. And for the same reason, the company had acquired sources of supply for the large quantities of the raw materials that it might one day need—acids, nitrates, coal-tar products and other materials that were absolutely essential to the production of explosives.

In war, immense quantities of such materials are desperately needed; in peace, very little—yet the supply of materials has to be kept open, for who knows when they may be *instantly* needed?

But how? The Chemical Engineer found the answer. And in the answer lies the key to the du Pont Company's family of products. For the products that du Pont makes are *not* unrelated products. Each of them has its root in one or another of the materials used in making explosives.

It may be another use of the same materials, as in the manufacture of dyes. It may be a variation in process, as in the case of Pyralin and Fabrikoid. It may be a product like paints, varnishes, enamels, etc., in which the knowledge of the Chemical Engineer is needed, and the colors produced in dyes may be used. It may be a product like ether, or a long list of chemicals that other industries use, which the du Pont Company produces in manufacturing its other products.

* * *

THUS, the seemingly unrelated products that carry the du Pont Oval are not strangers, but brothers in the same family. They are not merely the diversions of peace, but the peace uses of materials that the country's emergencies may require the du Pont Company to have at hand in overflowing abundance.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.



FABRIKOID

Scuff-proof, stain-proof and waterproof. For upholstering furniture and automobiles, binding books, making luggage and other uses.



PAINTS AND VARNISHES

For every household and industrial use. Enamels, stains, fillers, automobile finishes, etc.



LITHOPONE

Lithopone and dry colors. Used by paint, rubber, linoleum, paper, ink and other manufacturers.



EXPLOSIVES

For every requirement of civilization: mining, quarrying, land-clearing, tree-planting, irrigation, construction; shotgun and rifle powders.



PYRALIN

For toilet articles, automobile windows, novelties of many kinds. Transparent, or in any color combination.



CHEMICAL PRODUCTS

Ether and other pharmaceuticals, pyroxylin lacquers and enamels. Solutions for coating leather. Bronze powders.



ACIDS & HEAVY CHEMICALS

For varied uses by practically every industry.



DYESTUFFS

An ever-expanding line of dyestuffs for all purposes.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc. Wilmington, Del.

TRADE DU PONT MARK

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(Continued from Page 50)

"Let me go!"—her hands pulling. "If you're trying to be fu——"

"I've said several times I'm not trying! Don't pull. I'm going to hold you until I've said all I want to. Amelia, do you want to listen to a tale? Do you remember a day several years back when you tiptoed into the stockroom—on high heels that could be heard two floors above!—and slipped him the tip?"

"Yes," Amelia replied tonelessly, "I remember. But ——"

"Well, that was my tip. I didn't beat him out to the salesroom, but I followed him all right. And after that ——" He paused as if in agreeable retrospection.

"After that?" she repeated wonderingly, amazed.

"Soon after that we were both put on the floor. And one day I happened to be on a cross wire when you passed him up word about some heavy customer making her way to the elevator. Also the style of talk to hand her. Perry got her. But, believe me, every time afterward I saw Perry leave a desk phone and head for the elevator doors I was right at his heels. And often ahead of 'em! Therefore I got my share."

"Oh—oh, you are making this up!"

Amelia must have partly forgotten that she had just received a humiliating shock. Wide-eyed, much interested, her hands lax in his hold as if she had forgotten that he held them, she gazed up at the speaker.

"Make up nothing! And afterward I hung around, hung around. Just around Perry! Or—you. I ——"

"You never did!" Her eyes were wide to their capacity.

"I may say without undue immodesty," he went on, "that I'm a brighter chap than Perry Gramwell. I can see, swallow and digest a tip while he's smoothing his hair to walk toward it. I listened ——"

"You listened on the phone?"

"Plenty. Say, I'd know your voice even when you put a fountain pen down your throat to disguise it. Sometimes I merely pumped Perry. Sometimes I couldn't find out what you'd told him; but having seen a certain glow in your eyes while you were talking to him, I guessed something was in the wind, so made deductions."

"You—you made ——"

Tenaciously he retained the floor.

"Which sometimes were wrong"—cheerfully—"but more often right. 'Nother thing: I used to read all those books and articles—How to Succeed, and such—that you kept him supplied with. He didn't read 'em much; always left 'em in his overcoat pocket, and I'd sneak out to the coatroom ——"

"Oh, Gyp! Surely you didn't!"

"Just at first," he hastily explained, "while my income was young and weak. Of course after I got a raise or two, so that board and shoes didn't strip me, I simply looked at the titles and went out and bought my own copies. Once or twice you caused me to throw away good money, Amelia! One or two volumes weren't worth resting in an overcoat pocket!"

Wide-eyed, she guessed something else.

"And St. Louis! You were listening on the wire that day?"

"No, not that day. But I got a glimpse of your cheeks, red as apples, as you scooted off the sales floor. I knew something was up. So I chased Perry. I was half a block behind him when he got to the depot. I didn't take even a clean collar, just my hat; had enough money in my pocket for mileage, not for supper. I had to get my hotel bill and return fare from Hammerson. But he was willing to lend it. Said he liked a chap who'd take a chance on no eats. By the way, Perry didn't see me back of him in the day coach on the way down, and he flirted impudently with a pretty girl across the aisle."

"Did he?"—sadly.

"He sure did."

For full three minutes Amelia Woolem, slim, pale, serious, digested what she had heard. Gyp looked down affectionately at her. Then she shook her dark head soberly.

"No, Gyp. I don't think I had anything to do with it. Perry was r-right." She gulped. "Cream comes to the top—by itself. You would have found some other inspiration to rise."

"Some cream is terribly thin," he told her. "No—it was all you, Amelia. I give you credit."

She shook her head again stubbornly. He still held her hands. He took tighter hold.

"Were you very fond of him?" Pause. "Too fond?"

"Oh—it wasn't that I was so very fond ——" With a forlorn burst of candor: "Sometimes I got sort of tired of spurring him up and on—it was such steady work. And—and the years were dull a little. But after I'd got well started ——"

"Sure. I see," he said comfortingly. "Once or twice I suspected that, Amelia. And it must have been a strain on you. He was pretty ordinary material."

"Oh, I realized he wasn't the best," she admitted, as if seeking any comfort for blasted plans and labor. "I can't help saying it."

"Mighty ordinary. I don't mind telling you, Amelia, he isn't going to get Hammerson's territory when the old boy goes out to California for his health. I'm the individual—but Perry doesn't know it yet."

"How—how"—breathlessly—"did you do it?"

Gyp regarded her quizzically, still holding her hands.

"Am I confiding in his girl or my own?"

Her raised face was proud and flushed.

"You heard him say I'm not his, but ——"

"But?"

"Why, Gyp, please don't think I'm the kind of girl to fall"—forlornly—"into any pair of arms."

"I don't think that."

"How did you do it?"—naïvely.

"Well"—he had a belated attack of modesty and reddened—"I've been at Hammerson quite a while to recommend me. You know he has only to say the word as to who shall wear his shoes. And he said yesterday he guessed he'd have to do it to get rid of me and save what little failing health he had."

"Oh—I see."

As secluded as a wooded nook, a conservatory's corner or a country lane may be a salesroom at end of day. But presently a porter complained, "Lissen, white folks, have a heart! Day's done and I got to wet-sawdust and sweep this green velvet floor before I tackles po'kchops."

Amelia said irrelevantly: "I—why, it was an escape, Gyp! If he'd actually asked me any time to get married, I'd thought it was the thing for me to do. And ——"

"Oh, say!" Gyp was amused. "Do you think I'd have let that piece of underdone pie crust hang a marriage license on you?"

"How would you have—have stopped him?" Amelia smiled faintly. "If—if ——"

"Oh, I'd have found a way. Poisoned him. Or pushed him down an elevator shaft. Or hit him with a piece of lead pipe. Or told him I was going to. I don't think I would have had to do anything but tell him. Some fellows are quick to take a physical hint."

Amelia stared. And then: "It certainly will be a relief," she sighed—somewhere in the angle of two hatracks.

"What?"

"Not to have to do any more spurring and up-and-on-ing. For a man." Voice came smothered, while a porter sighed. "It'll be nice to know a man can do his own spurring—and listening."





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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By Robert Quillen

Mrs. Holcombe's Boarder

LAST winter a lady from the city was employed by Hardwick & Simmons. She was unable to obtain lodging with either of the two widows who keep regular boarders, and after one night in the hotel she went about town to find refuge in some private home. She was taken in by Mrs. Ed Holcombe, who has no children and does her own housework and has convictions concerning the duty of hospitality. She remained in the Holcombe home four months and three days.

When she went away without giving the public an opportunity to discuss her intentions or plans a few of the neighbor women called on Mrs. Holcombe to get the particulars.

"I have always held," Mrs. Holcombe told them, "that one who has had experience earns the right to express an opinion. And my opinion is that there is no house big enough to hold two women and one man. I have had my lesson, and now I am through. I wouldn't keep a female boarder for a thousand dollars a month, not while Ed and I live in the same house, and their looks wouldn't influence me a particle either. If they were young and pretty I would turn them away without waste of words, and if they were old and ugly I would do the same thing. A woman never gets too old and ugly to be a woman.

"I took my boarder as a matter of duty to the community, but I have discovered that my duty to Ed is a matter of much greater importance. It is my opinion that no man on earth has sense enough to take care of himself in the presence of a woman who takes an interest in him, and Ed is no exception.

"Ed is a good man and means no harm, but good intentions won't keep a man from worrying the life out of the wife of his bosom. If another woman lets him know she thinks him smart or handsome he will forget that his wife has been telling him the same things for years, and neglect her to feed his conceit on flattery from a new source.

"I don't say that Ed was in love with our boarder. I know him inside and out, and my honest opinion is that no part of him was affected except his vanity.

"When our boarder first moved into the front bedroom she was a demure and retiring little thing, as most old maids are, and after the first day with her I concluded that she was harmless. She was skinny, and she used too much face powder, and she had a way of putting on airs and using words a lot bigger than the occasion demanded. I had heard Ed express his opinion of women of that sort, and I was so afraid that he would be annoyed by her that I cautioned him to remember that she was a sort of guest and to make things as pleasant as he could. I might have saved myself the effort.

"He didn't thaw out for a week or two, but acted so polite that he seemed a sort of stranger. The boarder probably suspected that he wasn't being his natural self. Maybe his coldness was a kind of challenge to her. Anyway she began to pay attention to him.

"There wasn't anything brazen or bold about it, and I confess that I rather sympathized with her at first. She asked his opinion concerning a number of things he didn't know anything about, and even went so far as to get up when he came into the room and offer her chair, as though he was a great man of some kind.

"All of this was harmless enough, and when I saw that it was serving to make Ed more human I began to look forward to a pleasant winter, with Ed the same comfort he had always been, and a woman companion for myself during the afternoons before Ed got home from the bank.

"But she carried her campaign a little too far. She began to intimate that Ed was intellectual. She didn't come right out and say that she was intellectual, but she talked of intellectuals in a familiar way, as though she was conscious of having something in common with them, and managed to give the impression that people who were not intellectual didn't amount to very much.

"One night as we were sitting by the fire, Ed reading his paper and me working on a piece of embroidery, she looked up from her magazine and asked Ed if he didn't find that brain work was more fatiguing than physical labor. I glanced at Ed out of the corner of my eye, and I was actually shocked to see how much the question pleased him. Ed's work consists mainly in adding up columns of figures. Of course that is brain work, but it had never before occurred to me that he might be an intellectual. I had noticed that lack of exercise was making him a little too fat, and when his face was unusually red after a good Sunday dinner I sometimes felt a little uneasy about his heart, but I had never suspected that he needed sympathy on account of brain fatigue.

"She noticed the effect of her question, too, and I suppose she knew then that she had accomplished what she set out to do. At any rate, she pushed her advantage, and after that there was seldom an evening when I had a part in the conversation. Ed and the boarder sat there and talked about their minds and the intellectual life and that sort of thing, and half the time I couldn't make heads or tails of what they were saying.

"As a matter of fact, I doubt if Ed knew every time. It was all a pose with him, as it was with the boarder. If she had been a man Ed's common sense would have condemned the whole thing as silly. But as it was, he thought he was interested in the higher spheres of mental existence when he was simply interested in a woman whose flattery puffed him up and made him feel important.

"I don't blame the boarder. She was just a lonesome old maid, unconsciously hungering for a man of her own, and the free and easy atmosphere of our home got her into the habit of thinking she had about as much right to Ed as I had. And I don't blame Ed either.

"He is just a man, and did what any other man would have done under the circumstances.

"I noticed that he got into the habit of calling her Jenny, as I did, and once she got interested in an intellectual argument with him and called him Ed. She didn't seem to notice it, and neither did he, and so I pretended that I hadn't noticed it. But I got into the habit of watching them pretty close. I didn't doubt Ed a bit, but I couldn't help feeling uneasy. When there is lightning in the air a body never knows where the next bolt will strike.

"One Sunday afternoon when we were all at home I stepped over to the neighbor's to borrow a little buttermilk to make biscuit for supper, and left them on opposite sides of the fire. The first neighbor I called on didn't have the milk to spare and I had to go another block. That was the reason I happened to come home the back way and come in by the dining-room door. As soon as I opened the door I saw them. They were standing at a front window, where they could see me returning and guard against surprise, and Ed had his arm round her. She was leaning against him, like a sick kitten to a hot brick, and the sight of them standing that way, courting behind my back, made me so mad I couldn't speak. I slammed the door and they broke apart.

"My husband was so scared and shamed looking that I felt sorry for him, but the boarder looked me in the eye in a cool and tantalizing way, as though proud of the fact that she had won Ed away from me and feeling inclined to ask me what I was going to do about it.

"I didn't do anything for a while. I went on out to the kitchen to put away the milk and cool off. And then as soon as I felt able to talk sarcastic without losing my temper and making a fool of myself I went back into the room where they were. They were sitting on opposite sides of the fireplace, and I could see at a glance that they were not in a good humor with each other. When folks get into trouble the feeling of comradeship is usually sacrificed to a desire to shift responsibility and dodge punishment.

"I looked at the boarder and smiled, and I said to her: 'Jenny, the intellectual life doesn't seem to be good for Ed's morals. It seems to give him strange notions about the privilege of hugging creatures of the opposite sex. Now I don't especially object to his hugging unmarried females who advertise the fact that they desire hugging, but I'm afraid his character isn't strong enough to stand the wear and tear of association with women of that sort. I have only the kindest of feelings for you, and I'm not the least bit jealous. If you could win Ed away from me I wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole. But I know you can't.

"'He is just interested in you because you are a new kind of female. If you should stay on here Ed would probably get tired of you before Christmas, but I wouldn't enjoy the experiment a great deal, and I have an idea it will be best for all of us if you find another place to board.'

"She has been gone a week now, but Ed hasn't got to feeling respectable yet. It wasn't that he had done anything bad, but he felt that he had made a fool of himself, and he knew that I knew it.

"He loves me now just as he always did, and is a little more easily managed, being humble and affectionate almost past belief when I happen to speak of Jenny, which I frequently do.

"I got through this experience without a scandal, but one time is enough for me. Hospitality is one thing, and daring a woman to win your husband away from you is a horse of another color."

POBBLE & CO.

(Continued from Page 21)

"Why, the lecture in Governor Bradford Hall," Ellean explained. "About The Pobble Perfect Memory System. Hurry up! We'll be late!"

Ellean laid firm fingers round Mr. Manning's wrist.

"But I'm not going," Mr. Manning objected.

"Yes, you are," said Ellean, pulling him after her across the sidewalk. "There aren't any tickets now, but I reserved the front row for friends, and I know we can squeeze you in somehow. You can pay me afterwards."

"But ——" said Mr. Manning.

"Come on!" said Ellean again, and drew him after her through the door of the Governor Bradford Hall.

Mr. Manning thought that never had a decent middle-aged lawyer been so hustled about. Then he reflected that after all he didn't have anything that he needed to do that evening. At the thought of the front row, however, he rebelled. He tiptoed down the aisle for a little way behind Ellean, and then catching sight of a row that seemed somehow not quite so crowded as most of the rows, he suddenly deserted her, and stepping across the feet of a lady who might, by her air, have been the empress over all the western isles, pressed himself firmly down between her and a pale young man on the other side. Ellean, unconscious of his absence until it was too late, sank panting between Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker in the front row that had been reserved for friends.

Mr. Manning whispered to the stout imperial presence at his side.

"Who's lecturing?" he asked her.

"Sh-h-h!" said she helpfully. "He's coming."

Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., looked up. The door at the back of the stage swung

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 54)

open, and through it, tall and slender and very much at ease, appeared J. Scott Manning, Jr. For a single well-calculated instant he stood framed there in the opening; then he stepped quickly forward to the edge of the platform. There was a little gust of well-bred approval, from very well-gloved hands.

Mr. Manning, Sr., did not join in the applause. He puffed his cheeks several times in and out according to his custom when he was angry or nervous or excited, and glared at all whom it might concern.

In the row behind him a woman leaned across and whispered to her neighbor.

"Isn't he good-looking?" she said.

Her neighbor admitted that he was. Mr. Manning was not prepared to admit anything. Presently, however, he allowed himself to look at Scott to see what he did look like. He remembered that people often used to say how much Scott resembled his father.

At the moment when he looked, Scott was smiling, and the smile made delightful little crinkles round his eyes. At another time Mr. Manning would have been rather glad to own Scott as his son. But here—now —— Mr. Manning puffed his cheeks in and out again, and hunched himself about in his seat until the portly presence at his left and the pale young man at his right wriggled too—partly in sympathy, and partly because the row was too well filled for anyone to wriggle by himself.

Meantime Scott, entirely unconscious of his father's presence, had begun to lecture. With a pleasant mixture of humor and seriousness he told an interested audience how it could learn poetry, and spell, and make speeches, and remember telephone numbers.

Mr. Manning decided that after all he wouldn't get up and leave—it would be so conspicuous.

Scott went on. He mentioned Mr. Cheever, and Mr. Baer, and the hat the size of a cathedral trimmed with the Leaning Tower of Pisa. He said that they could remember the name of Bowser & Son, the dealers in men's clothing, by recollecting that

The Bowsers
Sell trousers.

Entirely without volition on his part Mr. Manning found himself thinking that this was not so bad, and that if it weren't for mixing up the name of Manning with any such tomfoolery—and for—everything else —— But of course you couldn't get away from that. He noticed that Scott was carrying his audience with him. When he wanted them to laugh, people laughed.

Then Mr. Manning said to himself that after all it was a very ordinary performance. Anybody, he said, could think up a few clever things in advance, and then stand up and say them. It didn't show that Scott was particularly fitted to be a lawyer.

Mr. Manning crossed his right knee over his left knee and folded his hands on top of the pile; then he crossed his left knee over his right knee and put his hands down at his sides; then he set both his feet firmly on the floor and glared at Scott and was very uncomfortable.

The lecture was more than half over before Scott saw his father. Perhaps it was the very intensity of Mr. Manning's glare that drew his eyes that way; perhaps he was conscientiously trying to look somewhere besides at Ellean. However that may have been, the glare of J. Scott Manning, Sr., and the pleasant conversational glance of J. Scott Manning, Jr., met. For the barest perceptible moment Scott paused.

Then he looked full down at his father again—and smiled. There was a wicked twinkle in his eyes.

Scott began a new paragraph.

"The Pobble Perfect Memory System," he said, "is of untold value to the professional man. No matter how good a doctor or lawyer or merchant chief he may be, he will be a better doctor or lawyer when he has constructed in his mind the hundred perfect Pobble pigeonholes, and is able to place safely within them the store of information of which he must constantly be master."

Mr. Manning snorted.

"Think what it would mean to the physician," said Scott, "to be able to remember with ease and promptness all his patients, all their symptoms, all the diseases with which these symptoms are connected, all the epidemics which these diseases have occasioned, all ——"

Mr. Manning snorted again. He snorted out loud. Miss Aurelia Pennington in the front row leaned forward a barely perceptible fraction from the line of the perpendicular and tried to see who had done it. In Miss Pennington's experience people were not accustomed to snort in the Governor Bradford Hall.

"Think what it would mean to the lawyer," said Scott with relish, "to have constantly at hand complete information in regard to all the cases he is handling, all the cases he has ever handled, and all the cases in all the law books. Because of the intricate masses of detail with which he is concerned, no lawyer should be without The Pobble Perfect Memory System. He can do anything by means of association. He can, for instance, fix in his mind the details of a revolting criminal case by saying to himself:

'The victim of a murder foul,
Estelle was hanged with a roller tow'l.'

Or he may recall the situation in a divorce suit by reciting:

'Mr. Fair
Hit Mrs. Fair
With a chair
And pulled her hair.
Mrs. Fair
Wants to tear
Apart the pair.'"

Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., recognized the outlines of two of the cases with which he was at that very time engaged, and he could bear no more. He snorted again. He not only snorted out loud but he snorted as loud as he could. And as he snorted he sprang violently to his feet. His face wore the purplish hue of one about to burst. Then he did burst.

"Bosh!" he shouted into the sacred silence of the Governor Bradford Hall. "Rubbish! Rot! You don't know what you're talking about!"

There was a kind of quiver through the atmosphere of the Governor Bradford Hall; in less well-bred assemblies it would have been almost a murmur. Everywhere well-bred heads strove for a manner of adjustment that would make it possible to see behind them without really turning round; the corners of well-bred eyes angled for a glimpse of the outrage. Ellean turned herself round and stared frankly. Then she half rose, and made a violent gesture indicative of her wish to have Mr. Manning sit down and keep still. No single member of the well-bred audience failed to take note of this maneuver.

But Scott was apparently unmoved by the interruption.

"No," he said in a supremely reasonable tone that filled Mr. Manning with fresh fury—"no, it is not bosh. It is not rubbish. It is not rot. And I know perfectly what I am talking about. I am talking about The Pobble Perfect Memory System. I have gone into it thoroughly. I ——"

Mr. Manning lost control of himself as thoroughly as if he had never been a lawyer in his life.

"I don't care what you're talking about!" he bellowed.

"No," said Scott reasonably, "I don't suppose you do. I wish you did."

He did not raise his voice in the least, and as a result Mr. Manning's voice sounded even louder than it was really. The whole thing was unfair. If Scott had grown angry his father could have shouted him down in a minute; if he had argued his father could have outargued him. But Scott did not argue; he stated. Mr. Manning descended to feeble repetition.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he said.

"Yes," said Scott gently, "I do. I wish you did. I wish you knew as much about The Pobble Perfect Memory System as I do."

It was the one thing too much.

Mr. Manning suddenly hurled himself across the broad imperial lap, and into the aisle. His cheeks were puffed out as far as they would go, and his face was apoplectic. He strode down toward the front of the hall, and he shook both fists in the air over his head and shouted as he strode.

"Look here!" he shouted. "Look here! I won't stand this! Who do you think I am anyway?" He addressed himself to the

(Continued on Page 59)

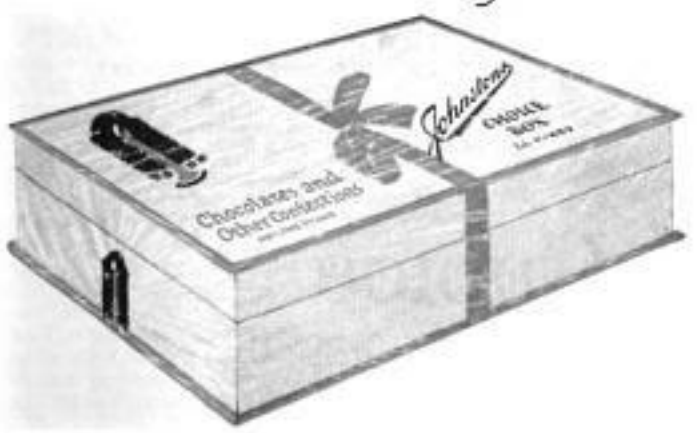


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In Johnston's Choice Box comes Johnston's Choice Book, which lists the contents of the most popular Johnston boxes. If she is fond of marshmallow caramels, Roman nougats, apricot squares, or chocolate-dipped strawberries in cream, the Choice Book shows you how to get the combinations she prefers, instead of just saying "A box of chocolates" next time you buy candy for her.

For instance, the Choice Book lists the 10 delicious flavors contained in Johnston's "Chocolates Extraordinary." And so on.

It is, indeed, "strange that no one ever thought of this before."

You will find the Choice Box in most good stores. If any dealer cannot supply you, use this coupon, but send no money.

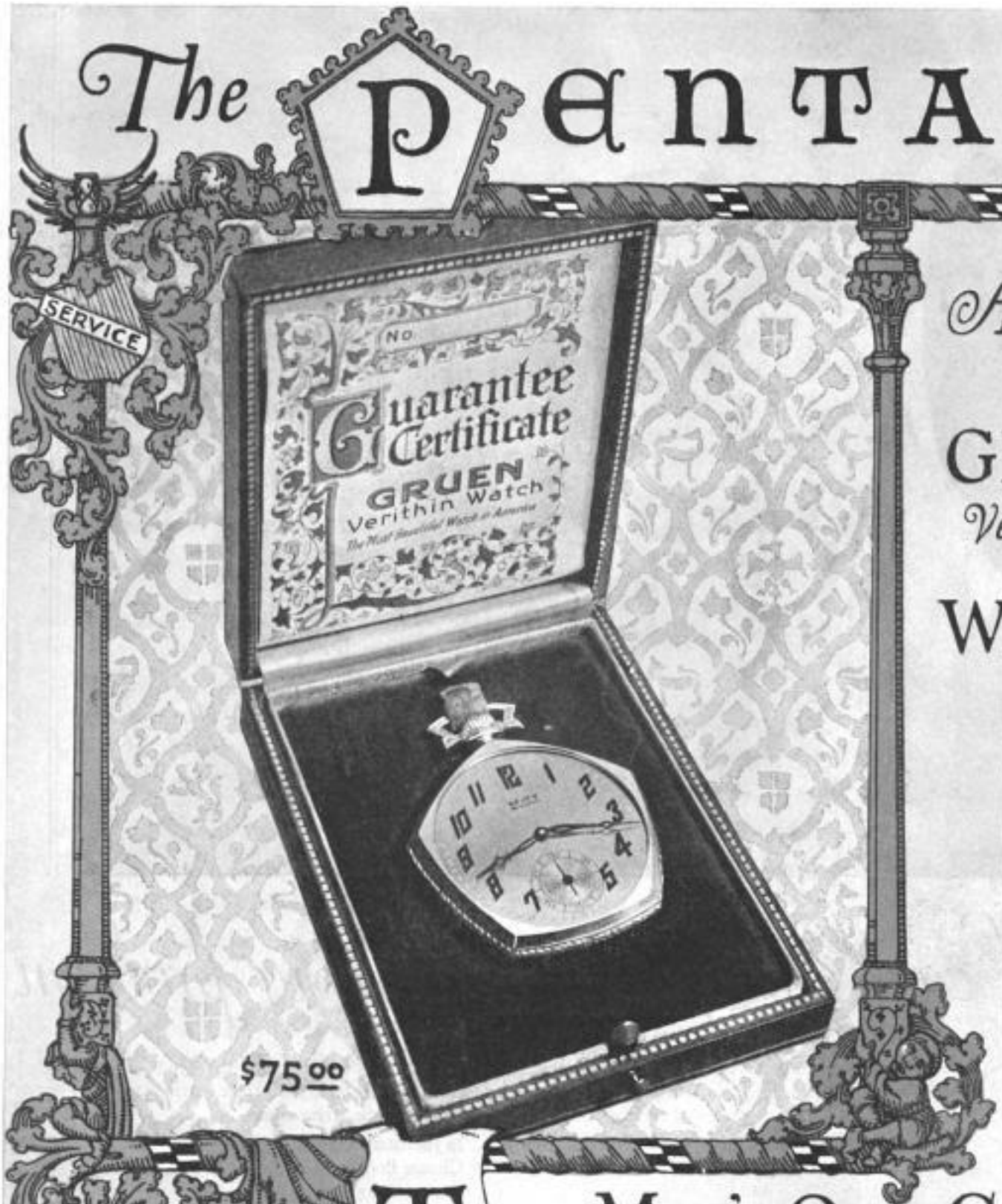
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THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES

JOHNSTON'S, Milwaukee
Send me a one-pound Johnston Choice Box. I enclose no money, but will pay the postman $1.25 when he delivers it.

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The Pentagon

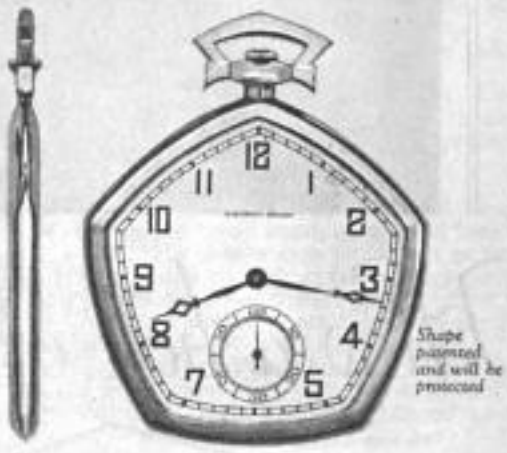


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(Continued from Page 56)

audience. "I'm J. Scott Manning, the lawyer, and I don't care who knows it, and I'm a good lawyer if I do say so. How many cases do you think I handled last year? What? A good many cases I handled. And how many do you think I lost?" Mr. Manning brandished himself in his son's face. "One! One, I tell you! One! And you talk to me about your system! You want me to study your Perfect Piffle System! You ——"

"Pobble," Scott corrected him gently.

Mr. Manning, who might soon have shown signs of stopping for a minute, was roused to fresh efforts. He pulled himself together and turned toward the primly breathless audience. He appealed to them all in the name of reason and of the law. He said that he never forgot a name, that he never forgot a face, that he never forgot anything that he wanted to remember.

Scott let him finish everything that he had to say before he spoke. It was characteristic of Scott's method to make what he had to say seem so important that it could afford to wait.

"I know you're a good lawyer," he said at last when his turn came. "I'm proud of you."

Mr. Manning had sufficiently recovered his legal wisdom to be aware that he had no possible ground of attack, and was wisely silent.

"What I say," Scott went on, "is that you might have been a better lawyer with the help of The Pobble Perfect Memory System. I may be a better lawyer because of my acquaintance with it. If you had been familiar with it you might have won that other case."

Then he leaned forward confidentially over the reading desk.

"I'll bet you, dad," he said, "that you can't tell me right now all the details of that case and wherein lay the fatal flaw."

"Yes, I can," said Mr. Manning.

He opened his mouth to begin—to tell them the whole thing from the beginning—to prove once for all that he didn't need any kind of system for his memory. And then amazingly he found himself unable to say a word. He fumbled for his handkerchief and mopped his face. He tried again. Then the truth crashed down upon him; he had forgotten.

"That case ——" he said.

But he knew all the time that it was no use.

"Ah," said Scott reasonably, "you see you can't. I can." He turned to the audience. "That is the way it always is," he explained. "People think that they know things, but in a moment of excitement—of great emotional stress—they may slip entirely from the memory. Such accidents are provided for by the one hundred perfect Pobble pigeonholes. Let me tell you briefly about that case. It was, I believe, the Cutter case."

He turned back to his father for confirmation.

Mr. Manning was at last reduced to silence. He nodded.

"The Cutter case," Scott repeated. "I remember Mr. Cutter's name by associating it with his profession. Mr. Cutter is a barber. Mr. Cutter left his automobile beside the road in the evening and it was run into and wrecked. Mr. Cutter claimed damages. The suit was lost because it could not be proved that the red tail light on Mr. Cutter's car was lighted. Now the whole thing turns round a point of memory. If Mr. Cutter had accustomed himself by the use of The Pobble Perfect Memory System to say whenever he alighted from his car:

'Never fail
To light the tail'

one of two things would have happened: Either he would have lighted it and his car would not have been hit; or he would have lighted it, and would have remembered that he lighted it, and would have been able to collect damages. Isn't that so?"

Mr. Manning mopped his face again.

"Well, by Jove!" he muttered. "Well, by Jove!"

Scott turned again to his father.

"Isn't that so?" he repeated.

"Well, by Jove!" said Mr. Manning again.

This was understood by all present to indicate assent.

And then while Mr. Manning still stood gasping and mopping his forehead, and the others sat rigid with their well-bred attempt not to miss anything and yet not to seem too interested, Scott addressed himself again to his audience.

"Probably most of you have already guessed," he said amazingly, "that this episode was prearranged for the purpose of giving a practical demonstration of the advantages of The Pobble Perfect Memory System. My father has very kindly consented to assist me in carrying out my plans."

Scott bowed in the direction of his father. Mr. Manning, before he was aware, found himself bowing back in the direction of his son. Once done, it was too late to help it.

Members of the audience, too, nodded to one another brightly, with the air of those who had of course known it all the time.

Scott closed his speech with a few well-chosen sentences. He discussed briefly the psychology of excitement and its effect on the memory; mentioned the ever-present need of The Pobble Perfect Memory System, and summed up its advantages. While he talked Mr. Manning still stood at the front of the Governor Bradford Hall, exactly as his bow had left him. He had never spent a more utterly dazed ten minutes. By the time it was over he was almost ready to believe that he had, in very truth, as Scott said, kindly consented to assist. Perhaps if he had not been a lawyer himself he would have believed it entirely.

And then at last the lecture was over, and there was a great burst of applause. It was evident that many people had removed their gloves in order to make more noise. Such a thing had not happened in the Governor Bradford Hall since before the Civil War.

Scott bowed in reply, and smiled—his bewildering smile. And then somehow, in the most natural way in the world, Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., was standing beside him, bowing, too, and beaming on everyone at once. It had occurred to Mr. Manning that his son was a success.

"By Jove!" he kept muttering to himself over and over. "What a lawyer he will make. By Jove!"

Ellean, of course, was the first member of the audience to reach the little flight of steps that led to the stage.

She arrived just in time to see Mr. Manning shaking Scott violently by the hand, and to hear him saying, "Well, my boy, if you're bound to succeed at something it might just as well be at the law. I guess I can still afford to see you through the last year at law school."

"You don't need to," said Ellean beside him.

Scott took a slip of paper from his pocket. At the top it said "Profits." Under "Profits" it said "General, brass, nails, cake." Ellean peeped at it over his shoulder.

"Did you really make all that?" she cried. "Isn't that wonderful?"

Mr. Manning caught the slip of paper out of Scott's fingers and looked at it. Then his smooth legal-looking face began to grow fairly mottled with excitement.

"Do you mean to say," he shouted, "that you made any such amount?"

"Yes," said Scott. "Do you mean to say that you can read it?"

Mr. Manning looked sheepish. Then he reached into his pocket and drew out a de luxe edition of The Pobble Perfect Memory System.

"She sold it to me," he said, and indicated Ellean.

Scott turned to her accusingly.

"You never told me," he said.

"I didn't know it," said Ellean. "At least I knew I sold him one, but I didn't know that he was your father. I thought he was Mr. Shipman."

"I said my name was Manning," he objected.

He began to puff his cheeks in and out a little; no one had ever accused Mr. J. Scott Manning, Sr., of appearing under a false name.

And then suddenly Ellean laughed—her high, clear, pealing laugh.

"Oh, I know now what's the matter," she said. "I remembered your name by The Pobble Perfect Memory System. I associated Manning with manning a ship, and then when I wanted to remember it I thought of Shipman." Then she laughed again. "Do you remember," she said, "that I sold you that copy for your son?"

VII

MISS AURELIA PENNINGTON had them all out to the Pennington place at Brandlewaite for a supper party in Scott's honor. Scott drove Mr. Manning and Miss Aurelia out in his car; Ellean took Gib and Stan with her. Once Mr. Manning leaned over and said to his son that he had been a great success. But Scott, with his eyes fixed gloomily on the whiz of dust that indicated the whereabouts of Miss Ellean Pennington with Gib and Stan, muttered something about his not being so successful as he wished he was—not by a darned sight.

After the supper they all gathered again on the huge brick terrace at the side of the house. Miss Aurelia Pennington sat perpendicularly in a straight-backed chair. Mr. Manning sat opposite her. He was telling her that of course sometimes in the past Scott had been a little bit willful and independent, but that he had the makings of great things in him.

Miss Aurelia Pennington was waiting with a respectable degree of patience for him to finish in order that she might say that of course sometimes Ellean had been a little bit impetuous, but that lately she had been more settled in her demeanor, and that she would make someone an excellent wife.

At the other end of the terrace Ellean had flounced down on a quaint upright settle built against the wall. Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker were ranged in front of her. Scott lingered uneasily in the middle distance.

"And now," said Ellean gleefully, "I'm going to award the Grand Prize. Stan, how many copies of The Pobble Perfect Memory System did you sell?"

Mr. Stanley Barker made the curious upward gesture with his hands.

"Four thousand," he said with conscious pride.

Ellean was visibly impressed.

"Good and faithful servant," she said. "Gib, what about you?"

Mr. Gibson Mylls touched his small mustache with an affectionate forefinger.

"I sold four thousand too," he said.

There was a sensation. Ellean, of course, recovered first.

"It's a tie," she said. "All we can do is to divide the Grand Prize."

Mr. Gibson Mylls and Mr. Stanley Barker and Mr. J. Scott Manning, Jr., all looked at one another; they were shocked.

"Oh, I say," said Mr. Mylls uneasily, "that isn't done, you know."

"It's got to be," said Ellean. "And that makes me think—I haven't told you yet what the Grand Prize is. It's the business and goodwill and agency and everything for The Pobble Perfect Memory System. I forgot to ask you if I could, Scott, but you said yourself you didn't know what to do with it. Stan, you and Gib'll have to be partners."

"But, look here," said Stan the dauntless. "You said that you'd marry the one that sold the most copies of The Pobble System."

Ellean waved him away, half laughing, half angry.

"Look here, Stan," she said. "That joke's worn out."

"But you said so," he persisted.

Two pink spots appeared in Ellean's cheeks.

"I didn't say so," she flashed at him. "I never said so. You said so. And I told you that I didn't mean anything of the kind and asked you if I was a pony to go to the highest bidder. Didn't I, Gib?"

"Yes," said Gib. "But, Ellean—listen—we always had an understanding ——"

"We didn't," Ellean contradicted him. "I never had an understanding in my life. I can't help what my aunt and your father may have understood while you and I were shaking rattles in our cradles."

"Then you mean," said Scott huskily, "that you're not going to marry either of them?"

"Of course I do," said Ellean. "I never was going to marry either of them."

Scott took an uncertain step forward.

"Then you mean," he said, "am I—do you ——"

"Of course I love you," said Ellean rather crossly. "I thought you knew it. Do you suppose I'd stay in the city all summer and sell your silly old books if I didn't love you?"

Scott gave a little stifled cry.

"Ellean!"

But she slipped away from the hands that he put out to her, and ran across the terrace toward the steps.

"Oh, Scott," she cried, "not here before all these people! Come on down in the rose garden."

(THE END)



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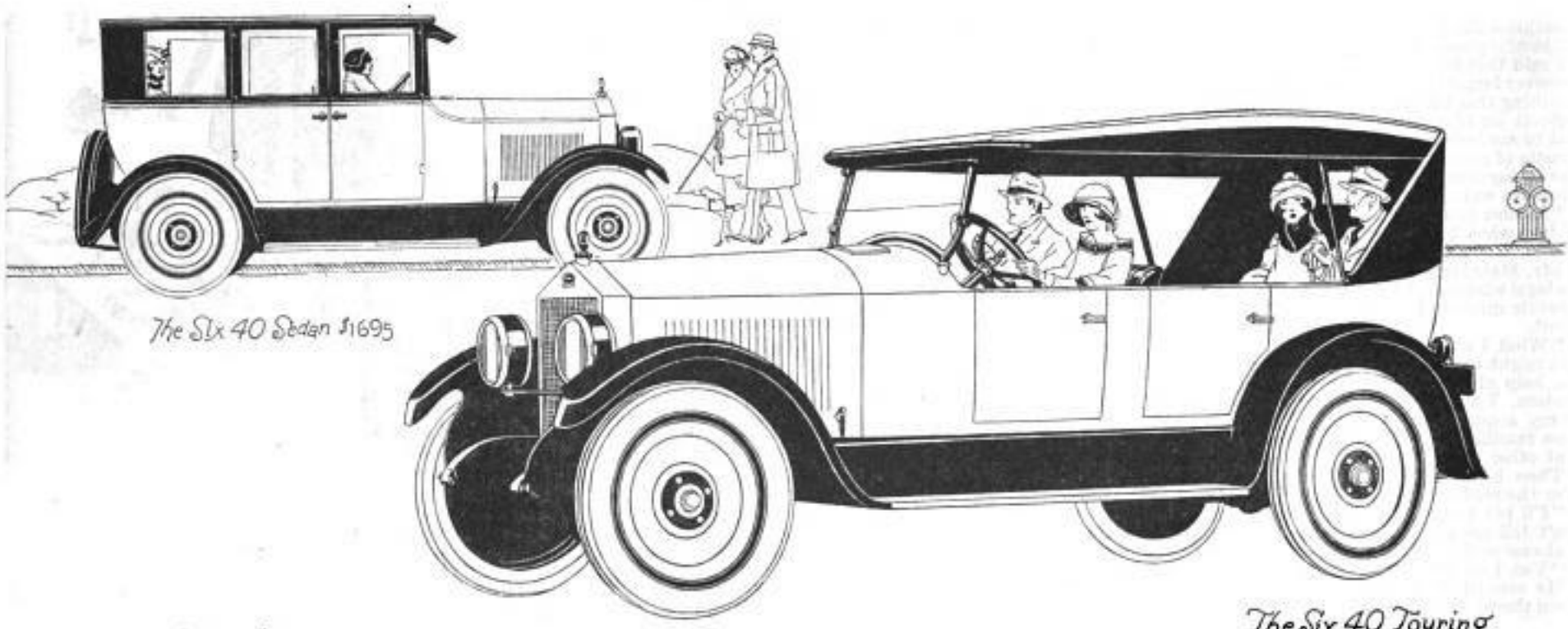
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(Polished aluminum body rails and trunk rack; six Disteel wheels, two mounted on side; cowl lamps; individual steps and fenders)	
Six-58—7-passenger Sedan	2,485
Six-58—Four-door Petite Touring Sedan	2,485

(Prices f. o. b. St. Louis)

Favorably Known the World Over



The Six 40 Tourlux

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THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 19)

transactions, but to suggest a tax that I as an experienced stock operator felt was neither unfair nor unintelligent. I didn't want Uncle Sam to kill the goose that could lay so many golden eggs with fair treatment. Possibly my lack of success not only irritated me but made me pessimistic over the future of an unfairly taxed business. But I'll tell you exactly what happened.

"At the beginning of the bull market I thought well of the outlook in both the steel trade and the copper market, and I therefore felt bullish on stocks of both groups. So I started to accumulate some of them. I began by buying five thousand shares of Utah Copper, and stopped because it didn't act right. That is, it did not behave as it should have behaved to make me feel I was wise in buying it. I think the price was around 114. I also started to buy U. S. Steel at almost the same price. I bought in all twenty thousand shares the first day because it did act right. I followed the method I have described to you.

"Steel continued to act right and I therefore continued to accumulate it until I was carrying seventy-two thousand shares of it in all. But my holdings of Utah Copper consisted of my initial purchase. I never got above the five thousand shares. Its behavior did not encourage me to do more with it.

"You know what happened. We had a big bull movement. I knew the market was going up. General conditions were favorable. Even after stocks had gone up considerable and my paper profit was not to be sneezed at, the tape kept trumpeting 'Not yet! Not yet! Not yet!' When I arrived in Washington the tape was still saying that to me. Of course I had no intention of increasing my line at that late day, even though I was still bullish. At the same time, the market was plainly going my way and there was no occasion for me to sit in front of a quotation board all day in hourly expectation of getting a tip to get out. Before the clarion call to retreat came—barring an utterly unexpected catastrophe, of course—the market would hesitate or otherwise prepare me for a reversal of the speculative situation. That was the reason why I went blithely about my business with congressmen.

"At the same time, prices kept going up, and that meant that the end of the bull market was drawing nearer. I did not look for the end on any fixed date. That was something quite beyond my power to determine. But I needn't tell you that I was on the watch for the tip-off. I always am anyhow. It has become a matter of business habit with me."

Turning Paper Profits Into Money

"I cannot swear to it, but I rather suspect that the day before I sold out, seeing the high prices made me think of the magnitude of my paper profit as well as of the line I was carrying, and, later on, of my vain efforts to induce our legislators to deal fairly and intelligently by Wall Street. That was probably the way and the time the seed was sown within me. The subconscious mind worked on it all night. In the morning I thought of the market and began to wonder how it would act that day. I naturally went down to the office, and there I saw not so much that prices were still higher and that I had a satisfying profit, but that there was a great big market with a tremendous power of absorption. I could sell any amount of stock in that market; and, of course, when a man who is carrying his full line of stocks has a big profit he must be on the watch for an opportunity to change his paper profit into actual cash. He should try to lose as little of the profit as possible during the swap. As I have told you several times, experience has taught me that a man can always find an opportunity to make his profits real and that this opportunity usually comes at the end of a move. That isn't tape reading or a hunch.

"Of course when I found that morning a market in which I could sell out all my stocks without any trouble I did so. When you are selling out it is no wiser or braver to sell fifty shares than fifty thousand; but fifty shares you can sell in the dullest market without breaking the price, and fifty thousand shares of a single stock is a different proposition. And though seventy-two thousand shares of U. S. Steel may not seem a colossal line to sell, you can't always sell that much without losing some of that profit that looks so nice on paper when you figure it out, and that hurts as much to lose as if you actually had it safe in bank.

"I had a profit of about one million five hundred thousand dollars and I grabbed it while the grabbing was good. But that wasn't the principal reason for thinking that I did the right thing in selling out when I did. The market proved it for me, and that was indeed a source of satisfaction to me. How? This way: I succeeded in selling my entire line of seventy-two thousand shares of U. S. Steel at a price which averaged me just one point from the top of the day and of the movement. It proved that I was right, to the minute. But when, on the very same hour of the very same day, I came to sell my five thousand Utah Copper, the price broke five points. Please recall that I began buying both stocks at the same time and that I acted wisely in increasing my line of U. S. Steel from twenty thousand shares to fifty thousand and equally wisely in not increasing my line of Utah from the original five thousand shares. The reason why I didn't sell out my Utah Copper before was that I was bullish on the copper trade and it was a bull market in stocks and I didn't think that Utah would hurt me much, even if I didn't make a killing in it. But as for hunches, there weren't any. I sold out for a reason that I have always found to be a mighty good reason. My entire business career has been nothing but education—that is, training to fit me for doing some of the very things that my friends call hunches and find so difficult to explain because they think they come out of a clear sky."

Cashing In on Experience

"The training of a stock trader is like a medical education. The physician has to spend long years learning anatomy, physiology, materia medica and collateral subjects by the dozen. He learns the theory and then proceeds to devote his life to the practice. He observes and classifies all sorts of pathological phenomena. He learns to diagnose. If his diagnosis is correct—and that depends upon the accuracy of his observation—he ought to do pretty well in his treatment, always keeping in mind, of course, that human fallibility and the utterly unforeseen will keep him from scoring 100 per cent of bull's-eyes. And then, as he gains in experience, he learns not only to do the right thing but to do it instantly, so that many people will think he does it instinctively. It really isn't automatism. It is that he has diagnosed the case according to his observations of such cases during a period of many years; and naturally, after he has diagnosed it, he can only treat it in the way that experience has taught him is the proper treatment. You can transmit knowledge—that is, your particular collection of card-indexed facts—but not your experience. A man may know what to do, and lose money—if he doesn't do it quickly enough.

"Observation, experience, memory and mathematics—these are what the successful trader must depend on. He must not only observe accurately but remember at all times what he has observed. He cannot bet on the unreasonable or on the unexpected, however strong his personal convictions may be about man's unreasonableness or however certain he may feel that the unexpected happens very frequently. He must bet always on probabilities—that is, try to anticipate them. Years of practice at the game, of constant study, of always remembering enable the trader to act on the instant, both when the unexpected happens and when the expected comes to pass.

"A man can have great mathematical ability and an unusual power of accurate observation and yet fail in speculation unless he also possesses the experience and the memory. And then, like the physician who keeps up with the advances of science, the wise trader never ceases to study general conditions, to keep track of developments everywhere that are likely to affect or influence the course of the various markets. After years at the game it becomes a habit to keep posted. He acts almost automatically. He acquires the invaluable professional attitude, and that enables him to beat the game—at times! This difference between the professional and the amateur or occasional trader cannot be overemphasized. I find, for instance, that memory and mathematics help me very much. Wall Street makes its money on a mathematical basis. I mean, it makes its money by dealing with facts and figures.

"When I told you that a trader has to keep posted to the minute and that he must take a purely professional attitude toward all markets and all developments, I merely meant to emphasize again that hunches and the mysterious ticker sense haven't very much to do with success. Of course it often happens that an experienced trader acts so quickly that he hasn't time to give all his reasons in advance—but, nevertheless, they are good and sufficient reasons, because they are based on facts collected by him in his years of working and thinking and seeing things from the angle of the professional, to whom everything that comes to his mill is grist. Let me illustrate what I mean by the professional attitude.

"I keep track of the commodities markets always. It is a habit of years. As you know, the government reports indicated a winter-wheat crop about the same as last year, and a bigger spring-wheat crop than in 1921. The condition was much better and we probably will have an earlier harvest than usual. When I got the figures of condition and I saw what we might expect in the way of yield—mathematics—I also thought at once of the coal miners' strike and the railroad shopmen's strike. I couldn't help thinking of them because my mind always thinks of all developments that have a bearing on the markets. It instantly struck me that the strike, which had already affected the movement of freight everywhere, must affect wheat prices adversely. I figured this way: There was bound to be considerable delay in moving winter wheat to market by reason of the strike-crippled transportation facilities, and by the time those improved the spring-wheat crop would be ready to move. That meant that when the railroads were able to move wheat in quantity they would be bringing in both crops together—the delayed winter and the early spring wheat—and that would mean a vast quantity of wheat pouring into the market at one fell swoop. Such being the facts of the case—the obvious probabilities—the traders, who would know and figure as I did, would not bull wheat for a while. They would not feel like buying it unless the price declined to such figures as made the purchase of wheat a good investment. With no buying power in the market the price ought to go down. Thinking the way I did I must find whether I was right or not. As old Pat Hearne used to remark, 'You can only tell after you bet.' Between being bearish and selling there is no need to waste time."

Market Symptoms

"Experience has taught me that the way a market behaves is an excellent guide for an operator to follow. It is like taking a patient's temperature and pulse or noting the color of the eyeballs and the coating of the tongue.

"Now ordinarily a man ought to be able to buy or sell a million bushels of wheat within ¼ cent. On this day I sold 250,000 bushels to test the market for timeliness. The price went down ¼ cent. Then, since the reaction did not definitely tell me all I wished to know, I sold another quarter of a million bushels. I noticed that it was taken in driblets—that is, the buying was in lots of ten or fifteen thousand bushels instead of being taken in two or three transactions, which would have been the normal way. In addition to the homeopathic buying the price went down 1¼ cents on my selling. Now I need not waste time pointing out that the way in which the market took my wheat, and the disproportionate decline on my selling, told me that there was no buying power there. Such being the case, what was the only thing to do? Of course, to sell a lot more. Following the dictates of experience may possibly fool you now and then. But not following them invariably makes an ass of you. So I sold two million bushels, and the



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price went down some more. A few days later the market's behavior practically compelled me to sell an additional two million bushels, and the price declined further. Still a few days later wheat started to break badly and slumped off six cents a bushel. And it didn't stop there. It has been going down, with short-lived rallies.

"Now, I didn't follow a hunch. Nobody gave me a tip. It was my habitual or professional mental attitude toward the commodities markets that gave me the profit, and that attitude came from my years at this business. I study because my business is to trade. The moment the tape told me that I was on the right track my business duty was to increase my line. I did. That is all there is to it.

"I have found that experience is apt to be a steady dividend payer in this game, and that observation gives you the best tips of all. The behavior of a certain stock is all you need at times. You observe it. Then experience shows you how to profit by variations from the usual—that is, from the probable. For example, we know that all stocks do not move one way together, but that all the stocks of a group will move up in a bull market and down in a bear market. This is a commonplace of speculation. It is the commonest of all self-given tips, and the commission houses are well aware of it and pass it on to any customer who has not thought of it himself; I mean the advice to trade in those stocks which have lagged behind other stocks of the same group. Thus, if U. S. Steel goes up, it is logically assumed that it is only a matter of time when Crucible or Republic or Bethlehem will follow suit. Trade conditions and prospects should work equally with all stocks of a group and the prosperity should be shared by all. On the theory, corroborated by experience times without number, that every dog has his day in the market, the public will buy A. B. Steel because it has not advanced while C. D. Steel and X.Y. Steel have gone up.

"I never buy a stock, even in a bull market, if it doesn't act as it ought to act in that kind of market. I have sometimes bought a stock during an undoubted bull market and found out that other stocks in the same group were not acting bullishly, and I have sold out my stock. Why? Experience tells me that it is not wise to buck against what I may call the manifest group tendency. I cannot expect to play certainties only. I must reckon on probabilities—and anticipate them. An old broker once said to me: 'If I am walking along a railroad track and I see a train coming toward me at sixty miles an hour, do I keep on walking on the ties? Friend, I sidestep. And I do not even pat myself on the back for being so wise and prudent.'"

The Lame Duck Among the Motors

"Last year, after the general bull movement was well under way, I noticed that one stock in a certain group was not going with the rest of the group, though the group with that one exception was going with the rest of the market. I was long a very fair amount of Blackwood Motors. Everybody knew that the company was doing a very big business. The price was rising from one to three points a day and the public was coming in more and more. This naturally centered attention on the motor group, and one after another the various motor stocks began to go up. One of them, however, persistently held back, and that was Chester. It lagged behind the others so that it was not long before it made people talk. The low price of Chester and its apathy were contrasted with the strength and activity in Blackwood and other motor stocks, and the public, logically enough, listened to the touts and tipsters and wiseacres and began to buy Chester on the theory that it must presently move up with the rest of the group.

"Instead of going up on this moderate public buying, Chester actually declined. Now it would have been no job to put it up in that bull market, considering that Blackwood, a stock of the same group, was one of the sensational leaders of the general advance. The other motor stocks were following Blackwood and we heard of nothing but the wonderful improvement in the demand for automobiles of all kinds, and the record output.

"It was thus plain that the inside clique in Chester were not doing any of the things that inside cliques invariably do in a bull market. For this failure to do the usual thing there might be two reasons. Perhaps the insiders did not put it up because they wished to accumulate more stock before advancing the price, but this was an untenable theory if you analyzed the volume and character of the trading in Chester. The other reason was that they did not put it up because they were afraid of getting stuck if they tried and therefore would not buy it at prevailing prices, notwithstanding the upward tendency of the entire list in general and of the motor group in particular.

"When the men who ought to want a stock don't want it, why should I want it? I figured that no matter how prosperous other automobile companies might be, it was a cinch to sell Chester short. Experience has taught me to beware of buying a stock that refuses to follow the group leader.

"I easily established the fact that not only there was no inside buying but that there was actually inside selling. There were other symptomatic warnings against buying Chester, though all I required was its inconsistent market behavior. It was again the tape that tipped me off, and that was why I sold Chester short. One day not very long afterward the stock broke wide open. Later on we learned—officially, as it were—that insiders had indeed been selling it, knowing full well that the condition of the company was not good. The reason, as usual, was disclosed after the break. But the warning came before the break. I don't look out for breaks; I look out for the warnings. I didn't know what was the trouble with Chester, but neither did I follow a hunch. I merely knew that something must be wrong because the tape said, 'Sell it!'"

Ups and Downs of Guiana Gold

"Only the other day we had what the newspapers called a sensational movement in Guiana Gold. After selling on the curb at 50 or close to it, it was listed on the Stock Exchange. It started there at around 35, began to go down and finally broke 20.

"Now I'd never have called that break sensational, because it was fully to be expected. If you had asked you would have learned the history of the company. No end of people knew it. It was told to me as follows: A syndicate was formed consisting of half a dozen extremely well-known capitalists and a prominent banking house. One of the members was the head of the Belle Isle Exploration Company, which advanced over ten million dollars cash and received in return bonds and two hundred and fifty thousand shares out of a total of one million shares of the Guiana Gold Mine Company. The stock went on a dividend basis and it was mighty well advertised. The Belle Isle people thought it well to cash in, and gave a call on their two hundred and fifty thousand shares to the bankers, who arranged to try to market that stock and some of their own holdings as well. They thought of intrusting the market manipulation to a professional, whose fee was to be one-third of the profits from the sale of the two hundred and fifty thousand shares above 36. I understand that the agreement was drawn up and ready to be signed, but at the last moment the bankers decided to undertake the marketing themselves and save the fee. So they organized an inside pool. The bankers had a call on the Belle Isle holdings of two hundred and fifty thousand at 36. They put this in at 41. That is, insiders paid their own banking colleagues a five-point profit to start with. I don't know whether they knew it or not.

"It is perfectly plain that to the bankers the operation had every semblance of a cinch. We had run into a bull market and the stock of the group to which Guiana Gold belonged was among the market leaders. The company was making big profits and paying regular dividends. This together with the high character of the sponsors made the public regard Guiana almost as an investment stock. I was told that about four hundred thousand shares were sold to the public all the way up to 47.

"The gold group was very strong. But presently Guiana began to sag. It declined ten points. That was all right if the pool was marketing stock. But pretty soon the Street began to hear that things were not altogether satisfactory and the property was not bearing out the high expectations of the promoters. Then, of course, the reason for the decline became plain. But before the reason was known I had the warning and had taken steps to test the market for Guiana. The stock was acting pretty much as Chester Motors did. I sold Guiana. The price went down. I sold more. The price went still lower. The stock was repeating the performance of Chester and of a dozen other stocks whose clinical history I remembered. The tape plainly told me that there was something wrong—something that kept insiders from buying it—insiders who knew exactly why they should not buy their own stock in a bull market. On the other hand, outsiders, who did not know, were now buying because, having sold at 45 and higher, the stock looked cheap at 35 and lower. The dividend was still being paid. The stock was a bargain.

"Then the news came. It reached me, as important market news often does, before it reached the public. But the confirmation of the reports of striking barren rock instead of rich ore merely gave me the reason for the earlier inside selling. I myself didn't sell on the news. I had sold long before, on the stock's behavior. My concern with it was not philosophical. I am a trader and therefore looked for one sign—inside buying. There wasn't any. I didn't have to know why the insiders did not think enough of their own stock to buy it on the decline. It was enough that their market plans plainly did not include further manipulation for the rise. That made it a cinch to sell the stock short. The public had bought almost a half million shares, and the only change in ownership possible was from one set of ignorant outsiders who would sell in the hope of stopping losses to another set of ignorant outsiders who might buy in the hope of making money.

"I am not telling you this to moralize on the public's losses through their buying of Guiana or on my profit through my selling of it, but to emphasize how important the study of group behavior is and how its lessons are disregarded by inadequately equipped traders, big and little. And it is not only in the stock market that the tape warns you. It blows the whistle quite as loudly in grain or cotton.

"I had an interesting experience in cotton. I was bearish on stocks and put out a moderate short line. At the same time I sold cotton short, fifty thousand bales. My stock deal proved profitable and I neglected my cotton. The first thing I knew I had a loss of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on my fifty thousand bales. As I said, my stock deal was so interesting and I was doing so well in it that I did not wish to take my mind off it. Whenever I thought of cotton I just said to myself, 'I'll wait for a reaction and cover.' The price would react a little, but before I could decide to take my loss and cover, the price would rally again and go higher than ever. So I'd decide again to wait a little, and I'd go back to my stock deal and confine my attention to that. Finally, I closed out my stocks at a very handsome profit and went away to Hot Springs for a rest and a holiday."

A Million to the Bad

"That really was the first time that I had my mind free to deal with the problem of my losing deal in cotton. The trade had gone against me. There were times when it almost looked as if I might win out. I noticed that whenever anybody sold heavily there was a good reaction. But almost instantly the price would rally and make a new high for the move.

"Finally, by the time I had been in Hot Springs a few days, I was a million to the bad and no let-up in the rising tendency. I thought over all I had done and had not done and I said to myself, 'I must be wrong!' With me, to feel that I am wrong and to decide to get out are practically one process. So I covered, at a loss of about one million.

"The next morning I was playing golf and not thinking of anything else. I had made my play in cotton. I had been wrong. I had paid for being wrong and the receipted bill was in my pocket. I had no more concern with the cotton market than I have at this moment. When I went back to the hotel for luncheon I stopped at the broker's office and took a look at the quotations. Just habit. I saw that cotton had gone off fifty points. That wasn't anything. But I also noticed that it had not rallied as it had been in the habit of doing for weeks. I think I told you how,

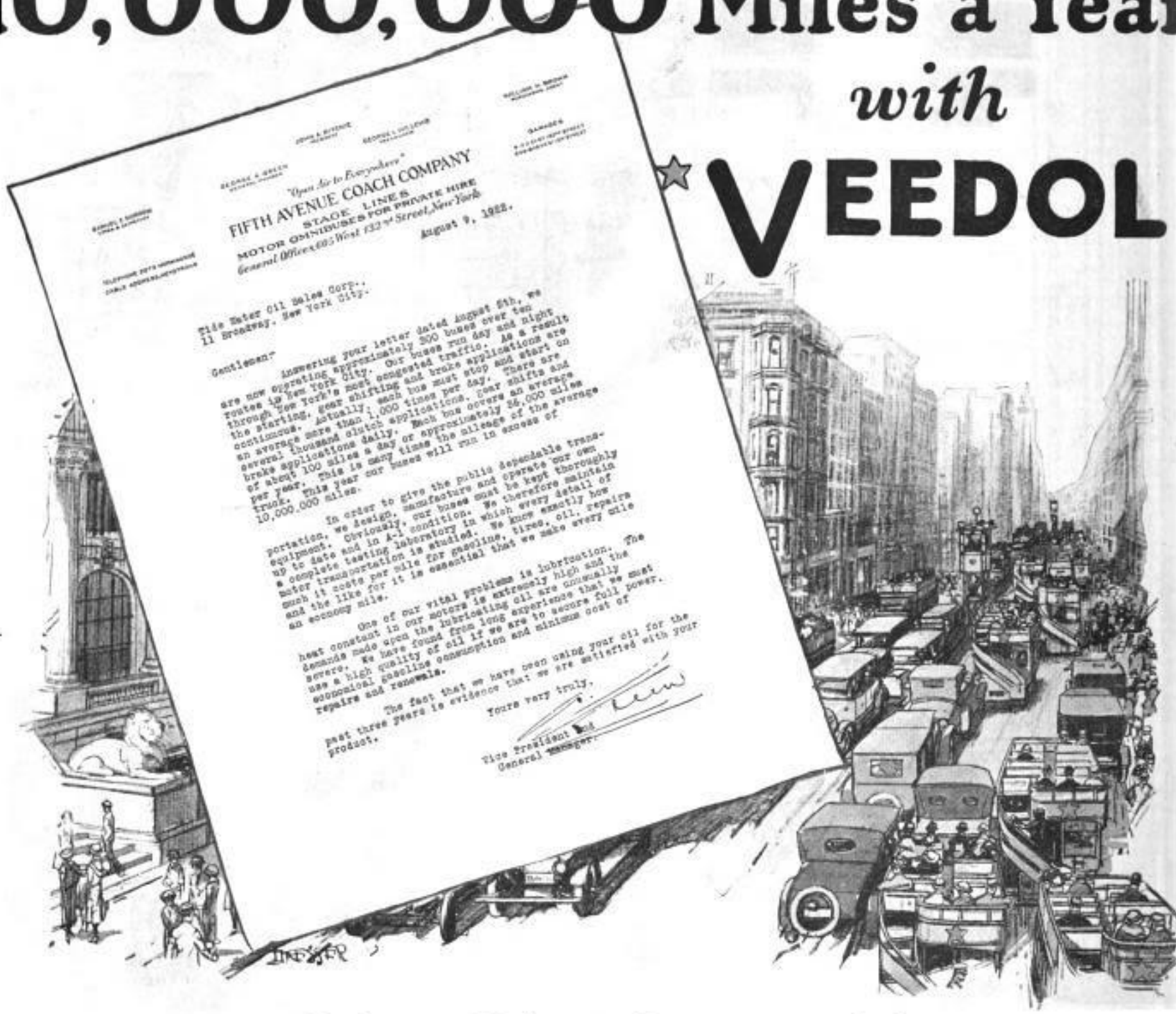
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(Continued from Page 62)

when I was short of it, it would react only to rally as soon as the pressure of the particular selling that had depressed it eased up. It indicated that the line of least resistance was upward. That was true for weeks and it had cost me a million to shut my eyes to it.

"Now, however, the reason that had made me take my big loss and cover was no longer a good reason, since there had not been the usual prompt and vigorous rally. So I sold ten thousand bales and waited. Pretty soon the market went off fifty points. I waited a little while longer. There was no rally. I had got pretty hungry by now, so I went into the dining room and ordered my luncheon. Before the waiter could serve it I jumped up, went to the broker's office, saw that there had been no rally and so sold ten thousand bales more. I waited a little and had the pleasure of seeing the price decline forty points more. That showed me I was trading correctly, so I returned to the dining room, ate my luncheon and went back to the broker's. There was no rally in cotton that day. That very night I left Hot Springs.

"It was all very well to play golf, but I had been wrong in cotton in selling when I did and in covering when I did. I simply had to get back on the job and be where I could trade in comfort. The way the market took my first ten thousand bales made me sell the second ten thousand, and the way the market took the second made me certain the turn had come. It was the difference in behavior.

"Well, I reached Washington, went to my brokers' office, which was in charge of my friend Tucker. While I was there the market went down some more. I was more confident of being right now than I had been of being wrong before. So I sold forty thousand bales, and the market went off seventy-five points. It showed that there was no support there. That night the market closed still lower. The old buying power was plainly gone. There was no telling at what level that power would again develop, but I felt confident of the wisdom of my position. The next morning I left Washington for New York by motor. There was no need to hurry.

"When we got to Philadelphia I drove to a broker's office. I saw that there was the very dickens to pay in the cotton market. Prices had broken badly and there was a small-sized panic on. I didn't wait to get to New York. I called up my brokers on the long distance and covered my shorts. As soon as I got my reports and found that I had practically made up my previous loss I motored on to New York without having to stop en route to see any more quotations."

Milking the Market

"Some friends who were with me in Hot Springs talk to this day of the way I jumped up from the luncheon table to sell that second lot of ten thousand bales. But again, that clearly was not a hunch. It was an impulse that came from the conviction that the time to sell cotton had now come, however great my mistake had been before. I had to take advantage of it. It was my chance. The subconscious mind probably went on working, reaching conclusions for me. The decision to sell in Washington was the result of my observation. My years of experience in trading told me that the line of least resistance had changed from up to down.

"I bore the cotton market no grudge for taking a million dollars out of me and I did not hate myself for making a mistake of that caliber any more than I felt proud of covering in Philadelphia and making up my loss. My trading mind concerns itself with trading problems, and I think I am justified in asserting that I made up my first loss because I had the experience and the memory.

"History repeats itself all the time in Wall Street. Do you remember a story I told you about covering my shorts at the time Stratton had corn cornered? Well, I used practically the same tactics in the stock market. The stock was Tropical Trading. I have made money bulling it and also bearing it. It always was an active stock and a favorite with adventurous traders. The inside coterie has been accused time and again by the newspapers of being more concerned over the fluctuations in the stock than with encouraging permanent investment in it. The other day one of the ablest brokers I know asserted that not even Daniel Drew, in Erie, or H. O. Havemeyer, in Sugar, developed so perfect a method for milking the market for a stock as President Mulligan and his friends have done in Tropical Trading. Many times they have encouraged the bears to sell T. T. short and then have proceeded to squeeze them with business-like thoroughness. There was no more vindictiveness about the process than is felt by a buzz saw—and no more squeamishness either.

"Why do the room traders who have suffered so often from the loaded dice of the insiders continue to go up against the game? Well, for one thing they like action, and they certainly get it in Tropical Trading. No prolonged spells of dullness. No reasons asked and none given. No time wasted. No patience strained by waiting for the tipped movement to begin. Always enough stock to go around—except when the short interest is enough to make it worth while. One born every minute!

"It so happened sometime ago that I was in Florida on my usual winter vacation. I was fishing and enjoying myself without any thought of the markets excepting when we received a batch of newspapers. One morning, when the semiweekly mail came in, I looked at the stock quotations and saw that Tropical Trading was selling at 155. The last time I'd seen a quotation in it, I think, was around 140. My opinion was that we were going into a bear market and I was biding my time before going short of stocks. But there was no mad rush. That was why I was fishing and out of hearing of the ticker. I knew that I'd be back home when the real call came and that nothing that I did or failed to do would hurry matters a bit."

The Bear Raid on T. T.

"The behavior of Tropical Trading was the outstanding feature of the market according to the newspapers I got that morning. It served to crystallize my general bearishness because I thought it particularly asinine for the T. T. insiders to run up the price in the face of the heaviness of the general list. There are times when the milking process must be suspended. What is abnormal is seldom a desirable factor in a trader's calculations, and it looked to me as if the marking up of that stock were a capital blunder. Nobody can make blunders of that magnitude with impunity; at least not in the stock market.

"After I got through reading the newspapers I went back to my fishing, but I kept thinking of what the insiders in Tropical Trading were trying to do. That they were bound to fail was as certain as that a man is bound to smash himself if he jumps from the roof of a twenty-story building without a parachute. I couldn't think of anything else, and finally I gave up trying to fish and sent off a telegram to my brokers to sell two thousand shares of T. T. at the market. After that I was able to go back to my fishing. I did pretty well.

"That afternoon I received the reply to my telegram by special courier. My brokers reported that they had sold the two thousand shares of Tropical Trading at 153. So far so good. I was selling short on a declining market, which was as it should be. But I could not fish any more. It was too far away from a quotation board after I began to think of all the reasons why Tropical Trading should go down instead of going up on inside manipulation. It was worse than useless for me to stay in my fishing camp, so I returned to Palm Beach; or, rather, to the direct wire to New York.

"The moment I got to Palm Beach and saw what the misguided insiders were still trying to do, I let them have a second lot of two thousand T.T. Back came the report and I shot another two-thousand-shares selling order at them. The market behaved excellently—that is, it declined on my selling. Everything being satisfactory I went out and had a chair ride. But I wasn't happy. The more I thought the unhappier it made me to think that I hadn't sold more. So back I went to the broker's office and sold another two thousand shares.

"I was happy only when I was selling that stock. Presently I was short ten thousand shares. Then I decided to return to New York. I had business to do now. My fishing I would do some other time.

"When I arrived in New York I made it a point to get a line on the company's business, actual and prospective, and I was thereby strengthened in my belief that the insiders had been worse than reckless in jacking up the price at a time when such an advance was justified neither by the tone of the general market nor by the company's earnings. I had begun to sell the stock short because experience told me that the insiders were doing an unwise thing. I continued my short selling because the company's condition must make the price go down.

"The rise, illogical and ill-timed though it was, had developed some public following and this doubtless encouraged the insiders to pursue their unwise tactics. Therefore I sold more stock. The insiders ceased their folly. So I tested the market again and again, in accordance with my trading methods, until finally I was short thirty thousand shares of the stock of the Tropical Trading Company. By then the price was 133.

"I had been warned that the T.T. insiders knew the exact whereabouts of every stock certificate and the precise dimensions and identity of the short interest, as well as other facts of tactical importance. They were able men and shrewd to advise. Altogether it was a dangerous combination to go up against. But facts are facts and the strongest of all allies are conditions.

"Of course, on the way down from 153 to 133 the short interest had grown, and the public that buys on reactions began to argue as usual: That stock had been considered a good buy at 153 and higher. Now twenty points lower, it was necessarily a much better buy. Same stock, same dividend rate, same officers, same business. Bargain!

"The public's purchases reduced the floating supply, and the insiders, knowing that a lot of room traders were short, thought the time propitious for a squeezing. The price was duly run up to 150. I dare say there was plenty of covering, but I stayed pat. Why shouldn't I? The insiders might know that a short line of thirty thousand shares had not been taken in, but why should that frighten me? The reasons that had impelled me to begin selling at 153 and keep at it on the way down to 133 not only still existed but were stronger than ever. The insiders might desire to force me to cover, but they adduced no convincing arguments. Fundamental conditions were fighting for me. It was not difficult to be both fearless and patient. I have told you that a speculator must have faith in himself and in his judgment. The late Dickson G. Watts, ex-president of the New York Cotton Exchange, and famous author of Speculation as a Fine Art, says that courage in a speculator is merely confidence to act on the decision of his mind. With me, I cannot fear to be wrong because I never think I am wrong until I am proved wrong. In fact, I am uncomfortable unless I am capitalizing my experience. The course of the market does not necessarily prove me wrong. It is the character of the advance—or of the decline—that determines for me the correctness or the fallacy of my market position. I can only rise by knowledge. If I fall it must be by my own blunders."

Livingston's Tactics Analyzed

"There was nothing in the character of the rally from 133 to 150 to frighten me into covering, and presently the stock, as was to be expected, began to decline. It broke 140 before the inside clique began to give it support. Their buying was coincident with a flood of bull rumors about the stock. The company, we heard, was making perfectly fabulous profits, and the earnings justified an increase in the regular dividend rate. Also, the short interest was said to be perfectly huge and the squeeze of the century was about to be inflicted on the bear party in general and in particular on a certain operator who was more than overextended. I couldn't begin to tell you all I heard as they ran the price up ten points.

"The manipulation was not particularly alarming to me, but when the price touched 149 I decided that it was not wise to let the Street accept as true all the bull statements that were floating around. Of course there was nothing that I or any other rank outsider could say that would carry conviction either to the frightened shorts or to those credulous customers of commission houses that trade on hearsay tips. The most effective retort courteous is that which the tape alone can print. People will believe that when they will not believe an affidavit from any living man,



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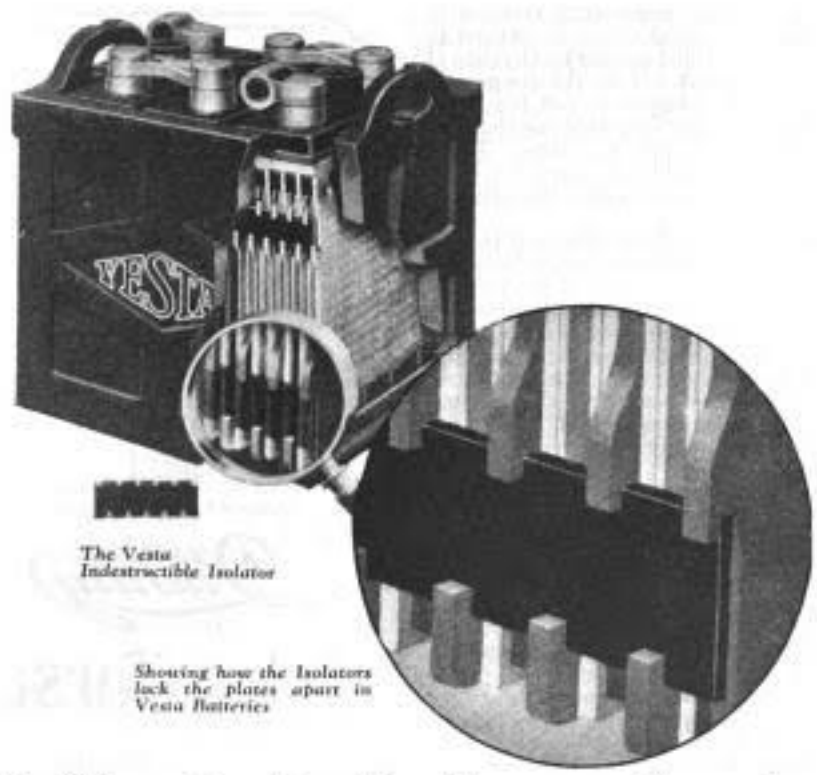
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much less one from a chap who is short thirty thousand shares. So I used the same tactics that I did at the time of the Stratton corner in corn, when I sold oats to make the traders bearish on corn. Experience and memory again.

"When the insiders jacked up the price of Tropical Trading with a view to frightening the shorts I didn't try to check the rise by selling that stock. I was already short thirty thousand shares of it, which was as big a percentage of the floating supply as I thought it wise to be short of. I did not propose to put my head into the noose so obligingly held open for me; the second rally was really an urgent invitation. What I did when T. T. touched 149 was to sell about ten thousand shares of Equatorial Commercial Corporation. This company owned a large block of Tropical Trading stock.

"Equatorial Commercial, which was not as active a stock as T. T., broke badly on my selling, as I had foreseen, and of course my purpose was achieved. When the traders—and the customers of the commission houses who had listened to the uncontradicted bull dope on T. T.—saw that the rise in Tropical synchronized with heavy selling and a sharp break in Equatorial, they naturally concluded that the strength of T. T. was merely a blind, a smoke screen, a manipulated advance obviously designed to facilitate inside liquidation in Equatorial Commercial, which was the largest holder of T. T. stock. It must be both long stock and inside stock in Equatorial, because no outsider would dream of selling so much short stock at the very moment when Tropical Trading was so very strong. So the wise traders seeing the significant inside selling in Equatorial Commercial promptly sold Tropical Trading and checked the rise in that stock, the insiders very properly not wishing to take all the stock that was pressed for sale. The moment the insiders took away their support the price of T. T. declined. The traders and principal commission houses now sold some Equatorial also, and I took in my short line in that at a small profit. I hadn't sold it to make money out of the operation, but to check the rise in T. T.

"Time and again the Tropical Trading insiders and their hard-working publicity man flooded the street with all manner of bull items and tried to put up the price. And every time they did I sold Equatorial Commercial short and covered it when T. T. reacted and carried E. C. with it. It took the wind out of the manipulators' sails. The price of T. T. finally went down to 125 and the short interest really grew so big that the insiders were enabled to run it up twenty or twenty-five points. This time it was a legitimate enough drive against an overextended short interest; but though I foresaw the rally I did not cover, not wishing to lose my position. Before Equatorial Commercial could advance in sympathy with the rise in T. T. I sold a raft of it short—with the usual results, and gave the lie to the bull talk in T. T., which had got quite boisterous after the latest sensational rise.

"By this time the general market had grown quite weak. As I told you, it was the conviction that we were in a bear market that started me selling T. T. short in the fishing camp in Florida. I was short of quite a few other stocks, but T. T. was my pet. Finally, general conditions proved too much for the inside clique to defy, and T. T. hit the toboggan slide. It went below 120 for the first time in years, then below 110, below par; and still I did not cover. One day when the entire market was extremely weak Tropical Trading broke 90, and on the demoralization I covered. Same old reason! I had the opportunity—the big market and the weakness and the excess of sellers over buyers. I may tell you, even at the risk of appearing to be monotonously bragging of my cleverness, that I took in my thirty thousand shares of T. T. at practically the lowest prices of the movement. But I wasn't thinking of covering at the bottom. I was intent on turning my paper profits into cash without losing much of the profit in the changing.

"I stood pat throughout, because I knew my position was sound. I wasn't bucking the trend of the market or going against basic conditions, but the reverse; and that was what made me so sure of the failure of an overconfident inside clique. What they tried to do, others had tried before and it had always failed. The frequent rallies, even when I knew as well as anybody that they were due, could not frighten me. I knew I'd do much better in the end by staying pat than by trying to cover to put out a new short line at a higher price. By sticking to the position that I felt was right I made over a million dollars. I was not indebted to hunches or to skillful tape reading or to stubborn courage. It was a dividend declared by my faith in my judgment, not on my cleverness or on my vanity. Knowledge is power, and power need not fear lies—not even when the tape prints them. The retraction follows pretty quickly.

"A year later T. T. was jacked up again to 150 and hung around there for a couple of weeks. The entire market was entitled to a good reaction, for it had risen uninterruptedly and it did not bull any longer. I know because I tested it. Now the group to which T. T. belonged had been suffering from very poor business and I couldn't see anything to bull those stocks on anyhow, even if the rest of the market were due for a rise, which it wasn't. So I began to sell Tropical Trading. I intended to put out ten thousand shares in all. The price broke on my selling. I couldn't see that there was any support whatever. Then suddenly the character of the buying changed.

"I am not trying to make myself out a wizard when I assure you that I could tell the moment support came in. It instantly struck me that if the insiders in that stock, who never felt a moral obligation to keep the price up, were now buying the stock in the face of a declining general market there must be a reason. They were not ignorant asses, nor philanthropists, nor yet bankers concerned with keeping the price up to sell more securities over the counter. The price rose, notwithstanding my selling and the selling of others. At 153 I covered my ten thousand shares and at 156 I actually went long, because by that time the tape told me the line of least resistance was upward. I was bearish on the general market, but I was confronted by a trading condition in a certain stock and not by a speculative theory in general. The price went out of sight, above 200. It was the sensation of the year. I was flattered by reports spoken and printed that I had been squeezed out of eight or nine millions of dollars. As a matter of fact, instead of being short I was long of T. T. all the way up. In fact, I held on a little too long and let some of my paper profits get away from me. Do you wish to know why I did? Because I thought the T. T. insiders would naturally do what I would have done had I been in their place. But that was something I had no business to think, because my business is to trade—that is, to stick to the facts before me, and not to what I think other people ought to do."

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 23)

ordinary conversation with the Oriental must be prefaced by many polite platitudes, so must the examination of China invariably have a prelude.

The reason is, to quote the effective American phrase, that she refuses to "stay put."

It is not because she is an enormous inchoate mass, waiting to be molded by a master hand, but for the reason that the near-order of today is usually out of gear almost before you can chronicle it.

Let me illustrate with a concrete instance bearing directly on this series. Exactly four weeks ago, when I wrote the article on the Chinese Civil War, what appeared to be the new and definite line-up was revealed. Chang Tso-lin had been overwhelmed in battle by Wu Pei-fu, and the Manchurian war lord's grip on the Peking Government was broken. President Hsu Shih-chang was forced out of office and Li Yuan-hung took his place. A new cabinet dictated by Wu Pei-fu, and including men of force and character, came into being. The old Republican Parliament, the only legal legislative body in the republic, was summoned for assembly after a five years' recess. Sun Yat-sen's Canton

(Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 66)

government had collapsed, Sun was a fugitive aboard one of his warships, and Chen Chiung-ming, the ablest figure in South China, was momentarily master. Unification, and with it stabilization, apparently lurked just around the corner. The optimist would have said that China's great hour had struck.

At the time I write this article, which is early in August, considerable milk has already been spilled. Sun Yat-sen has mobilized a new army and begun a trench warfare that may last for many months. Chang Tso-lin has reaffirmed the independence of Manchuria and notified the foreign ministers at Peking that all diplomatic questions concerning Manchuria must be referred to him and that he would not recognize any agreements concluded by the Peking Government. Moreover, Chan Tso-lin is said to be plotting with dissatisfied *tuchuns* in the Yang-tse, with the view of eventually linking himself again with Sun Yat-sen. In addition, the *tuchun* at Che-kiang has to all intents and purposes seceded from the northern government; civil war rages in Szechuen, the richest and most populous province of China, and there are mutinies in Anhwei and Kiang si. The Minister of Finance has been forced to put up his shutters because the national treasury is absolutely empty. The first session of the resuscitated Republican Parliament developed a fierce row between the northern and southern delegates, which shows that the breach is not yet healed. At this juncture our friend the optimist would throw up his hands in despair and say "It beats me," with the same fervor that he acclaimed unity and progress a month before. I present these contrasts in the events of a single month to indicate the obstacles that lie in the way of appraisal of China as she is.

Chinese Traits

The same paradoxes exist in other directions, all making for trouble for the historian. One of them grows out of the fact that China is not one country but a continent or a group of countries, each differing from the others in climate, natural resources, language and economic conditions. Not so long ago, for instance, a dreadful famine spread over an area in the north exactly six times the size of Great Britain. Although it affected more than 30,000,000 people it did not prevent export of wheat and flour from China to foreign countries. Again, a series of typhoons of almost appalling violence which devastated the crops in one part of a province had little effect on the business done at a treaty port in the same province.

Even when you have only the most superficial knowledge of China you realize that just as the Chinese invariably become more urbane as anxieties press the hardest, the nation itself moves serenely, if ponderously, along, and somehow not only exists but develops in its own way. This brings me to what is perhaps the most illuminating index to China, and one that explains many things. During the past ten years, which have been marked by almost incessant civil war, political strife, ravaging of treasuries and a continuous carnival of graft, China has advanced. The basic reason is that the people themselves have taken little interest in government. Until the birth of the republic, government, as such, existed with the average Chinese for no other purpose than to maintain officialdom. Peking, as I pointed out in an earlier article—and it is worth repeating—was simply a giant hopper into which was poured unending tribute of rice, silk and bullion. So long as the Chinaman is let alone, he perseveres. Famine, flood and politics, which have long been the curses of China, surge around him in vain.

The small Chinese merchant is perhaps the best philosopher in the world. Every year for many years, and sometimes twice within the twelve months, his shop is looted by soldiers, whose only pay is through theft. Yet, when the dust and din have subsided, Ah Sing calmly gathers together the remnants of his belongings and starts all over again.

I was in Peking at the outbreak of the most recent civil war. On the day that hostilities began, and when you could hear the firing plainly in the capital, I walked outside the Ch'ien Men Gate to the street of the same name, which is the Broadway of the city. Hundreds of shopkeepers were hiding away what they could of their stocks and getting ready for what they believed to be the inevitable brigandage. When I asked one of them how he felt about the chronic looting he merely replied, "It will soon be over and I will open my shop again."

It was only when a foreign nation like Japan sought to infringe upon the sovereignty of the country with a possible loss of territory, such as obtained in Shantung, that the people rose in their wrath. This happened in the so-called Student Movement of 1919, which brought about the boycott on Japan. This movement was fostered by returned students, mostly from America, and it is this body of students that represents the hope of the nation today.

The big point that I want to make, however, is that in the face of all the internal strife and government dislocation China's business has progressed. In 1910 her total imports and exports aggregated only 843,798,222 haikwan taels. For 1920, the latest statistics available, it had increased to 1,303,881,534 haikwan taels. The haikwan tael is not a coin but a weight of silver of a given fineness. There are various other taels, such as the Shanghai tael, but the haikwan tael is employed by the maritime customs and is the official symbol of foreign trade value. At the present time it is worth about eighty cents.

So, too, with what might be called the general inland prosperity, which expands in spite of governmental inefficiency. The largest industrial group in China is the textile group. In 1912, the first year of the republic, there were only 841,894 spindles throughout the whole country. In 1921 there were 3,165,546 spindles, of which 2,000,000 were in mills entirely owned by the Chinese. The Chinese-owned oil mills have increased during the last nine years from 31 to 119, while the flour mills have grown from 40 to 103. Chinese coal production has doubled, while the value of money orders cashed in the post offices has expanded from $6,000,000 in 1911 to approximately $60,000,000 last year. In a later article China's economic resources will be fully presented. These scattering facts are shown here merely to emphasize the point that the Mother of the East is not losing weight, even though the cancer of graft and maladministration has eaten at her breast.

When you analyze what is commonly called China's plight in the light of the evolution of other nations, especially republics, you find that history in the making is a slow business. Like the writing of plays for the speaking stage, it is remade—not made. Take our own country. No one can deny, as has often been pointed out, that the American Revolution did not really complete itself until 1865, when the United States became a unified entity. Thus nearly ninety years were required to realize the dream of the forefathers of the republic. Moreover, the real era of American reconstruction and the birth of America as a world power did not begin until the war with Spain. It took that to wipe out, once and for all, the sectional lines between North and South and figuratively merge the gray of the Confederacy into the blue of the Union.

The Rock of China's Morrow

Knowing these facts, you can see that China's prospects are far from hopeless. On the contrary, she has kept herself going and even made fiscal strides; this, too, with a national illiteracy that is nearly 100 per cent. She has been a republic for exactly ten years and although she has had six presidents during that time—the fixed term is five years—there is reason to believe that she will not take so long as the United States to achieve her destiny.

In fact, she got a flying start after the overthrow of the Manchus, but it crumpled up, for reasons that were pointed out to me by an American who has long resided in China and knows the Chinese better than almost any alien I have met. This is what he said:

"Two factors made for speed in the first decade of the history of the Chinese Republic. One was the fear of foreign aggression and the desire for foreign economic support. The second was the aspiration of Young China to produce a model government which would be in a position to secure for the country international recognition in some proportion to the size, population and inherent wealth of the country. But speed has failed and reformation from above has failed, and China does not stand in fear of foreign aggression to any great extent any longer. Therefore the process of change must become slow, normal, fundamental. It must begin with the family and work through the village upwards until the national government is reached."

When you mention the family you get at the key of Chinese life and character. As in Japan, everything radiates from it. The village is merely the larger domestic group. Therefore all reform in China must begin in the small community. From these villages there have lately streamed the young men who have been, or are being, educated in the Western universities. They and their sons are the rock of the Chinese tomorrow. Nothing moves swiftly in the Orient, hence you can expect no boom evolution in China.

Republican progress in China has also been blocked by the selfish rivalry and aggression of the foreign powers.

A Page of Secret History

I could give innumerable examples. Railway construction—or, rather, the lack of it—will illustrate. Everybody knows that China needs communications more than almost anything else except honesty in public office. Her steam mileage is 7000, when it should be 100,000. Szechuen Province produces enough wheat to supply the whole country, but the cost of transporting it to an eastern province is higher than the cost of conveying grain from America to China. A merchant in Hankow can get cheaper wheat from Chicago than from Taiyuanfu, the capital of Shansi.

In the face of this imperative need of railways the foreign powers have done their best, or worst, to keep that need unsatisfied. A group of enterprising Americans secured a contract for the construction of the important railway from Cheng-tu, in Szechuen, to link up with the Kianhan line. It would have tapped the great wealth of Western China. Neither the British nor the French were in a position to build it, yet they claimed priority of national rights in this section, and the plan was frustrated. Most of the powers in China, with the sole exception of the United States, have acted on the dog-in-the-manger theory.

It was this kind of performance that made the Washington Conference absolutely necessary if the integrity of China was to be maintained. Now that we have reached the historic event which, so far as it is humanly possible to predict, will change the face of the East, we can proceed with an analysis of what it specifically did for the Celestial Republic. Such an examination must constitute the real approach to any estimate of the nation's economic resources, to American trade opportunities, and to the bigger drama of commercial competition in the Orient.

Before we go into the specific details let me present a little piece of unwritten Conference history. I do this for two reasons: One is to show that underneath all the corruption and domestic conflict in China there is a deep-seated desire for progress, and with it a sense of national loyalty; the other is to emphasize how curious a thing is circumstance. That well-known enigma, the long arm of coincidence, is not so mysterious after all. What I am about to reveal did not, of course, appear in any official document or, so far as I am aware, in any other form. The way of it was this:

Shortly before the Conference convened two well-known Chinese came to Washington as representatives of the guilds, the banks and the educational institutions. They were merely observers and were charged with the responsibility of offering the Chinese delegation every possible assistance. As soon as the Conference proved its friendship to the Chinese in the terms of the Nine Power Treaty, the resolution to withdraw from Shan-tung, and sympathetic support in the matter of foreign troops and a revision of the tariff, these two observers got busy.

They said to the Chinese delegation and to other influential Chinese, in substance: "The powers have put it up to China to clean house. We must do this if we are to continue to have the great moral support that we received from the American people."

The result was the framing of a drastic program, which included the elimination of Chang Tso-lin as dictator of the Peking Government; the retirement of Hsu Shih-chang as President, in favor of Li Yuan-hung or a representative of Young China, such as Dr. W. W. Yen; the abolition of the *tuchun* system; the disbandment of the present huge army and the formation of a smaller but more mobile and efficient military body commanded by honest and trustworthy soldiers of the type of Wu Pei-fu and Feng Yu-hsiang; and the reorganization of the central government on a business basis, using foreign experts and not the old type of advisers, who specialized in sinecures at big salaries. In the matter of the presidency, it was later determined that Li Yuan-hung would be more suitable to the older order than a younger man like Doctor Yen.

It was further decided that if this constructive program could be carried out the Chinese banks—there is a consortium which includes all the leading financial institutions of the republic—would finance the government for a year and even longer. The plan was to intrust the execution to Wu Pei-fu and the men about him whom he could trust.

The hard knot in the project was Chan Tso-lin, for at the time of the Washington Conference he seemed to be securely intrenched not only as uncrowned monarch of Manchuria but as boss of the Peking Administration.

He had a well-equipped army of 150,000 men and it was well known that the Japanese were friendly to him, and he to them. How to eliminate him, therefore, was the problem.

Now for the almost uncanny feature. While the two observers were on the way home Chang Tso-lin himself precipitated the very crisis that had been talked over at Washington, for he walked into the noose. Without waiting for Peking to smoke him out he invaded the Province of Chi-li, and met his Waterloo. In other words, he eliminated himself from the situation, for the present at least. In consequence Wu Pei-fu was able to persuade Hsu Shih-chang to retire, and bring about the succession of Li Yuan-hung precisely according to program.

China Concession Mongers

We can now get down to the results of the Washington Conference in their concrete relation to China's economic and political future. The average American newspaper reader believes that China's principal dividends at Washington were the new Nine Power Treaty safeguarding her sovereignty, and the Japanese decision to retire from Shan-tung. Though the Nine Power Treaty gave China an almost unassailable Bill of Rights, and though Japanese withdrawal from the "Holy Province" constituted a great victory for justice and fair play, these two acts were merely part of a larger program of ultimate emancipation that affects every phase of Chinese life and labor.

First and foremost comes the Nine Power Treaty, which applies, to use its own phrase, "the principles of the open door and equality of opportunity" in China. It means that the signatories pledge themselves not to take advantage of conditions in China to seek special rights and privileges that would curtail the rights of other nationals.

Clearly to understand the real significance of this sweeping reform you must know that the favorite foreign pastime in China for many years has been concession hunting. I venture to say that more financial and political sins have been committed in the name of concession than through the manipulation of any other word in the English language.

Whenever a man wanted to put something over on Wall Street—and the performance was no stranger to the City in London—he made mysterious gestures and a noise that resembled easy money. The bait was usually a concession in China. The China concession monger was able to get away with murder. Certainly he got away with a good deal of money. Dozens of aliens have maintained large establishments in Peking and lived in princely fashion under the guise of concession fixers. Most of them spoke Chinese. Each had a favorite cabinet officer, or *tuchun*, who usually shared in the proceeds.

Until the beginning of the European war the fight for concessions was keen. The rights to build many important railway lines were conceded to one country or another, although actual construction was never intended. The tragic truth has been that most of the railways built in

(Continued on Page 72)

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(Continued from Page 68)

China were for purely political purposes. Instead of consolidating the country they have tended to disunite it. These railway concessions—and they were typical of other similar rights—not only prevented China herself but other countries that did not get the concessions from building railways in or near the zones thus demarcated. Here you have in a nutshell the principal reason for the slow development of steam transport in China. The formation of the old international consortium merely resulted in the division of certain lines equally among the group, as, for example, the Hukwang Railway. But it did not improve the situation created by these monopolistic concessions.

During the great war Japan gained a preponderant influence in certain regions of China and many lines were reserved for construction by her. It is well known that she has no intention whatever to build the four projected railways in Manchuria and Mongolia. It got down to the alternative that all the other countries secure more concessions and have railway construction in China entirely conceded to foreign nations, or that the concession business cease.

The Washington Conference wisely took the latter course because it abolished the old and much-abused system of spheres of influence, and discountenanced trade preference for certain countries in certain regions. If the Washington Conference had done nothing more than to open the door to China it would have been justified.

But the real advance in this matter is the appointment of an international board of reference for investigating questions affecting the open door, railways and concessions in China. All the nine powers will be represented on it and violations of the principles of the Nine Power Treaty will be referred to it. This body makes certain that violations in the open door will be examined and promptly exposed. It means the ending of the nefarious secret agreement, which was a gumshoe obstacle operating against real development. In establishing the board of reference to defend the open door—or, rather, to keep it open—the conference set up the twin safeguards of definition of right and of publicity.

Now you can understand what I meant when I said that China stands today, as never before, at the crossroads of her destiny. With her territory and her rights abused by the powers on the one hand, and with her finances shackled by loans from aliens on the other, she remained impotent. Figuratively speaking, she was in leading strings. Now these embarrassments are being relieved. The leading strings have been cut. China stands face to face with the tremendous problem of self-help. It is up to her to make good on her own.

The Open-Door Policy

There has been so much discussion of the open-door policy since John Hay first promulgated it—it is one of the first aids to the platitudinous stump speaker—that, as I have already indicated, the casual newspaper reader regarded it together with Shan-tung, as the principal business of the Washington Conference with reference to China. Of almost equal importance, so far as giving China an aid to fiscal stabilization, was the resolution for the revision of the Chinese tariff. Here you encounter what has been for some years a little-known handicap on the Celestial revenues.

Under an old arrangement entered into by the foreign powers, imports into China have hitherto paid a 5 per cent duty on fixed valuation. If cotton sheeting, for example, was valued at five dollars a piece in 1910, the Chinese got only 5 per cent on this five-dollar valuation in 1920, despite the fact that the value of this sheeting as expressed on the invoice, was eight dollars a piece. In other words, the Chinese tariff has been so inflexible that it could not take advantage of the war inflation of prices or any other increases. The natural result was that during the past twelve years the customs have been deprived of many millions of dollars of revenue.

The Washington Conference provided for a tariff revision, and a commission is now sitting at Shanghai. It is charged with the task of creating a schedule that will give China an effective 5 per cent *ad valorem* tariff. It is also proposed eventually to add a surtax of 2½ per cent, which will make a total of 7½ per cent. In the new schedule there will be specific tariffs, but based on new and contemporary valuations. It is estimated that the present tariff revision will add at least $25,000,000 Mexican to the Chinese Treasury.

The Washington Conference further provided for a maximum tariff of 12½ per cent on imports if China will abolish her internal taxes. Chief among these taxes is the so-called *Likin*, which is pronounced as if spelled "leaking," and it does not belie the term, for it is not only the greatest hindrance to Chinese industrial development but a monumental source of graft. The syllable "*li*" in Chinese means a percentage, because the word was originally used to signify the hundredth part of a cash—that is, the ancient coin with a hole in it, which was carried on a string. *Likin*, therefore, means a percentage tax.

This tax was introduced during the Taiping Rebellion, when it was first applied to Hsien-lu-chang—near Yang-chau—by a military officer, Lui I-hsian, as a temporary measure, to be abolished as soon as peace should be restored. The system has, contrary to the original intention, remained to this day, and has become so deep-rooted that its abolition is attended by the greatest difficulty. Besides, the amount of revenue collected from the source is so large—it aggregates nearly $50,000,000—that it cannot be abolished without incurring heavy financial loss to the government.

Extraterritorial Rights

The *Likin* is imposed on all Chinese goods in transport. The principal difficulty with it is that there is no fixed schedule. The Chinese official in charge of its administration can make it as high or as low as he chooses. If he happens to be interested in a certain product he can make the tax on the importation of a competing article so prohibitive that it is put out of business. I have outlined only one of the many abuses. In seeking to abolish it the Washington Conference took a definite reconstructive step.

In connection with the Chinese tariff is the somewhat unusual condition that there can be no reciprocity, since all the so-called treaty powers come within the scope of the most-favored-nation clause. As a consequence they benefit from any arrangement made between China and the favored nations. If Japan, for example, should make a reciprocity agreement with China, relating to the tariff on certain specific commodities, the helpful features of this agreement would be nullified by the fact that America, Great Britain, France and all the other treaty powers would automatically enjoy the same privileges.

Then, too, there is the vital question of extraterritoriality, a difficult word to spell and pronounce, and equally troublesome, as the Chinese see it, in operation. Much of China's future depends upon how this problem is solved. The Washington Conference therefore adopted a resolution stipulating that the powers involved name a commission of one member from each government to inquire into extraterritorial jurisdiction, as well as the administration of justice by China, and to recommend whatever reforms seem advisable. This resolution was in response to China's request that extraterritoriality be abolished within a reasonable time. The Chinese maintain that it imposes a strangle hold, and that not until it is revoked can the country properly advance. It was originally decided to organize the commission within three months after the conclusion of the Conference, but on the suggestion of the Peking Government the first meeting will not be held until the autumn of next year.

Not one in ten thousand persons knows what extraterritoriality means. Until I visited China it merely represented something that sounded complicated and which I frankly did not understand. When you go to China, however, you soon learn it. You read in your newspaper about the United States court or a British supreme court for China; you hear about a Chinaman convicted of theft in a mixed court before a Chinese magistrate sitting alongside an American assessor. You then discover that in the treaty ports the foreigner is tried by the laws of his own country. This is the simplest definition of extraterritoriality.

It grew out of the cruelty of so-called Chinese justice, coupled with the bitter antiforeign feeling that existed in the early period of alien intercourse with China. Neither residence nor trade would have been possible if jurisdiction over foreigners had been conceded to purely Chinese courts. The punishments imposed were brutal and barbarous, and the experiences of unhappy outsiders haled before a Chinese magistrate were little less than appalling.

Perhaps it may be worth while to recall two of the many cases that led to extraterritoriality. The discharge of a gun while saluting on a British vessel caused the accidental death of a Chinese at Canton. The surrender of the man who fired the gun was demanded. When this was refused the supercargo was arrested and detained as a hostage. To obtain his release a gunner was handed over, and he was promptly strangled to death on orders from Peking. An Italian sailor on an American ship threw an earthenware jar overboard. It struck a woman in a sampan, causing her to fall into the water. The Italian was given a farcical trial and subsequently executed by strangulation within twenty-four hours.

This inhuman trait in the Chinese extends to their own people. Under the old emperors torture became a fine art, and the amiable process called a thousand slices, in which the culprit was sliced exactly a thousand times before he was permitted to die, was one of the favorite methods of wreaking vengeance upon the politically unfaithful. In recent civil wars Chinese soldiers have accompanied their looting with almost indescribable mutilations of their prisoners as well as of innocent victims.

I talked with many representative Chinese about extraterritoriality. Though to a man they agreed that it should be abolished they freely admitted that it could be only through a slow process of evolution. Though the average Chinese is reasonably honest in his private business dealings he has a somewhat distorted sense of justice when it applies to a malefactor. Up to the present time the military, which is the curse of the country, has stood above the law. It can do no wrong. One old idea of Chinese justice was to mete it out under what might be called private auspices. If a man wanted to do away with his enemy he employed what we should call a gunman, or did the job quietly himself.

Illiteracy in China

That the Chinese are practically incapable of immediately assuming complete control of the judiciary is shown by the present plight of the courts at Harbin. Until the overthrow of the Romanoffs the Russians had their own courts and exercised extraterritorial rights. With the collapse of a decent Russian Government these rights were revoked and the Chinese assumed control of the former Slav tribunals.

The general impression among men who know China best is that it would be a great mistake to transfer the courts to the Chinese without long years of training under foreign supervision. That China must eventually administer the law goes without saying, for no nation can function without assuming full responsibility for its legal as well as other acts. But she must grow up to it.

In legal administration, as elsewhere, the fundamental need of China, after the abolition of militarism, is education. Few Chinese officials have thought in terms of the people. They still quote the beautiful theories of the great philosophers like Confucius, Mencius and Lao-tsze, while the mandates that have streamed from palaces are couched in obsolete and high-sounding phrases. Why has Japan had such a remarkable rise from seclusion to a place among the great powers? Simply because the little schoolhouse is everywhere. Moreover, everybody reads books and newspapers. In China the exact reverse is true.

Chinese desire for the abolition of extraterritoriality is only one phase of what has come to be a nation-wide movement against foreign control. The anti-Christian crusade which developed during the recent World's Christian Student Congress was not so much an agitation against the religion as it was against the alien influence. Many Chinese were irritated because this congress was held in their midst, arguing that England would have been equally irked if a Buddhist convention had convened in London.

Even the most antiforeign Chinese contend that the control of the customs must remain under foreign supervision, certainly until the loans which are secured by customs receipts and the salt tax are paid. In one respect, however, a definite victory was scored at Washington, for all foreign

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Starts Nov. 1st Red Seal Battery Contest Closes Nov. 15th



First Prize—$725.00
Complete Kennedy Radio Set

This Cabinet Type complete Radio Receiving Set is one of the finest and most up-to-date Receiving Sets yet produced. The cabinet is walnut and stands 58 inches high. Range from 400 to 600 miles for wireless telephone and 2,000 to 3,000 miles for wireless telegraph. Contained within the cabinet are all batteries, a Radio Homcharger De Luxe and a Magnavox Loud Speaker with special horn. Installed free in the home of the winner anywhere in the U. S. A.



Second Prize—$408.50 Complete Westinghouse Radio Set

It consists of the Westinghouse R. C. Receiving Set and Western Electric Loud Speaker, Tungar Battery Charger, Storage Battery, "B" Batteries, one Manhattan 3,000 ohm Headset, 3 vacuum tubes, 2 telephone plugs and complete antenna equipment. Installed free in the home of the winner.

Third Prize—$256.50 Complete Grebe Radio Set

A complete receiving outfit made up of the well known Grebe C. R. No. 9 Regenerative Receiver and Two Stage Amplifier, Magnavox Loud Speaker, Storage Battery, Radio Homcharger De Luxe, "B" Batteries, one Manhattan 2,000 ohm Headset, 3 vacuum tubes, 2 telephone plugs and complete antenna equipment. Installed free in the home of the winner.

50 Other Prizes

To each of 50 other contestants whose answers are meritorious will be given one of the famous Manhattan 2,000 ohm Radio Headsets. These headsets have great sensitiveness and high amplifying qualities.

53 Radio Prizes FREE

If you win and happen to live on a ranch near the Mexican border or in a cabin in the Wyoming Rockies several hundred miles from the nearest railroad, we will install your prize-winning Radio Set in your home, ready to "listen in" on the world at large!

What it Means to Win

In the Arabian Nights tale the magic words "Open Sesame" opened the door of the fabled treasure cave. With this First Prize Radio Receiving Set the voice of the world is yours to command. You can hear telegraphic messages from London, Paris, Berlin—from ships in fair weather and in storms—from wireless stations 2000 to 3000 miles away. You and your friends can sit comfortably at home and enjoy broadcasted concerts, "dance-jazz," grand opera singers, famous orchestras, public speakers, last minute news reports, world-joys and world-tragedies—every voice that speaks through the air by day or by night from a distance of 400 to 600 miles.

How to Enter the Contest

Simply read the information and instructions on the Contest Blanks given away by thousands of stores all over the country, Nov. 1 to Nov. 15. You will recognize these stores by the Red Seal Battery Contest Window Display pictured on the right.

A Simple Contest

The prizes will be awarded for the most appropriate answers completing *in your own way*, in not more than ten words, the following sentence:

The Red Seal Dry Battery is best
1. because it is the all-purpose battery—and
2. because.....

Important:—Only those answers written on the official Contest Blanks furnished by dealers will be considered.

All entries must be mailed before midnight, Nov. 15th, to:—

Red Seal Battery Contest, Manhattan Electrical Supply Co., Inc., 17 Park Place, New York City.



Red Seal Battery Contest Window Display
Look for it in Dealers' Windows Nov. 1 to Nov. 15. It identifies Dealers who will give you free Contest Entry Blanks

How Red Seal Batteries are Used

Red Seal Batteries furnish ignition for cars, motor boats and farm engines. They operate bells, telephones, telegraph systems, burglar alarms, time clocks, etc. Red Seal Batteries light your Christmas tree; "Red Seals" make Tommie's electric train whirl around the tracks; "Red Seals" are the Batteries usually specified for radio receiving sets. Wherever dependable electrical power in handy compact form is demanded, there you will find Red Seal Batteries on the job.

The Judges

The winners will be selected by the following Judges: Mr. Llew Soule, Editor of "*Hardware Age*," New York; Mr. Howard A. Lewis, Manager of "*Electrical Merchandising*," New York, and Mr. Joseph A. Richards, President, *Joseph Richards Co., Inc.*, Advertising Agents, New York.

Announcement of Winners

The names of the winners will be published in ***The Saturday Evening Post*** as soon as possible after the contest closes.

In case two or more persons submit winning answers of equal merit, prizes identical in character with those offered will be given to each successful contestant.

Important to Dealers

Duplicates of the 53 Radio prizes are to be given to dealers having the BEST CONTEST WINDOWS. Write us at once for full information and free window display material if you haven't already done so.



MANHATTAN
ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO., INC. NEW YORK
Makers of the Famous Red Seal Dry Batteries and Manhattan Head Sets



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Make Your Car's Water System

Leak-Proof

Before the First Freeze

First, pour Warner Liquid Solder in your radiator. It will stop all leaks anywhere in the water system. If there are no leaks now, it will seal the cooling system leak-proof and prevent leaks developing. Do this at once. Then, expensive alcohol or other *safe* anti-freeze solution will not be lost and wasted.

You should not drive your car a single mile with the water leaking out. It will ruin the engine and depreciate the value of your car quicker than anything else. Stop it! Get a can of Warner Liquid Solder at once. It is *guaranteed* not to clog the circulation, or cause any injury. Refuse substitutes. Order today. If your dealer cannot supply you, use coupon.

16-oz. can, $1.00; in Canada, $1.25. Ford size, 75c; in Canada, 85c.

WARNER

LIQUID SOLDER

Finds Leaks and Stops Them in Radiators, Hose and Pump Connections, Gaskets, Etc.

BOILER leaks of all kinds, in hot water and steam heating systems, stopped quickly with Warner Liquid Solder. Will hold 200-pound pressure. For this purpose sold in quart, gallon and 5-gallon cans. Attractive dealer proposition for Plumbers, Steamfitters, etc. Write us.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



PATTERSON LENZ

Legal Everywhere. Standard Equipment on 72 Makes of Cars.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.

Makers of Famous Patterson Lens. Legal Everywhere

914 South Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find ( ) for a can of Warner Liquid Solder

Name _____

Town _____ *State* _____

Street _____

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post offices are to be closed on January 1, 1923. At the present time you can go to an American post office in Shanghai, buy American stamps and have your letter or parcel registered in the American language, as it were.

One more detail dealing with foreign control remains to be disposed of. At the Washington Conference the Chinese, who were not at all modest in their requests, asked that foreign troops be removed. It was decided to institute an exhaustive inquiry with the view of relieving this situation. That the Chinese had some ground for their request is evidenced by the fact that in various parts of China foreign soldiers are maintained without authority of treaty or agreement. This is notably true of Hankow, where the Japanese have kept a considerable force. Due to the publicity of the conference, these soldiers have lately been evacuated.

No man can go through a Chinese civil war, as I did, without realizing that hasty withdrawal of foreign troops would be a very grave mistake—that is, until a stable central government has been established and the present army of uniformed looters is disbanded. Although there were nearly 5000 Allied soldiers at Tientsin last May, it was necessary to swear in a volunteer force of Anglo-Saxons to help patrol the streets and intimidate Chang Tso-lin's barbarians from the north during the strife at that time. By the same token, the foreign areas such as exist in Tientsin, Shanghai and elsewhere afford the only real sanctuary for the foreigner, as well as the native, in times of civil upheaval.

Thus the Washington Conference not only bulwarked China's sovereignty, which has been suspended, as the phrase goes, for a considerable time, but pointed the way toward an economic rehabilitation from within. The vast domain with its tremendous possibilities of production and consumption cannot be permanently salvaged by a superimposed structure of foreign control, but, as so many authorities have contended, complete emancipation cannot be achieved until the Chinese prove themselves trustworthy custodians of alien life and property.

Meanwhile America has already aided and abetted the Chinese resolve for self-guidance. For one thing, Congress has adopted a resolution enabling the President to bar shipments of war munitions to China whenever he finds that conditions of violence exist there. Although China is not specifically mentioned in the resolution, the document gives the President the right to take action in the case of any country "in which the United States exercises territorial jurisdiction." China is such a country. This resolution was inspired by the war between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin.

Constructive Reforms

Another real first aid to China—and it will help her to find herself—is the American Government's warning to financiers not to place foreign loans without the knowledge of the State Department. Eventually this censorship will be vested in the Department of Commerce. Though this was primarily a blow at European militarism—much of the incessant and unnecessary warfare in the new countries has been fostered by outside funds—it was also an intimation to the shoe-stringers who have been putting over questionable financial deals in the Orient, that they must go out of business.

That China is conscious of the responsibilities attaching to the service rendered her at Washington is evidenced by the self-control and seriousness with which she meets the new confusion. There is no doubt that a new day has dawned, even though clouds still obscure the sun.

Typical of the Wu Pei-fu stewardship is the plan for disbanding the huge army that has so long sapped at the vitality and upset the order of the nation. It is to be divided into three periods, the first to begin from January 1, 1923, the second from January 1, 1924, and the third from January 1, 1925. It is proposed to comb out the weak and the aged from all the divisions and brigades of the army to the number of one-quarter of the whole force during the first period, and the same proportion is to be eliminated during the second and third periods, until at last the whole army will be composed of only efficient and strong men, and reduced to about 40 per cent of its present numbers.

The elimination of the obnoxious *tuchun* system—a *tuchun* is a military governor of a province—is also under way. This, however, will be more difficult than army demobilization, because many of these overlords have built up powerful personal armies, which involves the problem of employment for the men. A significant advance was registered in July, when General Feng Yu-hsiang, "the Christian general," was made governor of the important province of Honan. General Feng is Wu Pei-fu's right-hand man and led the assault that put Chang Tso-lin's troops on the run. He celebrated his victory by attending a service at the Y. M. C. A. He is the type that has rallied round the new order in China.

The biggest constructive reform achieved since the overthrow of President Hsu Shih-chang, however, is in the Ministry of Finance, which has been the sore spot of the Peking Government for many decades. The national treasury has been chronically empty, due to systematic misappropriations of funds. Most public officials have been without salaries during the past six months. While I was in Peking in April a characteristic episode occurred in connection with finance that was not without its element of humor. The staff of the Finance Ministry had not been paid for four months. The minister himself was a fugitive. The two hundred and fifty clerks—all Peking offices are notoriously overstaffed—got together and formed a young soviet. The ringleader filched the Acting Minister's seal or chop, as it is called. A committee then waited on him with this ultimatum: "We are now in possession of your official seal. No vouchers can be paid without it. Until we get some back pay we shall keep the seal, which prevents you from getting any money yourself." The minister bestirred himself, and within a week was able to dig up enough money to satisfy the insurgents.

The era of financial mismanagement is ended for the moment at least, for the new Minister of Finance, Tung Kang, is a lawyer of integrity. His first act was to reduce the office force by two-thirds. The second was to appoint an international loan commission, of which Mr. Wellington Koo is chairman.

A General House Cleaning

This commission really sets up a milepost in the emancipation of China. National life has been one loan after another, each one surrounding some important right or concession. Money borrowed from the Japanese represented, in the main, the surrender of both concession and sovereignty. Under Mr. Koo an effort will be made to strike a balance and to refund many of the pressing obligations. The tax-collecting system is to be reorganized and a budget created, in keeping with the actual needs of the country. As a matter of fact China really needs no foreign loan. An adequate tax system, honestly collected and administered, will suffice for the present. Still another epochal step is the ruling that henceforth all foreign agreements and loans made through the Ministry of Finance must be referred to the Foreign Office for verification. Agreements lacking this visa will not be recognized as valid.

After the Ministry of Finance, the Ministry of Communications ranks next in fiscal and official importance, because among other things, it is the custodian of the railways. More graft has been committed in the purchase of railway supplies than in almost any other activity. Nearly every bid had to carry an extra overhead, ranging from 5 to 40 per cent above the normal price, for the difference went to officials. The office was political rather than constructive. The Minister of Communications under Hsu Shih-chang is now a fugitive in Japan, having fled with his friend, Liang Shih-yi, the former Premier. The new head of Communications is N. H. Gow, who, like Tung Kang, was named by Wu Pei-fu. It means that disinfectants will be applied to a malodorous nest.

Every sincere observer in China believes that the solution of her tangled government lies in a group of autonomous states, modeled after ours, and which would constitute the United States of China. The obvious reason is that the provinces are so immense and the distances between them so great that real cohesion is practically impossible. Happily, this consummation now seems to be in sight, for one of the first

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Allen A

Allen A Quality—Grew Up with the American People

Most of us can remember those boyhood shopping trips with Mother. The long time she took to pick out Underwear and Hosiery. The questions about wear—fit—fullness of size—money's worth.

Things wouldn't be much different today if it weren't for *Allen A.*

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Allen A is the Master Brand on the *genuine* Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Knit Underwear and the *genuine* Black Cat Hosiery.

Probably you have known one or the other—or perhaps *both*—of these celebrated lines for years.

You may never have known that they are made by the *same people.* That the standards of style, fit, comfort, wearing service and money's worth are the *same in both lines.*

It is this *uniformity of quality* that is signified by the *Master Brand Allen A* added to these two celebrated trade-marks.

Allen A is the sign of *personal responsibility* on the part of the makers.

It simplifies the question of good Underwear, good Hosiery, or *both,* to finding the dealer who can show you the *Allen A Master Brand.*

THE ALLEN A COMPANY—KENOSHA, WIS.



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(Continued from Page 74)

acts of the old Republican Parliament, in session at the time I write this article, was to agree on the adoption of a permanent Constitution for China, similar to that of the United States. The right of each province to maintain its own assembly is to be recognized. This will probably meet the insistent demands of the southern provinces for provincial autonomy. A few of the provinces have had so-called assemblies for some years, but the principal function of the members was to draw salaries and use their official connections to pry easy money out of merchants and landowners.

All these measures, however, will be futile unless they are translated into action by capable men. Here you reach the fundamental weakness of China, whose great deficiency is in trained personnel. There is no scarcity of what might be called old officials, but they are wedded, in the main, to that ancient order which, for the want of a better name, must be termed officialdom. The Peking Government has for many years been cluttered up with them. On the other hand, the Western-educated young Chinese, who are the hope of the republic, are not sufficiently familiar with their own country, and few are really equipped to govern China. One reason is that they are not conversant with their own language, while others know only their particular dialects, of which there are many. To overcome this deficiency an effort is being made to have the so-called Mandarin accepted as the national language. In China there is a big difference between the written and the spoken speech. The objective now is to have the spoken tongue standardized and developed into a literary language.

Presidential Possibilities

One problem is to get a capable and effective president. It is no secret that Li Yuan-hung, who returned to office after the retirement of Hsu Shih-chang, is merely a stop-gap, so to speak. The fact that he was called to Peking after the latest civil war means that he will only fill out Hsu's term, which would have expired next year. Upon the choice of his successor hangs much of the stabilization of China. Wu Pei-fu is prominently mentioned in this connection, but he is wise enough not to risk his reputation in the political maelstrom. A fact that stamps him as a really unusual personage is that he refuses to admit that he is a statesman.

The next logical candidate is Dr. W. W. Yen, who at forty-five is one of the commanding figures in Chinese public life. He had his American training at the University of Virginia and has held high diplomatic posts at Washington, where he was second secretary under Wu Ting-fang, and in Berlin, where he was minister. When I reached Peking in April he was Minister of Foreign Affairs and in the reorganization, following the overthrow of Chang Tso-lin, was made Acting Premier, the post that he occupies at this writing.

I went to see him at the Foreign Office, which is called the Wai Chaio Pu, an essentially modern structure set in a beautiful garden. Doctor Yen is alert and progressive and speaks an almost faultless English. At the time of my visit he was carrying practically the whole cabinet burden, for the Premier and the Ministers of Communications, Education, Finance and Interior were either absent on sick leave—the immemorial Chinese subterfuge for evading responsibility—or in hiding.

When I asked him to analyze the Chinese situation Doctor Yen said:

"China's first problem is to live. There is an old proverb of Confucius which says, 'Fill the stomach before teaching virtue.' The Chinese do not want much, but they want it regularly. Fundamentally, our people are simple souls. At New Year's time they buy a prayer printed on red paper, and kill a pig or a chicken, and are supremely happy for days. Westerners who come into our midst are appalled at the dirt and poverty, and they think we want it. Far from that, the Chinese want to be clean and they want to be prosperous.

"In order to achieve our destiny we must have adequate transportation. Likewise, we must have revenue. Our total national income is less than $80,000,000 Mexican, and most of it goes for indemnity and interest on debts. The remainder is almost humorously insufficient.

"The most pressing need of China is for constructive foreign capital. Hitherto much of the foreign money that came into China was employed for selfish exploitation. With money we need technical skill. The Chinese is a born mechanic and all he requires is expert education. If I may also be permitted to say so, American finance abroad, and especially in China, needs a much bigger and broader vision.

"All Chinese had high hopes of the Washington Conference, and these hopes were realized. The conference gives us the much-needed respite from outside aggression. Moreover, we got back Shan-tung with its immense moral significance, and we were also enabled to put our case before the whole world."

Another presidential possibility is Wellington Koo, whose name is familiar to most Americans because of his prominence as Chinese Minister in London and his conspicuous performance as delegate to the Washington Conference. Like Doctor Yen, he represents the finest type of the young Western-educated Chinese, destined for high leadership. He is young, fluent, brilliant, and personally most attractive. I had the privilege of being cospeaker with him at the American College Club luncheon at Shanghai last May, and I was deeply impressed with his sincerity and his logic. At that luncheon he told me that the Washington Conference had not only marked an epoch in Chinese history but that it was an unofficial ultimatum to the whole world that America was the moral steward of his country. His chairmanship of the international loan commission is regarded as a step in the direction of the presidency.

When you survey the five presidents—Li Yuan-hung is serving his second term—who have gone through the motions of being chief executive of China since the inauguration of the republic, you realize what a tremendous innovation the installation of a man like Wellington Koo or Dr. W. W. Yen, would mean. Yuan Shih-kai was an imperialist who hesitated at nothing to gain his end. Feng Kuo-chang was an unscrupulous militarist and involved in one of the most odious of the opium scandals. Hsu Shih-chang was not only an ultra-conservative but having been a grand councilor and Vice Premier under the Manchus he had about as much sense of republicanism as Mr. William Hohenzollern. Li Yuan-hung, despite his admirable intentions, is really a product of the old order. The one and only democrat among the men who have been president is Sun Yat-sen, and he has had no real opportunity to function in a big way.

The Younger Leaders

On the choice of new premiership will depend much of the fate of unification. Immediately after Li Yuan-hung took hold at Peking he offered the post to Wu Ting-fang, who was then civil governor of Kwangtung Province and really acting head of the Southern Government in the absence of Sun Yat-sen. It was a direct bid for union. Wu Ting-fang died a few days after the offer reached him. His passing is to be deplored for many reasons, one of them being that he probably might have accepted, and thus brought about the much-needed consolidation.

On August sixth the premiership was again tendered to a southern leader, this time Tang Shao-yi, who with the possible exception of Chen Chiung-ming, is the ablest administrator in the Canton group. Tang Shao-yi was one of the first Chinese students to come to America, and was graduated from Columbia University. He has had ample cabinet, diplomatic and business experience. His most conspicuous post, however, was as first premier after the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty. Several years ago he retired to his large estate near Macao, where he has introduced good roads and scientific farming. It is doubtful if he can be tempted away from his rural retreat.

The fact that Wu Ting-fang and Tang Shao-yi have been offered the premiership is an indication that the Peking Government is doing its best to achieve unification. The one stumbling block is Sun Yat-sen, and he will probably reach the end of his rope before the close of this year.

On the day that I write this paragraph word is cabled from Peking that Alfred Sze has been requested to accept the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs. It confirms the point that I have previously made—namely, that the tendency of the new order is toward recruiting the best type of character and efficiency. As Chinese Minister to Washington and as Wellington Koo's colleague in the conference delegation Sze proved his mettle. Under his sponsorship the Wai Chaio Pu will more than hold its own during the trying period of national reorganization.

One reason why unification is so essential is that with the possible exception of Yen, Koo and Sze, the most remarkable group of young Chinese is to be found in the Southern or Canton Government. They are all American or English-educated. Conspicuous among them are C. C. Wu, son of Wu Ting-fang, and Quo Tai-chi, who is perhaps the brainiest man of the lot. I met both Wu and Quo at Canton, and when I talked with them it was as if I were dealing with Americans whom I would meet in any New York or Washington club. The addition of such men would be a powerful aid to the Peking Government.

This swift Who's Who of the new order in China would be incomplete without a word about Chow Tsu-chi, who represents that curious phenomenon embodied in a cross between a near-old official and the modern one. Like Liang Shih-yi, he has been in office so much during the past decade that at times it was almost impossible to know when he was in or out. He has had a wide experience in diplomacy and filled various cabinet posts, including the much-abused job of Finance. Upon Hsu Shih-chang's retirement he functioned as president until Li Yuan-hung came up from Tien-tsin, and was then made Minister of Commerce in the new cabinet.

The Three Great Eras

My interview with Chow Tsu-chi—he was Acting Premier—was memorable because it was in the heart of the historic Forbidden City of Peking and with the background of the emperors. His office was the old cabinet room of the masterful Yuan Shih-kai, while just across the graveled, flower-bordered walk was the two-story modern building erected by the Empress Dowager, where she died. All about me were the splendors, some of them slightly tarnished, of that great day when the Imperial City, which encircles the forbidden area, was the center of empire. Where once the pig-tailed warriors patrolled with lance and shield I saw modern guards equipped with Mausers.

At that time Chow Tsu-chi was between the devil and the deep blue sea. It was the most critical period before the outbreak of hostilities between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin. When I arrived Wu's emissary had just left, and Chang's was due in half an hour. Each tried to persuade Chow Tsu-chi of the virtue of his cause. Before forty-eight hours had elapsed the war had begun.

Chow Tsu-chi is one of the great phrase makers of China. When he assumed the acting premiership he faced the usual depleted treasury. Every official wanted his salary, but the cupboard was empty. He therefore called all the heads of departments together and said, "Equality of poverty is the order of the day." Both phrase and conditions continue.

When all is said and done, China, like Japan, is in transition, and transition means dislocation. Whereas the mikado's people are struggling to break down the barriers of absolutism, the Chinese face the stupendous task of political regeneration. Japan has reached the limit of her agricultural possibilities, while China has scarcely scraped the surface of her resources. Both nations were to the fore at the Washington Conference, and as a result each stands today at the threshold of a new national as well as international existence. Between them, they can make or mar the future of the Far East.

For years China has pleaded for freedom to work out her salvation unhampered by invasion under the guise of special economic rights or spheres of influence. This opportunity has arrived, for at last she is to be mistress of her fate. It is largely up to China not only to stabilize herself but to realize the prophecy uttered by Theodore Roosevelt when he said:

> The Mediterranean era died with the discovery of America. The Atlantic era is now at the height of its development and must soon exhaust the resources at its command. The Pacific era, destined to be the greatest of all, is just at its dawn.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to the industrialization of China.

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IT IS SIGNING THE BIG NAMES IN BUSINESS

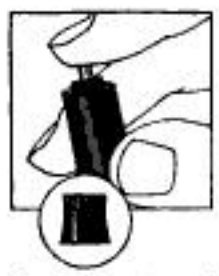


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The Long-distance Writer

With 25-Year Point and Over-size Ink Font

Beautiful as Chinese Lacquer



Press the button and Duofold drinks its fill. No pumping—no metal projection to catch on clothing and spill ink.

YES, once let your hand feel the perfect affinity of its balanced swing and classic symmetry and smoothness, and you'll get a thrill out of writing never known till Geo. S. Parker created the Duofold Pen.

Wall Street or Main Street—it's the reigning favorite—the badge of prosperity among America's "Go-Getters."

At $7 it's the most economical pen on earth, for its native Iridium point is guaranteed for wear and mechanical perfection 25 *years!* It's a point as super-smooth as a polished jewel bearing and will make you a better writer or money back any time within thirty days.

Its lacquer-red barrel with smart black tips is not only handsomer than gold—but it flashes your eye a reminder not to leave your pen when you lay it down.

It's a pen you'll seldom have to fill, because its over-size font holds a long-distance ink supply.

Step up today to the first pen counter and try this handsome HE-pen. Duofold Jr. and Lady Duofold at $5 are like the Over-size Duofold in everything but length and girth—the same Chinese lacquer color—the same jeweler's workmanship and finish—the same 25-year native Iridium point.

Take the coupon with you for 30-Day Trial Privilege—or mail it to us if your dealer's Duofolds have all been taken.



What other pen dare you risk to the other man's writing? The Duofold holds its original point regardless of who writes or how.



Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager



Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE

The 25 Year Pen

OVER-SIZE **$7**

Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5 With ring for chatelaine

30-Day Trial Coupon

(Have your dealer sign this when you select your pen. Or mail it to The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wisconsin, giving dealer's name.)

This certifies that the purchaser named below has paid the regular price for the Parker Duofold checked, with the understanding that he may return it to the dealer within 30 days and money will be cheerfully refunded (or in the case of a charge customer, his account will be credited). (Check the model and the point you prefer).

☐ Oversize Duofold, $7
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PLUMB

The red handle the black head the name Plumb

(COLOR COMBINATION TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

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In design, material and workmanship, as in finish, Plumb hammers, hatchets, files, sledges and axes are unlike any others.

Plumb Nail Hammer: Larger face; better balance; pulls nails easier. Plumb Take-up Wedge retightens handle with the turn of screw. $1.50.

Plumb Ball Pein Hammer: Eye off centre, with weight in striking face. The cone shaped pein spreads rivets, does not mash them. Machinists' 1½ lb., $1.20. Automobile ball pein, 12 oz., special 11 in. auto grip handle, $1.00.

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EUROPE REVISITED

(Continued from Page 11)

my intention, and drew an unexpectedly disgruntled answer. She said she had been back and forth on French ships frequently, but she didn't think she would use them any more in traveling. When I asked her why, she said because she didn't care for French ways, especially in circumstances where excitement might come up. She is a humorous person and I took what she said lightly, so she told me a story of how on her last trip her ship had run into a bank of fog. She was sitting on deck when the foghorn began to blow. The engines slowed down and the ship's officers, several of them, came running along the deck, exclaiming loudly and announcing to one another that fog was after all the most alarming thing at sea, "*tout ce qu'il y a de plus dangereux, et excessivement inquiétant.*" This had made her feel quite uncomfortable over her novel and afternoon tea. She went into much detail, describing the exclamations and gestures, and how the officers had discussed with her just how bad a fog might be, and how it had caused many a shipwreck in the past. As my friend has a delightful Irish nature, with all the warmth and enthusiasm necessary to a good story, I enjoyed this one and laughed with her, but I went ahead making my arrangements, and I had no regrets.

The Paris sailed from New York on August second, and it carried me back to the Old World in which I have spent more than half my life and which I loved so deeply in its prewar phases. I thought I should still find plenty to love in the lands of Europe, even during their present struggles. Those of us who saw the war suffering and destruction, whether in Russia, in France, in Italy, or in Belgium, who watched the privations those people and the British stood so well, remember their fine record with admiration. England, though she had no enemy on her territory, nevertheless carried a heavy share of the Allies' troubles, and now carries perhaps the lion's share of reconstruction problems.

Where one can't love or admire, there is still sympathy growing from troubles borne in common; so I laid aside the last four years of my American life, thought only of the conditions I had left behind me when in 1918 I went to my native country, a refugee, and I prepared my mind to take mental photographs of all I should encounter. America with all her qualities had not weaned me away from Europe's charm, or made me care less for the old ways of the life which had been mine so long, in happy days and gay surroundings.

Pleasant Fellow-Passengers

My impressions on board ship were most agreeable. The passengers were largely French, Spanish or South American, some of whom spoke Spanish. There were some artists of the Chicago Opera Company, and a few quiet American families who like myself had sympathetic affiliations across the sea. I had a chat with one of these compatriots of mine, and asked him why he chose the French Line. He laughed and said, "Well, for one reason, because comparatively few of our compatriots go on it, and everybody drinks light wines at table or for teatime refreshment, instead of rushing to the bar on all occasions for countless cocktails and whiskies."

We both agreed that in this respect at least we liked the Latins much better as companions than our Anglo-Saxons. Also we enjoyed the admirable service on the boat and the French cooking, which was delicate and simple instead of overheavy; and we liked the fact that meals and music were given to us separately. A most surprisingly good orchestra—some of its members being graduates from the Paris Conservatoire—performed twice a day, offering an excellent program of serious music.

It was a long time since I had made an Atlantic voyage on a good ship. During the war I had made but one crossing, and that on a small Norwegian vessel, which was without ballast and was short of all fresh food. On it we had spent twelve days, bouncing with the lightness of a cork on the rough winter waves. We had been crowded in, about twice as many people as the boat was meant to hold. Needless to say, this August trip by comparison seemed exceptionally comfortable and restful. The sea was smooth—so smooth that even I, a bad sailor, never missed a meal. The cabins were large and airy, clean and comfortable, and the service silent and efficient. It was the first week of rest I had had in four long years, and about the first time I had been alone since 1914 had plunged us Russians into the turmoil of war. Needless to say, I thought it pleasant to lie long hours on deck, watching the blue sea and the sky, wondering as to events developing in Europe which I would soon have an opportunity to watch and to hear discussed at close range.

The most delightful hours on board ship, however, were those we spent at table; for the captain had invited me to sit with him, where also sat the French Ambassador and Madame Jusserand. The chief of the Chilean delegation to the recent congress in Washington, with Madame Aldunate, another American woman with her son, a charming French widow and the French military attaché completed the little party. The conversation was in French, and, carried on with a vivacity which characterizes that nation, it touched on every subject imaginable and possible. It was guided by the quick tongues of Captain Boisson and Monsieur Jusserand. The captain had sailed over many seas, had explored the South American coast as far as the Strait of Magellan, had visited most Pacific ports and seen the East Indies, knew the Mediterranean, Africa and Europe, and had picked up a surprising amount of information and made a great many original observations. Jusserand is a brilliant scholar, as well as a clever diplomat. He knows the literature of half a dozen countries, as well as their history, and he is witty always without venom. To his enemies he shows a tendency to render justice always—a rare quality in these days when bitterness is rife.

Deference to Mr. Wilson

We talked of Franco-American association since the time of Lafayette, about the development of the international friendship through a century and more of history. We talked of the misunderstandings on certain subjects which had arisen since the war, and the reasons for them, the tremendous propaganda of enemy countries which is made with a desire to put the Allies out with one another. Jusserand was quite frank in saying he thought in many ways both the English and Americans misunderstood the necessities of France, though they had rendered France such tremendous services throughout the war. He was quick to express gratitude to America for the aid she is giving France by rebuilding, feeding and in general sustaining his country through the last four years.

Quite frankly I took up a number of problems where the attitude of France was incomprehensible to me. We spoke of the League of Nations—the mandates and self-determination of various small peoples. The Americans in our party expressed dislike for many of these measures and surprise that the European nations should be insisting on our joining a league so contrary to many of our theories. One of the Frenchmen spoke up, stating that most of these ideas had been proposed or championed by Mr. Wilson, the American representative at the peace conference. He claimed in several cases the Europeans had accepted them against their own desires, thinking they were thereby pleasing the United States. It had been found afterwards that the American people had not approved Mr. Wilson's attitude. The French delighted in saying, and I had to admit their argument was logical, that since Mr. Wilson had come to the conference as the President of the United States, other countries took it for granted he represented the desires of his people. They claimed they necessarily took it for granted, also, that to show him respect could but please his people.

One of the Frenchmen laughingly said, "If our president had gone to any foreign land to negotiate a treaty, or merely to visit there as the representative of France, we would expect him to be treated with all due respect. I think if in any way Mr. Wilson in 1918 had not been shown respect by Europeans, America would have been within her rights in feeling insulted, and in showing us all that she felt so." Everyone around the table admitted this was true, and that though Americans did not necessarily then or now feel in sympathy with the doctrines established by Mr. Wilson, we should not have enjoyed—after the part America had taken in the war—seeing our President contradicted or ill-received by the delegations of our Allies.

I brought up the subject of the American aid in the French reconstruction lately and asked some questions as to what France had done to help herself. I said I should like to be put in the way of seeing some of her own work and the results of her own thrifty ways, and the Ambassador promised to put me in touch at once in Paris with those who knew the detail of all this. Of course I had read that ninety billions of francs had been appropriated by the French Government for rebuilding the devastated regions; this in spite of the terrible taxes and debts which weigh so heavily on France's shoulders. "In spite of the fact, also, that reparations have not come in as was expected, the Germans having spent all the money they possessed in reconstructing themselves instead of paying France," one of the Frenchmen added. I spoke then of military France and its ambitions, and elicited the information, which I confess was news to me, that though her army seemed large and was talked of as such since the war ended, it actually cost France less than the British navy cost Great Britain, and less than the little American army cost the United States. In fact, M. Jusserand claimed France had accomplished a remarkable feat in so rapidly reducing her military strength. He said the expenses of the army during the last year of the war had reached the colossal sum of thirty-six billion francs. The year following the war, 1919, it had cost only eighteen billion, in 1921 only six billion three hundred million, while this year's budget estimated but four billion nine hundred million francs.

We took up the question of France's naval ambitions too. The French Ambassador stated that the talk of this question at the Washington Conference had been largely propaganda, as France's ambition is in reality rather modest, and aims only at resuming in this respect the rank held by her before the World War. He added the naval program voted by the Chamber of Deputies in 1912 was in abeyance and all French arsenals had observed a complete holiday since 1914. He claimed that very largely the feeling in America had been roused on this subject by artificial and intentional means. There was a refrain to all statements made by the French on board our ship, as well as by the French whom I have come in contact with in France, as to Germany being responsible for all the wrong and all the trouble the French are suffering from. France has not forgotten 1870, and 1914 was much worse. For a gay people, usually ready to let bygones be bygones, they hark back to their sufferings at Germany's hands with remarkable continuity. "If only they would say just once that they are sorry!" said M. Jusserand.

The Gallic View of Propaganda

The French generally feel misunderstood by us, not only in their attitude towards Germany and their military and naval ambitions but as to the desire of England to see them make concessions. They occasionally show that they are hurt by things which are said or hinted at in the United States; especially do they refer to the time of the Washington Conference, when they realize they lost a good deal of their earlier popularity. They don't quite know what they might have done to hold on to America's warm sympathy, and they are evidently puzzled and pained. This matter has cropped up not only among the little group on board ship but in several conversations I have had with Frenchmen in Paris. I have come in contact here with officials, relief workers and private individuals; as soon as the ice is broken they ask something of all this.

I have tried to explain that I thought, as did many of their other friends in America, that their propaganda had been badly handled in Washington. Whereupon they invariably say they did not feel they would need propaganda among friends, and had therefore made no effort in that direction. They add that they had no money to spend for such things and that "France is proud, too proud to explain herself or excuse herself. She stands on her record!"

It would seem this is one of the points where the Anglo-Saxon mind and the Latin run on divergent lines. In discussing what we mean by propaganda, or the education of our public to see things as they are, there would seem to us to be no harm. Very certainly we believe there is much harm in making false statements, either to win friendship, money or success, or to destroy an enemy's credit. This is propaganda in the German sense, and is the French definition too. I have tried to explain to a great many very intelligent Frenchmen that both the English and the Americans consider it not only legitimate but necessary to make known what they are doing, so that the public will be inclined to back a national, financial or charitable effort, either in a material or a moral way.

It was quite evident through the winter months in Washington, when the British delegation brought with it such first-class publicists as Lord Riddell and Mr. Steed, that it was worth while to go about in the United States telling of England's attitude, winning the sympathy of large American groups for the British. This enabled the British delegates to attend to their business at the conference with the knowledge that their popularity was being assured. The French had had no single spokesman outside, and had felt the loss of such.

A Frenchman on French Traits

On this subject one Frenchman with whom I have often talked since arriving in Paris said to me: "We French are never seen at our best outside our homeland. When we go abroad we take our French ways with us. You will see Frenchmen in a hotel in America or in England demanding things served to them in exactly the French way. They call outsiders and one another brigands, or thieves perhaps, because their coffee happens not to be sufficiently sweet or because it is too hot—yet they mean nothing. An Anglo-Saxon means business if he uses insulting words, and he therefore misunderstands us. Yet we expect to be understood by our Allies, although by this time we should know that we are at a great disadvantage in not speaking their language. We use French; and when things don't go our way and we feel slightly offended we show it, because we are honest and believe explanation or advertisement is unnecessary. We don't do propaganda, but count on other people doing it for us. We count on them to find out what good efforts we are making, and to praise us and sympathize. We don't get praise often. Please notice that you have asked me half a dozen questions as to what we were doing in the way of reconstruction, and because that isn't my department I'm unable to answer you. Now if I were German or English I should have my desk here stuffed with pamphlets containing all the information you want, and I should have my pamphlets prepared in different forms. One would be concentrated, for the person who wants a few facts in popular form; another would be technical and statistical, for the specialist student. All I should have to do would be to hand you one or another, or all of these—if I were German. Whereas I can do nothing for you today but refer you to the men actually in charge of work being done in devastated France."

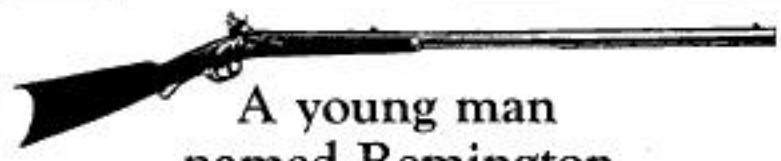
The above traits seem to be some of France's disadvantages. On the other hand, she shows undoubted virtues in her reconstruction and goes forging ahead of all the other European countries. France's children are so thrifty, so ready to work, and to make much of every little thing which can help in their land's upbuilding. We start in a few days for the devastated regions to see what has been done out there, but even motoring from Havre down to Paris I had an opportunity of noticing many typical things along the road, small straws that show the way the wind is blowing. In the first place, although there are almost no men to be seen in the fields or in the village streets, through all that northern district, the women, old men and young boys are doing heavy work. There is a record harvest, and every tree is trim, every dried twig is being used. The fruits are ripening richly. The animals look well fed; well fed enough for much work to be expected of them. The little farms look

(Continued on Page 82)

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He couldn't afford to buy one—so he made a rifle himself. Naturally he made it the best he knew how.

So good that other folks wanted to buy rifles the way he made them, and he went into business.

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—the first paper shot shell and first metallic cartridges successfully manufactured in the United States.

—the first primer adapted to smokeless powder.

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—the first .410 Gauge Shotgun Shells in the United States.

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—the first Oil-Proof Automatic Pistol Cartridges.

—the first Wetproof Loaded Shells that proved themselves completely Wetproof in all the haps and mishaps of practical test use in every game locality in the world.

—the new .20 gauge Pump Gun. In less than two years the most widely popular shotgun in America.

—the "Palma" .22 cal. Cartridges—setting a new standard of uniformity in small caliber ammunition for expert shots.

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—the new .22 calibre Autoloading Rifle—the first to use regular .22 short cartridges.

* * *

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Over 700 different knives in the Remington line.

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SPORTSMEN'S AND TRAPPER'S KNIFE—with sticking and skinning blades.
Length open—8⅝ inches.
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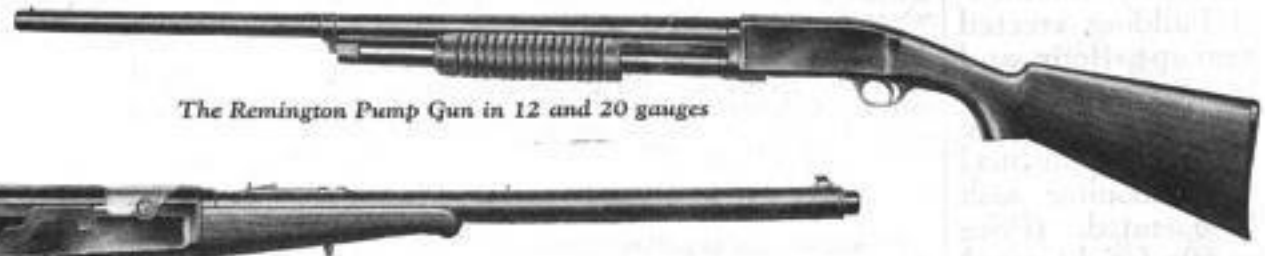
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(Uses regular .22 Short Cartridges)



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Ask for them by the name of the game—Duck, Goose, Brant, Rabbit, Squirrel, Snipe, Grouse, Dove—every kind of game—12, 16 and 20 gauge.



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Memo
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(Continued from Page 79)

combed and cared for and are fertilized as much as in old days—or more. Everything that can be made productive is being developed and exploited to the last degree. On the other hand, the people are poorly dressed, in clothes much more patched and faded than they used before the war. The houses are less freshly painted. One feels that every economy is being practiced, and that the gay spirit of the people rises above this dull exterior. Flowers—roses and geraniums mostly—lend their bright colors to little homes, cover the shabbiness of a peeling wall or of patched roofs, only sufficiently mended to keep out the rain.

It seemed to me there were more babies than I had seen in France ten years ago, and there were many more women in mourning all along the road. Every village had its monument to its own dead on various great battlefields. In spite of these pathetic reminders of war, the people's faces showed cheerfulness and pluck. They have lived a great drama and their spirit is unbroken. I was told a touching story of how much those in the devastated region, where the situation looked most hopeless, were anxious to get work; and how, when the first trucks appeared at Lille bringing thread for their looms, the women had gone out with tears and cries and songs and had marched round the cars, joyfully shouting, "*Le fil! Le fil!*"

French Commerce

In spite of many impediments after only three years of peace French commerce and shipping have already reached prewar figures and the balance of trade for France is favorable. During the first four months of 1922 French imports have been to the value of seven billion francs, but exports from France have surpassed this by three hundred and thirty-one millions. I asked M. Jusserand if he did not think this tremendous development of France would seem or be called a menace to other countries? He replied that a great deal was said now and then of the possibility of America being swamped with cheap products from abroad; but that America need have no fear of France, as French products were not cheap to manufacture and did not, generally speaking, compete with American products at all.

He continued: "Each country according to its own bent and obeying its own interests follows different lines. The Americans are producing merchandise in immense quantities with the help of their wonderful machines; we French are producing more carefully finished articles, with the wonderful ten fingers of the French workman. We send very little to America, so little that, given the importance of both countries, our trade with your native land is almost ridiculous. Belgium, for instance, is smaller than Maryland, and has a population smaller than the state of Pennsylvania. The United States has a population of more than one hundred and five millions and is as large as Europe, Russia included. Yet, to the advantage of all concerned, we French yearly sell more goods to Belgium than we do to the United States. If you will compare the trade statistics between France and the United States for 1921, you will find the exchanges result in every inhabitant of France buying American goods to the value of six dollars, while every American buys French merchandise only to the value of one dollar and thirty-five cents."

Since I have been in Paris I have asked several French officials questions as to the economic situation, and they all say they feel that France is safe, in spite of what appears to be a dangerous financial condition. They don't worry very much about this, as they consider the reparations money which they mean to obtain will put them on their feet. Industrially, commercially and agriculturally they are doing well. Though grateful for aid in reconstruction from abroad, I gather they feel capable of carrying most of this themselves from now on. Whenever I have asked what they consider their most serious problems I have gotten the answer that the nation's birth rate troubles them and that the fight against tuberculosis is serious. They are very appreciative of American sympathy, and say so often. In all the trouble France has lived through, she has kept her pluck, her thrift and her gayety of spirit, as well as her faith in herself and in the future. Here in Paris, even at this dead season, French taste fills the shops with pretty things which the world at large is buying from her. The people all seem cheerful.

An American student of labor conditions, who has lived many years in France, gave me a number of interesting impressions of his own the other day. He thinks, although he has been a French sympathizer through the war and through the reconstruction, that the time has come when American relief should be withdrawn. It will be good for France to work her way alone, according to him. I find largely that is the impression of Americans in some of the relief organizations too.

I had fancied that with all her troubles France had no money to give away, yet I find to my surprise this government has distributed to groups of Russian refugees living in the south of France quite large subsidies for a year or two past; able-bodied men from other groups of my Russian compatriots were given work in the devastated regions. Right here in Paris twenty thousand francs a year goes to a charity for Russian refugees, and in Constantinople the French rationed most of Wrangel's army during the year following its withdrawal from the Crimea. Though these subsidies in money and in food as well as in work have been little compared to the great gifts of the American nation to the Russians, not to mention other nations, they represent a feeling to which one must do justice.

The Government of France has been exceedingly categorical on the Russian question. She declared herself as opposed to the recognition of the soviets, and she has backed all the anti-Bolshevik movements. I fancy this action has been based on two reasons, both good: First, the danger to France from Bolshevik propaganda inside her frontiers; and second, the danger to France from the Bolsheviki who in Russia for the last four years have controlled and held the property of French citizens with money invested there in mines or industrial and banking companies.

Russian Refugees

The pitiless logic of the French has been of better use to the real Russian cause than any mere sentimental attachment could have been. It has proved that where there was no reliability, responsibility or loyalty there could be neither credit nor transactions, and therefore no recognition was practical. Events have justified this judgment. On the whole, Russian refugees in France have been able to find more work and in more congenial positions than in most countries. There are many of them struggling along, making a poor but certain living, in shops or factories, on farms or in colonies. Poor people mostly, they live from hand to mouth keeping their misery to themselves and showing cheerful faces to the outside world. It seems strange to be among my adopted compatriots again. To see them with their charming smile and gentle manners, continuing their lives, educating their children somehow, doing everything they can to help those who are least fortunate among them.

Women, who used to play the Lady Bountiful in some palace of Petersburg or old Moscow before the war, have passed through three or four years of utter misery, yet they meet me smiling. They do their own cooking and washing now, their own teaching of their children. They look respectable and neat, they talk about literature and science, politics and religion, with the same vivid interest they used to show in all these things. They have kept their faith in the future, their courage and their self-respect in the present, and they generally find time, when their own day's work is done, to help others still poorer than themselves to find a position or to embroider and sew at home things that can be sold. The husbands are working, too, at any menial job to be obtained.

When these Russians poured into France the French were rather against them—in spite of seven million casualties contributed by Russia to the Allied cause! Now, at the end of four long years, the mass of these Slav refugees have won the respect and love of their hosts here. There were at first also difficulties between the different parties into which Russians had divided up on political lines. These have been smoothed over largely by now, and they all now represent merely the real Russia that is to be—the general non-Bolshevik, constructive forces. They are giving the world a supreme lesson in devotion, loyalty, energy and patience in unheard-of trials.

The character of the Russian refugee is a very different one from that of the French, and they stand in sharp contrast to one another. In many ways I love my Slavs the best, and yet, in France, whatever the drama the nation has been through it has brought about a reaction that is very fine. There is a light, gay side which keeps laughter and music in the air here. Guignol—Punch and Judy—performed for the children on my ship every afternoon, and in the audience, gazing at the performance, there were many French men and women—parents of the children or merely elders attracted by the fun and exploits of Mr. Punch. It is the same about me here in Paris, where even now in the dead season restaurants in the Bois are gay with lights all through the evening, and strains of jazz out there or in the Montmartre quarter attract a crowd. The dressmakers' shops are full and all the little restaurants out of town have their gay clients.

Good Taste in France

I was listening to some Frenchmen talk one day on the ship; they were speaking of the harm Germany had done and the sharp wound made in France's side. They spoke of their country as "*la belle France*," "*la douce France*"—almost with tears in their eyes. It sounded as if she were a woman whom they loved and who was lying wounded. I cannot imagine an Englishman or an American speaking in the same way of his native land, though these have shown quite as much willingness as Frenchmen to give their lives, each for his country. In a general way we Anglo-Saxons are not apt to be sentimental about Columbia, Liberty or Britannia! In fact, only a short year ago I heard in a public theater one of America's great comic star actors address the Statue of Liberty as "Lib, old girl!" to the delight of a large audience of patriotic Americans. But the French apparently need picturesque expression for any sentiment they have and they go into it with as much enthusiasm as they do into the serious scientific side of anything they may undertake.

I am reserving for another article a visit we have just made to the Pasteur Institute, where I thrilled with delight and surprise over its greatness. It showed the serious side of France and the vast lengths she has gone towards helping the world of science. Somehow, as one travels about in France, one cannot wonder that the French wax sentimental over her beauty or her softness. There is an unerring instinct here for decoration—an instinct that has led the world in things of taste, a good taste with which they embellish even vices. Versailles stands severe and noble in its park, while grouped around it are the tiny pleasure houses where the great men of France amused themselves when they lived and worked at court around the Louis.

Those who know France well like her perhaps the better for her contrasts—for the pitiless logic and the gay badinage of her quaint people; for their quick songs and quicker tears; for their dancing and their mourning. We do not always reflect their moods, but through the centuries they have produced much to wonder at and much for us to follow. We feel the charm of their life and we find sooner or later that the people are a natural part of this gay and lovely land of France!

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

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TWEEDS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Miss Mallard isn't here, then?" he said in a tone of disappointment. "I wanted to see her about something very important. Is she coming down later?"

"What is it you have to see her about?"

Her tone was calm and composed. When Andy produced the letter from Errison's she held out her hand for it. Nerve! Andrew drew back.

"No," he said decisively, "this is for Miss Mallard."

"I see everything before it goes to her."

"You?" He could not help the exclamation. Disgust was behind it. "Gosh," he said explosively, "can't she even open her own mail?"

He took a quick turn about the room, bringing up again at the drawing board behind which the girl sat fenced in, disapproval in the eyes that surveyed him smilelessly.

"What I meant to say," he said, "is that it seems—it seems sort of putting on you to give you everything to do; such a kid! It—it is too much responsibility."

"You forget about Miss Mallard. Before her father died she did not know a thing about business, and she's as young as I am."

"Yes; but, after all, she has money to back her, and this great place ——" He waved his hand as if he took in the whole Mallard Building. "It seems a shame to give you all the risks ——"

"Risks?"

"Yes; anybody might come in here, hold you up—anything!"

She looked very little as he viewed her, an alluring small sister to the world.

"I think they'd have difficulty," she said dryly, and opened the drawer at her right, displaying an automatic. "I can shoot too," she said—"shoot straight!"

She shut the drawer with a snap, holding out her hand; and Andy, because he did not see what else to do, gave her the letter. He went over to the Inness then, studying it ardently. But at a sound from the girl he turned round.

"What is this?" she asked him.

"What it states, precisely."

"A-a-are these people really going to sue us?"

Andy felt apologetic at the look in her eyes. She was horrified, like a child—or like Uncle Andrew. Andy's thoughts went back hurriedly to the old man's face.

"I am afraid so, unless you can get Miss Mallard to take it up. Thomasson wanted me to bring it to the attention of Mr. Ender. You see, the matter has been ignored by him. I—there is no doubt that the pattern was taken from one of theirs, of course."

The girl seemed to freeze as she looked at him. The golden eyes grew dark, an expression of distaste was plain about her mouth.

"There is every doubt in the world. I make up the patterns for the Mallard tweeds. I certainly never copied one of Errison's."

"I beg your pardon."

There was silence for a minute. Andy's brain worked automatically, like a clock. Of course, this girl did not look like a thief, but you never could tell. He had indubitable proof that patterns had been stolen—filched bodily out of another concern; the K tweeds, of which Uncle Andrew had been the last head—so why not from Errison's? That had been done not only since the K concern shut down, but for two years before. He'd be crafty; he'd find out how long this Miss Phillips had been working here. That would show him how much she was responsible for, in a way.

But he couldn't break the silence, get the question out. The girl was reading the letter again. She looked up at him with an expression of disdain.

"I think you'd better go," she said. "I will see that this has attention."

"Right!" He took a step towards the door. Then he came back rapidly. "I say," he said gently, "I—I didn't mean a thing personal, you know. Of course, you wouldn't take an idea any more than you—you'd steal a silver spoon. But—it has been done here. It's been done often, before you came, I guess. You haven't been here long?" For the life of him he could not help the hopeful sound of that question. He liked this little girl. He wanted to—to—well, he didn't quite know what he wanted.

She looked at him without speaking for a moment; a long, unwinking stare it would have been in anyone else. But out of the golden eyes, framed by the gold-glinting brown hair and the short upper lip, it did not seem intrusive. At last she seemed to come to some sort of conclusion about him, and turning swiftly opened another drawer.

"Here," she said, "I want you to look at these. Mr. Slade says you know more about tweeds than all the rest of them out there put together. He—he was just saying so when you came in. Now tell me what you think of these."

She pushed towards him a book of tweed samples; beautiful patterns, most of them; evidently not now in use. Andy bent over them, leafed the pages over swiftly. Then he looked up at her, a hard light in his eyes.

"These are K patterns."

"K?"

His heart gave a leap; she did not know what he meant.

"I'll tell you," he said, leaning towards her and dropping his hands on the side of her drawing board, a light support that seemed somehow to give him balance. "The K tweeds were in existence when—when the Mallard's were—were migrating ducks. They started"—he broke off to ask a question—"you can take time to listen? It's fairly long."

She nodded briefly.

"They started in a small way. People think that Scotchmen have the monopoly of making tweeds, you know; but the first man to make K tweeds wasn't Scotch. He was a Devon man, and he dreamed out his patterns lying on the hillside watching the sun make shadows on the heather and furze and bracken of the Devonshire hills and valleys. Then he went back to his cottage and wove out his dream by hand, inch by inch. It took him eighteen months to make a tweed of the fine light quality he had imagined; no other tweed had ever been like it. The lady of the manor bought it, and made a cape to wear when she walked upon the moors. They said that when she was far off they could not distinguish her, she merged so into the hillside. They thought he was almost a magician."

"An artist!" the girl murmured.

Andy smiled.

"That's about it. He received the usual artist's pittance, too, for the bountiful lady of the manor paid him ten silver shillings for that piece of tweed. He wove three others before he died, and his son finished the fourth piece that he had not completed. Since his father had taught him how, it seemed the natural thing for him to continue the work. After a while he moved to London and opened up a little shop. He was fortunate enough to sell a piece to the king and his fortune was made. Everyone wanted K tweeds after that."

He paused, looking off at the Inness landscape on the wall.

"Well"—he brought himself back to his story reluctantly, it seemed—"you know how it is. A business like that in England goes on from father to son, father to son; always in the family, growing, growing. Mostly they had a designer in the family too; an artist fellow like the first one, though once or twice they had to hire outside help, and the last of the family to run the business took in his nephew to design their patterns. That was before the stealing began."

"But why didn't they sue, if people really were stealing their patterns?"

The clear young eyes met hers fearlessly.

"I know. That seems the obvious thing to us here, but over there it is different. The K people had never been to law. I don't believe the old man would have survived a suit of that kind. He had a kindly, fine old face—I knew him—and he prided himself on conducting the business as it always had been conducted. Funny, to an American; but they are like that, some of them, and you can't change 'em."

He grinned; then dropped back to gravity.

"Well, they went on and on until after the war. The people who bought from them were the real gentry, the people whose fathers and grandfathers had worn K tweeds; farther back than that, even. They had that sort of trade; carried it on still in the dark little shop on Russia Row where it had started. And, of course, quality like the K quality could not be cheap, and wool after the war was dearer than ever, and no one had very much money, somehow. When the Mallard's began to advertise their tweeds, and opened a big fashionable shop in Bond Street, all the newly rich people went there—and, as I say, no one else had very much money. The old customers would come in and visit with the firm, but they couldn't buy. Some of them used to joke about it—say it was a good thing the K tweeds wore so faithfully.

"All that didn't pay the bills, though; you can see that; and then, as I say, the patterns were stolen—oh, not openly, of course; not taken out wholesale so that anyone could tell them, but bit by bit. I'll show you."

He turned rapidly the leaves of the book she had handed him, stopped at one page.

"See this—those fine tracings, dark green on brown, the flickering shadow of gray that spins in and out? Well, that had a mist of purple over the whole—haze, you know, a color trick. Mallard's probably could not copy that, because they left it out—when they took the rest!" He spoke contemptuously.

The girl sprang to her feet, her small fists clenched, her eyes blazing.

"I—I think you're horrid!" she said. "You—we are working for them. Anyhow, I should think ——"

"But they're doing it now!" said Andy mercilessly, and a steely glint came into his kind eyes. "It wasn't just to get in with the K trade. They couldn't take that away while the K people were in existence, of course, because the people who'd always bought from them would not go anywhere else. It was to make out that their tweeds were as good. And they weren't; there isn't a tweed in existence today as fine in quality as the K; it would go through a bracelet—what Mallard would do that?"

"I don't believe you are right," said the girl. "I don't believe it. I knew Mr. Mallard. He was the kindest man in existence"—she looked as if she were about to cry—"and his daughter ——" She bit her lip, and taking out a handkerchief dabbed her eyes. "I—I don't see why you have it in for them so, Mr. Keay." She glanced at the card he had given Mark Slade and pronounced his name in two syllables, Kee-aay, as most persons did at sight.

Andy opened his mouth to correct her, and then shut it tight. If he told her the name was pronounced K, the girl would connect him with the story about the tweeds, he knew without telling. He'd been an idiot to let himself go like that. Suppose she told Miss Mallard. There'd be the devil to pay and all. Not that it wasn't true, every word of it; but he did not want to be fired, have to leave Mallard's; that would defeat his purpose. And more than that, he certainly did not want to be connected with the K tweeds. He'd heard Ender speak of them once, savagely almost, the note of jealousy more than apparent. What was it to Ender that the Keay firm had refused to sell to Mallard's, preferring rather to go down to oblivion, go out of business? How could it matter to Ender? He wasn't one of the firm.

But he did not pursue this question further. He leaned over the drawing board and spoke quietly.

"You're wrong. I haven't it in for them, Miss Phillips; but look here, even you are a sign that I'm right." He picked up the loose piece of drawing paper that she had detached when he was in this room before with Mark Slade, and turned it round. "I couldn't help seeing this, and—and you don't know enough about designing tweeds, fabrics of any kind, to be in charge here. You even have the count of threads wrong, see? And your colors ——"

He did not finish the sentence, but put the paper down again quietly. A spark that boded ill for Andy Keay rose in the girl's eyes, but she smiled on him sweetly.

"You seem to know a lot about it. What if I do make up the patterns? What if I am not worth my salary? I shall be in time."

"I know; but that's just my point—you aren't now. You see, I am sure it isn't your fault; but the new range of patterns, for instance, they are all copies—careful copies, I admit—of the K tweeds. Somehow, I don't pretend to know how, they got hold of one of their pattern books, and someone copied them, but with clever



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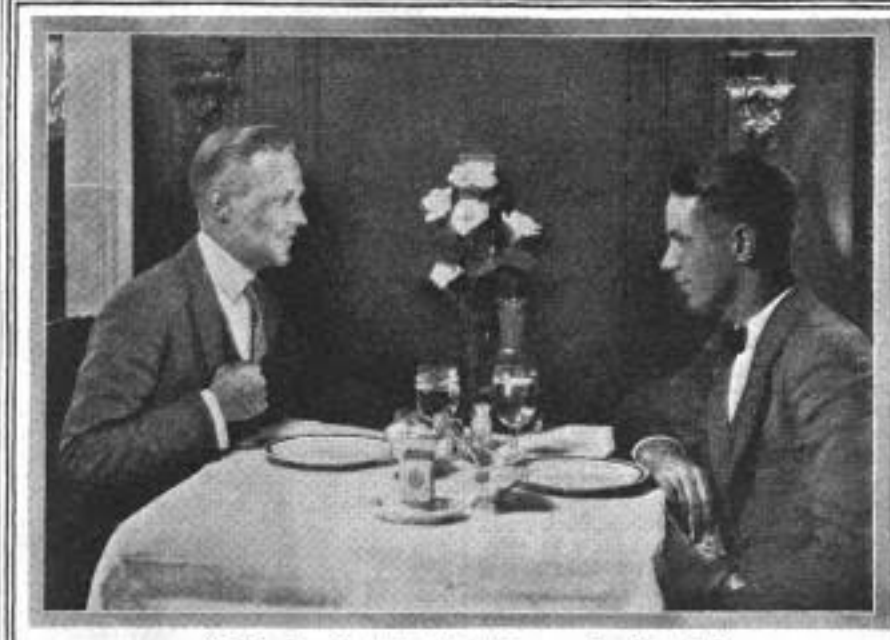
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enough changes so that they would pass for original designs. Well, the K firm is out of business; but I'd rather belong there than here."

His face had grown white, he looked steadily into the girl's eyes. Somehow it had come to matter to him very much that she should have done this thing. A man may be crooked, and you hate it but accept it with philosophy; but a woman—a slip of a girl—who gives herself over to crooked business, that is a different thing. It takes something from the beauty of the world every time a woman errs. And she had given him this book of which he had spoken, this book of K samples. He wasn't making any mistake—he couldn't, with these children of his dreams and his skill—and, besides, he had just come from going over the new pieces of Mallard tweeds; he knew exactly what he was talking about.

The spark died from the girl's eyes. They were golden again, not dark as they had been before. There was a wistful expression in the glance she gave him, and he thought for a minute that she was going to cry. But she did not. She took herself in hand and spoke low and proudly.

"I'll tell you exactly what happened. I don't know—just for a minute—what can be done about it; but ——" She paused, hesitated, seemed to make the plunge hurriedly.

"When I came in here, of course, I didn't know anything about business; but I had studied design and color here in New York for two years. I didn't know anything about designing tweeds; but Mr. Ender said—he gave me this book—he thought ——"

"I see; he felt you might learn that way?"

"Yes; he told me they were disused patterns of the Mallard firm, and he didn't see any reason why they might not be used again if I altered them a little. I couldn't have copied them exactly to save my life, anyhow, the colors were so—so difficult. I never saw any just like them—pastels and primary colors that merged—colors don't do that; but these did."

The color rose in Andy Keay's face. This tribute was sweet, coming in this unexpected way, with no knowledge that it was a tribute. For an instant he closed his eyes, saw a bewildering vision of the Devonshire hills and valleys, colorful as Italy to the sight of his imagination; yes, some of the colors the Inness painting had; but more, more, far more. Ah, if he hadn't lost his power! If he could only now do the things he once had! It was like a cry in his heart.

And suddenly, as he opened his eyes, he had a dazzling idea. He'd lost the gift of transmutation, yes—the gift that is the greatest thing the artist has; but he had not lost his technical skill; he still could teach. Well, why shouldn't he make it easier for this little girl? Give her some lessons in fabric design? If she had any originality at all she would soon be able to do designs that would mean something; she'd be more than the cheap help on which Old Ender prided himself. Suddenly he had the key to the reason for using this half-fledged artist in a big firm like this. Ender had taken her on because she was cheap; she couldn't demand a big salary and—she could easily be hoodwinked.

He'd have given a good deal just then for the privilege of telling Ender what he thought of him.

He made the proposition to the girl, though, with all the eagerness of which he was capable, his smile working overtime, his eyes clear as a boy's as he explained his reasons.

"I used to be an artist," he said, "a designer really; but I sort of lost my power of making patterns. It just went, somehow. I am waiting for it to come back. In the meantime, won't you let me show you—tell you how it goes? Not in the daytime, of course; we are both busy; but if you could give up your evenings—one or two a week ——"

She gasped and into her eyes came a look of recognition, an expression she hastened to hide. Also, this time the tears really did come, and she took out her small handkerchief and wiped them away delicately. Behind the filmy folds Andy heard her thank him, give him the address.

"Do you think it would be too far for you to come to Carnegie Hall? I have a tiny studio there."

"Don't you live with your mother?" said Andrew, puzzled.

He did not know so much about New York, but this girl had all the air of one who had been taken care of; she couldn't be entirely on her own, he thought. He could have kicked himself when she looked up at him.

"Both my parents are dead; I live alone."

She gave him the number of her studio, made an appointment for the next evening. Then, her eyes full of something he did not fathom, she touched gently the letter he had delivered.

"It is getting late, Mr. Kee-aay. I think I should get in touch with Miss Mallard's attorneys about this Errison affair."

It was his dismissal; he took it immediately.

"I say, frightfully sorry to have stayed so long. They don't forget to work you, do they? Secretary to Miss Mallard and designer for the firm! Makes me tired!"

It did not make him feel any better that she smiled and corrected his words, "Not designer, copyist!"

There was a line of firmness about the curving lips that he did not like; he'd worried the poor little kid.

All the way downtown he growled at himself for breaking out like that. Why couldn't he have seen that she was perfectly honest without rubbing it in, making sure? Perhaps it was because she already meant so much; that was the only reason he could find. Well, he'd have a session with old Ender, make himself understood. He'd altered his plans suddenly. He didn't care if they did fire him. They could, and he'd start something! He'd tell old Ender so, explain who he was, say that he had the goods on them! Why, there wasn't a court in the land but would give him huge damages for what had been done to him on these new patterns alone! And any tweed expert would know them, put 'em side by side. The first day that Old Ender was back he'd go up there, talk to him, insist on making Miss Mallard understand his position. Maybe they'd rather settle out of court, and if they did he'd demand a big sum; and then, with his new knowledge of American methods, he'd set about building up a business for himself here in America. He realized now he'd always wanted to own a big business. The new K tweeds—better than the old, and the fruits of his labor—all at the feet of the little girl with golden eyes and hair that glinted gold, too, whose first name, even, he did not know yet.

Still, common sense came to his rescue. Perhaps he did not yet understand enough about business methods. He really wasn't a business man, not in a way. He liked the artistic side best; colors and design and the beautiful things. He'd sold a lot of goods to Mark Slade just because he was an artist, too, and he'd been interested in seeing him show things in another way. He didn't suppose he could sell to—to Thomasson, for instance, with his mind neatly ruled out for dollars and cents; so many bolts of lavender tweed at so much; so many bolts of blue at so much more; instead of so much rainbow light, so much azure sky—for the price of a heartbeat. Gosh, it was a queer world!

Yet all the same he walked into the downtown showroom with a light step. Thomasson, showing red tweed to a slender Jew over by the window, called to him jovially.

"Here, you wonderful salesman, you, come and see if you can't make Barney disgorge."

Andrew thought he was joking, but he wasn't. He stood aside definitely, after he'd introduced Andrew, watched to see what he did. The Jew, gray-haired, grizzled, almost grotesquely slender, gave a yawning smile. He did not care for Andy's type, and he made it plain.

"Well," he said, "and what you know about tweeds, heh, thass Mr. Thomasson he don't?"

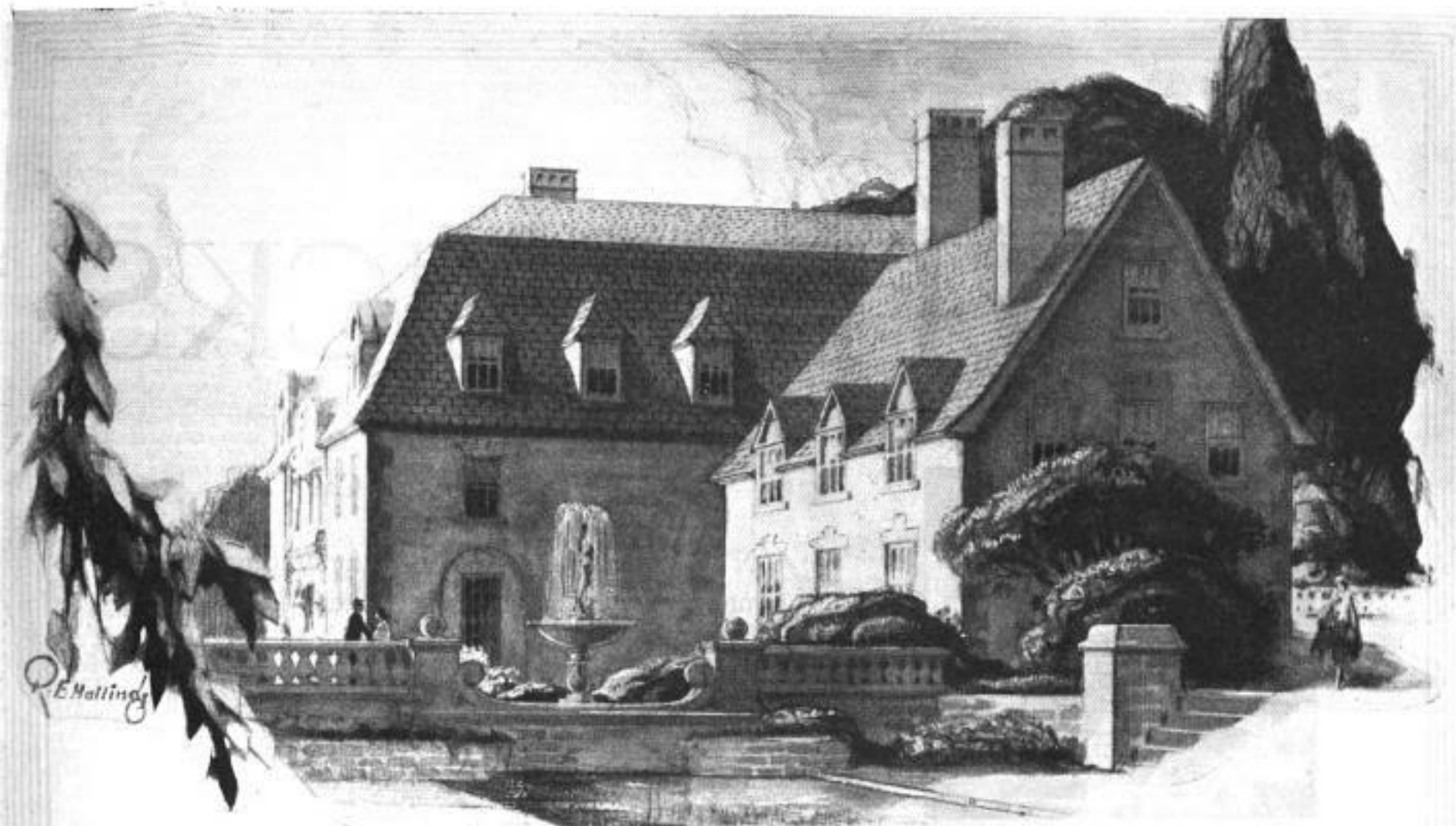
"Not much, I guess," said Andy pleasantly; "but I've made them, you see."

Instantly the alert, cautious look came into the face of the customer. He waggled a finger at Andrew, speaking with exaggerated solemnity.

"Then you tell me how is it that these tweeds they don't wear good? My daughter she say to me, 'Papa,' she say, 'the tweeds iss Mallard tweeds, but for their reputation I give not a damn,' she say, 'and they fray all over everywheres, and as for quality, pooh!'"

(Continued on Page 89)

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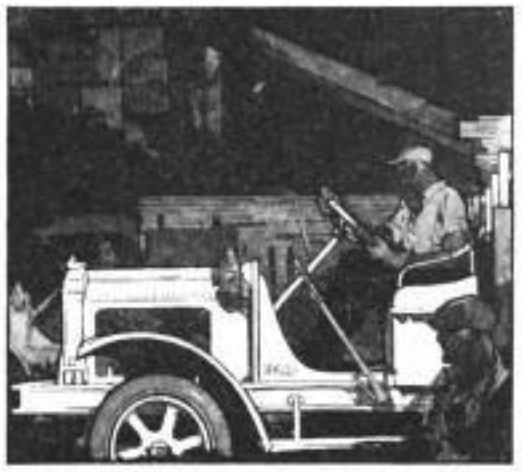


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IN most industries there is one outstanding maker whose product is recognized everywhere as the best. If there are others equally good, they are not *known* to be, are not taken for granted.

They may not be old enough in public esteem, may not have the wide and deep foundation of owner experience which earns universal acceptance. They can not have as high a resale value. A truck purchaser must feel *sure* that the product is fully worth the price, that its performance is entirely beyond question.

The White Truck is a good example of *standard* value. In all lines of industry, wherever trucks are used, it is known by its ability to do the most work for the least money. By practically every truck maker it is regarded as "second only to his own."

The White Truck is one of those accepted values which can be bought safely by anyone, at a price which represents all the economies of the largest output in the high-grade field.

9

Other Reasons:

* * *

Most Value per Dollar
100,000-Mile Records
Ownership Roll Call
White Owner Service
A Permanent Maker
The Maker's Policy
Service Above Sales
Transportation Experience
Largest Output in the High Grade Field

THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland

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(Continued from Page 86)

He made a sudden, surprising sound with his thick lips, a sound that indicated scorn, anger and a desire to know. None but a *Jew* could have made it in exactly that manner without offense.

"Sure, I'll tell you how!" said Andy. "You buy our tweeds here, don't you, because they are cheaper here than uptown at the Madison Avenue branch? We don't *call* them Mallard's—you know why? Because they are made of short, frayed ends of wool, the ends that are left frazzled on the looms when the fine Mallard's are woven. There is quality in wool just as there is in people, Mr. Seidbohm, and if you want your daughter to have the best, take her up to the real Mallard salesroom and pick her out one of our new patterns. This"—he touched the red tweed lightly—"is all right for Hetty and Becky and Sarah, but you don't want your daughter to have a thing like that. This is a cheap store. We give you what you want—cheap goods, woven cheaply on machines, nothing handmade, not even the knots handtied. Cut up into cheap little suits for a cheap trade, that's all right. But not for what your daughter wants, I guess."

He smiled, that infectious grin that no one seemed able to withstand. His knowledge of Jews was not American, but he remembered the pride of some of the cutters in the K factory when it came to dressing their own womenfolk. It was a racial characteristic, but he had not been sure of that when he played on this remembrance. When it came to tweeds, now, he could talk about them.

"If you want something for your business, though, say, I'll tell you the best buy for your trade for next season." He walked down the room, took from one of the unpadded shelves of unstained wood a heavy bolt of gray tweed, faintly checked in brown. "You have a chain of stores, haven't you, Mr. Seidbohm? Now, this bolt'll pay you, made up. Feel the quality—not so rough as most of the cheap tweeds, is it? Now you have this made up into suits with collars and cuffs of color—lavender, red, blue, green, rose—anything'll go on this. Distribute them about your stores, play 'em up big. Guess you'll come running back for more."

The deal was not concluded as easily as that, because the customer did not enjoy buying that way. But Thomasson, watching, knew that his mind was made up with the first mention of the idea. Andy knew that, too, although he pretended not to, and a sort of exultant and naïve surprise rose in him. Perhaps he really did know something about salesmanship, or was it that he was beginning to develop a talent for business?

When Barney had gone Thomasson sprung something on him.

"Say," he said, "why you been hiding your light under a bushel like this? Got a telephone call for you to report back at Madison tomorrow morning; they want you up there. Seems you made a lucky strike this morning; got a good order. Miss Mallard has sent word to transfer you. You're in luck, boy!"

"I've never even seen her," said Andrew dazedly. "I suppose it was what that buyer said ——"

His tone was so amazed, and he seemed so little set up by this order, that Thomasson, no longer suspicious, warmed to him.

"You're a good scout, Andy," he said; "wish you luck up there."

It was the consummation of a little dream, but Andy could not feel happy about it somehow. It was going to be much harder to fight Ender on his own ground.

But he did not have Ender to fight. The old man was not back the next day, or the next, and whispers got about that he never would be back. Andy, with his own troubles, could not talk to any of the other men about it. Everyone resented his appearance somehow. Even Percival, to whom he had given over Slade's order, eyed him queerly. Andy set his upper lip stiffly and went into the fight. He hated Mallard's, but he wasn't going to be beaten by Mallard salesmen, and he went to it.

It was the more difficult, of course, because his duties were not defined. Did he start to wait upon a buyer, there were three other salesmen ready to prevent him. A sudden access of activity had set in in the big showroom, and during the whole of the first day Andrew talked to no one more important than a stock boy. At night he was weary through and through. But the thought of the coming hour in the studio where Miss Phillips lived was like a golden flame in his heart. He dressed carefully, ate his supper in a rush and arrived hastily at the very moment set for him.

"It's a very small studio," she had told him; "you'll laugh ——"

But even these words had not prepared him for how very small it was; a mere cupboard between two larger rooms—a bathroom formerly, she told him; changed during some alterations, she supposed. But it was just big enough for one person, and so cheap—she laughed merrily, humor lighting her golden eyes, perched on the sofa that was a bed at night, her little feet tucked under her to make room for the projecting edge of the drawing table she had arranged under the light.

"I wish I were smaller," said Andy ruefully, trying to get his long limbs out of the way.

He felt enormous, and so out of place, but the girl laughed and set to work. There was no pretending in her desire to learn; she really wished to know. Andrew discovered within himself a secret fund of patience and a love for teaching. He could impart what he knew. And she really wanted to learn. There was no pretense about her eagerness, and she caught onto his methods rapidly. It wasn't only that she expected to earn her living that way, he noticed with exultation; she really loved the work. It wasn't only outside that she was beautiful.

Before he went, her cheeks rose-tinted, she made apology for the way she had pronounced his name.

"Mr. Ender tells me it is just as if it were the letter K alone; you must have thought me very stupid."

"Oh," Andy laughed, "everyone does that; I don't care. But I say, Miss Phillips, will you let me ask you something? I want to know your first name."

There was something odd in her eyes, as if she had been waiting for him to say something else after her remark about his name, and she seemed to be thinking of this so intently that it was difficult for her at first to revert to anything else. But after a pause she told him quietly that it was Edith.

"I hate it," she said; "most of my friends call me Phil."

Phil! It was a dear little name, and there was a quality of frankness about her, despite her little girlishness, that somehow made the boyish cognomen right for her. Andy took her hand and gripped it hard.

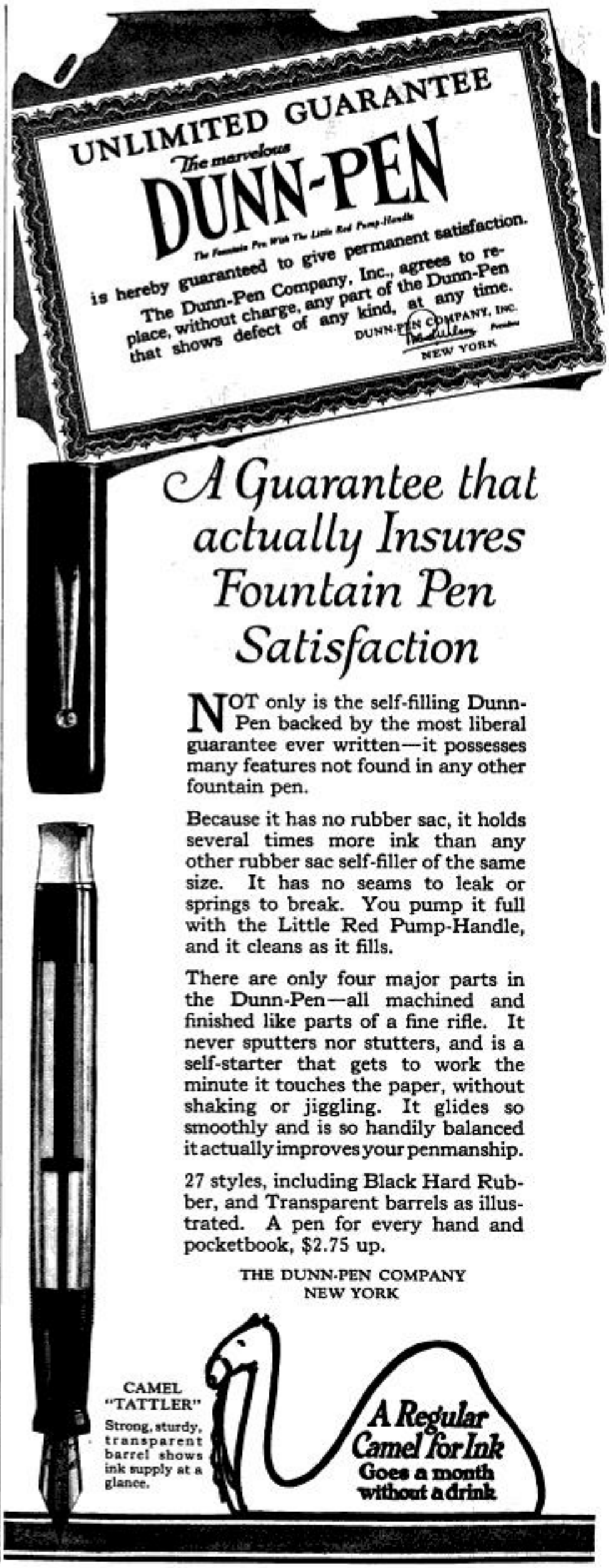
"Good night, Phil. Thursday, then!" And he was gone.

It was raining when he reached the ground floor, and he stood in a sheltered corner for a while trying to get his bearings, thinking of the best way to reach his boarding house. Outside in the wet a shining limousine waited, the chauffeur impenetrable beneath his raincoat. The lights shone on the polished surfaces of car and man in dazzling checks of a bewildering pattern. Andy uttered an exclamation beneath his breath. That—that had almost been a new design; they began like that; only this had vanished before it was fully formed. Gosh! If he were going to create again, if his friendship with little Phil should bring him that! A vast tenderness filled him. He seemed to see her before him, and so clear was the belief that as a slight figure sped past him from the elevators behind in the building he started forward. He could have sworn it was Phil, yet how could it be? She had no cloak of moleskin; she was upstairs in the absurdly small studio preparing for bed. He hoped she was thinking of him a little too. Well, some day she should have a limousine like that one where the pretty ghost of herself now sat swathed in a veil and furs. How like Phil in this light! As the car moved away he stepped happily out into the rain.

Later he let himself into his boarding house noiselessly. On the table in his room he kept a canvas pad beside his palette—so long disused. He looked at it absently; idly he took up an outline brush, dipped it in sepia ——

Then his heart gave a leap; it had come, that ineffable feeling like a thread of fire and of ice running through his veins. He closed his clear eyes in momentary thankfulness, and in the darkness he saw trembling a design in gray and yellow, a new tweed!

It was light when he finished it, laid it down. Never in his life had he done so much in so short a time. The work was crude because of that, but it was masterly, too, and sufficient for a weaver to work from, make up the design.



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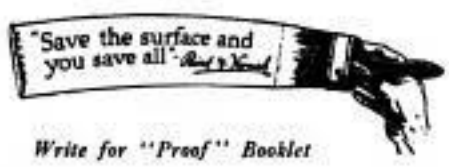
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The way to the Mallard Building seemed to be paved with roses that morning. He walked downtown; he couldn't have ridden to save his life. He'd find Phil, tell her the first thing ——

But something else intervened. Like many artists, Andy had a photographic eye. No least contour of anything that he had fully observed was lost to him. So that, going into the building, his eye was caught and held by the limousine and chauffeur he had seen overnight. His heart gave a sudden leap, sank down to zero. Without waiting for anything, he walked through the waiting room, down the corridor, on to the glass door with the name Henry Mallard upon it.

"Why, how you startled me, Mr. Keay!" said the girl with the golden eyes.

She was taking off her hat, a very simple hat to Andy's unsophisticated eyes. Her dress was the one she had worn the other day, and the coat that was temporarily thrown over the back of a chair was not of moleskin. Also, she was very calm and friendly. Andy faltered. But he had been bred in a persistent school. He smiled, his eye on the door leading to the inner room.

"Will you ask Miss Mallard if she will see me, Miss Phillips?" he said formally.

The golden eyes grew darker.

"Why, I am afraid that is impossible just now," she said. "How about twelve noon? She hasn't ——"

"Why don't you say she isn't here?" he interrupted coldly.

"Why should I tell you a lie?"

"I don't see that it is any worse than acting one," he said hotly. "I don't know why I am sure of it, but I am sure that you are Miss Mallard yourself. Phil! Isn't that short for Philippa? And doesn't E. Philippa Mallard stand for Edith Philippa? Oh!" he cried out passionately as one detail after another came rushing to his mind. "Why was I so foolish? Why didn't I see? And I thought you were a poor girl!"

She stared at him, her color coming and going. She could not speak, because something hammered in her throat, and her heart beat so that it hurt her. But she drew herself together, pointed to a chair.

"Sit down for a minute," she said. "I—I can't stand any more."

She sank into a chair, white-faced. With a sudden exclamation Andy sprang towards her.

"Oh, you're ill!" Words of endearment were on his tongue, but he bit them back. Miss Mallard waved him away, sat up straight.

"I'm all right now," she said formally, and pressed a buzzer. From the inner room a stenographer appeared.

"Miss Phillips," said Philippa Mallard, "I want you to bring the copy of the letter I dictated to you last night to be sent to Mr. Andrew Keay."

When the girl had gone she sat in stiff silence, her eyes on her visitor's face.

"You see," she explained after a minute, "I took this room because of the north light. My secretary occupies the other room when I am working out here, and I am not disturbed very much. Even Mr. Ender leaves me alone most of the time."

Half smiling, she met his eyes, and when the girl came back with the copy of the letter she held it on her lap while she went on speaking.

"You see, Mr. Keay, I gave you the opportunity to explain yourself last night in the studio. I'd have told you about myself if you had done so. I had discovered who you are from Mr. Ender. Naturally, after the disclosures you made on Monday, I had to have an explanation. I found that many of the things you said are true; this letter is an attempt to set some of them straight. I can't give you back your old business, but I think our lawyers together can work out a scheme that will be fair to you. I—I don't believe my father meant to be crooked. He had faith in Mr. Ender, and he"—she paused, her young face stern in its attempt at impartiality and justice—"well, he lives and moves in the Mallard family fortunes. He'd do anything in the world to lift Mallard's tweeds higher; rob or steal or hold up New York, I think. He—he can't seem to see that he isn't within his rights. He's not like a man; he's an automaton. I don't understand it."

Some of her words needed explaining.

"Did Mr. Ender know who I was when I applied for a job?" said Andy blankly.

She nodded.

"At once; he'd heard you'd come over here. He put you down in the cheap warehouse because he knew you were an artist, and thought he'd tire you out. I ——" She broke off to say something else. "Mr. Keay, I knew nothing of that cheap part of the business until you told me about it; I have been kept so much in the dark I don't know what to do. Mr. Ender told me quite calmly that he thought the designing would keep me out of mischief and give me something to keep me busy; he did not want any interference in the business otherwise. You know"—her smile was rather pathetic to Andy, somehow—"my father wanted me to be the head of the business, to understand it. It was his dying wish; but with Mr. Ender I don't think I ever shall be. He says the business would go to pieces without him; he's built it up about himself. Daddy was a darling, but he was sick for so long, even though he kept on coming here day after day. Everything was in Mr. Ender's hands."

The tables had turned. Andy could not keep the sympathy from his voice. This girl was the same girl, whether she was a great heiress or an orphan who had to work for her living. The problem before her was a big one. He knew the force that Ender carried with him; something dynamic, that seemed to be a part of the man. All he seemed to want was to pile up money for Mallard's to spend. All the animosity that had been a part of him for the hated Mallard's oozed out of his mind; it was as if it had never been. And something stirred in him, a new power, a knowledge of business that he sensed now had been growing in him all these months. An idea had taken possession of him. He could not put it into words yet, even though his determination was absolute to attempt it. He turned to the girl with a new urgency, a new force in his tone.

"Phil," he said, utterly unconscious that he was using her name in his intentness on her problem that somehow seemed to be his, "do you think you will ever make a good business woman?"

She pondered.

"I don't know; yes, if I could get a start. Daddy never could see that the artistic end of things was mine, and yet—he bought that Inness, and he loved pictures. Perhaps he wanted me to get the idea of being an artist out of my system; that was what made him think of me becoming an active part of the work here."

"Maybe; or was he afraid of Ender—at the last?"

She pondered that, then her eyes, clouded by recognition, looked into his.

"Yes, that was it; I remember, I did not understand; he kept on telling me to keep Mallard's clean. He was taken so suddenly at the end he hadn't time for much."

Andy could see it; the whole thing unrolled before him. There had been scraps of conversation dropped about Henry Mallard—his easy ways, his charm, his integrity that Ender used as a cloak for his own ends sometimes. Everyone knew it, and yet everyone was afraid of Ender. He himself had been until yesterday. But now, now all was different. He knew that he could never again be afraid of anyone, because he was fighting for Philippa. She didn't know that, though.

Perhaps he would have been utterly taken aback if he could have understood how very well she knew it. He faced the strong light from the two immense north windows. His eyes were clouded by his new thoughts, his brow puckered; but the clean lines of his face, the virile strength of his splendid youth, the long lazy lines of the athlete in repose, each fraction of him told her the story she had known since she saw him two days before, when he had told her stormily what he thought of her business. She sighed, a sigh that was half a smile as it ended. His eyes asked a question.

"I was just wishing that you were a business man instead of an artist."

That little grin of his came then, and the small wrinkling cloud of freckles above the fine straight nose.

"But I believe I am a good business man; I've just been going over that. You—you are head of the firm, aren't you? Legally, I mean."

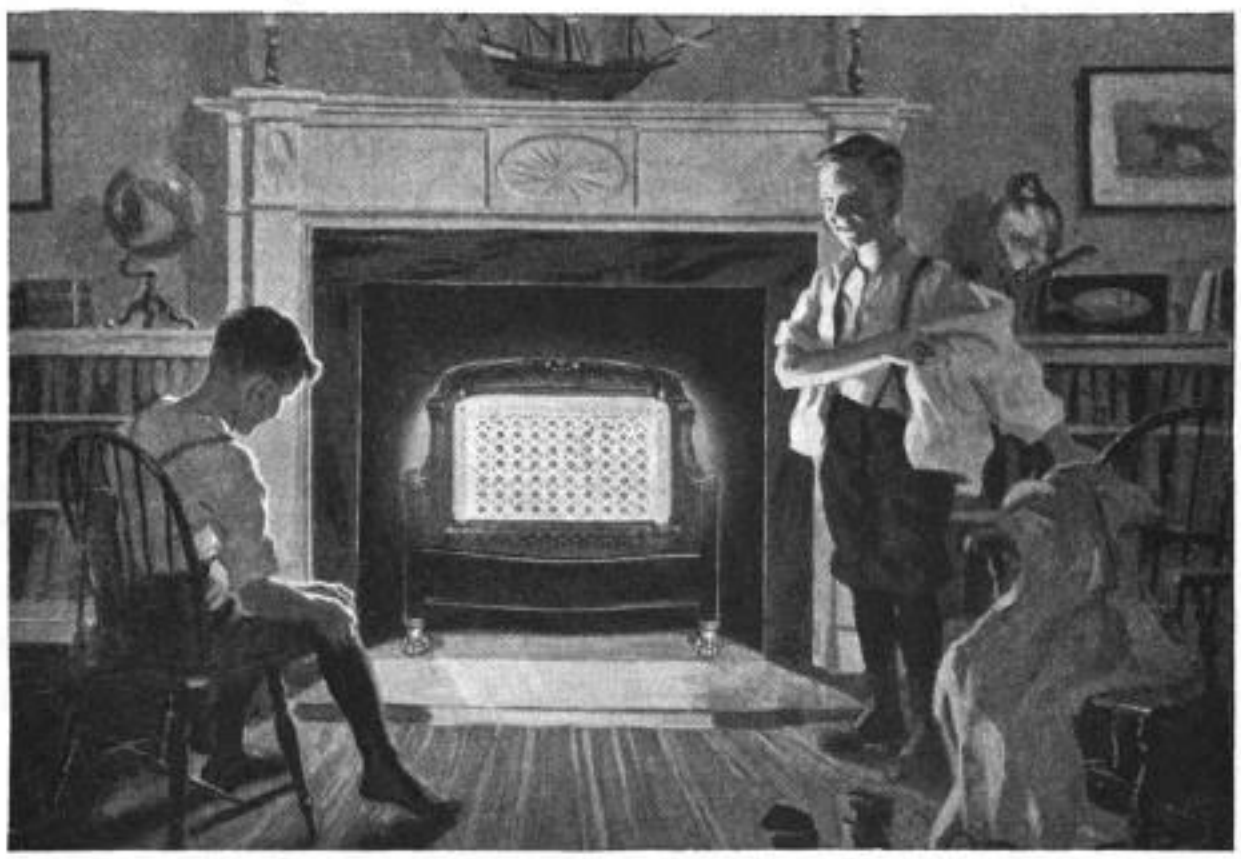
"Oh, yes; but I've signed all sorts of papers since I came down here. Only last night I thought how foolish that was."

"Well, we must chance it that you haven't signed away your presidency."

He got up, walked the long length of the room and came back to her slowly. His usual impetuosity was curbed, his boyishness had disappeared. As he put into words

(Continued on Page 93)

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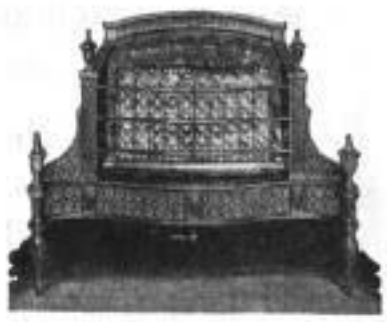
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(Continued from Page 90)

the astonishing idea that had flowered in his mind a few moments since his tone was level and businesslike.

"Will you give me a power of attorney to take your place here for three months? And—and you go away to that play studio of yours if you like; then I can report to you every week or so. It's a risk, of course. I may be the worst adventurer in the world, but you remember Old Ender did not think so. I guess he told you the Keays are honest folk—too honest for their own good. Well, then"—as her eyes verified his assertion—"do you want to do this? I—I can pull you through, get you out of Ender's hands, put you in a position to understand the business. I am not afraid of him. It all depends on you. Can you trust me enough?"

He always liked to remember that she took time to consider it. Then the golden eyes gleamed warmly, and the smile shone out recklessly as she put her hand in his.

"Andrew Keay, I could trust you with every cent I have, and—and I think you are the kindest man in the world."

He stared at her unsmiling.

"You may not like lots of the things I shall do, you know."

He seemed older already as she looked at him, for his swift mind was going over details, picking up threads, building—in his mind—everything into a working scheme worthy of a really big business. He'd amalgamate, as he'd outlined to Thomasson.

Then Philippa asked a question quietly, her own face shadowed, and a shadow fell over his own; he retained his pose of aggressive business acumen with an effort.

"I wish you would tell me about your own firm, the K tweeds. Mr. Ender said that it failed two years ago; he said we offered to buy you out. I should like to know the other side—your side—if it does not hurt too much."

"No; it won't hurt." There was a cold note in his voice. His eyes swept her appraisingly. "We didn't fail. There aren't any debts outstanding. We simply closed, that's all. Uncle Andrew died. He was the last head of the firm before me. He brought me up; educated me; I owe him everything. His heart failed him at the fight. As I told you, our own customers hadn't the money to buy, and Mallard's came in, launched their English shop with a flourish, advertising, advertising—and a fashionable store to buy in—and all the time copying our patterns ——"

His voice dropped as he went back into the past, rose again on a sudden note of assurance for her.

"I don't want you to think I am blaming anyone; I am not, now. It—it was a great deal our own fault. I didn't see it then, but I do now. We didn't stretch forward into the future; we kept our eyes on the past. Uncle Andrew came in one night with a letter signed by Mr. Mallard himself—he was alive then. He offered a mere song for the goodwill of our business. I feel sure Ender had told him it was not worth more. Uncle Andrew went into a terrible rage as he read the letter over again to me, and fell over dead; shock and the accumulation of anxiety beforehand. His heart had always been weak."

"Oh!" said Philippa faintly, deep pity in her voice. Andy smiled at her gravely.

"It was pretty bad when we came to go into things," he admitted. "The business really amounted to very little. I kept it on for a while, but I couldn't see any way out. At last I came to the conclusion that I would close down and come to America and see if I could not find out the secret of the Mallard success. I hated you all. Oh, how I hated you!" His voice was vibrant. "I didn't know exactly how I was going to get even, but I determined to do it if it took my last penny. And then I don't really understand how it came about, but I lost all ability to design; I couldn't originate. I was desperate. It was like losing an arm—a part of myself. Even my living depended upon it. I was dazed for a while. Then I realized that my only salvation was to learn how to run a business by modern methods. I made up my mind that I was going to be smarter than anyone here, and later I'd start a business and go into competition. My dream wasn't to be a millionaire; it was to make enough to run Mallard's tweeds out of business. Hate, you see—revenge! A fine basis to build a life on!"

"But I should think you would feel that way. How could you help it?"

"I didn't try—until I knew you. I was awfully miserable, really; all choked up with hate and losing my power to create designs. Somehow I mixed them up, one with the other. Some inner voice kept on saying to me that as long as I hated I'd never be able to see pictures again. They are pictures, even if I work them out in tweeds, you know."

"I know." She looked wistfully away at the Inness, back to him with those glowing golden eyes. "How did you come to design for the K firm?"

"Well, I couldn't seem to tackle the weaving. I was just a kid, but I hated it. We'd an outside artist to design our patterns; you can always find a good designer, even if he isn't a genius. That's why I wondered at Ender having you in here, you know. Uncle Andrew was almost in despair about me when he took me down to Devonshire to the little cottage where the first K tweed had been woven. It's a beautiful little place. Some day I hope you'll see it"—the clear eyes looked gravely into hers to meet a glance as unconscious and grave—"hanging over the moor, craning its neck to look at the sea, lost in a swirling mass of golden furze and purple heather.

"Uncle Andrew was a very plain old man, but he was crafty. He'd go off, visiting old cronies, he said—though I found later that he didn't know a soul in the place—and leave me to myself. Day after day I was there alone, with the sea and the heather and the colors in the shifting lights and shadows. Suddenly I thought I could make a pattern, and I tried it—mistily, you know; very vague at first. Then the idea came clearer; I knew how to put it down, how to allow for the measuring of the threads. I got a pattern at last that I wanted to show to Uncle Andrew, but I didn't dare. I left it on the mantelshelf when I went to bed."

He looked up apologetically into the lovely eyes regarding him.

"Miss Mallard, when the old man came upstairs his beard was wet as he bent over me. I wiped away the drops impatiently; I was so excited I hadn't been able to sleep.

"'Is it any good?' I said.

"I knew; but I wanted to be reassured. I wanted him to be glad, and he could only be solemn and cry. I remember his hand trembled when he put it on my head. 'Boy dear, it's the best pattern we've had in many a day,' he said, 'many a day!' He began to wipe his eyes with his silk handkerchief and walk about the room; it was so small it cramped him. He was a tall, thin man and simple; not much education."

"He must have been fine," said Philippa Mallard wistfully.

"Oh, he was! He was so happy about having a designer in the family again! He gave me every advantage. I went to the Slade school and then to Julien's in Paris. Every summer we'd go to Devonshire, Uncle Andrew and I. 'Andy,' he'd say, 'you know a Keay never gives up; that's all you got to remember. If you think out a new pattern, work at it, boy, until it is perfect. The money don't matter, nor even if folks like it it don't matter; but if you put down what the Lord have give you eyes to see, you'll know it here,' and he'd put his hand on his heart."

He stopped; he couldn't go on. These old words were bringing back so many things. His face was grim as he rose, and he looked at Philippa with a glance so stern that she met it wondering, not knowing then that she faced the business man, the executive, the man of vision.

That, as it happened, was the last thing he said to her then, for the attorney for the firm was announced, a suave, firm man who received Philippa's statement about the power of attorney with a murmur of expostulation.

"But, my dear Miss Mallard ——"

Andy left; he had no desire to restrict the lawyer's phrases. But when he came out he was waiting for him in the reception room.

"Mr. Smythe, I want you to know that Mr. Ender has nothing to do with this. Should you go to him, I shall reluctantly be compelled to change our firm of attorneys."

The gaze that met his wavered, fell, did not conflict with Andy's clear, resolute gaze. After all, the attorney told himself, the Mallard account was not to be thrown over lightly. His ironical bow accepted the situation.

Andrew scarcely noticed him. There was much to be done. At night he went over the events of the first day with a clear conception of the odds he was up against. No one liked his change of position; anarchy was in the air; and yet his rule was better than Ender's, had they only taken pains to look further. But how could he expect that? He had to show them.

Show them, in the next few days, he did without effort. That he was a master of the work on which he reported soon became plain; no one knew tweeds as he did. Somehow, in the curious way in which such things become common property in any organization, it became noised abroad that Mr. Slade, the buyer for Manson Lake's, had declared Andrew Keay a wonder.

"Yes, sir, he didn't say anything less; a wonder, that was it!" It was admitted that Slade knew what he was talking about too.

And suddenly Andrew had another champion. Percival, the head salesman, spoke up deliberately; and to the words of the deliberate man, fairly or otherwise, the world always gives credence.

"He sold double of any order I ever took, and handed it over to me as if it were nothing. Fair? I'd go far enough to say generous, even. Yes, sir, I'm for Mr. Keay!"

Not that Andy knew a thing of this. He sensed a warmth, a readiness to take orders, to incorporate changes in routine, that had not been there at first. And gradually other things percolated back to the big building on Madison Avenue. Thomasson, now an accredited member of the Mallard organization, put in his word or two. Perhaps it was difficult for him to resist more knowledge of the acting president than he really possessed—unlike Percival, his nature was not deliberate. His anecdotes lost nothing in the telling, and the way in which Andy had sold to Barney Seidbohm bade fair to be a classic in the annals of sales.

Neither was the factory in Kentucky behindhand. Andrew had spent three days there, all he could spare in the strenuous work of reorganization which he had begun in New York. But into those three days he packed the work of two men, working at such tension that he amazed himself. It had always been a dream of his to make a success of a big business for the design and output of tweeds, even though at one time he had despaired of accomplishment of anything so strangely at variance from his early days. For, looking back, he could see where chances had been thrown away in the K plant, ideas allowed to grow moldy because of the lack of modern machinery to turn them into facts. Well, that was not the case now. He was hampered a little by lack of funds, but with the methods he was putting into force this would not be the case long. Ender had built up a magnificent shell; it was for him to make the inside complete and beautiful. In his intercourse with the weavers, the office staff, even the shipping department and line men, his enthusiasm and desire to spend himself to the utmost for the finest results had to make an effect. And whatever came up, one fact was uppermost—he knew tweeds, from the buying of the wool to the tying off of the last knot by the practiced fingers of the star weaver.

"A humdinger!"

"We must have our own sheep," he said to one man, "after a bit, you know"—and seeing the glint in his eyes—"know anything about them?" At the end of the man's statement he had his ranch foreman picked when the time should come. And to another: "I guess this factory could be run coöperatively if we gave it a chance." His thoughts seemed to come out spontaneously, spark to tinder, often. With his little grin, his keen sight, his ready laughter and justness of balance in adjusting operating difficulties, he came as a health-giving wind into a place stagnant and fatigued by tiresome rules.

"I don't see the use of that," he'd say; "do you?" Or again, "Perhaps we haven't been toeing the mark closely enough there; how about it?" He knew enough not to be infallible; but gosh, how he made them want to work!

In scraps of news by word of mouth, by telephone and by letter, these things came back to the central office. In a few weeks the place had a different air. The salesmen out on territory, from Maine to California, heard whispers from the trade. Orders began to come in, slowly at first, faster as the general quality of tweeds improved. That three days' visit to the factory had not been without effect. The weavers were on their mettle. They both courted and dreaded Andrew's keen eyes. No more slipshod following of a design; one fault brought back the piece with caustic comment bluepenciled on the shipping slip.

"Eyes like a lynx!" the men said, scrutinizing their own handiwork anxiously.

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Insist on getting the package with the orange label, checkered border and Dutch girl's head.

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Dutch Brand Friction Tape is not only indispensable to the efficient electrician, but of utmost importance in every household as well as to the automobilist, sportsman and mechanic. Besides being perfect for insulation, it may be used for binding and repairing almost everything the average human being uses. It sticks and stays stuck. 2 oz. carton 10c, 4 oz. 20c, 8 oz. 25c.

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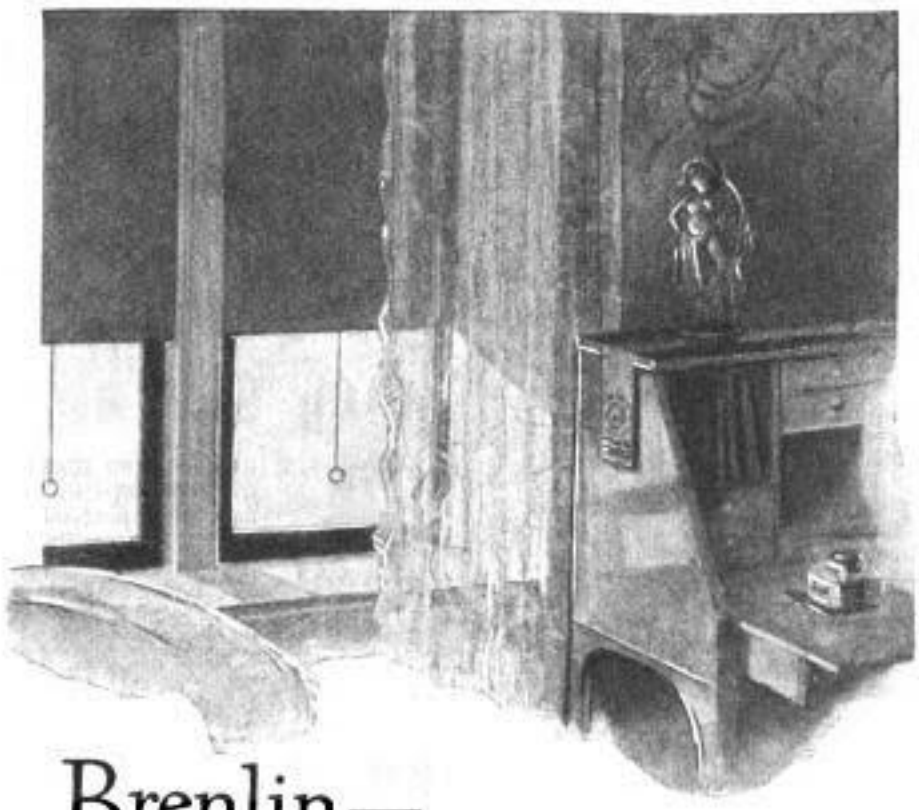
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Brenlin—
Economical!—wears twice as long as ordinary shades



At left, the flimsy, loosely woven material in ordinary window shades; at right, the fine, strong, closely woven fabric in Brenlin.



Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling.



Fold a piece of ordinary window shade material tightly. It cracks and shows pinholes. Fold a piece of Brenlin. Its richly colored surface is unmarred.

YOU would have to buy two, perhaps three, ordinary window shades to equal the life of a Brenlin shade.

Because it gives twice, often triple the wear of the ordinary kind, Brenlin is the most economical window shade you can buy.

Every step in Brenlin-making is a step for *longer wear*. The basic fabric is finer, stronger—like linen in texture.

So closely woven is this material that it requires none of the chalk or clay "filling" that crumbles, causing cracks and pinholes in ordinary window shades.

And the high-grade colors are of lasting beauty. They resist fading and will not show water spots. Experts apply them by hand.

Rich and beautiful in a wide range of colorings is Brenlin. It is supple, not stiff, yet always hangs straight and smooth. Its endurance will surprise you.

See Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name Brenlin perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade material, write us: we'll see that you are supplied.

"How to shade and decorate your windows correctly"—free

We have your copy of this very readable and instructive booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading of your windows. Send for it. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY, Inc.,
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"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Dallas, Texas, and Portland, Ore. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

HAND MADE **Brenlin**
the long-wearing
WINDOW SHADE *material*

"It has to be good—to be a Mallard!"

On that slogan Andy drove forward relentlessly, powerfully, without faltering. He did not realize how much of his spirit went over, believing he had the finest set of workmen in the world, the best organization. Why, this was easy even when it was hard. He loved this work of bending the world to his will.

One evening a telegram was brought to him by the stockroom foreman. It was from Scottie Blane, the largest buyer of tweeds in the East. The name had not been on the books before. It was an important transaction, since the Blane people put out about all the ready-made golf suits in the country.

"We have no range of yellows," said the foreman with a worried air. "I have been through all the new bales ——"

Andrew followed the man to the stockroom. He knew it, and his mind was busy. They must fill this order for Scottie Blane. It was just about enough, with all it might mean of transactions in the future, to set Mallard's on a different plane. He had been waiting for some such big fish to fall into his net. Flashing back into the past, he put his finger on a solution. Of course, in this emergency they could make up designs from the old K tweeds—it was in his hands to decide. He went back to the workroom, took from his private safe some books of patterns.

"See here, Murray, I can find something—see?" His fingers flipped over the soft chunks of tweed. "Here's a yellow and blue, yellow and gray and crimson, yellows and browns and purples and rose—I guess Scottie Blane's'll open their eyes, huh? Oh, and here's another! This isn't made up, you see."

He passed over the design he had made the night his gift had been given back to him. It had been in yellow and gray; one of the best he'd ever done, he thought. He saw that Murray's eyes narrowed as he looked; it was good then. Odd! One never quite knew, oneself.

"We'll send the designs down to the factory by airplane," he said; "put in a hurry order. Here, I'll get them on the phone, let them know right away."

His eyes danced as he drew the instrument towards him, gave his order to the operator. He dropped the receiver thoughtfully. It was getting on towards closing time, but he could dictate the letter to Scottie Blane; there was time for that. His heart sang; everyone would want the Mallard tweeds now; when he really got going the range of patterns for next spring ——

Half an hour later his eyes, narrowing, focused on something indistinct that floated before his eyes. He caught up a pencil—he'd discovered another color scheme for a Mallard tweed.

Hurriedly he walked into the outer room and found a canvas pad beside Philippa Mallard's palette. She'd scarcely used it; there were so few colors ready. He squeezed out tube after tube with a lavish, practiced hand. Momentarily everything but the new design had vanished; he might have been alone in the world. For half an hour he sat working; then—trying to visualize the exact shade of delicate azure he had in mind—focused his eyes on the door.

He didn't see it; he just faced that way. He was in Devonshire; he was not in New York. The sun called to the mists of morning, and the sea was shining through the bar of golden light that flickered over the eastern horizon. That blue, the blue of the early sky, was the color he wanted.

Miraculously, it seemed to him, it appeared. A figure floated into his field of vision, a fairy figure in blue velvet and chinchilla, a little princess of New York.

"Stay where you are," said Andy unceremoniously, and turned to his canvas pad.

Philippa smiled softly as she stood. There was a radiance in the golden eyes that was far more wonderful than the fact that she wore the color Andy wanted. In a moment he threw down the block and rose to his feet, stammering and red-faced.

"I beg your pardon. You see, it was the color ——"

She came up to him, graver now. Her eyes shone like deep wells of sweetness. She had something to say that was difficult, but she had to be brave.

"Andy," she said, "I had a dream ——"

He swept his hand across his eyes. He was afraid that he was dreaming again. He touched the desk to reassure himself. It was as solid as it looked. The patterns had been dispatched to the factory, the airplane would reach Kentucky next morning, given luck. In three days the first tweed would be in his hands if they followed instructions. The typed copy of his letter to Scottie Blane was waiting for his signature on the flap of the desk—"Gentlemen: A special range of tweeds ——"

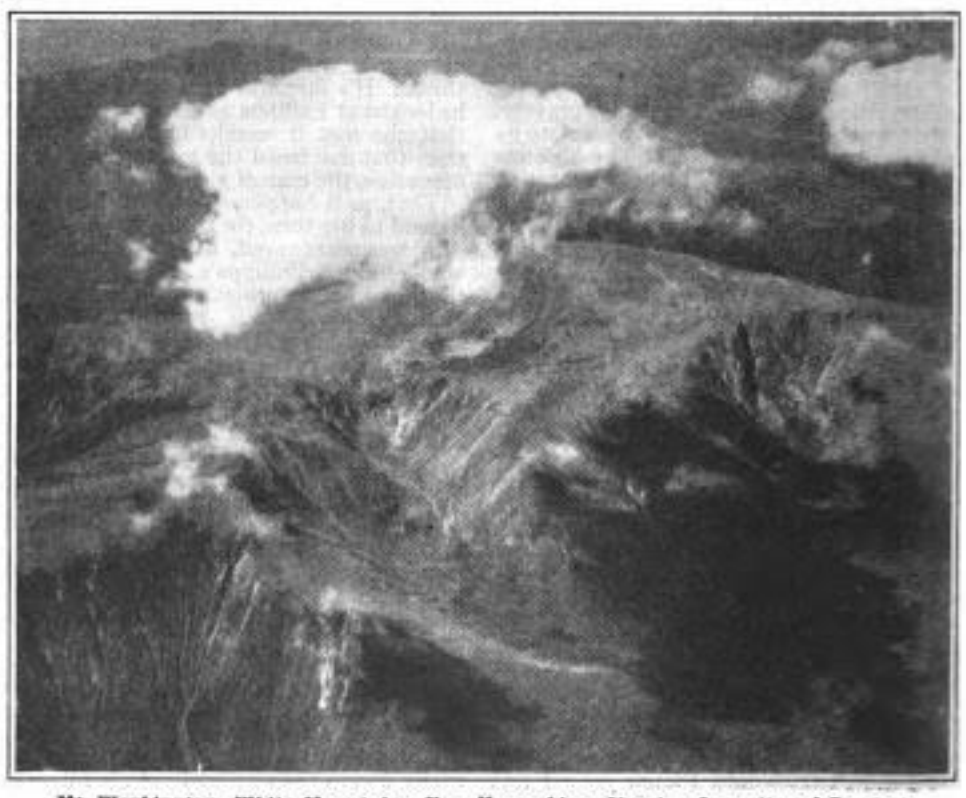
It was all very practical and reassuring. He stood here in the empty shell that Ender had built up, that might have tottered and fallen if he hadn't been at hand, and he was going to fill it with things of beauty and worth. Mallard's Tweeds! In ten years there wouldn't be another firm able to compete with this place of little Phil's!

His eyes, cleared of doubt, came back to her face.

"I want to tell you," he said, "what I've done. It isn't very much so far; there hasn't been time; but in ten years Mallard's will be the only house ——"

Proudly she put her hand on his arm. She was little, she had to lift her face. She'd been going to tell him about the dream, but the dream could wait. After all, this was a practical issue, even though it was so vital to them both. She drew a long breath, took the plunge headlong.

"Andy," she said—and there was a note in her voice that Andrew had never dreamed of; a warmth, a sweetness, a comradely unity that shook him to the very foundations—"that is what I came about. I—I don't suppose you'd feel that you could say this to me for years, so I am saying it for us both now. Andy, I want to help you build up that house."



Mt. Washington—White Mountains, New Hampshire—Showing Summit and Ravines

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This nation-wide two weeks' special sale is to give you an incentive to start using this perfect tooth brush *now!*

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The following are but a few of the endorsements which are voluntarily coming in:

"I have used and recommended it to my friends and patients. I like it very much and my friends are equally well pleased with it."—TRUMAN W. BROPHY, M.D., D.D.S., Sc.D., LL.D., F.A.C.S., O.I. [France] President, Emeritus Dean, Senior Professor Oral Surgery.

"I have started in using one of your brushes. I am indeed very much impressed with it. I like it immensely."—ROY JAMES RINEHART, D.D.S., Secretary-Treasurer, Kansas City-Western Dental College.

"Dr. West's Tooth Brush appeals to me as a well made, well shaped and efficient brush, which I feel sure will be endorsed by the public."—C. N. JOHNSON, L.D.S., A.M., D.D.S., F.A.C.D., Student Dean, Chicago College Dental Surgery.

"After several months of using the West Tooth Brush and recommending it to many of my patients it is a source of great satisfaction to report that my patients are as well pleased with the brush as I am. I like very much the design and quality of the bristle."—DONALD M. GALLIE, M.D., Chicago.

"I am favorably impressed with the brush after having given it a trial."—WM. B. DAY, Secretary, Ill. Pharmaceutical Assn.

"I am now insisting that my patients use it, for I believe it to be the best brush that can be purchased today."—VICTOR F. FUQUA, D.C.S., Chicago.

"The size and shape of the brush, together with the arrangement and cut of the bristles, are calculated to insure thorough cleansing of the teeth when properly used."—M. M. PRINTZ, Secretary, Chicago Dental Society.

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Actual Size of the sanitary package. Dr. West's Tooth Brush is made in Youth's and Child's sizes also. A brush for each member of the family. Lettered A to F for individual identification.

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Dr. West's Tooth Brush, Gainsborough Hair Net, Gainsborough Powder Puff and Hank-O-Chief—typify the very utmost in intrinsic value and satisfaction. WECO—is the family name.

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For men who work and play outdoors—

THIS UNDERWEAR MEANS HEALTH AND WARMTH

YOU can be outdoors when there's seventeen-inch ice in the lake, with a razor wind from the north, and be warm and comfortable in Wright's Health Underwear.

That's the way it's made—to keep you warm in zero weather. The wool in Wright's Health Underwear keeps your natural body-warmth in. For wool is a non-conductor of heat. And it also keeps the most penetrating cold out.

Know the joy of a shiverless winter. Know the comfort of keeping warm outdoors on the rawest days. And lessen your chances of catching cold. For Wright's Health Underwear goes far toward keeping you free from colds.

This is the reason. Wright's Health Underwear is knitted with a patented loop stitch. This feature, plus the wool, makes the underwear tremendously absorbent. It immediately absorbs every particle of perspiration and excretion given off through your pores. Your body is kept absolutely dry, at a warm, *even* temperature and is far less sensitive to colds.

Wright's Health Underwear comes in *all pure wool*, and in worsted and cotton-and-wool mixtures. The weights range from heavy to light to suit every climatic condition and every personal preference. Here is underwear that gives you added wear. Your choice of union suits or separate garments.

Write for our new booklet entitled "Comfort." It is full of interesting information about Wright's Health Underwear. Please include your dealer's name. And see the underwear itself at your favorite store the next time you go by there.

WRIGHT'S
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FOR MEN AND BOYS

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FOR FORTY YEARS, THE FINEST OF UNDERWEAR

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BACKBONE

(Continued from Page 30)

"Seems as though I thought of that. Something like it, anyhow. Offer me a substitute and see what I do."

"I might bid it in—personally," said Bracken.

"In your own name?"

"Exactly."

"Um! Say, for the mortgage and costs, maybe 65 per cent of the purchase price. Juice in that orange. Reg'lar blood orange."

"Four hundred thousand dollars, I should say. That would be two hundred thousand apiece, Mr. Gibbs."

"Acceptable, acceptable. Not to be sneezed at. But I could shade that up a bit maybe. Yes, yes. We ought to make it an even quarter of a million each. Do that by boosting the price only a dollar an acre."

"The Consolidated would be making a good buy at fourteen dollars an acre."

"So," said Gibbs, "it will be my duty as well as pleasure to tell them. They can't expect me to sweat and get dust in my throat a day like this for nothing. Now let's see just where we are."

"First," said Bracken, "we call off the old agreement."

"Which is your contribution—where you knife your principals."

"What's that?" Bracken flushed.

"Mustn't be squeamish. Both of us crooked as a dog's hind leg. That's why we're talkin'. Both of us know it. You're giving De Marsay a dirty deal, and I'm giving the Consolidated a dirty deal. To be sure. What do folks expect in this world? Forge ahead."

"Second, we work together to get this man Thorne."

"Elementary. Not worthy of mention. Next?"

"We bid in the property in my name. That's where I cease functioning and you commence."

"Sure. Then I take my little lead pipe and sneak up back of my company and tunk it on the head. While it is unconscious I sell it, for one million four hundred thousand dollars, timber that cost you and me about eight hundred and fifty thousand. That's where I'm at my best. The stockholders will give me a gold watch, engraved, for my business acumen in pulling off such a deal. I dote on stockholders. They're so emotional and so shy of brains. That's why they get to be stockholders. Every time I look at stockholders in a mass I have a feeling of conscious virtue. I give them what they were created to get, where they were created to get it. Sure you can handle your people? I don't want a war with De Marsay."

"I—I guarantee Mr. de Marsay," said Bracken. He tripped and stumbled over the words, and Gibbs shot a sudden steely glance at him.

"How about the girl—in case, you know, Mr. de Marsay makes up his mind not to linger with us?"

"Just a girl," said Bracken, "and a minor."

"Thank God for minors!" said Gibbs piously. "Then we can call it a game of croquet and go home, eh? First thing is to kind of surround Thorne and shoot his thatch full of flaming arrows. The sooner his roof begins to blaze the better."

"I've commenced already."

"Um! He can't be such an all-fired fool, at that. Took pretty good work to land all that property and a charter for improving the river, and get actual work started before anybody saw his shadow. Let's not guess him a size too small. Uh-huh! Make believe he's a world-beater and act accordingly. It's a lot better to wake up to a pleasant surprise than to a sore jaw."

For an hour more the pair discussed ways and means, and perfected their understanding. Then both scraped back their chairs and shook hands on as unsanctified an agreement as the walls of any business office ever listened to. Strangely enough, both men glowed with pleasure as each regarded himself with satisfaction. Such things are possible.

As their chairs moved back and they got to their feet the new bookkeeper moved rapidly and noiselessly away from Bracken's office door, and when Gibbs emerged he was writing in a big ledger with such complete absorption that he did not see the visitor was about to leave. Gibbs, however, in compliance with habit, stopped and spoke a word of farewell.

"Neat-looking books you keep," he said. "Um! Stick to it on a hot day. Good man. If you ever go looking for a job come see me."

"Thank you very much, I'm sure," said the young man gratefully.

Bracken stood at his desk listening to Gibbs' departure. Even after the big limousine had roared down the road out of hearing he continued to stand and listen. His expression was not that of a man who listens to something, but who listens for something. He wore a queer, strained look, a tired look, as if he had slept badly. There were times when Anthony Bracken felt he would never be able again to do anything but listen. He found himself doing it at the oddest times; found he broke off conversations in the middle to turn his head and to strain his ears. It was for nothing he wanted to hear that he listened. It was not anxiety lest he miss some sound, but apprehension lest he hear it.

He shook his head as one does sometimes to rid himself of a troublesome thought, and walked into the outer office.

"Young man," he said, "do you ever hear anybody singing around here?"

"No, sir."

"If you do, go out and see who it is. I won't have singing around this mill yard. It disturbs me. If you catch anybody singing, drive him off. Especially if he sings one of these infernal French songs. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought I heard someone singing—the day Miss de Marsay was here."

"Not where I could hear."

"I tell you I won't have it!" Bracken's voice lifted with excitement. "I won't have it! By heavens, I'll have no bellowing around this place."

"If I hear anybody I'll catch him for you—if I can."

"If you can! What do you mean? Why couldn't you catch him? Eh? What's the reason you think you couldn't catch him?"

"That was just a manner of speaking," said the bookkeeper.

Bracken went back into his office, shut the door and sat down behind his desk. He bowed his head and covered his ears with his palms. His eyes were shut, and his mouth distorted. He pressed against his ears so that no sound whatever could enter.

XV

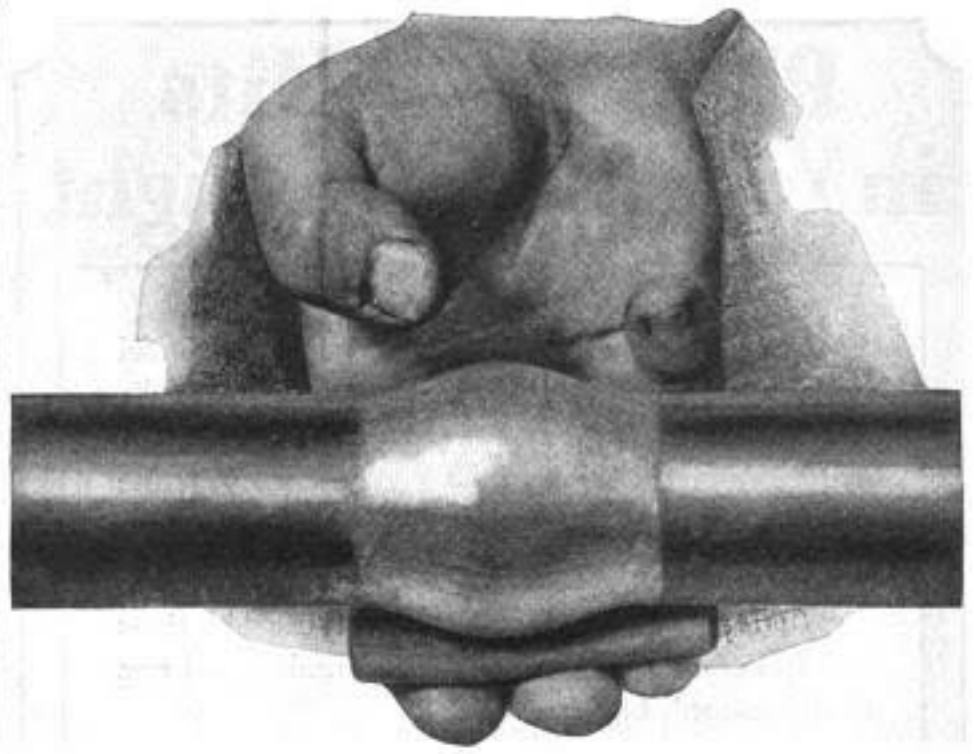
COLONEL TIP and John Thorne were the sole occupants of the hotel piazza. Thorne had further endeared himself to the little man by listening with real interest to stories of triumphs at home and abroad. One did not need to feign interest when the colonel became reminiscent, for in his days of glory he had encountered famous and significant figures of Europe and America, and his anecdotes were touched with a quaint humor and shrewdness that made them well worthy of the most attentive ear. He even had an unexpected way, at times, of glimpsing his own enormous vanity and of enjoying it in an impersonal sort of way. Underneath the vanity and the boasting of the artist John Thorne perceived a shrewd, keen, capable brain, and became better acquainted with a heart big and human and lovable.

Of a sudden the colonel sat back in his chair, thrust tiny thumbs into armholes, and peered at Thorne with the imposing gravity of a prime minister at a peace conference.

"Thorne," he said, "it occurs to me that, while I have been giving you my complete biography, kings, queens, presidents and professional pugilists thrown in, you've done nothing but listen. You, young man, strike me as one to whom interesting things may well have happened. You have traveled. You have seen the world. I shall be glad to listen to you. Even though you may not have had my advantages to meet and to mingle with the great of the world, you need have no hesitation. I do not expect it of you. But I should like to hear more of you—to know you better. I have my reasons."

"Colonel," said John, "my history lies in the future. Wait ten years and I hope to have something to tell."

"John," said the colonel, calling Thorne by his Christian name for the first time, "I will not press you. Modesty is a quality I admire in a young man. Will you answer one question?"



Wiping a joint

WHEN two pieces of lead pipe are to be made into one continuous tube, the plumber melts a piece of solder and applies it to the joint, using a cloth pad to cover his hand.

He "wipes" and smooths the quickly cooling alloy around the joint. When the job is done the pipes are solidly joined, the wiped joint looking like a swelling of the pipe.

* * *

One of lead's oldest uses is for pipes in plumbing, and this is one of the most important of its uses today. This is due to its great durability. Lead pipes last for centuries.

Lead is a soft, pliable metal that can be bent around corners. There are no sharp angles in a lead water-pipe or drain-pipe where dirt or grease may collect. Every quality of lead fits it for the plumber's use.

* * *

But lead has other major duties in the world. Good paint is made with white-lead and linseed oil. This paint is the great beautifier and preserver of wood and metal.

Dutch Boy White-Lead is white-lead mixed with pure linseed oil. The familiar figure of the Dutch Boy Painter is the trade mark for this and other National Lead Co. products.

Send for this booklet

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"I never buy a horse without looking in its mouth," John said with his disarming smile. "Give me a look at your question's teeth."

"Why," said the colonel, "did you go in on the East Branch? It has a look—mind you, I mean only a surface look—of—er—opportunism. As if, do you see, you seized the accident of André de Marsay's illness to do a thing you could not have done if he was well. For André de Marsay I do not care that." He flicked the ash from his enormous cigar. "But Yvonne is his heiress. What is his, will be hers. A wrong to her," he ended pompously, "is a wrong to me."

John nodded gravely. "I will say to you, colonel, what I said to Miss de Marsay. If her grandfather, face to face with me, asks me to withdraw from the East Branch, I will do so."

"Um!" Colonel Tip eyed John shrewdly and nodded his head. "Ah—exactly! Precisely. I ask no more questions. I am satisfied. Do you know Paul Gibbs, of the Consolidated Pulp Corporation, was in conference with Bracken yesterday?"

"A little bird," said John, "twittered it in my ear."

"Then," said the colonel, "perhaps you know what squirrel they are out to shoot."

"I do," said John. "I am the squirrel. Now it's my turn, colonel. You have been so successful in the world that it would excite no comment if you deposited a matter of a hundred thousand dollars in the bank."

The colonel thrust forward his chest and effected a grand gesture with his cigar. "You are right. Right. What my art gained for me my providence has preserved."

John leaned forward. "You do not think André de Marsay will tell me to abandon the East Branch?"

"Face to face?" The colonel's eyes met Thorne's in a level understanding gaze.

"Face to face."

"He will not," said the colonel.

"In that case you will receive tomorrow a New York draft for one hundred thousand dollars. Deposit it in your name in the bank."

"Um! A considerable sum of money. For what purpose?"

"If you wanted to attract Bracken's interest would you play grand opera or clink two dollars together?"

The colonel grinned. "Dollars clinking are the symphony for Bracken. But then what?"

"Bracken has a safe-deposit box over in Black River. Unless I've lost count he has in it seventy-seven thousand dollars. Now, colonel, where in the world do you suppose Anthony Bracken got that little nest egg?"

"Do you know this for certain?"

John nodded gravely. "I can give you the number of the box."

"You want to coax it out, eh? Let it smell this hundred thousand you are depositing in my name. Uh-huh! Coax out your woodchuck and then get between it and its hole."

"Exactly," said John.

"And then?"

"Why," said John, "I think this woodchuck has escaped from its true owner. It ought to go back to its own home."

"Shake," said the colonel. "I'm with you till the well dries up. Shake!" He paused while he smoked reflectively; his little brows were knit, and the glance he turned from time to time upon Thorne was troubled. "Let's suppose," he said.

"A game I enjoyed as a boy," said John.

"Well, once upon a time there was a man who had a large fortune. He was old. He was ill. His only living relative was a granddaughter. Now, suppose both the grandfather and granddaughter were to die at—say—about the same time. What would become of the fortune?"

"It would escheat to the state," said John, "failing a will disposing of it otherwise."

"But in such a case," said the colonel, arching his eyebrows, "one would have to imagine a will."

"That," said John, "would be absolutely necessary."

"But a will must have two witnesses."

"One of them," said John, "might well be the doctor who attended during the last illness."

"Now what do we suppose? Do we pretend the granddaughter is in danger of losing her health?"

"I should be seriously worried for her in case of the slightest indisposition."

"We mustn't forget the possibility of accident. This girl lives in a remote country, mountainous and lonely."

"She should take precautions," said John.

"Of all human beings she is least likely to be careful."

"Her friends, then, should take precautions for her." He looked up the street at a figure which approached with heavy tread. "Here comes Doc Roper. I've a notion he might prove good company on a dull afternoon. Let's take him into our game of supposing."

Doc drew near the hotel, and, as was the custom of all St. Croix when bent on loafing, he turned in at the walk and mounted the steps, seeking the company in the office. Checkers and cribbage games were permanent attractions.

"Good afternoon, doctor," said Thorne. "The colonel and I were just supposing. Draw up a chair and suppose with us."

Roper looked hard at Thorne, perhaps a little astonished by his friendly greeting, but he dragged a chair to the spot and sat down weightily.

"What was you supposing?" he asked.

"We were imagining illness and accidents," said John.

"To who?". Roper's eyes half closed, and crafty cautious lines made little deltas at their corners.

"To an imaginary girl," said John. "This girl has a rich grandfather who is—ill." He hesitated markedly before he pronounced the last word. "It occurred to us that some accident might happen to this girl—or some serious illness. That would leave a fortune without an owner, don't you see?"

"And then," said Roper, his voice harsh and his eyes hard and cold—"and then what did you suppose?"

"We rather imagined there would be a man who would discover a will leaving the old man's property to him—in case of the death of the girl. But we imagined he would have to divide it."

"Divide it!" Roper moved forward to the edge of his chair and stared into John's eyes. "Why divide it?"

"Because, as we imagined him, this man hasn't an oversupply of nerve. A timid man. So timid he probably wouldn't have the courage to think about an accident to the girl—much less to cause it."

"But we imagined another fellow," said the colonel, "who might have just that sort of nerve. I would guess he prefers illness to accident. That is the way I would read his character. But on the other hand, opportunity might present itself, and the accident would happen."

Roper laughed. "Fine, cheerful way of spending your time," he said.

"It's entertaining," John said, "inventing folks and fitting them out with motives and emotions and reactions. As I was saying, the man without nerve would have to divide with the man who had the nerve, wouldn't he? Because he never could have laid hands on the fortune without him. You see that, of course?"

"Say," said Roper, leaning still farther forward and advancing his chin so that his face lost its habitual look of cunning and became purely physical, "what's this all about? How does it interest me?"

"Academically," said John with a smile. "Purely as a problem in human behavior. We wondered what would happen to the second man—the one with nerve."

"Well," said Roper, "what would happen to him?"

"The law could never reach him. He would be too cunning for that. No, I don't think he would be afraid of the law."

"Would he be afraid of anything?" Roper asked.

"I was wondering. He might—this is just hazarding an opinion—but he might hesitate about carrying through his scheme, provided he had one—if he knew the girl had friends who might—er—resent anything happening to her."

Roper shrugged his shoulders. "I don't guess a man who had much nerve would worry about that."

"But," said John, "suppose these friends talked to him—quite friendly, but, nevertheless, meaning what they said, and gave him a promise?"

"What promise?"

"That if the girl were carried off by illness or accident he would be the next item of interest to the village undertaker."

"Threaten him, eh?"

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98)

"No," said John, "just promise him—a promise by a man who prides himself on keeping his word."

Doc Roper laughed. "You fellows suffer from the heat. Better quit smoking and drink oatmeal water. I don't believe the man would scare worth a cent. I'll show you what he would do if anybody came threatening him like you say." He stepped inside to the stove, which stayed in place summer and winter, and lifted from its hook a hand-wrought poker a good half inch in diameter. With this he returned to the piazza. "See," he said. "If your man was threatened, and he was the kind of man I see him in my mind's eye, this is the kind of answer he'd be likely to make."

He grasped one end of the poker in his right hand and the other in his left; then he extended both arms before him at full length and stood rigid, tense, motionless. In a moment beads of perspiration appeared upon his forehead and trickled down his face. His eyes became fixed; his lips parted to show clenched teeth. His great barrel chest expanded and contracted, and the knuckles of his hands stood out like little white knots. There came a ripping sound. The mightiness of his exertion had ripped his vest down the back. There was a grim tenseness, an animal determination and ferocity about the man which fascinated. He might have been cast in metal, so motionless was he, yet so evidently putting forth every atom of the strength that resided in him. The two who watched were conscious of hastened heartbeats, of quickened breath. Then they sighed. The ends of the poker began to move, slowly, almost imperceptibly downward. The straight line became a slight curve, which increased, increased more rapidly until Doc Roper's fists met, and the poker had been bent into a loop—an unbelievable feat of strength.

Roper stood so for a moment, breathing heavily, his face white with the tremendous effort he had put forth. Then he grinned sardonically and tossed the poker toward John Thorne.

"Your man," he said, "might answer like that."

"Not an answer," said John, "only a retort."

Roper shrugged his shoulders. "Your man would be satisfied with it, I guess," he said, and passed on into the hotel.

Colonel Tip turned to John with a look in his eyes that was almost of awe, for great strength was something he was ill equipped to comprehend.

"He could break a man in two with his hands," he said.

"Yes," John replied.

"A terrible man."

"A distorted mind in an animal body is always terrible," John said.

"He is capable of anything—of anything!"

"Somehow," said John, "I'm rather sorry for Anthony Bracken."

"Sorry for Bracken! How sorry for him?"

"Would you," asked John, "like to be sold into slavery to Doc Roper?"

"God forbid!" said the colonel.

XVI

JOHN THORNE absented himself from St. Croix for a day in order to carry on certain negotiations with the railroad respecting freights, side tracks and various other matters necessary to the erection and operation of the mill he proposed building on the Flatiron at the intersection of the East and West branches of the river. Before undertaking the project he had assured himself in a verbal way of the coöperation of the railroad. Now that the moment was upon him for commencing the work he desired a more formal agreement.

It was not a railroad with thousands of miles of trackage, and therefore its president was a man who attended to detail that otherwise would have fallen to subordinates. Thorne gave his card to an office boy and waited to be announced.

"Mr. Judkins will see you," the boy reported, and held open the door for John to enter.

Mr. Judkins was a pale, thin man well on in years. His eyes were blue and bulging, and the fine dome of his head was covered with scant white hair. As John entered he sat crouching forward in his chair, clutching both temples as if in the grip of a throbbing headache. This was the case. Mr. Judkins was dyspeptic, tingling with ill-used nerve ends, rancorous, overbearing as only a man of slight stature can be. He lifted his head at John's approach and regarded him much as a wire-haired terrier would another dog who approached him in the midst of a meal.

"Well?" he snarled.

"Perhaps," said John, "you have forgotten me. My name is Thorne."

"Printed on your card. Know you. What of it?"

"I am starting to build my mill this week. Machinery and lumber will be arriving by way of your railroad. I would like to make final arrangements about the spur into my yards."

"What spur?"

"The one we discussed sixty days ago."

"Huh! Nothing doing."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing doing, I said," Judkins repeated snappishly.

"You mean you refuse to run in the spur?"

"Exactly."

"Why?"

"Because I say so."

"Doubtless," said John patiently and with habitual courtesy of manner, "that reason is ample for yourself, but for me it leaves something to be desired." He smiled his disarming smile, but apparently it had no power to touch Mr. Judkins.

"You're bottled," said Judkins.

"I don't understand."

"The De Marsay people have bought the Whittaker farm. Won't allow track to cross it. No way to get to you. Can't tunnel the mountain."

"That bee," said John, "buzzes louder than it can sting."

"Eh?"

"The land can be condemned."

"Not for private side track," said Judkins.

John turned his head slowly and looked out of the window; his grave, large-featured face seemed heavy now, unlighted by a smile as he gave consideration to this new development. Here was no hare-brained foray against him by an impulsive girl. Brains and money were behind it. The thing in itself was serious, but what it indicated was sufficient to give rise to apprehensions. The real battle had opened. In the attitude of President Judkins he saw the influence of Consolidated Pulp. Bracken, his intelligence told him, would be nothing but a puppet in the hands of Paul Gibbs, a tool to be used, a cask to be drained.

But considerations of the larger strategy must pass to the future; what he must do now was to make ineffective this first success of the enemy. It was attack in a quarter in which he had not expected it. Perhaps, carelessly, he had considered the siding an accomplished fact. But he was not one to spend fruitless tears crying over spilled milk. As he said once to Pop Peake: "Folks shouldn't cry over spilt milk, Pop. It soured a couple of hours after it tipped over anyhow."

Now he was not worrying about the lost fluid, but looking for some available cow from which to fill his pail again. A side track was a necessity, not to eventual manufacturing alone but to present building operations. He had to have it.

"It would seem," said he, "as if, by working together, some way around could be hit on."

"You find it," snapped Judkins, "I'm not interested."

"You agreed to have that track laid in thirty days," said John.

"It won't be," said Judkins.

"Somehow," said John, "I'm inclined to disagree with you. It will be laid in twenty days, we'll save a quarter of a mile of track, and the state will have a chance to brag about a new town with a post office. Good morning, Mr. Judkins."

An hour's drive returned Thorne to St. Croix. His first stop was at the post office for his noon mail. It contained two letters calculated to annoy a man less impervious to irritation. Both were from lumber companies, and their tenor was identical.

"We regret," said one, "our inability to fill your order recently placed with us for dimension stock. It will be impossible for us to take care of you before October."

The other notified him of the impossibility of supplying him with siding and matched mill flooring.

This was the lumber out of which he had expected to construct his mill. Matters were becoming complicated. He turned to the postmaster.

"Can you tell me who owns that portable saw mill over Black River way?"

"Feller by the name of Ramsey," said the postmaster.

"Live near?"

"Farms clost to where his mill sets."

"Much obliged," said John.

He drove to the hotel, where he found Pop Peake and Colonel Tip on the piazza engaged in an erudite discussion of the methods by which the Egyptian kings had contrived to build the pyramids.

"Couldn't nobody git a gang of men to lift them there hunk of stone by hand. Hain't no manner enough men could git holt of one to hist it into the air. Now I hold ——"

"I have seen the pyramids. In me, sir, you behold a man who has been carried to the very apex of the largest of them. I have examined them minutely, and I tell you, sir, they were built by hand. A great army of slaves ——"

"Now tell me this, colonel: Take a block of stone mebby ten feet long and six feet thick and six feet high. How many fellers could git a hand holt on sich a block? Mebby ten to each side and four more behind and ahead. D'ye figger twenty-eight pairs of hands could 'a' lifted that there weight? No, sir-ree. I been a-studyin' it out in the light of Scripture and hist'ry and the encyclopedy, and I tell ye airyplanes done it. Them Egyptians had flyin' machines, and they stole 'em off'n the Hebrew children in captivity."

"Bosh, sir! Bosh and nonsense!"

Pop thrust his fingers into the armholes of his vest and assumed an oratorical attitude.

"What, I ask ye, was the Ark of the Covenant? What? A flyin' machine, b'gum! Now wa'n't it? Flew, didn't it? Right ahead of them Hebrews by day and by night? Pillar of fire and pillar of smoke. Cherubim a-perchin' on top, wa'n't the'? And what's cherubim? They're critters with wings. What for wings on top of a box if not to fly with? And there ye be! Guess that'll shet ye up, colonel. Leave it to Thorne here. What say, John?"

John considered gravely. "I have never," he said, "listened to an argument which impressed me more than yours."

"There!" said Pop. "Listen to that, will ye?"

"Pop," said John, "can you dismount from the ark and think horse?"

"I kin allus talk hoss," said Pop.

"I want six heavy teams, used to the woods, and I want them quick. What can you do for me?"

"Git 'em," said Pop succinctly. "How much you calc'latin' to pay?"

"If you'll take on the job of buying them I'll leave that to you," said John.

"And you won't git done, nuther. Six teams. Have 'em before sunset, and I'll buy 'em cheaper'n any other feller in the state kin. When it comes to hoss dickerin' ——"

"Much obliged. Is there a pile driver in this country?"

"Contractor up in Tipton owns one," said the colonel.

"That's seven miles?"

"Yes."

"Are you very busy today, colonel?"

"I am never too busy," said the colonel, "to give my time to a friend. You want me to go to Tipton and get that pile driver for you?"

"You would put me under obligations."

"Consider it as done. I'll rent the contraption and start it on its way."

"Have them dump it off on the Flatiron," said John. "Incidentally hire every good man you can pick up; and you, too, Pop. I need men."

"I'm startin' now," said Pop. "A hoss trade's like licker. Some fellers can't smell a bottle 'thout rarin' and tearin' after a drink. Me—I git my jags dealin' in hossflesh."

The old man got up and stamped through the hotel and out of the back door. He always went out of the back door. The piazza was all right to sit on, but when he actually left the premises he did so by the rear. In twenty years he had never been seen to descend the front steps.

"I gather," said the colonel, "that something is up."

John nodded.

"Bracken and Paul Gibbs?" asked the colonel.

John nodded again.

"They're a hard team to break," said the colonel.

John nodded a third time.

"If I were in your place," said the colonel, "I wouldn't ride alone. I've seen these



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woods fights before—and Paul Gibbs isn't pernickety. A broken bone wouldn't stand between him and a dollar bill."

It was one of those times when words seemed to have dried up in John Thorne. They came to him every now and then. It was not that he did not wish to talk; it was that he could not talk. Words would not come. They were choked under a blanket of silence and could find no way of escape. He did not enjoy these silences himself, and other folks misinterpreted them. It was a species of detachment. His mind was alert to what was going on immediately about him, yet he himself seemed to be at a distance, subconsciously busied with other matters. When his subconscious mind went on these forays he could not bring it back by a tug on the bridle. It was awkward. Sometimes these silences fell upon him at the most embarrassing moments. They were as disconcerting to others as they were uncomfortable for himself.

The colonel fidgeted in his chair. "You know what they have in mind better than I," he said. "It is delay. They want to stop your work, hold it back. They know delay multiplies expense. No mill can make money until it is in operation. Gibbs wants that East Branch timber, and the only way he can get it is to break you. The surest way to break you is by delay. Now, John, what would tie up the work more than something happening to you? Suppose you were laid up in a hospital for a couple of months. What would happen?"

"It would be serious," said John.

"Bracken might be too timid to have the job done, but not Gibbs."

John patted the colonel on the knee. "I'll peel my eye," he said. "I'll peel both of them—and keep the peeling off. But first I've got to buy me a portable sawmill. If I can't buy lumber I can make it."

It was impracticable to drive over the mountain to the East Branch in a motor, no matter how willing, so John saddled his horse and set forth, followed by the colonel's uneasy gaze. He urged his mount to such speed as he thought reasonable and soon was beyond the confines of the village and at the beginning of the upward climb. Despite the colonel's warning he gave little thought to himself, and, what was more strange perhaps, little consideration to his problem. On the instant of its arising he had taken up that matter and disposed of it. He could not have a siding run down from St. Croix to the Flatiron, therefore he had devised another expedient, and, he fancied, a better one. The pile driver was being procured to this end. Paul Gibbs' influence had brought about the cancellation of his orders for lumber, so he was about to buy a portable mill, set it up in the most efficient spot, cut his own spruce, and saw it up into such sizes as his specifications demanded. Those matters were disposed of, so why trouble his mind with them further? This was eminently characteristic of John Thorne. He met emergencies on the spot, face to face, took the antidote, and went about his business while the antidote did its work. He was not a man who ever would be worn thin by worry.

No, it was not his dam nor his mill nor his business antagonists which caused the activity in his mind as he rode up the mountainside. It was Yvonne de Marsay. Nor was it the strange circumstances surrounding the girl, the mysterious room in which her grandfather lay concealed from all eyes save those of Bracken, Doc Roper and the Indian, to which he gave his consideration. It was the girl herself—her loveliness, her personality, her impetuousness, her pride of race. His face was not heavy now; a smile—a sort of tolerant, indulgent, approving smile—gave a pleasant light to it, made it younger, somehow appealing and very friendly. It was easily to be seen he bore no grudge for the destruction of his bridges. One might, from his expression, have got the idea it met with his hearty approval.

He was not a vain man, and took at full face value all Yvonne had said to him. She despised him. Very well, she despised him then. She considered him an interloper, a taker of unfair advantages. In short, she disliked him heartily. He talked about it to his horse, and in the course of his remarks on the subject said a thing which, had it been overheard, would have given grounds for speculation. This sentence, sorted out from the rest and set down in isolation, was this:

"He said, Molly"—Molly being the name of the mare—"that no reasonable young man could see her and not love her—and he was right."

Thus by eavesdropping in a solitude we arrive at a knowledge of John Thorne's feeling for Yvonne de Marsay, and it must hereafter be read into the context. It was a fact to be discovered only by unfair means, for his manner conveyed nothing of it, and he was not one to peddle confidences of the sort. It is safe to say that if John Thorne ever told to a living soul that he was moved to love by Yvonne's loveliness, that person would be Yvonne herself and no other.

He reached the top of the mountain in a very pleasant state of mind, that state induced only in a lover by thoughts of the object of his affections. Here he paused to gaze through a break in the forest at the slopes and ridges of dark foliage which swept down and away and then up again on the opposite slope of the valley. It was the virgin timber of the East Branch—De Marsay timber. Yvonne de Marsay believed it rightly belonged to her, as her grandfather had taught her. Yet he had seized it, had invaded with an eye to conquest the De Marsay principality. Wisdom was this in a business man, but folly in a lover. No action more calculated to estrange Yvonne de Marsay could have been devised than this violation of her domain.

It gave reasonable grounds to the speculative for believing that John was first a business man, and a lover only when the day's work was done.

He scanned the slopes with the pride of possession, gloried in the splendid timber planted there by Nature for the convenience and the necessities of mankind. He knew how he would cut it, wisely, with the science of the forester which preserves while it utilizes. As he gazed and planned and builded for the future, he heard below him on the rocky road the beat of a horse's hoofs, the spurning of pebbles in the way. Someone was galloping up the mountain. There was an unevenness to those hoofbeats, a scrambling hurriedness which told of an animal uncontrolled. John drew to one side and waited.

In an instant appeared a horse, saddled but riderless. Its eyes were wild, its front knees were barked and bleeding, and its shoulder bruised as if it had fallen upon rocks.

Quickly John swung his mount across the narrow road barring the way, and with the quick hand of the practiced horseman snatched the dangling reins. The horse pawed and snorted and reared in a frenzied effort to escape, but he held it firmly. Dismounting he gentled it for a moment, then led it to a sapling and made it secure.

His face was grave now, set and grim. His lips pressed upon each other, and it would have taken a man inept indeed in the reading of faces to call it friendly. He leaped upon his horse and plunged downward. He knew well the riderless horse. It belonged to Yvonne de Marsay.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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The New Oil Range for City use

Cuts Cooking Costs



Super Features of New Year 'Round Oil Stove

1. Cooking speed of the giant gas burner—in the Giant SUPERFEX Burner.
   Cooking speed of the standard gas burner—in the standard-size SUPERFEX Burner.
2. Abundant heat that is absolutely clean and odorless.
3. One Giant and three standard SUPERFEX Burners.
4. Greater economy and reliability of cooking with kerosene oil—the universal fuel.
5. Operating convenience, cleanliness and new time-saving features.
6. Handsome, sturdy, long-lived stove with higher and bigger Aladdin Quality Porcelain Enameled Cooking Top, and extra strong base shelf for utensils.
7. A new (more beautiful) Gray Enamel finish on all Chimneys.

Cooks with the Speed and Satisfaction of Gas

EVERY woman who cooks can now enjoy the speed and satisfaction of a gas stove—and at a fuel cost lower than gas at 85 cents per thousand cubic feet. Actual kitchen tests have proved the amazing speed and economy of this latest and greatest New Perfection.

A new invention, the SUPERFEX Burner, makes possible this oil range that gives gas stove speed and satisfaction at less than gas or electric stove operating cost.

Substantial construction, handsome finish and ample cooking space—combined with this exceptional service—are making this new oil range popular for use in city homes.

A demonstration will convince you of the year 'round usefulness of the New Perfection Oil Range with SUPERFEX Burners—see your dealer—and actual use in your own home will quickly show its worth-while economy.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
Also Makers of ALADDIN Utensils and PERFECTION Oil Heaters
7639 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

NEW PERFECTION *Oil Range with* SUPERFEX *Burners*



Use the PERFECTION *for popping corn and add a new delight to Hallowe'en*

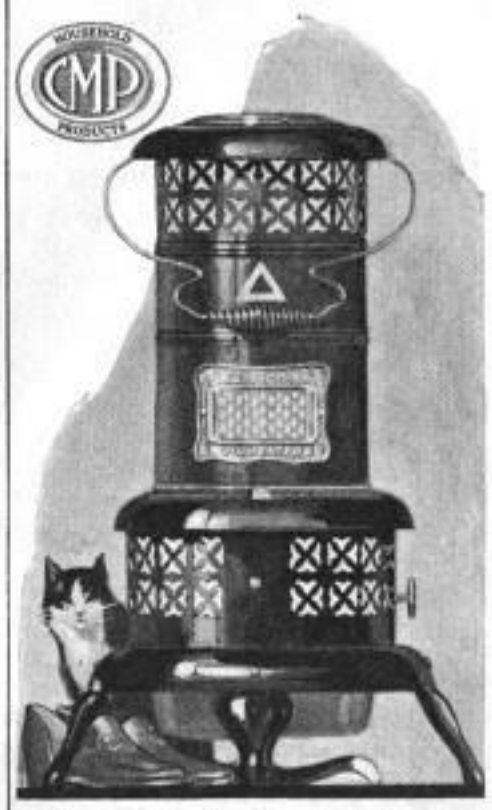
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YOU will be happily surprised at the many handy uses for the Perfection Oil Heater around the home.

Its big regular job is chasing chill these cool fall mornings and evenings—and making cold spots warm and cozy when shrill winter winds rattle the window panes. But as you carry it from basement to attic, you will find many an extra and practical use for its warm rays.

Protects against fuel shortage—gives 10 hours of clean, odorless heat on one gallon of kerosene oil—lasts for years. See your dealer today.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7639 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio



PERFECTION *Oil Heaters*

Heat by the Roomful

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The BEE-VAC ELECTRIC CLEANER

USED THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD

When you buy an electric vacuum cleaner, make certain of two things. First, that it cleans easily and thoroughly. Second, that it has a record for continuous good work over a long period of years.

The first *Bee-Vac* Electric Vacuum Cleaner was built in 1909. Many cleaners made by us thirteen long years ago are still giving utmost satisfaction. Today, there is hardly a country in the civilized world where the *Bee-Vac* is not to be found in daily use.

Our long experience in building vacuum cleaners, as well as parts for other cleaner manufacturers, has developed economies of manufacture which permit us to sell the *Bee-Vac* at the lowest price of any worth-while electric cleaner.

At the new price of only $39.75, the *Bee-Vac* electric cleaner is a value which no housewife can afford to overlook. The new model *Bee-Vac*, lighter in weight and stronger in construction than its predecessors, possesses many refinements not to be found in many cleaners. Among them is a brush which never clogs up and impairs suction, a direct-to-fan hose connection and a ball-and-socket grip, which greatly relieves wrist strain.

Compare the new BEE-VAC with cleaners costing half again as much. We know that a demonstration will convince you of its value. If your dealer does not handle the BEE-VAC, write us for the name of one who does.

BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. P-2, Lake and Desplaines Streets CHICAGO, U. S. A.

FREE *Bedtime Jingles for Children*

Send for your FREE copy of "Little Frisky Speck o' Dirt." The perilous adventures of "Frisky," as told in clever verse and illustrated in colors, will interest you and amuse the kiddies. Also, this attractive book will tell you more about the new Bee-Vac. Be sure to write for it today.



THE BEE-VAC
"Ball and Socket" Grip

This new grip is the result of our efforts to eliminate the strain on the wrist incident to handling electric cleaners. The "ball and socket" grip allows a firm, workable hold without producing strain of any kind.

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FOCUS POKUS

(Continued from Page 17)

She fixed his gaze boldly.

"Would you?"

"Ise gwine vote fo' the prettiest gal—an' you is her."

"You promise?"

He opened his mouth for an affirmative answer, but something stayed his promise. Slowly he shook his head.

"I says I will, but I don't promise. 'Twoul'n't be right."

She turned away and sighed profoundly.

"Reckon I cain't enter up then."

Florian was disappointed. It was a downright shame that a certain winner should remain aloof from this contest; it just simply wasn't to be stood. As from a great distance her low-pitched, eager voice came to his ears:

"An' if you rilly thinks I is the prettiest gal they woul'n't be no hahm in takin' money fo' yo' promise."

He collected his wits with a start.

"Takin' money? Fo' which?"

"Votin' fo' me."

"What kind of words is them you is talkin' with yo' mouf, Zinnia Sanders? Who said somethin' about me gittin' money fo' votin' fo' you?"

"I did."

"Well"—Florian cocked his head—"say it again. I didn't heah you real good the fust time."

"I said that I wa'n't gwine enter no beauty contest an' git beat. An' you has said that you thinks I is the prettiest cullud gal in Bummin'ham an' that you is gwine vote fo' the prettiest. Now, if her is me, they ain't no hahm in you lettin' me give you 'bout twen'y-five dollars fo' promisin' that I ain't gwine git disapp'inted. Ain't that the troof?"

"Twenty-five dollars?"

"Uh-huh."

"Cash money?"

"Cash money."

Florian did some quick reflecting. He was a gentleman of honor, but he was also an opportunist. Being the former it was entirely beneath him to stultify himself by accepting money for voting for a woman whom he deemed less beautiful than the most beautiful. That would be a bribe. But here was the girl who he confidently believed was entitled to first honors offering him an honorarium of twenty-five dollars for the vote which she would get anyway. The more he cogitated upon it the more absurd it appeared to reject her offer. It would be just like finding that much money, and it was a course the probity of which was above reproach.

"You understan's that I is gwine vote fo' you anyway?"

"Uh-huh. I understan's, but I soht of feels that ifn you takes money fum me fo' same it kinder clenches things."

Florian bade her follow him. They turned a corner and Florian extended his hand.

"Gimme."

She gave him. He stuffed the bills into his trousers pocket and then eased his conscience:

"Befo' you gimme this money, Zinnia, I wants to repeat again that I is gwine vote fo' you anyway."

She nodded.

"I understan's. But now you is positively gwine do so."

"Tha's it. Now it's positively."

He accompanied her to the studio of Exotic Hines, where, through payment of an excessive fee, she obtained the privilege of several extra poses so that she might have greater opportunity for selection of the picture to be entered in the contest. That attended, she went with Florian to the office of Christopher P. S. Shoots, where she subscribed to the Daily Epoch for one year.

Zinnia Sanders then made her way happily down the street. Florian stared after her trim little figure. He was vaguely disturbed.

"They ain't no doubt 'bout her bein' the prettiest cullud gal in Bummin'ham—an' mebbe in the whole world—but I sho' don't crave her much."

Two days later Zinnia and Florian and Exotic Hines inspected proofs of Miss Sanders' photographed face. There was no denying the fact that Exotic had done himself proud. Nor was there any argument as to which of the eight poses was the best.

"Hot dam!" enthused Mr. Slappey. "That's the one pitcher I ain't never seen none prettier than."

Exotic flushed before this salvo of praise.

"I has took wuss ones," he admitted, "but not of sech a pretty gal as Miss Zinnia heah."

The publication of Zinnia Sanders' photograph excited a flurry of interest. It developed quickly and positively that the selection of Miss Sanders would not result in any wave of popular approval, although there were none to gainsay her qualifications. Florian was not at all apprehensive, but he decided to make assurance trebly sure, to which end he called upon Miss Sanders.

"Ise gwine vote fo' you all right, Miss Sanders, like I promised ——"

"Like you was paid for."

"Like I promised. But I wants to be shuah that they ain't gwine be no objections, so I has come to sugges' that you enter the contest all over again."

"Says which?"

"Says I has got a noble idea. A gal can enter up as many times as she wants; an' sence you c'n afford it, I wants you to buy another su'scription an' let Exotic take some new pitchers so's to see cain't we git one better'n the one we has a'ready got."

"Coul'n't git a better one."

"Yas-sum, he could. He says so. I an' him thought up a scheme."

"What 'tis?"

Florian leaned forward earnestly.

"He's gwine take this new pitcher of you in flesh-tint sepia."

Zinnia succumbed. But with the printing of that second picture the wave of public antipathy to the persnickety Zinnia seemed to mount. Florian was not materially disturbed. As a gentleman of honor it behooved him to vote for the prettiest girl, and there was no arguing that so far that honor was rightfully the property of Miss Sanders. And so it remained until the Daily Epoch blossomed forth one day carrying a photograph of Miss Gussie Muck.

Florian gazed upon the ravishing features of Miss Muck and capitulated. As an authority on women he admitted that it took some considerable beauty to jar him, but he was shaken now to the very tips of his toes. More than once he had heard of Gussie Muck, but never before had he seen her or her picture. And now he knew that he must make the acquaintance of the lady whom heretofore he had known only vicariously. He wondered whether she was as beautiful as Exotic Hines had caused her to seem.

He called upon her, and knew immediately that Exotic Hines had not only not exaggerated but that he had grossly fallen down on the job.

For once in his languid and indifferent life Mr. Slappey found his jaded senses fanned to wild enthusiasm over a member of the feminine gender.

"Great sufferin' catfish!" he applauded. "When it comes to beauty you is a lady which no other gal has got nothin' on."

Miss Muck smiled complacently as she crossed and recrossed the room in order that Florian might miss no single detail of her flamboyant pulchritude.

Gussie was easily more beautiful than Zinnia Sanders, and in a different way. Where Zinnia was slight and demure, Gussie was rather inclined to out-Juno Juno. She was more than ample—she was sumptuous. She towered a full half head above Florian, who stood dumbly marveling.

"Miss Muck," he exploded at length, "that pitcher which was in the paper done you dirt."

"How come?"

"It was the prettiest pitcher we has printed till yet, but it wa'n't half so pretty as what you is."

"Aw, Mistuh Slappey!"

"Ise tellin' you the troof." He paced the room earnestly. "Remember, us judges is judgin' by them pitchers, an' it ain't no fair you shoul'n't git yo'se'f represented by one which is better'n the one which has done got printed. You come along with me down to Exotic's place an' us gits some mo' pitchers—good ones. An' then you su'scribes to the Daily Epoch ag'in an' has it printed, an' then you wins that trip to New York."

Gussie Muck quivered eagerly.

"You rilly think I has got a chance?"

"A chance! Gosh! Other folks has got chances; you has got a cinch."



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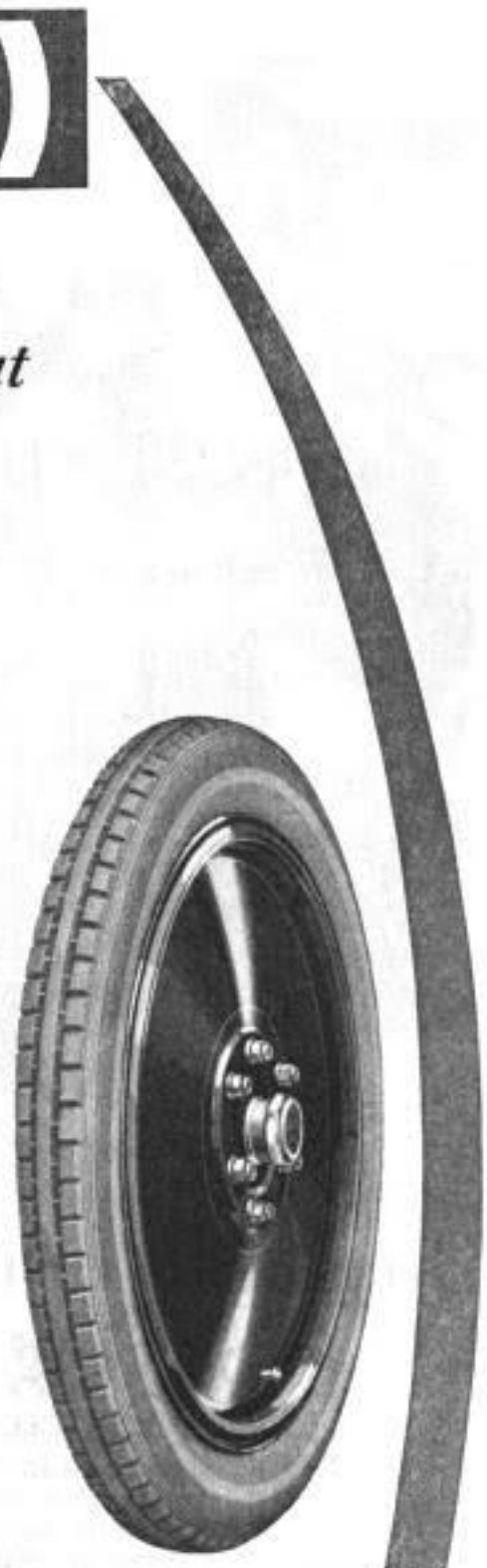
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STEEL WHEELS

She hesitated, torn betwixt canniness and the craving for the New York trip and the glory of victory.

"Pitchers an' su'scriptions cost a heap of money."

He snapped his fingers disdainfully.

"Huh! What you care fo' expenses? They don't cost nothin'. An' think what it means to be chose the most beautiful gal in Bummin'ham!"

Gussie was thinking just that, and the prospect was not at all unpleasing.

"S'posin' I don't git chose?"

"You is boun' to be. I know you is the prettiest gal, an' Lawyer Chew n'r neither Rev'en' Plato Tubb coul'n't think no other gal gooder lookin' than what you is."

"M-m-m! Some folks says Zinnia Sanders is sweller lookin' than I."

"Zinnia Sanders!" Florian jerked himself together; he had just about forgotten Zinnia.

"She ain't on'y a li'l piece of good-lookin'. Gimme a hefty gal, I says. They is mo' healthy an' comfortable an' they wuks better. No'm, Miss Muck, does you have some mo' pitchers took you cain't lose. C'mon down to Brother Hines' place with me."

But Gussie Muck was not given to quick decisions. She shook her head slowly.

"I ain't sayin' I ain't considerin' it, Brother Slappey; but I ain't ready to make up my min' so awful quick. They's things which has to be thought of pro an' likewise con. Ifn you come back heah day after t'morrer I lets you know final."

"A'right." Florian was slightly disappointed. His eagerness had been twofold. First he desired that so beauteous a damsel as Miss Muck be done full justice; and, secondly, she had become a good business proposition—a new and expensive set of pictures; an additional subscription for the Daily Epoch. "Day after t'morrer, then," he echoed resignedly.

"You said it, Brother Slappey. An'"—she fixed him with her eyes—"I has got yo' promise that I is gwine win?"

Florian nodded in violent affirmation.

"You ain't got nothin' else."

During the forty-eight hours immediately ensuing Florian managed to mention the name of Gussie Muck in several quarters and he was showered with advice to vote for her. There were some who admitted that Zinnia Sanders was fairly easy on the eyes, but Gussie was a woman after the heart of any discriminating male. After all, Florian's interest in neither woman was strictly personal. Both had been primarily business propositions with him, although of the two he was more vitally concerned with Miss Muck.

It was about that time that the grapevine telegraph swung into operation and it became bruited about Darktown that the contest had developed into a race between the Misses Muck and Sanders. Immediately there was a slowing down of photographic orders and subscription buying. Neither Exotic Hines nor Christopher P. S. Shoots shed any tears. The enterprise already was more brilliantly successful than they had dared hope.

Two days later Florian sought Gussie Muck.

"Is you aimin' to have some new pitchers took, Miss Muck?"

Gussie nodded.

"You is positive shuah I is gwine win?"

Instinct sounded a warning to Florian, but it was not sufficiently loud.

"You'll win—posolutely!"

"Then"—and she linked her plump arm in his—"us goes."

They went, and it took Florian only a few moments to decide that whatever Miss Muck might be, she certainly was no portion of a piker. Miss Muck rejected disdainfully the samples exhibited by Exotic and demanded something a little better than his best. Exotic was no laggard. The price placed on his work was staggering but Gussie didn't turn a hair.

They went next to the office of the Daily Epoch, where Gussie produced sufficient money to buy three yearly subscriptions.

"Ise gwine have a bran'-new pitcher ready pretty soon, Mistuh Shoots, an' I craves to have it printed fo' th'ee days hand runnin'. Does you understand clear?"

Mr. Shoots bowed his head.

"The clarity of my comprehension," he proffered, "ain't on'y exceeded by the same of your eyes."

Florian was elated as he escorted Miss Muck down the street. At a soda fountain they discussed the matter. Florian was wholly unsuspicious of the ineffable contentment which seemed to pervade Miss Muck.

"I sho'ly had to do a heap of thinkin' befo' I spent that extra money," she said at length, "but what I done an' what I spent was wuth it."

His eyes narrowed.

"What you done?"

"Uh-huh."

"Splain yo'se'f, Miss Muck."

"Well, you see, it was thisaway, Brother Slappey: I had a good job nussin' over on Highland Avenue. I had it."

A premonition of a possible contretemps smote Mr. Slappey.

"You mean you give it up?"

"I did mo'n that. My white folks was goin' to spend a month at Wrightsville Beach, which I was cravin' to go to with them; but I figgered that it might interfere with my New York trip."

Florian was a trifle annoyed.

"But they is always a chance that mebbe you ain't gwine win that New York trip, Miss Muck. Not that you ain't the beautifulest cullud gal in Bummin'ham, but they is two other judges besides me."

She smiled.

"You is gwine vote fo' me, ain't you?"

There was something in her manner of speech, a hint of dynamite in the situation itself, which prompted caution.

"I ain't said I ain't."

"Well, is you is or is you ain't?"

Florian swallowed, choked—and spoke discreetly.

"I reckon I is."

"Then I is shuah to win," she announced.

"How come you to think that?"

"You is gwine vote fo' me, an' Rev'en' Plato Tubb is gwine vote fo' me—an' that makes two out of th'ee. Which is how come I to quit my job an' spen' all that extra money."

The room spun slowly before Florian's eyes.

"Rev'en' Plato Tubb is gwine vote fo' you?"

"Uh-huh. I gotten his promise befo' I made my min' up positive."

"P-f-f-f!"

Florian exhaled slowly. Events were moving a trifle too rapidly. Came to his brain the specter of the promise he had made Zinnia Sanders, of the twenty-five-dollar retainer he had accepted from her in all good faith.

And he hadn't promised this woman—this Amazonian Gussie Muck—that he would cast his vote in her favor. He had merely allowed her to persuade herself that he had promised. After all, he reflected gloomily, that was just about as bad.

So, then, he stood pledged to vote for both of the two leading contestants. For a single instant he contemplated informing Gussie Muck that she was mistaken, but a natural sense of discretion stayed his words. Gussie had already abandoned her job and a vacation at the North Carolina seashore in the certitude of victory, and Florian was obsessed with a hunch that the better part of valor was to say nothing and continue to say it, with hope that the future might—even in this case—take care of itself.

But he did hie himself immediately to the vicinity of the Rev'en' Plato Tubb. The rev'en' was very glad to see Brother Slappey. He was a shrimp of a man with eyes popping from sockets which seemed much too small. He wore a shiny Prince Albert coat and a mantle of loquacious dignity. His voice came as a distinct shock from a man so small. It was a large, booming voice which vibrated through the narrow confines of his study.

"Rev'en' Tubb," announced Florian, "I has come to you with a question which I want an honest answer to."

"You shall get it, Brother Slappey," reverberated the rev'en'. "Preceed."

"It's thisaway: I an' you an' Lawyer Chew is judges in this heah beauty contes', an' we has pledged ourselves to vote fo' the mos' beautifulest cullud gal in Bummin'ham, ain't we?"

"We has. You 'loocidates mos' clearly, Brother Slappey."

"Well, I understan's that you has a'ready made up yo' mind which you is gwine vote fo'."

The Rev'en' Plato rubbed the palms of his hands together unctuously.

"I mos' suttinly has."

"Who she is?"

Disaster rolled from between the lips of the rev'en'.

(Continued on Page 108)

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THE ROSE THAT IS BLOWN

From the beginning of men, the passing from life to the unknown has been surrounded with symbolic beauty, with reverence and care that even modern cynicism has not destroyed.

For the protection of the bodies of those they loved, men have built pyramids reaching into the sky, catacombs under the ground, and tombs that have varied with the ages. Some of the most beautiful sculpture in the world has been created for the little houses in "the cities of silence."

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(Continued from Page 106)

"Miss Gussie Muck."

"Ouch!"

"Says which, Brother Slappey—says which?"

"Ain't no use repeatin', rev'en'. I jes' asts you, is you promised to vote fo' Miss Muck?"

"I has."

"How come?"

"Cain't do nothin' else, Brother Slappey. She's the pretties' gal in the contes', an' it was on my advice that she quit her job, seein' as you had a'ready also promised to vote fo' her. Miss Muck is a prominent member of my flock, Brother Slappey, an' does a heap of good fo' the chu'ch. Also she is vice president of the Amalgamated Order of Laborin' Ladies, an' other honors. Yas-suh, Ise jes nachelly boun' to vote for that fair gal."

Gloom settled soggily about Florian's shoulders.

"You didn't make no real bindin' promise, did you?"

"Yas-suh, I mos' suttinly did."

"An' they ain't nothin' gwine change you?"

"Not nothin'. Which means that Miss Muck is suttin to win."

Florian shook his head slowly.

"N-no, it don't make suttin that Miss Muck is gwine win. It jes' makes suttin that I is gwine lose."

All that evening Florian melancholied about the streets, accompanied by his own unrelieved misery. Two thoughts were uppermost in his perturbed mind: Should Gussie Muck fail of election she would know beyond peradventure that he had been false to the pledge which she confidently believed he had made; should he boldly cast his vote for her, there was Miss Zinnia Sanders to be heard from—and that was likely to prove embarrassing. He could not rid his mind of the very definite—if unconsidered—promise he had tendered Zinnia, or the twenty-five dollars cash she had given him by way of lagniappe.

"Wimmin," anathematized Florian, "ain't got a lick of sense. They always takes men seriously."

Two days later the second photograph of Gussie Muck was reproduced on Page One of the Daily Epoch under the set head, "Is She the Most Beautiful Colored Lady in Birmingham?" The next day it appeared again, and once more on the day following. That night Exotic Hines sought Florian in Bud Peaglar's place. Exotic was smiling genially, but there was no answering twist of amusement on Florian's mournful lips.

"Florian," complimented Exotic, "you is a wizzid."

"Huh! You don't know how much of a wizzid I is."

"I does so! That was a noble idea you had 'bout gittin' Gussie Muck an' Zinnia Sanders buckin' each other."

Mr. Slappey cocked his head to one side. Exotic's words and his good humor presaged more trouble.

"Who got which to doin' what?"

"Them extra pitchers an' all."

"Which extra pitchers?"

"The ones you got Gussie Muck an' Zinnia Sanders to have took."

Florian rose annoyedly to his feet.

"Ev'y time you opens yo' mouth, Exotic Hines, words spill out, but they don't say nothin'."

"You done a good job with Zinnia," pacified Exotic. "'Cause she come down to the studjo this mawnin' an' ordered a heap mo' photos took so's she could have 'em printed in the Epoch, which she su'scribed to four mo' times this mawnin'. You know, Florian, it's cu'ious that both them two wimmin think they is suttin to win the contes'. It's awful funny."

"Yeh," gloomed Florian. "It's funny as a coffin."

Florian was not at all elated by the confidence of the two women. It struck him that they were rather too positive. He felt a sense of resentment against Zinnia for thus presupposing that his promised vote assured victory. He went to her bungalow and requested an audience. He got it.

"The one thing that Ise happiest about," explained Zinnia, "is that Gussie Muck thinks she is gwine win."

"Yeh," agreed Florian, "ain't it the troof?"

"I never did like Gussie Muck. She's one of the uppitiest cullud gals which is. I sho'ly bet somebody is gwine be s'prised when she loses."

"I reckon they is—an' that ain't no lie."

Zinnia extracted from a dresser drawer a set of proofs.

"You want to see these new pitchers which Ise gwine win that New York trip with?"

Florian emitted an emphatic negative.

"I jes' wanted a word with you, Miss Zinnia. How come you to be so shuah you is gwine win?"

She gazed her surprise.

"Di'n't you promise to vote fo' me? Di'n't you take money fo' same?"

"Uh-huh. But I is on'y one vote."

"Tha's true. But you an' Lawyer Evans Chew makes a majo'ity."

"I an' which?"

"Lawyer Chew. He also promised to vote fo' me."

The room spun before Florian's blurred vision. He knew now that his zeal had plunged him into a merciless quicksand of trouble.

"Lawyer Chew is pledged to vote fo' you?"

"He sho'ly is. He's my lawyer, an'—well, you know how it is."

"Sufferin' sardines! I'll say I does!"

Mr. Slappey staggered into the street and zigzagged downtown, his brow furrowed by deep lines of worry. His best planning had boomeranged.

"It all goes to prove the troof of that ol' sayin'," soliloquized Florian. "The strongest part of any chain is its weakest link."

An interview with the sonorous Lawyer Chew made it quite clear to Florian that he was caught between two devils and two very deep seas.

"They ain't but two things I can do," he reflected miserably, "an' they is both wrong."

The elation of the past few weeks had permanently departed Mr. Slappey. He hated the sight of the two beautiful faces which so recently had inspired him with such vast enthusiasm. Now each countenance seemed to spell danger and serious trouble. He knew that, no matter which way he voted, Birmingham was too small a municipality to hold him and the defeated candidate.

"An' does I crawfish an' vote fo' a dark horse, both of them other two lands on my neck."

Florian entertained no illusions regarding the quality of vengeance either woman would seek. Each was banking confidently upon victory, and ——

"They ain't no hell-cat like a woman scorned," he mused. "Oh, lawsy! Mistuh Trouble done dug a hole an' I has fell in it!"

Nor did the sudden keening of public interest in the Muck-Sanders battle soothe Mr. Slappey's jangling nerves. In some way it became noised around the city that Lawyer Chew was pledged to Zinnia Sanders and that the diminutive but highly impressionable Rev'en' Plato Tubb would cast his ballot in favor of Gussie Muck. The least logical could not fail to conclude then that Florian Slappey controlled the situation. Even Florian knew it, and never did power sit less becomingly upon the brow of man.

All his life Mr. Slappey had managed eagerly to insinuate himself into the spotlight, but until this situation he had never tasted quite his fill. Now he was glutted. He wanted nothing so much as to crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after him. Mournfully he contemplated departing Birmingham, but such a course was too horrible. Somehow it didn't seem to Florian that Birmingham could continue to function without him, and he knew he couldn't live without Birmingham. In the quagmire of this latest and worst predicament the Alabama metropolis, with its smoky, sooty, downtown section and its broad, cool, residential streets, tree lined and hilly, seemed very near and dear to him. In this town he had fought and bled. In this town he seemed about to die—entirely.

The publication of the Zinnia Sanders series, following so closely upon the three-day printing of the Muck physiognomy, set colored society in a ferment of conjecture. The two ladies in the case had little to say about each other, but that little was vitriolic. Each radiated the utmost confidence. It was known that Zinnia was buying new clothes for her New York jaunt and that Gussie had quit job and vacation to the same end. The populace, eager for detail and information, put two and two together. Then they added the peculiar lugubriousness which Florian was carrying around and gossip really started.

It came eventually to the ears of the persons most vitally concerned, and very promptly Florian entertained a caller in his modest room at Sis Callie Flukers' exclusive boarding house. Florian gazed into the stern face of Lawyer Evans Chew and released one large and prolonged groan.

"Ifn you should meet a accident anywhere on the street, Lawyer Chew, I wish you'd ask it to come an' happen to me."

The leading legal light of Darktown seated himself, lighted a fragrant near-Havana and crossed one spatted foot over the other.

"B-r-r-other Slappey."

"Present."

"I is heah legally an' officially representin' the int'rests of my fair friend an' client, Miss Zinnia Sanders."

"I knew it. I knew it the ve'y minute I seen yo' face."

Lawyer Chew stroked the delicate growth which was struggling for existence upon his upper lip.

"It has come to my ears, Brother Slappey—although I must admit through rather negligee channels—that you, as the judge who hol's the decidin' vote in the beauty contes' now comin' to a close by the Daily Epoch, is considerin' castin' aforesaid ballot fo' the lady which opposes my client—namely an' to wit, Miss Gussie Muck."

"You has got good ears, Lawyer Chew. I has a friend which also has, but he has got twice as many feet as you."

"That," retorted the attorney with dignity, "is neither hither nor yon. I asts you the blunt, direct an' simple question: Is you considerin' votin' for Miss Gussie Muck?"

Florian shook his head.

"If they's anything about them two wimmin I ain't considered, Lawyer Chew, it's jes' 'cause my thinker wasn't wukkin' good."

"Hmph! Witness evades the examination. Hmph! Ve'y significant. Ve'y most outrageously so. An', Mistuh Slappey, I am fohced to construe that evasion as a direct statement that you are plannin' to vote fo' Miss Muck."

Florian paced the room nervously.

"You can say less with mo' words than anybody I knows, Lawyer Chew."

"I winds up by sayin' this then: In acceptin' money—namely the sum of twenty-five dollars legal tender—fum Miss Zinnia Sanders you put yourself in a position where you has got to vote for her. Under the laws of this noble an' sov'eign state of Alabama you commits a violation by failin' to do such. Therefore I serves you with former notice that does you not vote fo' Miss Zinnia Sanders she will promptly institute suit, th'oo me as her legal lawyer, against you in the full and just sum of five thousand dollars, same bein' actual an' punitive damages fo' yo' breach of promise."

"Goodness, Miss Agnes!"

"Ain't you promised to vote fo' her?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then you had better do same. Failure by you will mean hereinbefore-mentioned suit; also Miss Sanders will use all her influence fum now hencefo'ward, an' even after that, to make Bummin'ham too hot a place to hol' you. H'm! In view of them fac's, Florian Slappey, I now asts you again, is you gwine vote fo' Miss Zinnia Sanders?"

Florian whirled.

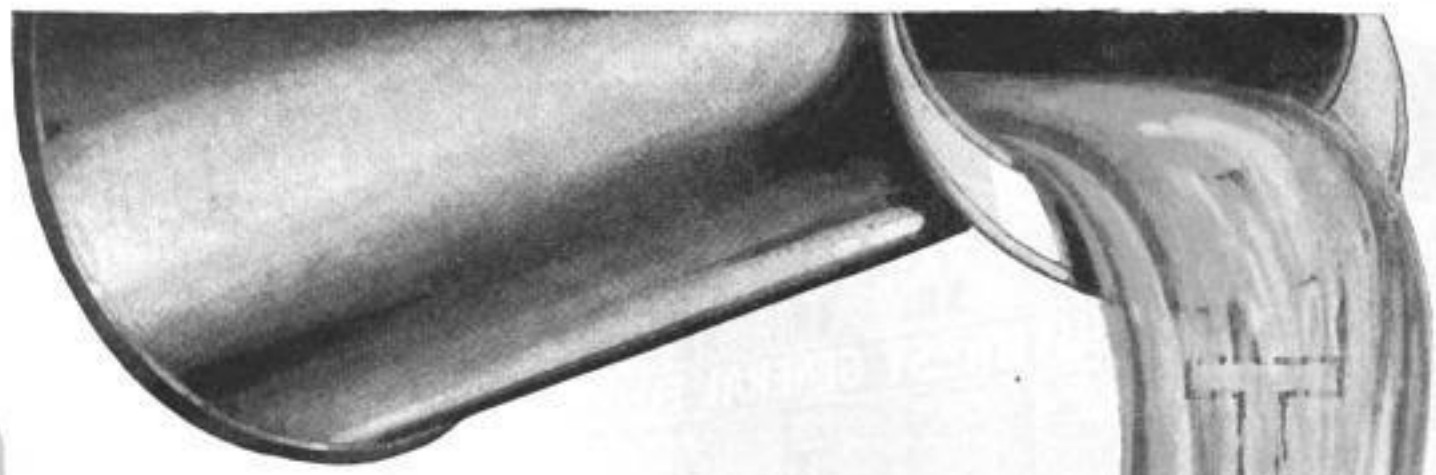
"Of co'se I is!" he snapped. "Who ever give you the idee that I wasn't?"

And at the moment of Lawyer Chew's departure Florian fully intended that his vote should be cast in favor of that particular lady. He continued to think so for five days; until the very day, in fact, which preceded the closing of the contest. He was highly uncertain as to what might occur to him when Miss Muck learned that he had made possible the triumph of her now deadly rival; but, after all, Miss Muck's wrath was infinitely preferable to the breach-of-promise suit suggested by Lawyer Chew. Florian was unhappy; and so, at that moment, was Miss Gussie Muck, who had just learned that Miss Zinnia Sanders was publicly boasting of controlling the votes of both Lawyer Chew and Florian Slappey.

Gussie was a lady of positive action. Fifteen minutes later she rocked aggressively in a chair on Callie Flukers' front porch. Florian received her summons and sagged uncomfortably downstairs. He made an ineffectual effort to appear pleased

(Continued on Page 111)

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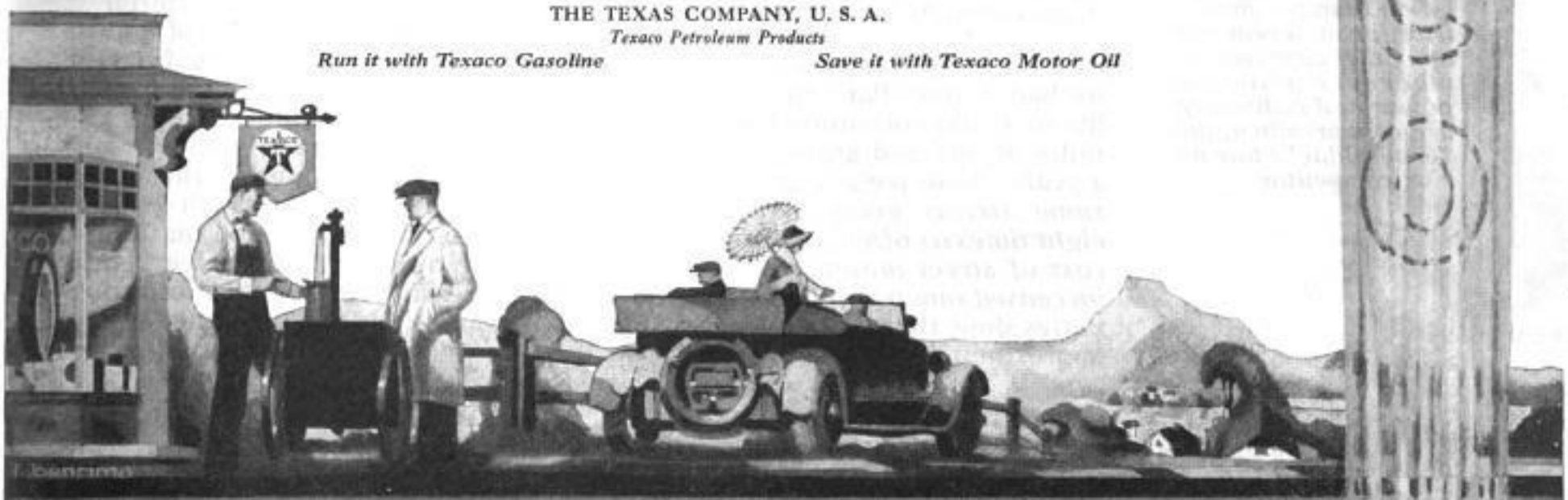
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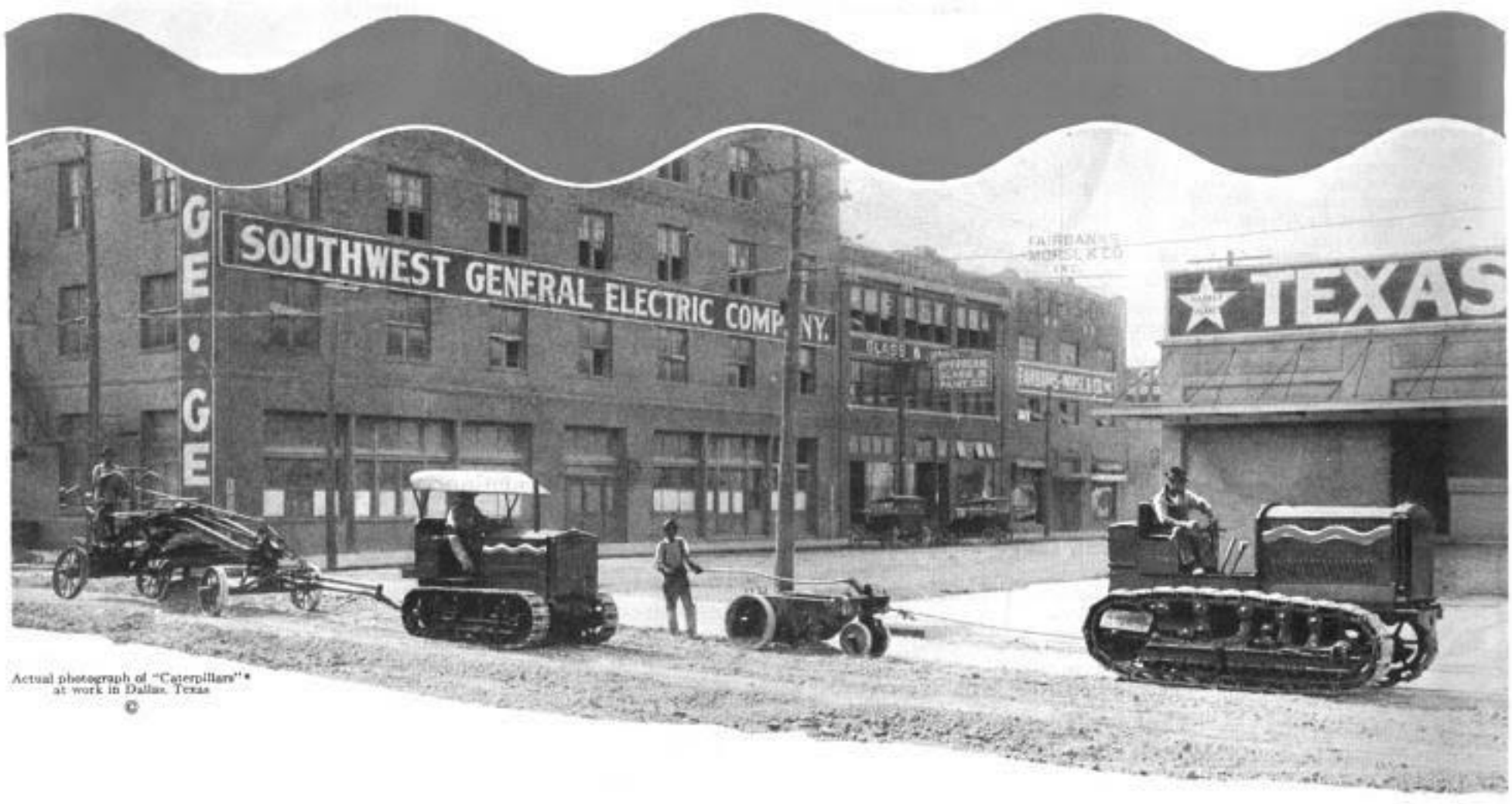
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(Continued from Page 108)

at sight of his visitor. But it was a difficult pose in view of her alarming directness.

"Florian Slappey," she said, "I understan' that you is a member in good standin' of the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety."

"Says which?"

"Says I hopes you is, because, Mistuh Slappey, ifn you ain't, an' you does what I heahs you is aimin' to do, you is gwine be in pow'ful immedjit need of a fun'ral."

Florian put out a gently restraining hand.

"Miss Muck," he protested uneasily, "le's you an' me not talk so depressing."

"Cullud boy, I ain't even stahted talkin' gloomy. I jes' wants to warn you that when I gits crossed up I gits mean. I gits awful mean. They ain't but one man knows how mean I can really git, an' he ain't gwine tell nobody nothin' no time no mo'. I craves you to remember that I quit me a good job an' a swell trip to Nawth C'lina on account you promised you was gwine vote fo' me to win this contes'. Does I not do same I not on'y gits mad about that but also I gits fu'ious on account Zinnia Sanders ain't gwine never let me heah the las' of it. Ise tellin' you now, Florian Slappey, that ifn you th'ows me down they's gwine be a heap of diggin' roun' where you is at, but you ain't gwine be doin' none of it. Does I make myse'f understood?"

Mr. Slappey nodded slowly.

"You mean," he summarized, "that does I vote fo' Zinnia Sanders you is gwine be mad?"

Miss Muck stared at him in speechless horror.

"Sweet polecats, boy! Ain't you reckernized that you is speechifyin' with a woman which her middle name is Poison? Ise tellin' you this, Mistuh Slappey: They ain't nobody c'n say I ain't a lady; but sometimes when I gets good an' angry I forgets same fo' a few minutes. An' does I not win this contes' I is gwine be so angry that I won't remember 'bout bein' a lady until you has gotten used to wearin' wings." She rose and huffed from the veranda. At the gate she turned for a Parthian shot: "An' remember this, Brother Slappey, if you makes me do to you what I is gwine do if you makes me do it, you ain't gwine be no good-lookin' cawpse."

Florian stared after her large and muscular frame as it ate space down the street. He passed a clammy hand across a perspiring forehead.

"Votin' fo' Gussie Muck means jail. Votin' fo' Zinnia Sanders means graveyahd. Each one of them two things is wuss than the other. The on'y time I craves to see either of them wimmin again is never."

Nor did a wakeful vigil offer any solution to the dilemma. All through a long and miserable night Florian stared out across the housetops, smoking innumerable cigarettes, muttering invective against femininity in general. At five o'clock the first red finger of the fatal day crept up over the false front of the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise Hall. By midnight the voting would have been formally completed. At noon of the next day the result would be emblazoned across the first page of the now lusty Daily Epoch. The old set head, "Is She the Most Beautiful Colored Lady in Birmingham?" would be altered to read, "She Is the Most Beautiful Colored Lady in Birmingham."

And beneath that unalterable caption the photograph of ——

"No matter which pitcher appears under that they is gwine be speakin' of Mistuh Slappey as the late demented."

Florian tried valiantly to keep to himself during that dreadful day, but even his frantic quest for solitude was signally unsuccessful. At every turn he was beset by friends of the rival contestants, seeking to learn which would receive his deciding vote and the trip to New York. Florian was distinctly noncommittal. The impression prevailed that he had something up his sleeve. Florian requested to know what that something might be. He was searching for an idea, a method of escape, and he found himself as sterile of thoughts as he was of happiness.

At length he sought the company of the taciturn Boston Marble, not because he liked Boston but because that gentleman was notoriously tight-lipped, a person who believed each man's business to be his own and exclusive property.

"It's plumb hell, Boston," complained the harassed beauty judge, "the way folks is botherin' me."

"Ignore 'em," advised Mr. Marble laconically.

"Ain't no use. I has tried treatin' 'em with puffec' ignorance, but they keeps on pesterin' me."

Conversation died away, which was just as Florian desired. He had a limited time for thought, but even that little was being wasted. Ideas simply would not come. His normal mental processes had been atrophied by the thought that no matter which way he voted he was getting himself in trouble. He hated to leave Birmingham, but as the hours passed he realized more and more keenly that an extensive journey was perhaps the better part of valor. Memory of Gussie Muck's intransigent bitterness and of Lawyer Chew's determined attitude on behalf of his client, Zinnia Sanders, was far from reassuring. And it was an open secret that Florian held the decision in the palm of his hand.

The voting was to be done at eight o'clock that night. The three judges, as well as Christopher P. S. Shoots and Exotic Hines, were pledged to most solemn secrecy until noon of the following day, when the Daily Epoch would roll damp from the presses and herald to all and sundry the name and countenance of the successful competitor. Mr. Slappey shuddered as an ambulance clanged noisily and significantly down the street.

Five o'clock came—six—seven. Florian mournfully accompanied Boston Marble to Bud Peaglar's place, where he partook of five barbecued sandwiches and a cup of coffee, being without appetite as the result of his mental unrest. And then suddenly he paused, his eyes widened, the butt of his cue pounded sharply against the floor. Florian's slender, exquisitely haberdashed figure straightened. His lips parted and expanded. Mr. Florian Slappey was having an idea!

It was one of those eleventh hour conceptions which arrive full panoplied. At first he found difficulty in grasping it in all its magnificence of detail. Then when it did smite him fully he walked over to a chair and sank limply into it. In a trice the burden of Atlas had been lifted from his shoulders. In one fell swoop of thought his problem had attained solution. He rose to his feet, chuckling. He bought a two-bit cigar at the counter.

"You looks kinder happy, Florian."

"Hot dam! Bud, the town of Happiness is where I is livin' at fum now hencefo'ward."

He swaggered from the establishment and swung magnificently down Eighteenth Street toward the office of the Daily Epoch. There he found assembled the four other men. Lawyer Chew glared menacingly from one side of the room, while the sharp eyes of the Rev'en' Plato Tubb darted warning from the other. Florian bowed grandiosely.

"Well, gemmun," he announced, "I is heah. Le's us preceed to business."

Forty minutes later Florian emerged from the building and returned to Bud Peaglar's place. His cronies gathered about, seeking to extract information as to which of the two ladies had received his vote. He said nothing and continued to say it. But his ebullition of spirit was reflected in the ease with which he won money from those same friends by means of his dexterity with a cue. One of them proffered advice:

"Whichever lady you voted fo', Florian, the other one is gwine give you hell."

Florian smiled.

"Them two wimmin is the least trouble I has got."

The other man shrugged.

"I hope you voted fo' Zinnia Sanders, Florian, because when it comes to bein' mean, that Gussie Muck is pizen with a red label."

Lawyer Chew and the Rev'en' Plato Tubb were faithful to their trust. They imparted no more information than Florian had done. And so, one hour before the long-heralded issue of the Epoch was slated to appear, a young mob had gathered before the plate-glass window of the newspaper office. It was an excited crowd; a crowd seeking the answer to an unsolvable problem. Each individual knew the details of Florian's dilemma, and though Darktown as a whole held Florian's resourcefulness in high esteem, it believed that for once he had blundered into water a trifle too deep.

At five minutes before twelve came the rumblings of the Epoch's flat-bed press. The assemblage pressed closer about the window where the first copy of the paper was to be posted.

Zinnia Sanders and Gussie Muck were both there, each confident of success. And then the self-important Christopher P. S. Shoots appeared. In his hand he bore a copy of the Epoch. Deliberately he dipped brush in paste pot, touched the corners of the page and slapped it boldly against the window so that all might read.

A howl of amazement arose as the seven-column caption smote the gaze of the crowd. The old familiar line had been altered to read:

"These Are the Two Most Beautiful Colored Ladies in Birmingham."

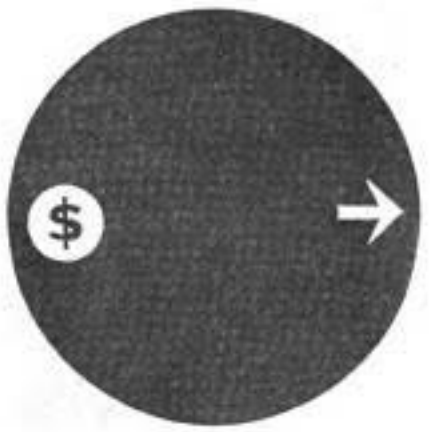
Immediately beneath were the pictures of Miss Zinnia Sanders and Miss Gussie Muck. But that was not all. In the very center of the page was a statement set in boldface type, a statement which proved incontrovertibly that Florian Slappey had become himself again. It was a simple statement, clear and concise.

"When the zero hour for the voting come along," said this statement, "it was discovered that our estimable fellow citizen and judge, Mr. Florian Slappey, held the deciding vote. Mr. Slappey said that he had gave the matter gravest consideration and had been unable to decide in favor of either Miss Muck or Miss Sanders.

"Therefore Mr. Slappey announced that he was forced to cast his ballot in favor of both Miss Muck and Miss Sanders, and in order to play fair with both he felt that he must divide the grand prize.

"Therefore, as a result of Mr. Slappey's decision, each of these fair ladies gets a one-way ticket to New York."





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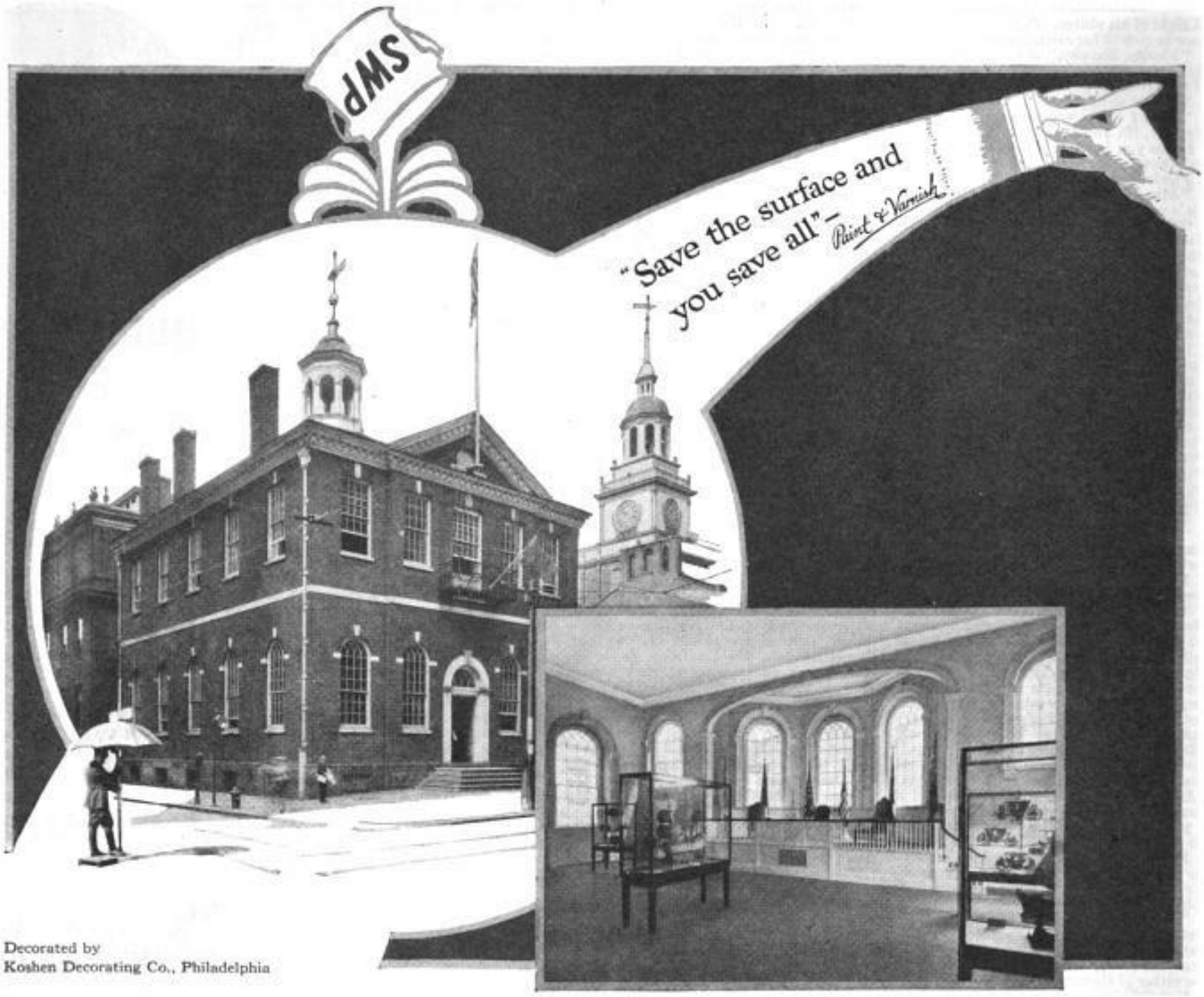
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KNOW ROQUE?

(Continued from Page 13)

"Yes," says he, "and I don't mind telling you that right now he's the white-haired boy with Miss Gates."

"Miss Gates, eh?"

"Lucy Gates," explains the doc. "This is a secret between you and me, Higgins. I'm telling you so you can put your best into the fight end of the program."

"Leave it to me!" says I. "Anything go?"

He don't make me. I explains.

"I know a couple of snappy tricks that ain't ——"

"Nothing doing!" cuts in the doc. "He's got to win on the square or he don't play. Get me?"

Taylor comes out on the porch.

"How's the tennis?" I ask.

"Promising," says he.

I turns to the doc.

"Who's he got to beat at this? Some bearcat?"

The doc grins at Taylor.

"Know anything about ranking in this game?" he asks me.

"No," I says, "I don't know him, but I think enough of Bill here to bet that Clarence beats him."

There's a laugh in this some place, but not enough to be split three ways so I leaves myself out.

III

WE GOES right ahead with the training stunts, and I gotta hand it to Clarence. He takes on the gaff steady without a whimp, sticks to the chow card the doc has fixed up for him, and takes the curfew to the flop with him. In a month he drops about ten pounds and looks kinda thin and tired in the face, but he don't say nothing.

And believe me the kid moves right along too. He's got me stepping fast to duck them mean right swings of his and thinking up new stuff to learn him. I ain't such a wagon either, even if I ain't in my hay days no more. All the other experts tell me the boy's going great guns. I go out on the track one day and sees Simms clock this baby for the hundred in ten-four and he says it's a cinch Warrenton will have the distance down to a shade over ten on der tag day, as the Dutch say. I know that everything's going lovely when Yardley tips me the news that squash was borned in the boy.

One day we all lays off for a rest and I breezes into Greater Bunkville to see what's what. While I'm there I dig up a coupla boys that are good prelim scrappers and take 'em back with me. I figure Clarence is about ripe for an argument with the rough-and-tumble lads. He's more 'an ripe. He takes on Tin-Ear McGinley for three fast rounds and has the ham-and-egger jumping sideways with his fast work. Before I sic the other bird against Warrenton I tell the boy not to lead 'cause I wanna see how the old defense is working. Kid Murphy tries to slip through Clarence's guard, but he ain't got no more chance than I has of being King of Turkey. I keep the cauliflower lads around for a week, and they both agrees with me that Warrenton is there three ways from the ace.

By the end of September, Clarence is ready for all comers. The last week that month the three clubs that are in the fall Jim Canna—thet's what they call games on Long Island, after the Swede that invented 'em, I guess—has their eliminations; that is, they pick the babies that will represent them in the big run-off. The first stunt is boxing. For four or five years they ain't been no competition in the welter division, nobody wanting to take no chance with Houston—for which I don't blame them none—and when Warrenton tells the committee that's running the works that he will take on Houston they think he's cuckoo.

We lay off a coupla days before the row to give the boy a chance to fatten a little and freshen up from the grind. Getting tired of loafing around the house I grab the doc on the second morning and talk him into a stroll. In more than two months, except for the trip to the Big Town I ain't been more than a block away from Warrenton's. We walk a coupla miles and cut through some woods. Even if I was brung up on asphalt it feels darn good to see some grass that ain't been trained to stand up straight and get washed and trimmed every morning. Well, we is loafing along at pieces with the world when a machine—one of them chumpy roadsters—comes breezing down the road. I makes out Houston at the wheel and they is some baby with him. Boy, I ain't no good at describing the frails, but when I say this flapper got the Queen of Sheba backed into the second row of the chorus I ain't giving her half of what's coming to her by rights.

"So she's back," says the doc.

"Who?" I asks.

"Lucy Gates," he explains. "In the machine."

"Well," I comes back, "from what little I seen of her I don't blame this bird Warrenton for going the limits to get a stand in. Right now the lad Houston seems to be sitting pretty."

"I told you," says the doc, "that he was the white-haired boy. Think Clarence is good enough to make a showing against him?"

"Well," I replies, "if Houston's been doing his training in chumpy roadsters and inhaling that bottled-in-bond tea I see them serving around here Warrenton'll naturally mess up the ring posts with him. On the square, doc, the boy is good and Houston at his best ain't much better. Maybe Clarence won't win, but he'll put up a fight that's bound to make a hit with the Jane."

"I hope so," says he, "because I figure that most everything depends on that. As a matter of fact Lucy is very fond of Warrenton but is sore at him because he won't go in for sports. She has the idea that a boy who don't is a sort of sissy. Understand?"

Sure, I tells him and I make him feel better by tipping him that Clarence is wise to Houston's present stand in with the lady. Anyway, I guess he is because he pays more attention to the stuff I'm handing out than to the squash and the tennis and other comedy acts. Besides the boy has told me half a dozen times he'd rather cop the boxing prize than anything else and to give him all I got which I does.

Well, the big night comes and we all puts on our fishes and soups to go to the club. The doc loans me a layout and Simms grabs one off in New York. All the other experts is used to fast company and has got their own dress suits. They is some fancy crowd out to see the mill and they pays as much attention to me as a fast express does to a tramp.

A coupla lightweights trade wallops for three rounds and one guy loses the decision because he got his hair mussed and then comes the Houston-Warrenton mix-up. The champ no sooner climbs into the ring than I feel some of my nerve slipping. He's a little fat around the middle, but just the same he looks like a million dollars and he has got ten pounds on my boy at the leastest.

Clarence ain't forgotten nothing that I learned him. He stands away from Houston and stings him with long armed jabs. The champ has been figuring on something soft all the time and by the time he begins to get careful and cover up Warrenton's nearly knocked his block off. In the second round Houston plays the game safe and gets in a couple of mean body blows on Clarence. In the next spasm Warrenton absorbs a lot of punishment but the kid's as game as they make 'em. I can see now that he's been trained too fine and I'm getting afraid the boy won't last out the six rounds of the milly.

At the end of the third act I see Clarence looking over the crowd and I'm wise. He's trying to pipe Lucy. I take a look for myself but I don't find her. That's kinda funny to me seeing as she is supposed to be cuckoo about Houston and all kinda athaletics.

Warrenton comes back strong in the fourth and sends Houston to his knees with a tricky right cross I'd taught him. The champ is smart enough to take a nine count for a rest and gets through the round in good shape. The next stanza is a kinda quiet affair. Both the lads is getting tired. Thet chumpy roadster training is beginning to show on Houston and he's puffing like a engine on a steep grade. My boy is just about as bad. He's still looking around for Lucy in the gang of naked backs and boiled shirts out in front and once when his eyes wanders back to the ring I see the bozo in the other corner giving him a grin.

The last round is a fast affair. At the beginning Houston hits Clarence a mean wallop over the right eye and busts the skin open. They is blood all over the boy's face but it don't feaze him none. He digs

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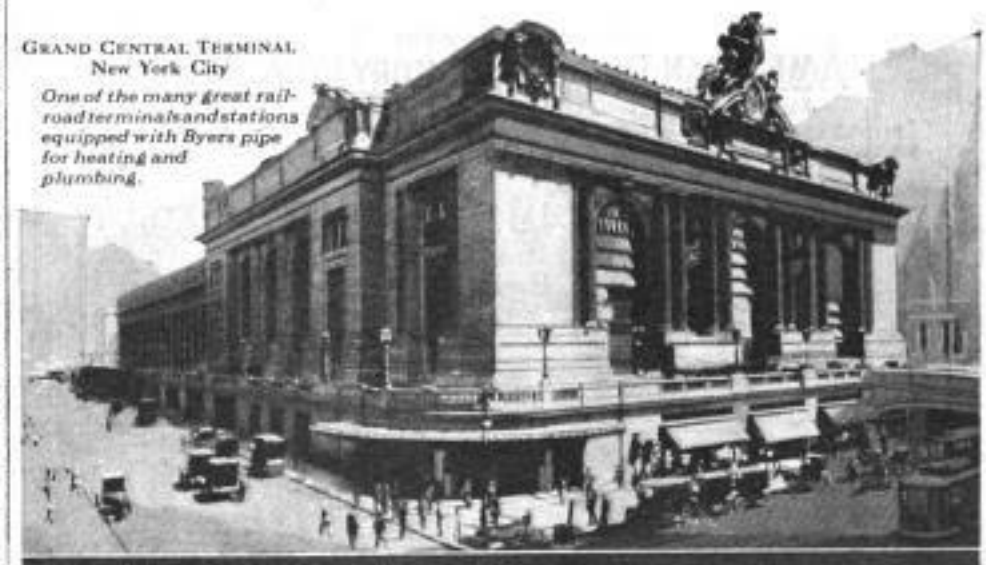
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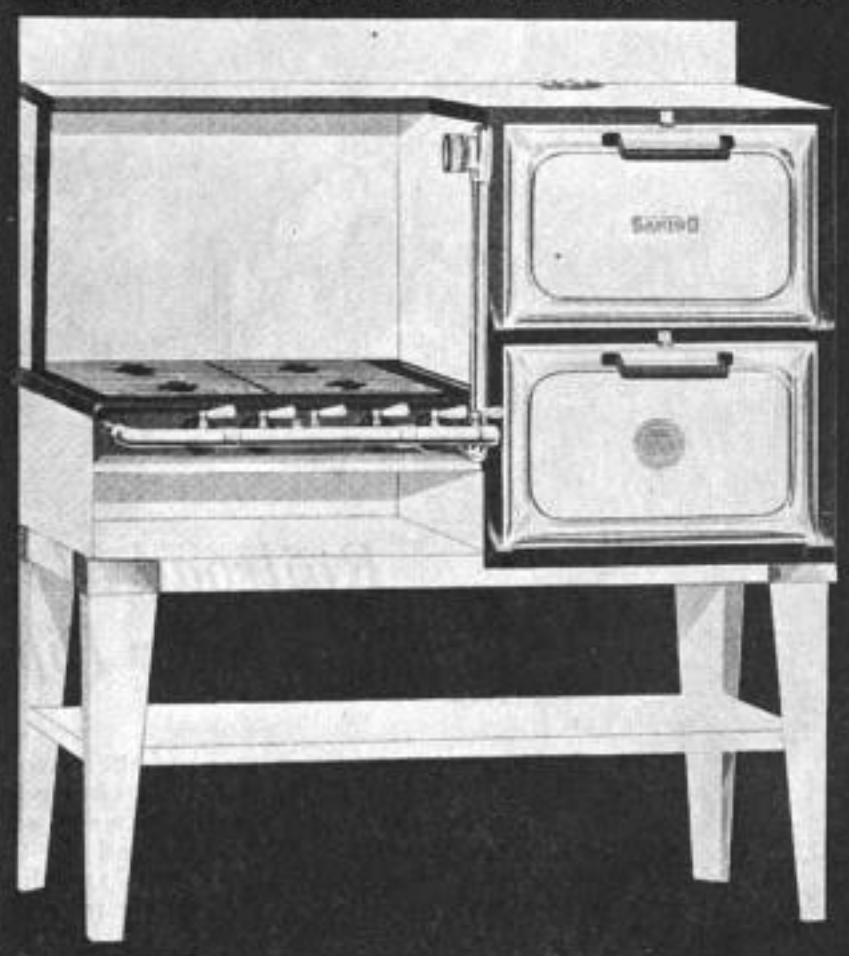
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right now and sends the other baby smack against the ropes. For the rest of the round they both throw science in the garbage can and go after each other like a couple of smokes in a battle-royal. Well, the milly finishes up with both lads too weak to lift their hands and the referee calls it a draw which I figures is about right though my baby shoulda had an edge because he fought the champ to a standstill. I'm satisfied though. If that fight Clarence put up don't get to Lucy, then I'm a cross-eyed angora goat.

Houston and Warrenton both climb outta the ring on my side. They shakes hands and chew a few feet of rag. Then the champ says:

"I see you looking around for Lucy. She ain't here."

"Where is she?" asks Clarence.

"Over at Springdale," comes back Houston, "watching Harold Francis play roque. They is a tournament on."

"Roque," yells Warrenton.

"Yeh," grins Houston. "That's her latest."

I see a vicious look come into Clarence's eyes. The blood from the cut is still running down his face and believe me the boy shapes up some mean.

"Wait here, Higgins," he snaps at me. "I'll be back in a minute," and he hits out for the dressing room. About that time the doc strolls over.

"What's roque?" I asks.

"I'll bite," says he. "What is it?"

"Nothing much," says I, "excepting that all them sports that Clarence has learned ain't worth a darn. The stuff today is love me, love my roque."

I pipes Yardley, the squasher.

"Hey," I says to him, "what's roque?"

"I don't know," he answers, "but it's probably the town where the famous cheese comes from."

"Yeh," I comes back sarcastic. "And I guess they put the fort there to make it strong."

IV

JUST then Clarence comes back. He ain't got nothing but pants and sweater but he don't pay no attention to the gang that's already dancing over the battle-ground.

"Come on," he says.

I don't ask no questions but follows. He leads the way outside where one of them racing cars is standing.

"Hop in," he orders. "I may need you tonight."

"Where we going?" I asks.

"Springdale," says he.

I don't say no more and he keeps his face shut. We shoot along about sixty miles a hour. I just watches Warrenton. They sure has been a change in this baby. The day before he is a kinda quiet, bashful kid, now he looks like a two-gun man full of hooch on the way to shoot up a town. In about half an hour we breezes into the grounds of a country club. We gets out and walks over quiet to a place that's all lighted up with electric lamps on poles.

"Stay with me," whispers Clarence and I gives him the office that I'm on the job.

Then I gets my first look at roque. Believe me if that's a sport for a young fellow marbles is a riot. For a minute Warrenton and I give it the once over. The game's a combination between billiards and croquet. A lot of bozos in nice white pants hit a ball with a dinky mallet and the idea is to hit another ball and knock it through a kinda wire loop that's stuck in the ground. They is a fence around the court so as to stop the ball in case some guy should hit it hard enough to bust a pane of glass. I figure roque musta been invented to provide amusement for lads with locomotor and fellers that ain't got strength enough for golf or lotto.

I see a young fellow hit the ball near where we is standing and I hears Clarence give a mean laugh. I guesses the boy with the mallet is Francis, the lad that's cut Warrenton out, and I don't blame him for being mad. Imagine sweating three months to get in good with the gal and trading wallops with Houston and getting your eye cut open and then find out your sweetie's gone cuckoo about a kinda croquettes and a boy with a misplaced eyebrow that goes in for it.

We walks to the other side of the court and I pipes Lucy at the far end. So does Clarence.

"Can you drive?" he asks me.

"Anything from a golf ball to a twelve-ton truck," I tells him.

"Get my car," says he, "and bring it over to that tree over there, near that girl with the pink dress. See her?"

I nods yes and starts away.

"When you get there," goes on Clarence, "keep the engine running."

I'm beginning to get wise but I'm as mad as Warrenton is by now and willing to help him in a murder. Roque! Dropping a fighter for a roque player!

Well, I drives the boat up to the tree. Clarence ain't there but in a minute I see him oozing his way toward me. Lucy's two or three feet away. Warrenton walks right up to her.

"Come on," I hears him say. "Let's go riding."

She gives him a kinda funny, scared look but the boy works fast. He grabs her around the waist, swings her into the car, jumps after her and slams the door. He don't have to tell me nothing. We're off. I don't even look back at the gang.

The girl is too much up in the air to say anything for a while. Then she begins tussling and making some mean cracks about Clarence, but he just gives that tough laugh of his.

"Sport!" says he. "I'll show you a real sport—the oldest in the world, the capture of wives. We're going to Stamford to get married."

Lucy's got her nerve back by this time and begins to laugh.

"You look like a cave man," says she, "but where does a chauffeur come in with a racing car?"

Warrenton ain't in no mood for no funny reparty. He goes into a long mad spiel about the hell he's been through for her and finishes up by saying he'll be damned if he'll give her up to a roque player.

At the end of the talk the girl laughs, a kinda soft laugh.

"I was right," says she.

"What do you mean?" asks Warrenton.

"I knew it would take athaletics to get some pep and nerve into you. I told Doctor Halstead ——"

"You did what?" gasps Clarence.

"I suggested to him," says the frail, "that you should take up sports."

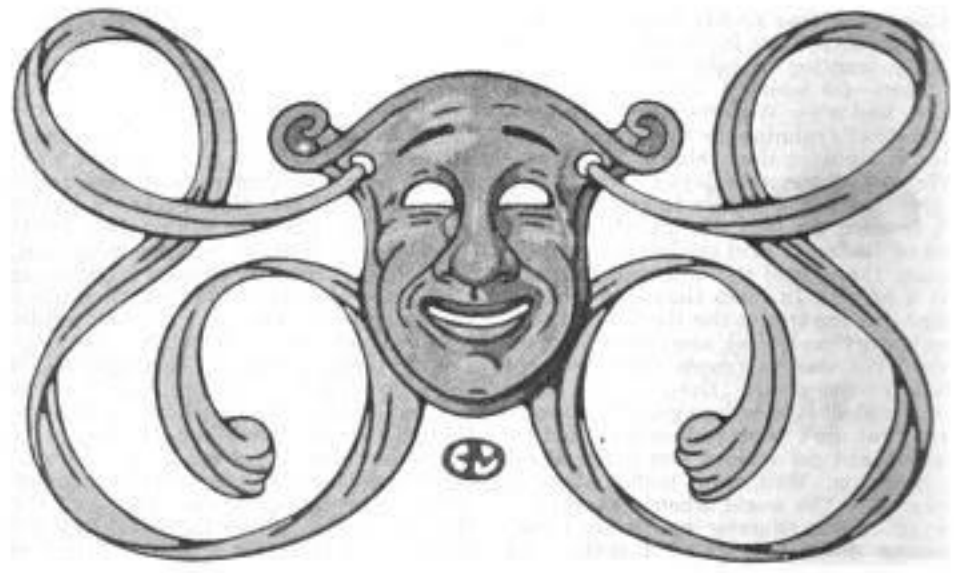
"I see," comes back Warrenton. "Then you are to blame for what I'm doing now."

"Am I?" she laughs.

I comes to a place where the road splits and I slows up.

"Which way do I go?" I asks.

"To the right, for Stamford," says the girl.



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"Oh man! I bet mother made it herself!"

Here's a treat that will warm the heart of any fellow—a great big coconut cake! The tropical richness of Baker's Coconut gives this cake a delicious taste that makes it a favorite with everybody.

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THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, Philadelphia

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Beat ½ cup butter and 1½ cups sugar to a cream. Break in 3 eggs, one at a time, beating until light. Add ¼ cup milk (or coconut milk) and a pinch of salt. Gradually stir in 2 cups flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder which have been sifted together three times. Add teaspoon vanilla and one cup Baker's coconut. Bake in two layers in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes. Put together with marshmallow icing.

MARSHMALLOW ICING

Boil 2 cups granulated sugar, 1 cup water and ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar without stirring, until it threads. Pour onto stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs, add ¼ lb. chopped marshmallows or one cup marshmallow whip, beat until thick and spread quickly between the layers and on top.

If preferred, the coconut may be omitted from the cake and added to the marshmallow icing.



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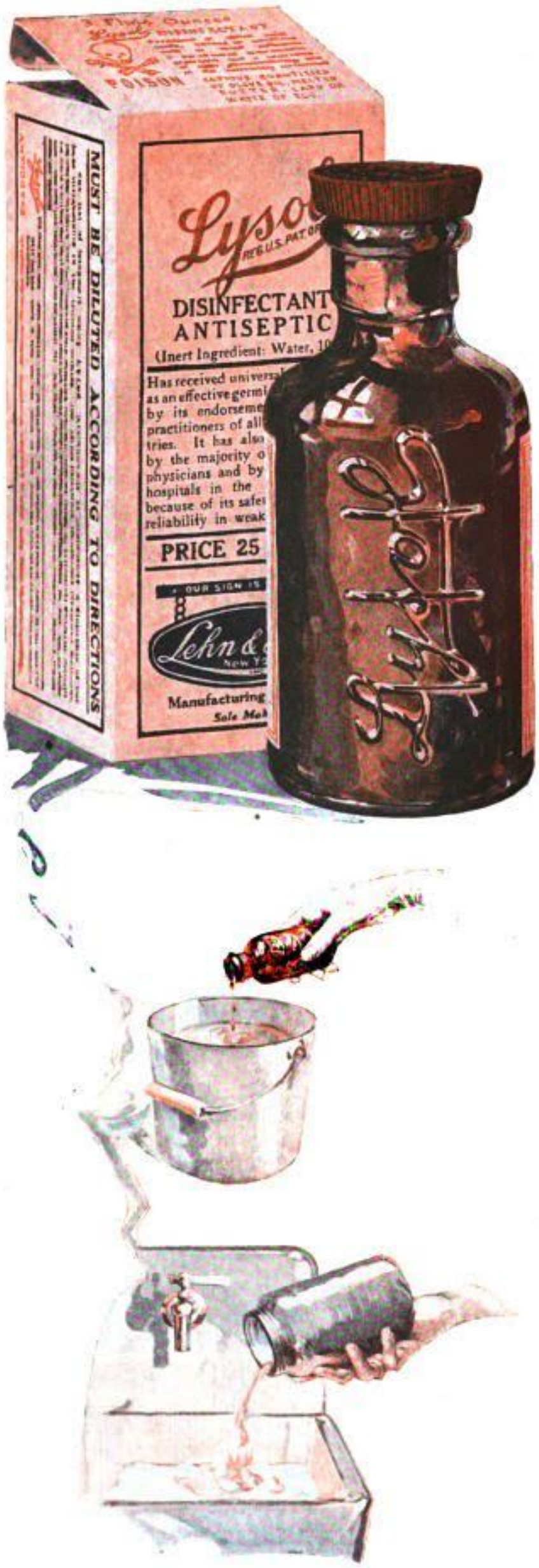
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How to Measure

On every bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant are marks to help you measure the right amount of "Lysol" Disinfectant in making a solution.

Each mark indicates the amount of "Lysol" Disinfectant needed to make 2 quarts of 1% solution. A 1% solution is sufficiently strong to kill germs that lurk in your home.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is extremely economical. A 50c bottle contains enough "Lysol" Disinfectant to make 5 gallons of 1% solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

How to Mix

To make a solution, merely add "Lysol" Disinfectant to water. As a guide, remember that each mark on the bottle indicates the right amount of "Lysol" Disinfectant to make 2 quarts of germ-killing solution.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is highly concentrated, therefore it is mere wastefulness to use it direct from the original bottle. Always add it to the right amount of water before using.

For convenience, keep a solution of "Lysol" Disinfectant made up in a bottle, jar, or any convenient container.

How and Where to Use

Sprinkle a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant solution into such places as sinks, drains, toilet bowls, garbage cans, pails, washtubs, dark sunless corners, and on floors. Do that at least twice a week. Then your home will be kept safe from germs.

On cleaning day, see that a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant are added to the pail of cleaning water. Being a soapy liquid, "Lysol" Disinfectant helps to clean while it disinfects.

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THE CASTLE OF ARNSBERG

(Continued from Page 9)

the younger men and women of Germany in ideals of peace based upon the brotherhood of nations.

Dangerous talk in the Castle of Arnsberg! It was interrupted by the "One—two—three—four!" with which Hans Eupen beat time now and then to the children, or by his cries of anguish when they made a jumble of notes. Then he would thrust back the lock of hair which fell over his forehead, take up his music case and leave the room to go up to the high chamber where Felix waited for him.

Never once, at this time, did he speak of Felix to Anna. He was cautious in the Castle of Arnsberg, as far as that went; but by the length of time he stayed upstairs, and by a kind of excitement in the eyes of Felix after his music lessons, Anna was certain that Hans Eupen was trying to convert this young man to his own faith. She held her breath at the thought, remembering that dedication to hate and vengeance, and that curse of God proclaimed by General von Arnsberg should this son of his weaken in his loyalty to the old tradition of his house.

It was Felix himself who revealed the secret of his conversations with the music master. He came into the children's room one day on the pretext of playing a game with little Rupprecht, who was fighting a battle with tin soldiers on the floor, and annihilating imaginary legions of *verdammte Franzosen*.

"Hans Eupen would hate to see a game like this," said Felix in a shy, self-conscious way.

"It's not a good game," said Anna, "but Rupprecht likes it best of all."

"It's my father's blood in him," replied Felix. "Perhaps our long ancestry of soldiers, who thought of life only in terms of war. An inherited instinct."

"Is it yours?" asked Anna.

"I'm a heretic to the old faith of blood and iron. I believe humanity ought to move on to something higher than tribal hatreds. Otherwise Europe will go down with her civilization."

"That's what Hans Eupen says."

"Yes. It is Hans Eupen who has converted me, heart and soul, to a democratic philosophy. I stand against all that my father is and believes. Every word he speaks fills me with revolt. Sometimes I even hate the sight of his sword-slashed face, because it is typical of German brutality. I detest the old men who surround him and flatter him. Above all I abhor the intrigues of the young staff officers who come here day after day, pretending that they won the war; casting the shame of defeat on the poor devils of civilians who starved and delivered up their sons for sacrifice; and plotting against the liberal-minded men who try to strengthen the new republic."

He spoke with astonishing bitterness, and his face was flushed by hurtful emotion.

"Hush!" said Anna. "It is dangerous to speak like that, even before the children."

"Don't you agree with what I say?" he asked. "Hans Eupen tells me you hold the same opinions. That is why I want to talk to you."

After that breaking of the ice, which had frozen all previous intercourse between them, Felix sought out the little governess whenever he could do so without observation from the servants, or his father and mother, or the guests, mostly officers of high military caste, who came over constantly from Munich.

They made a habit of meeting after *Abendessen* in a little summerhouse at the end of the castle grounds. It overlooked the brown old roofs of the tower of Arnsberg, with a glimpse of the river, which curved like a Turkish sword between the leafy gardens and flat meadows. Very sweetly at this hour the sound of the church bells, ringing for evensong, came up to them from the valley, and often the western sky was a wonder of red and gold as the sun went down behind the hills.

Here the son of Heinrich von Arnsberg and the little governess who was so insignificant a member of his household spoke together of many great and serious subjects, like the meaning of life, and the mystery of God, and the future of civilization, and the chances of world peace, and the inevitable ruin of Germany. Anna was impressed by the nobility of this boy's mind, his sensitive temperament and love of beauty; but she was aware—even in her adoration—of a strain of weakness in him. He hated his father's ideas, but was afraid of him. He confessed his own cowardice and his utter inability to stand up to the old man and challenge his opinions, his traditions or his political creed.

"I'm a moral liar," he said. "My father thinks I'm loyal to his hatreds and hopes of vengeance, when I am utterly disloyal. He takes my silence for agreement and indorsement. But when he roars out his denunciations of Doctor Mülheim and all the men who stand for a liberal and peaceful Germany I haven't the spirit to challenge him. He leaves me dazed and deafened by his noise and fury. Also, strange as it may seem, I hate to hurt him. He puts a spell on me."

The spell was broken, and the challenge made between father and son, before many weeks had passed. But before then Felix and Anna had changed the subject of their conversation. It was no longer abstract politics, but the mystery and wonder of personal love which engrossed them. Inevitable, perhaps, that a boy like that, imaginative, unhappy because of a wide gulf between himself and his parents in all views of life, and intensely sentimental, should find a passionate solace in the companionship and understanding of a pretty girl like Anna Rippmann. Equally inevitable, according to the laws of human nature, that his romantic expression of love should meet with a ready response.

They took tremendous risks of discovery by meeting so often, clasping hands in shady nooks, stealing away to uninhabited rooms of the old Schloss, embracing each other outside the very doors that divided them from the general and his wife. Often they were within a hair's breadth of being discovered.

Once, when Felix had his arms about Anna and her head was upon his shoulder, in a room known as the armory, in a high turret, where old weapons rusted on the walls and moths devoured the fur of stuffed animals, they were startled by a heavy footstep on the creaking floor outside. A loud panting breath and a deep husky cough warned them that Heinrich von Arnsberg himself was within a yard of them. It was dusk, and the room was almost in darkness except for a faint twilight creeping through the barred windows. They drew back breathlessly into the far corner of the room, behind a mangy old bear shot by the general in his youth. The old man strode into the room and struck a match. He stood so close to Felix and Anna that they gave themselves up for lost. Anna could feel the rigidity of Felix as he stood there still clasping her. A sudden breath of air blew the match out, and the general cursed loudly, fumbled for another match, failed to find it, and then stumbled out of the room again and passed down the corridor.

At another time it was the Baroness von Arnsberg who nearly caught them. That was outside Anna's room late at night. Felix was whispering to her and begging for another kiss. Suddenly the clear, rather shrill voice of the boy's mother called at the head of the stairs "*Fräulein!*"

Anna slipped in front of Felix, holding her door open to hide him.

"*Gnädige Frau?*"

It seemed that little Elsa had been walking in her sleep and had gone into her mother's room. Now she was awake and frightened and calling for Anna. By another footstep the lady would have found her son behind the *Fräulein's* door.

"Our love is very dangerous," said Anna more than once. "It can lead to nothing but disgrace and tragedy."

The boy said that this love was his only happiness. Yet he admitted that it was impossible for him to tell his parents. The general would kick him out, and he had no money beyond a meager allowance. He would have to earn his livelihood, enough for marriage. Perhaps he could get a job in Berlin. Hans Eupen would introduce him to Doctor Mülheim, who owned the only newspaper which told the truth and worked for peace. It was possible he might be engaged as a writer.

"If you joined Doctor Mülheim," said Anna, "your father would never forgive you. He hates him as the archenemy of Germany."

"He is the noblest man we have," said Felix, "and Hans Eupen worships him as the leader of the new democracy."

Because Hans Eupen, the lame music master, worshiped this Doctor Mülheim it was enough for Felix to indulge in hero worship. For the boy listened to the crippled man as to one divinely inspired; and, indeed, from all I hear, this strange, melancholy and passionate soul had a fine and spiritual outlook, rare, perhaps, in Germany at that time—rare everywhere, and at all times.



"Unless We Stamp Out the Old Traditions of Race Hatred, Military Pride and National Egotism, European Civilization Will Perish"

His friendship with Doctor Mülheim, great industrialist, newspaper proprietor and leader of the moderate democratic group in the Reichstag, was, strangely enough, the direct cause of the explosion that happened in the Castle of Arnsberg, breaking, among other things more massive, the heart of Anna Rippmann, the little governess. For there is no doubt that it was by the invitation of Hans Eupen that Doctor Mülheim was persuaded to come to the town of Arnsberg and address a meeting of miners and ex-soldiers pledged to pacifist principles and democratic ideals. Their leader was Franz Dachs, that tall, burly fellow who had been knocked down on the bridge below the Schloss by the homecoming general, and it is certain now that Hans Eupen was in close correspondence with him and, as it were, his intellectual guide.

This visit of Doctor Mülheim to Arnsberg and, above all, the report of his speech, which was written by Hans Eupen for the local press, created a sensation which ended, as all the world knows, in crime and tragedy. The speech was certainly rash and ill-advised. Doctor Mülheim was not content with proclaiming his faith in democratic principles, and with denouncing the intrigues and reactionary policy of German monarchists and militarists, but he made a direct and personal attack upon General von Arnsberg as a type of all that was evil in the militarist caste.

"Here, above this little town," he said, "with its population of humble men who toil for poor wages in the mines, the victims of war and those who pay the costs of defeat, there frowns down one of those old German castles which still typify the arrogant pride of brute force. In their time they were necessary and useful; in that time when the world was a conflict between primitive opposing forces, and before the dawn of civilized ideas leading to the right of humble folk who desire to work in peace without quarrel with their fellow men. Now these old stones and the old men who dwell within them are anachronisms. They belong to the past. They have no place in the present. They are doomed by the future. Heinrich von Arnsberg, one of those generals

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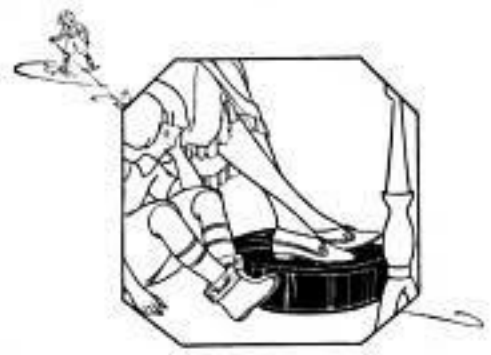
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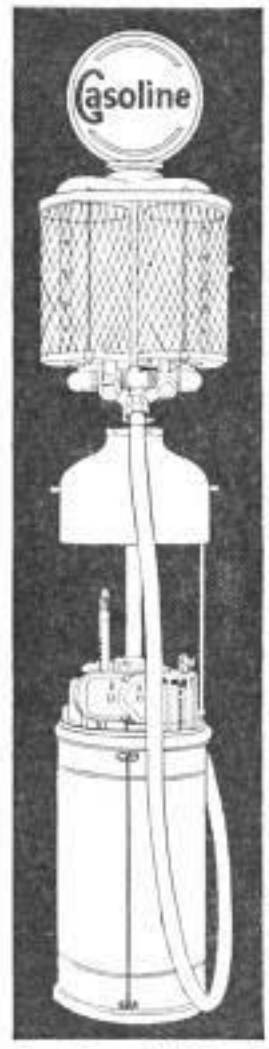
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who made the war and lost it, gathers round him the old caste, plots with them against the new republic, rages against the march of human progress, and by appealing to old sentiment—by which we, as a people, are too spellbound—endeavors to inflame young aristocrats with the spirit of his senseless hate and hopes of vengeance. It is he and his class who have brought Germany to ruin, massacred her youth and made us pariahs among the peoples of the world. The working youth of Germany must overwhelm them by the passion of their purpose for peace."

The mere fact that Mülheim was in Arnsberg was a cause of violent anger to the general. At dinner that night, before the fatal speech was made, he drank heavily, and after the ladies had left the table he broke out into noisy tirades against a man whom he declared to be a traitor and a pig-dog.

To two young officers who were dining with him he deplored the departure of the old dueling days, which would have enabled him to kill the fellow and so rid his country of a pest.

"If I were twenty years younger," he said, bringing his fist down with a crash on the oak table, "I would kill him like a rat."

"If he were twenty years younger," said one of the officers—Franz von Westhof—"I should have great pleasure in slitting his throat for you, general. Unfortunately he has white hair and cannot defend himself."

"Old age is no excuse for treason," said another young man—Friedrich von Rothwasser. "I agree with the general. Rats should be killed, old or young."

Sinister words, in view of what happened the following night when Doctor Mülheim's speech had been reported in the local press. Felix was in his father's library, after dinner, when the evening paper was brought in by one of the servants, who held it as though it might bite him. Franz von Westhof and Friedrich von Rothwasser, who were staying in the castle, were sitting back in the deep leather chairs, smoking cigars and discussing the Treaty of Versailles with complete unanimity regarding its iniquity. Felix was sitting with his eyes closed thinking of Anna and wondering how soon he could steal away to her. Suddenly there was a strange, terrible and apoplectic noise from his father's chair. The old man seemed to be suffocating in a storm of rage. When it abated he delivered a series of terrific oaths, kicked a footstool to the end of the room, flung his glass of brandy into the great fireplace and raged up and down, calling upon ten thousand devils and other agencies of an infernal character.

The two young officers sprang to their feet at the first outbreak of his violent demonstration and became aware of the cause of it when they picked up the paper, which the general had dropped on the tigerskin rug, and read Doctor Mülheim's oration.

"Undoubtedly it is an outrage," said Friedrich von Rothwasser when he had read the offending print.

"It is a gross insult, not only to General von Arnsberg but to all of us," said Franz von Westhof.

The general again called upon heaven and hell to avenge him against such infamy.

It was Franz von Westhof, according to what Felix told Anna, who brought silence into the room by an action which startled this company of men.

Very slowly and deliberately he went to the general's desk, took a sheet of notepaper and tore it into three strips of unequal length, which he then held so that only the ends appeared in his hand.

"There are three of us here to avenge the general and rid Germany of a traitor," he said in his quiet aristocratic voice. "Whoever draws the short piece will kill this ruffian Mülheim. If I am left with the short piece it is, of course, my privilege."

He held out his hand to Friedrich von Rothwasser and said, "Draw, my dear friend!"

The young officer said "*Bestimmt!*"—"Agreed!"—and drew one of the bits of paper.

Felix, conscious of intense pallor and a sensation of sickness, drew another. Franz von Westhof held the last in his hand and measured it against the two others.

He bowed slightly to Felix and smiled. "You have the honor, Felix. It is right that a son should avenge his father."

Heinrich von Arnsberg had watched this pantomime with a flushed face and heavy shadows under his puffed eyes. He gave a gruff gurgling laugh.

"I do not understand what you young men are playing at—*Gott im Himmel!*—but I do not interfere. If there is one scoundrel less in Germany I shall rejoice. If my son is a brave man, true to his family name and his love of the Fatherland, I shall be proud of him." He put his great hand on his son's shoulder and laughed again. "Good hunting, my son!"

Felix fell back a little, and then straightened himself up and faced his father. He knew that he must tell the truth that was in him or be forever a false and craven thing. A slight sweat broke out on his forehead and his pallor was extreme, but his eyes were burning.

"I am not a murderer," he said huskily. "Even if I had inherited instincts of that kind, Doctor Mülheim is the last man on God's earth I would choose for my killing. He spoke hard words against the family of Arnsberg and of you, father, but can you wonder at it? Is it not true what he said? Ever since the armistice you have put the blame of defeat on the poor people who suffered its worst agonies, and now pay, in their bodies and souls, for the ruin into which they were led. For months this house has been the meeting place of old men—yes, and young men too"—he glanced savagely at Friedrich von Rothwasser and Franz von Westhof—"who have no other policy than that of plotting against the republic, bringing back the monarchy, and preparing by every kind of villainy a new war, in which they may have a gambler's chance of victory. Doctor Mülheim calls to German youth to have done with military pride and the philosophy of brute force. He holds up new and nobler ideals for the German race, in which I, for one, believe. I regret his personal attack on you, sir, but I understand his bitterness. The proof of all he said is in this slip of paper, which is a warrant for murder. Not by my hand!"

He twisted his slip of paper into a pellet and flicked it into the fire of logs burning in the great hearth.

For the second time that night General von Arnsberg made strange, ugly and inarticulate noises in his throat. He breathed loudly, and the little veins on his face swelled, and the old sword cuts were vivid.

For some time he seemed unable to speak, and a painful silence was broken only by a light mocking laugh from Friedrich von Rothwasser. Then the old man uttered a frightful oath, followed by an outburst of incoherent abuse of his son who allied himself with swine—so he spoke—against his own father and his own caste. Traitor, coward, liar, Bolshevik were only a few of the names he hurled at Felix. There were times when he moved forward, in a hunched, bearlike way, with clenched fists, as though he would smash the boy with sledge-hammer blows, but he did not strike him.

The end of this scene was when he pulled a silken rope hanging at the chimneyside and set a bell loudly jangling. Several menservants came rushing in, believing that someone had been killed or that a fire had broken out. They were all men who had served the general in his headquarters staff during the war.

He shouted to them in a furious voice, "Take that young *Schweinehund* away! Lock him up in the armory. Put a guard on the door, and keep him a close prisoner."

They were astounded and hesitated to close round Felix, who had always been very civil to them. But he walked towards them with a white smile and said, "I am in your hands."

He went with them up to the armory, where he had embraced Anna on that night when they had nearly been discovered. With many apologies and expressions of dismay and regret the servants shut him in and locked the door.

He was there not longer than an hour, sitting on a wooden box beside the mangy old bear that his father had shot, with his head in his hands, in the darkness which was hardly brightened by a candle which one of the servants had placed on the table.

Once the room was lit up by the headlights of a motor car which drove away from the castle.

After that hour Felix blew out the candle and went to the casement window. The servants had not troubled to lock it, and it was an easy thing for his slim figure to get through and grasp the twisted ivy on the wall outside, with his foot on the drip

(Continued on Page 120)

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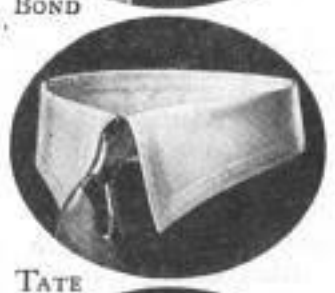
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(Continued from Page 118)

stone. By means of a leaden drain pipe he climbed down the wall and jumped lightly to the ground.

Then he walked round to the tower where Anna Rippmann had her room. Her window was black. She was in bed and asleep. But he played the trick which millions of lovers have done throughout the centuries. A small pebble, breaking her windowpane, awakened her. A light shone through the leaded panes. She had lit a candle.

In her white nightgown she came to the window and called out "Who is there?"

He answered softly "It is I—Felix."

Holding to the ivy, and raising himself a little from the ground, he whispered to her something of what had happened—the murder plot against Doctor Mülheim, his refusal and revelation, his father's fury, his imprisonment in the armory, his escape.

"*Es ist schrecklich!*" said Anna. "It is terrible! What can you do, dear Felix?"

He told her that he was going to Hans Eupen's house and after that, perhaps, to Berlin.

"Think of me always!" said Anna, weeping in her sentimental way as she confessed.

"I leave my heart with you," he answered, and for a little while they spoke as lovers do at such a time, agonizing over the parting, protracting it, swearing eternal things. It was the girl, as always, who bade him go at last. They were too far away to kiss. He couldn't even touch her hands. They blew kisses to each other on their finger tips, like children, and then, unwilling, deeply miserable, Felix von Arnsberg said "*Auf Wiedersehen*," and disappeared into the darkness of the pathway between high bushes which led to a side gate, and so out of the castle grounds.

Hans Eupen's house was in the Friedrich-Wilhelmstrasse, at the southern end of the town of Arnsberg. There were lights in the windows when Felix approached, and he found a crowd of people round the open doorway vastly excited. Felix pushed his way through them and in the small square-built hall found Hans Eupen and Dr. Ernst Hardmuth, of Arnsberg, bending over a body which lay there on the floor. It was the dead body of Doctor Mülheim, who had been shot by two men as he was entering Hans Eupen's house on his way from a meeting of miners in the Arbeitsverein. The murderers had driven away in a motor car with powerful headlights.

Hans Eupen was so nerve-shattered by the sudden tragedy that he seemed dazed and horror-stricken, and for several minutes failed to recognize Felix. Over and over again he groaned out, "My poor and noble friend!" The lock of hair on his forehead fell over his eyes and he did not take the trouble to thrust it back. Afterwards, when he had collected his wits a little and when the body of Doctor Mülheim was taken away by the police, he led Felix into his sitting room and there broke out into a passion of rage against the unknown murderers who had done to death the noblest man, he said, in Germany.

Felix dared not tell him the whole truth about the scene in his father's library. Indeed he said nothing at all about the slips of paper or the direct cause of the quarrel that had happened with his father, but spoke only of having challenged the old man's political views in a way that had led to his arrest and escape.

So he told Anna at their next meeting, which happened that afternoon when she came down to Hans Eupen's house for half an hour, having left the children in charge of the *Mädchen*. It was while she was alone with Felix, clasping his hand and talking anxiously of the future, that Hans Eupen learned, beyond all doubt, the names of the men who had murdered his dearest friend. One of those menservants who had escorted Felix to the armory had identified the description of the car in which the murderers had escaped with the one belonging to Count Friedrich von Rothwasser, while Franz von Westhof and this officer had left the Schloss at twenty minutes past eleven on the preceding evening and had returned at twenty minutes before midnight. The servant brought the information to Hans Eupen under pledge of secrecy and confessed his hatred of the general, who would kick him to death did he know of this betrayal.

Like a demented man, Hans Eupen broke into the room where Felix sat with Anna and blurted out this news with a violence of language that was unusual with him.

"Never again do I set foot in that house of assassins!" he said. "I shall curse myself forever for having taken money from those who planned my poor friend's death. By God's help I will bring his murderers to justice.

"Germany will not be safe for democracy until every stone in these castles of brutality is hurled to the ground!"

For a time he raged even against Felix because he bore the name of Arnsberg. He would have turned him out of his house; but the boy's distress, and Anna's pleadings, and his real affection for the lad, who had no sympathy with his own caste, softened him, so that he reproached himself for senseless words and begged Felix to pardon him.

The rest of this story, and the end of it, must be told from what Anna Rippmann saw and heard on the following evening in the Schloss, to which she had returned after another farewell with Felix, who had arranged to stay with Hans Eupen that night.

At dinner the general sat moody and silent, and the Baroness von Arnsberg had certainly been weeping because of the departure of Felix, whom, in her cold austere way, she loved. It is improbable, I think, that her husband had revealed the full story of that scene in which Felix had affronted him, or any word of its reference to Doctor Mülheim. Both Franz von Westhof and Friedrich von Rothwasser were gay and smiling. Anna Rippmann, watching them with a kind of horrified fascination, marveled at their ease of mind after such a crime. They chatted amiably, cracked nuts when dessert was served, drank their wine with courteous salutations to their host.

It was just then, when the fruit had been placed on the table, that a strange noise came through the open windows. It was rather like a heavy sea breaking on distant rocks or a howling wind down a ravine.

It was Friedrich von Rothwasser who first called attention to this noise.

"A storm rising?" he asked lightly, and then with a slight change of tone, after listening intently: "Or vulgar clamor at the gates?"

"Certainly the noise of a mob," said Franz von Westhof.

The general rose and went to the window and stood listening.

"Those damned Bolshevik miners," he said presently. "They are trying to smash down the outer gate. Ten thousand devils!"

Franz von Westhof looked at his friend across the table. A slightly heightened color seemed to reveal some sudden emotion, but he laughed lightly.

"They seem annoyed," he said. "They are certainly using abominable language, as usual!"

Friedrich von Rothwasser rose from the table.

"Perhaps we had better prepare for a little trouble," he suggested. "Do you permit me to get my revolver, general? And yours? They may be needed."

He glanced in a smiling courteous way at the Baroness von Arnsberg, and his eyes traveled round for a moment to Anna Rippmann.

"The ladies, perhaps, should retire to the farther rooms—in the Siegfried tower. It would be safer in case of—unpleasant disturbance."

"Do you mean the people are attacking us?" asked the Baroness von Arnsberg. "I cannot think they would dare ——"

She breathed sharply and put her hand to her heart.

In another moment there was no doubt that ugly things might happen and were happening.

A great crash sounded down the avenue leading to the outer gate by the stone bridge. It was followed by an uproar in which separate voices, shouting fiercely, could be clearly heard. Then came the sound of tramping feet, the noise of an excited mob coming closer. Ruddy points of light glowed through the heavy foliage which surrounded the broad walk round the Schloss.

"Torches," said Franz von Westhof.

A groom hurried into the dining room without ceremony. He was panting and wild-eyed.

"They are asking for the Count von Westhof and the Baron von Rothwasser," he stammered.

"Unless they are delivered up, they threaten to burn the Schloss. They are mad with rage."

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"You are mad with cowardice!" said the general harshly. "Call the other servants and tell them to bring their arms. Send the *Feldwebel* to me. He keeps his head."

He turned to his wife and told her to go to the Siegfried tower and not to be afraid.

"I should be more afraid alone in the Siegfried tower," said the lady. "I beg of you to let me stay with you."

"As you will," said the general. "There is no danger. I will teach these pig-dogs a lesson."

Anna Rippmann was certainly afraid. Telling the story afterwards, she confessed that terror took all strength from her limbs. She sank into a chair. She remembers that she felt very cold and that by some queer freak of mind she kept repeating to herself a nursery rime in English which she had taught the children. She could not remember the last line. Try as she would she couldn't remember those last foolish words:

"When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing ——"

How did it go then?

It was, of course, one of the symptoms of a fear so strong that it numbs the brain.

Many details of what happened made no kind of impression on her mind. Vaguely she remembers a number of menservants assembling with arms and stuffing up the windows with cushions. Afterwards they went out, under the general's orders presumably, to other rooms in the Schloss. More clearly, as a vivid flash of light illumines darkness for a moment, she remembers the first shot that came into the room. It pierced a wooden shutter and shattered a gold-framed mirror on the other side of the room.

Friedrich von Rothwasser and Franz von Westhof leaned up against the walls at an angle by the window frames and every now and then fired their revolvers. They were perfectly calm. They seemed to be amused.

The general sat for a few moments, she believes, in a heavy oak chair, with an automatic pistol which he fired carelessly through the window now and then. But he seems to have moved about afterwards, and was absent from the dining room for what seemed long periods of time. No doubt he was ordering the defense of the Schloss elsewhere. The Baroness von Arnsberg also disappeared. Anna Rippmann believes that she herself was entirely forgotten and unnoticed for a time, as she sat back helpless with fear in a corner of the room. She remembers the noise of great shouting which went on outside continually except when, for a moment now and then, sudden short silences followed a pistol shot from the room.

A scrap of conversation between the two young men in the room came back to her mind, as people remember bits of a nightmare.

"They will certainly break in," said Friedrich von Rothwasser. "There are many of them."

"They won't be kind to us," said Franz von Westhof. He laughed in his rather girlish way.

Friedrich von Rothwasser spoke again: "It is that swinish young coward Felix who has given us away."

Another shot came into the room. It smashed, very neatly, a tall Dresden vase standing on a table close to the chair in which Anna Rippmann was crouching. At the same time, she believes, a hot, eye-smarting smoke began to filter into the room, and one of the young men uttered a sharp exclamation as a little red flame darted suddenly, like a tongue, through one of the window sashes.

After that the girl seems to have fainted, for the next thing she remembers is lying on the damp grass of one of the lawns outside the Schloss, one wing of which was a blazing fire. As she afterwards learned, she had been carried out by one of the servants, under orders from Friedrich von Rothwasser. He had stayed, retreating to another room, with his companion and the general. The baroness had escaped at the rear with her womenfolk, from whom Anna Rippmann afterwards learned the details of their flight. It was only by the reiterated commands of the general that the poor lady had consented to leave the Schloss, and then in a fainting state, so that her women had almost to carry her.

Anna sitting upon the damp grass found herself amidst a small group of men, among whom were Hans Eupen, the music master, Franz Dachs, the miners' foreman, and Felix, her lover. Behind them, under the shelter of the trees, were many other men. Felix was staring towards the burning Schloss.

Anna called to him twice, but he did not answer her. He spoke excitedly to Hans Eupen and Franz Dachs:

"At least they should have a chance to surrender. I cannot stand here and see my father burned to death."

"It's as good as being torn to bits," said the foreman harshly.

"Are you all savages?" asked Felix in an agonized voice. "Is this your democratic idealism?"

"We have no mercy for the murderers of Doctor Mülheim," said the man. "You be quiet, young man. We don't like your family name."

Hans Eupen spoke hurriedly to the miners' foreman, but Anna Rippmann could not hear his words. They seemed to have some influence, for after a conversation ending with a shrug of the shoulders Franz Dachs gave a shout to some of his men, and a sharp order.

They fell back on both sides and made an open way for Felix, who walked rapidly out of the shelter of the trees into the open pathway, which was lurid with the light from the great flames which consumed one wing of the Schloss. Anna called his name again, but it was lost in the roar of that devastating fire. She could see the boy's figure clearly outlined in the ruddy glare towards which he hurried.

He turned a little to the left, towards the Siegfried tower, which was still beyond the reach of the flames, though showers of sparks were blowing this way, so that it was in imminent danger. Then he stood still and waved a white handkerchief and shouted some words. Anna Rippmann did not hear them, but there are others who say that in a loud voice he begged his father to come out of the burning building, with his supporters. The men's leaders promised them a safe-conduct if they would surrender. I doubt if he made such a long speech as that. Others say the boy shouted the two words "Surrender!" and "Safe-conduct!"

There was no surrender from General von Arnsberg, nor from two officers and five men who remained, dead or alive, within the burning Schloss.

The figure of Felix von Arnsberg, tall and slight, with a red glare of light about him, suddenly fell, face forward, and lay huddled on the gravel path.

A shout of rage rose from the men around Anna Rippmann, and Hans Eupen ran forward a few paces and then flung up his arms with a great cry of anguish.

The townsfolk believe that it was the general who shot his son, for the old man's body was nearest to the windows in the Siegfried tower when they explored its charred ruin after the fire had burned out. Franz von Westhof had been killed by a bullet, and Friedrich von Rothwasser, with a handkerchief tied round his mouth and nose, had been crushed by a falling beam.

The Schloss von Arnsberg is a blackened ruin above the little stone bridge and the winding river.

Doctor Mülheim's death was avenged. German democrats scored up a victory against the military caste and the hated Right. But Anna Rippmann, an insignificant little governess, who told this story to my sister, still weeps for a boy who stood between the two extremes.



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EACH "Neglected Inch" in your home makes added work for you. Think how many times a day you are called upon to move your furniture; beds to be made up, davenports to be swept under—tables and chairs to move.

And each bed or table that is equipped with the wrong kind of casters requires extra work, possibly a strain to your muscles and surely a strain to the furniture itself.

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

MR. B.: You can have the big suitcase and I'll take the little one. And then if there's any room left in mine ——

MRS. B.: There's a man for you! A woman has dresses that she can't pack into a suitcase—it ruins them! My lavender silk, for example ——

MR. B.: You mean that one with the gewgaws on it?

MRS. B.: If you mean the King James beads ——

MR. B.: You don't mean to say you're thinking of taking a fancy dress like that to America.

MRS. B.: Certainly I am! How do you expect ——

MR. B.: For God's sake, Dorothy, this is a wilderness we're going to! There's nothing there at all. All you'll want are your oldest clothes.

MRS. B.: But if there's a dance on the boat ——

MR. B.: There'll be nothing on the boat! And when we get there we'll all be too busy fighting Indians to think about dressing.

MRS. B.: Fighting Indians?

MR. B.: Of course.

MRS. B.: Then I'll certainly need my sport clothes.

MR. B.: No, no! I tell you ——

MRS. B.: Oh, dear! I really don't know what to take to fight Indians in. I suppose just some plain shirtwaists ——

MR. B.: Your oldest clothes! Look at me! I'm taking what I have on.

MRS. B.: But a woman's different, William. I wonder what that Priscilla What's-Her-Name is taking for the Indian fighting. Perhaps a simple voile ——

MR. B.: I tell you your homsepun ——

MRS. B.: I think I'll run over and ask her—they're not coming for the baggage till the eight o'clock delivery.

MR. B.: Dorothy! We're going to rough it, I tell you!

(But she is gone.)

—George S. Kaufman.

From The Salome Sun

THE Salome Sun is the only paper in Arizona that money won't buy. Even Uncle Sam recognizes a good thing and carries the Sun all over the U. S. as 1st class mail, while all other Arizona papers go 2d class.

I've got a fig tree here at Salome that has got leaves big enough to make an overcoat for some of the girls I saw on the streets in Los Angeles last week—and that ain't bragging much on the fig tree—or the girls either.

Mickey Sullivan was in town yesterday and says he has a pay streak of high-grade silver ore at the Nob Hill mine that looks like a new-laid potato in the middle of an Irish stew. If the pay streak widens out much more Mickey will win the first prize in the Standing Broad Grin contest.

A Missouri man in a flivver drove over a rattlesnake down the road the other day and the snake must have bit Lizzie in the left hind leg to get even, I guess, because when he got to town that wheel was all swelled up so that Mother couldn't ride in that corner of the car. It took two gallons of Cunningham Pass Home Brew to reduce the swelling and Lizzie staggered out of town like a drunken miner after pay day.

Capital is simply accumulated labor in a negotiable form, and labor is nothing but negotiable capital in an accumulative form. In a way both are the same and you can't hurt one without hurting the other. When a man goes out and labors for a day for one dollar or five dollars he is a laborer. After supper he dolls up and goes out and spends that dollar or five dollars—and then he is either a capitalist or a damn fool, depending on what he spends it for. Equality between labor and capital is and always must be based upon the fundamental principle of good wages for good work and good work for good wages. It's a 50-50 proposition.

Some of the silly snobs who talk about their class and turn up their noses at any kind of honest manual labor haven't got sense enough to realize that they wouldn't be riding in the observation car very long if it wasn't for the engineer and fireman up in the cab in their dirty clothes. Any kind of honest manual labor is a Gift from the Gods and should be a pleasure—and there is always a working man somewhere in front of every silk petticoat.

The dim mauve-tinted mountains, hazy in the distance, dreaming, lazy with the burden of a million years; brown cheeks furrowed with the rainy tears of Nature giving birth to centuries gone—and all the World keeps moving on and on. It's hell, ain't it?

I've got to get an umbrella for my Frog. He's been hopping around for the last six weeks in the hot sand watching a cloud and blatting like a billy goat until his back is all sunburned. He's 7 years old and can't swim yet, and I'll bet if it ever does rain it will either scare him to death or else he'll fall in some puddle and get drowned.

Ever since William Jennings Bryan took a bath in my tub I have developed an awful thirst for grape juice and ice-cream sodas. I haven't been able to start a Bible Class yet, but every night I lead the Old-Timers' Brigade up to the old Red Bar and help them lap up four or 5 dishes of strawberry ice cream and some banana sundaes. If Billy Palmer's ghost, or Mickey Dolan's, should drop in some night and see us it would give them a chill—and us too.

Folks that use all their gas on the first hill generally has to get towed back home.

This new radio thing that picks noise out of the air makes us think of the days when the first phonographs came out and the time we brought one to Salome. Chloride Bill come to town from his claim up in the Squaw Canyon, to licker up a little and get a burro load of grub. Someone steered him up against the new phonograph and told him to stick a nickel in the slot. Bill was ripe for anything and did as directed, dropped the nickel in and hung the ear pieces into his ears. When the thing started up Bill jumped out of the chair and hollered: "There comes a brass band down the street and I didn't tie my mule!" And away he went out of the saloon with the ear dinguses still hanging in his ears and dragging the music box after him.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Garage Owner.

The Jolly Baby

A HEARTY, canty, tricksy imp of mirth,
A roly-poly, rough-and-tumble elf:
Euphrosyne presided at his birth,
Or maybe Robin Goodfellow himself.

He wears a waggish topknot, quaintly curled,
His cheeks are apple-red, his grin is sunny;
A fearless little friend of all the world,
And everything he does is somehow funny.

The Winsome Baby

IN PRIMROSE daintiness, with grave, clear eyes,
A little while she holds herself apart;
Then winningly she comes, confiding-wise,
To nestle in your arms and in your heart.

Her voice the dove's, her laugh the little stream's,
Her smile a ray of joy that warmly lingers,
Her hand a dimpled miracle that seems
To heal your soul with soft, rose-petal fingers.

—Arthur Guiterman.



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WHAT must the skilled metal worker know?—The lathe—punch press—drill—these and many other tools have been part of his equipment and training for years.

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Without this knowledge he will be losing money for his firm every day. He will be drilling, punching, riveting, and bolting together parts which are being arc welded in other shops at a fraction of the cost. He will be buying new parts—shafts, frames, etc., when others are repairing them with the electric arc.

He will be scrapping new castings, forgings, stampings, because of some slight error or defect which the electric arc would correct perfectly and cheaply.

In short, he will be allowing his costs to mount just when they must be kept down.

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BUNTING BUSHINGS



The Quest for Standard Bushings Like a Search for Hidden Jewels

GENERATIONS of designers studied over countless blue prints—chemists and metallurgists toiled amid the flames and gases in their laboratories—machinery builders experimented and re-experimented, until out of patient effort and the slow processes of time came Bunting Standard bushings and the combination of metals which makes Bunting Phosphor bronze the standard alloy.

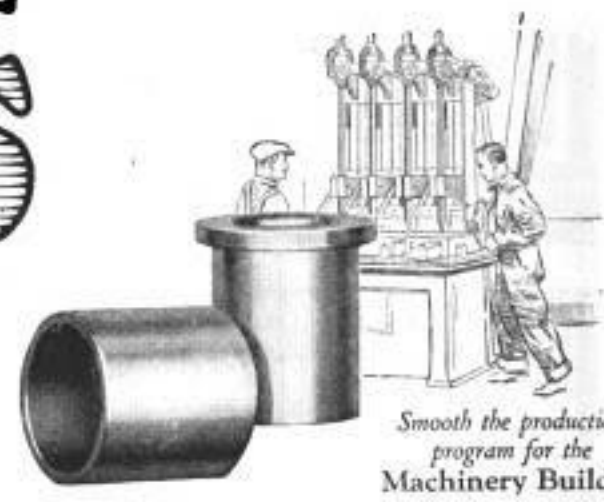
Bunting went back over records reaching into the dim dawn of the mechanical age to get the specialized knowledge reflected today in Bunting's big list of "Ready Made" bushings. The sizes and kinds that recur most often in machine and motor manufacture were selected from the sales records of The Bunting Brass & Bronze Company, which for years has served the machine builders of America.

Then the great Bunting factory was put into volume production on these bushings. Today the manufacturer, jobber and repairman can find a Bunting bushing completely finished, ready for assembly, waiting in stock for his requisition.

Designers and manufacturers are cutting production cost and facilitating future service by specifying Bunting "Ready Made" bushings. Auto parts jobbers and repairmen are selling Bunting piston pin bushings for replacement. Accurately made, ready for assembly, of known dependable quality, always ready to ship, Bunting Standard bushings save time and money for everybody, and conserve the productive efficiency of men and machinery.

Automobile and motor manufacturers, auto parts jobbers, garage and service shopmen should be familiar with Bunting's list of "Ready Made" Piston Pin Bushings—write for stock list 11.

Designers, manufacturers and machine shop men will be interested in the 150 different sizes of completely finished Bunting bushings always in stock ready for shipment—write for stock list 10.



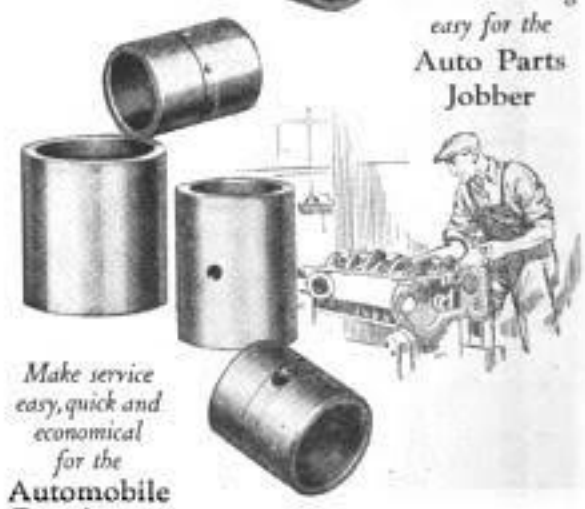
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36 Oliver Street
Main 8488



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OUR OWN CROWD

(Continued from Page 10)

What energy remains goes into the knitting of sweaters or the crocheting of strips of lace for those guest towels that make such thoughtful Christmas gifts. The work goes easily, for the toilers are beguiled by Mrs. Eddy's tales of the troubles her maids give her, by Mrs. Grew's description of her trip to Bermuda, and by Mrs. Rinse's account of her sister-in-law's operation, from the day she first felt that peculiar shooting pain to the funny cracks she made on her way out of the ether.

In the evenings the ladies form a select group on the porch close to the dance-room windows, where they go off into perfect bursts of merriment at the remarks which Mrs. Eddy, who admittedly shook a mean schottish when she was a girl, makes about the technic of the dancers. Occasionally they participate in the hotel bridge parties. To Mrs. Eddy, as the brightest social light, falls the task of collecting the twenty-five-cent entrance fee from each of the players, which is no fool of a job either. She and her two friends form the committee which goes to the village and purchases the sweet-grass baskets for the prizes.

In short, or at least pretty short, the three female members of our own crowd are not out of one another's sight during the entire summer, save during the hours of sleep or during those few necessary moments when they are upstairs whitening their shoes. It is doubtful if they ever have a thought which they do not split three ways.

Each is constantly finding fresh words of encouragement to buoy up the others. If Mrs. Eddy remarks that she really must do something in the way of dieting, both Mrs. Grew and Mrs. Rinse are loud to reassure her that it's so much more becoming to her when her face is full, and that if they were in her shoes they would not cut out so much as a single calorie. If Mrs. Rinse knits a sweater, her two friends vow they have never seen a stitch so novel, without being *risqué*. If Mrs. Grew springs a new sports skirt, Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Rinse can hardly wait to get the address of her seamstress. And so it goes, day in, day out. It's enough, really, to put your faith in human nature right back on its feet again.

The big day of the week for our own crowd is Friday. For on Friday night the ladies are joined by the boys, which is the name that they have worked out for their husbands. The aggregate age of the boys, at the present writing, is somewhere along around one hundred and twenty-five, but the nickname sticks.

The boys cannot conscientiously be said to do much in the way of snapping things up on Friday evenings. Each naturally has to reply in full to his wife's anxious inquiries as to how affairs at the homestead are staggering along without her. There must be detailed reports on the weather in the city, the behavior of the maid, the promptness of the laundry, the regularity of the iceman's visits and the stand the cleaner has taken about the return of the rugs. It is an evening given over to connubial confidences. And as a concession to the boys' five days of labor in the city, and their grueling ride up on the train, our own crowd drifts hayward at a rurally early hour.

All day Saturday the boys devote to golf, although a casual observer of their game might pick up the idea that it was just so much devotion thrown away. The ladies meanwhile forge ahead on the sweaters and the guest towels. It is not until Saturday night that our own crowd really gets into its stride.

It isn't as if the members have to house a family of cocktails before they can get going. With nothing more to work on than the tomato omelet and the tinned cherries served for supper, they are off on an evening of revelry. Continuous laughter resounds from their jolly big circle of chairs on the porch, while lesser guests brush apologetically past. Any remark is good for a laugh, particularly allusions to jokes and adventures of past summers.

The Grews and the Eddys and the Rinses are so closely knitted together that their repartee is of a local, not to say an intimate, nature which makes a newcomer feel as cozily at home as if they were speaking in code. But the members of our own crowd, with their background of seven seasons at the Pebbly Point House, can feel for newcomers nothing more than a flicker of amused resentment. As they all agree, they don't want any outsiders, anyway; so that makes it just fine for everybody.

Even Mr. Eddy unbends on these occasions and becomes practically a boy again. Mr. Eddy, you can see at a glance, is a man weighted down with affairs. As he strides down the porch in his stylish stout flannels and the yachting cap which he wears out of compliment to the Pebbly Point House's nearness to the water, it is whispered after him that he is something down in the Street, and that his position is good for anywhere from ten thousand to twenty-two hundred a year.

He is not a constructive humorist, though he is loud in his appreciation of the cuttings-up of Mr. Grew and Mr. Rinse. He expresses his convivial feelings by taking our own crowd right in on the inside with him, and giving it some pretty strong hints on the business outlook. Mr. Eddy, for all his dignity, is a regular little sunbeam in the matter of point of view. He as good as blurts it right out that he considers it little more than a question of time before business takes up its bed and walks. It may require quite a while, he says in all fairness, or again, it may not. And he suggests, less in words than in manner, that it would not be a bad notion for the members of our own crowd to make their plans accordingly.

Mr. Grew and Mr. Rinse are the twin lives of the party. Mr. Grew is the more spontaneous comedian, great at impromptu cracks and catch-as-catch-can punning. Mr. Rinse has a number of specialties, including an impersonation of Dinkelspiel on the Telephone, and a recitation of How Tony Lose-a da Monk. He isn't one to push himself forward and insist on doing his stunts on all occasions, either, like so many of these home entertainers. Sometimes people even have to ask him to do them.

You couldn't want to see a prettier picture of perfect clubbiness than our own crowd at these Saturday-night meetings. No wonder that the members declare, as each orgy breaks up, that they don't know when they have had a better time or laughed themselves sicker. In the privacy of their various rooms, later, each couple decides that never in the history of social intercourse has there been a more congenial or an altogether dandier group.

The clubby spirit lasts well over into the next day, when, after a jolly morning on the beach, the ladies troop over to have an afternoon's golf with their husbands. This makes it considerably easier for the boys to tear themselves away and return home by the evening train.

Naturally, as the season crashes to a close, our own crowd is brimming with plans for practically incessant reunions all during the winter. Upon the heart of each member are graven the addresses and the telephone numbers of the others. There are promises of daily telephone calls, and of evening gatherings at least twice weekly; the men are to get together about every other day for lunch and the women are to have afternoons of knitting and chat several times during the week.

It will not be, they must mournfully concede, quite the same as being up at the Pebbly Point House, but it will be the immediately next best thing.

And then, when they get back to their several homes, it is just as if all those golden plans went suddenly bad on them. No one seems to be able to say quite why it is. What Mrs. Grew lays it to, and a very good explanation at that, is the way that one thing after another comes up.

When Mrs. Grew first comes home she finds things at the apartment pretty nastily shot up. The curtains have to be hung, the chintz pajamas must be taken off the furniture, there is a bad delay in traffic somewhere in the pipes of the kitchen sink that requires attention, two of the blue dishes have got themselves broken and must be replaced. And, as you can see, it all runs into time.

Then she annually discovers that she has not so much as a single stitch to her back. Naturally, something has to be done to relieve her condition, and Mrs. Grew is just the girl to do it. And you could scarcely ask her to hurry through the assembling of her winter wardrobe.

Hardly can she feel that she is decently clad once more before the winter's social activities begin breaking out; and, as she often says, outsiders can have but little conception of the time and energy it takes to get Mr. Grew to put on his dinner coat and go out for an evening's bridge. Then, too, there are the movies to be caught up with, and Mrs. Grew is almost never without a bit of shopping that must be done immediately. So she is amply justified in saying that she really hasn't a minute that she can lawfully call her own.

Even during this long period of separation it is not as if the other members of our own crowd were not fresh in the memories of the Grews. *Au contraire*, if you'll pardon my French. They are almost always with them in conversation. In fact the Grews are quite celebrated among their city friends for their informal little travelogues on their adventures at the Pebbly Point House. Whenever they are among those present at a social gathering they contribute to the entertainment of the guests by giving spirited accounts of the unspoiled wholesomeness of the hotel itself, and the perfectly corking times that can be had there—provided, of course, that you belong to the right set.

Mrs. Grew's conscience gives her periodic bad spells, and she frequently remarks to Mr. Grew that she simply must call up the Eddys and the Rinses and have them up to dinner. She even goes to the length of setting dates for the function. First, she will have them when the new hall runner is laid down; then it shall be after she has had her georgette-crêpe dress dyed henna; then as soon as Helga learns how to make decent gravy.

But the first thing you know there it is Thanksgiving, and hardly have they parked the last of the minced turkey before Christmas is upon them.

Mrs. Grew sends cards to the Eddys and the Rinses, and feels a lot better for it. She and Mr. Grew receive from Mr. and Mrs. Rinse the cunningest card with a picture of a little boy and a little girl kissing permanently under the mistletoe, and a highly engraved sheet stating that Mr. and Mrs. Waldemere Newins Eddy extend appropriate greetings.

Finally comes the day when Mrs. Eddy is in town for a smattering of shopping, and Mrs. Grew runs virtually smack into her, right out in broad daylight on Forty-second Street. Her first idea is to turn and run, but she dismisses that as impracticable. She approaches her friend apologetically, fearful that Mrs. Eddy has been so wounded by her neglect that the best she will draw is a cold nod.

But Mrs. Eddy is even at the moment writhing under like pangs of guilt. Both ladies cover their embarrassment with an almost hysterical cordiality, and rush into an embrace, crying in chorus, "My dear, I don't know what you must think of me! I've been meaning and meaning to call you up, but I simply haven't had a minute!"

Before they part, Mrs. Grew has got it over with, and the Eddys are pledged to come to dinner the very next week. Mrs. Grew also vows to get Mr. and Mrs. Rinse, so that our own crowd may be reunited in full.

When she telephones Mrs. Rinse, Mrs. Grew is not able to protest that she does not know what Mrs. Rinse must think of her before Mrs. Rinse herself has got off the line. It also comes out that Mrs. Rinse's intention to get in touch with the rest of our own crowd has seldom been off her mind, but what with one thing and another she has absolutely not had a minute in which to go about it.

She cordially accepts the invitation to the reunion, declaring that it will be almost like being up at the Pebbly Point House once again.

But the trick to it is that it isn't. Before her guests arrive on the big night, Mrs. Grew has a shivery presentiment that the party is going to be a complete dud. She even expresses to Mr. Grew her wish that it were over, which gets no argument out of him.

The fraternal spirit of our own crowd seems to go utterly democratic during the winter. The members, so bubbling with mirth and *camaraderie* on the porch, are curiously diffident and constrained in the Grews' living room. The boys, in particular, have all the ease of manner of those wanted by the police. The ladies size up one another's costumes with the cold and

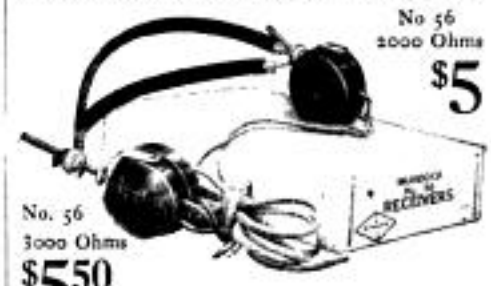
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Shelltex Shur-on spectacles are most appropriate for home wear or shopping, for they combine comfort and extreme neatness. Of course, they would never do for formal evening wear. Dinner gown or party dress demands the ultra-refinement of rimless Shur-on eye-glasses, white gold mounted. With the vigorous informality of sporting costume wear All-Shelltex Shur-on spectacles—they are safe and strong enough to be entirely in keeping with the great outdoors.

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wary gaze suggestive of the mien of strange dogs meeting for the first time.

The crowd's members even look odd to one another's unaccustomed eyes. There is something strange, not to say bizarre, about Mrs. Eddy's silhouette which never was apparent at the Pebbly Point House. There is something just a bit off about her dress, too, and it escapes the attention of neither of the other two ladies that she has evidently not yet got around to taking her jewels out of the safe-deposit vault. Mrs. Rinse, so fluffy and appealing amid rural surroundings, goes, somehow, a little sour in city clothes. The boys, so many glasses of fashion on the hotel porch, have a peculiar look about the collar and the line of the haircut.

Gathered at the dinner table, our own crowd cracks perceptibly under the strain of thinking up something to say. The boys ask one another with great heartiness if they have been getting any golf lately; but as none of them have, that closes that up tight. Mr. Grew tries out a few jokes here and there, but they cause scarcely a ripple. The ladies inquire brightly as to one another's health during the time they have been separated; but that topic, even with Mrs. Rinse's recent case of grippe, cannot be stretched out over more than twenty minutes. The snappiest they can do in the line of conversation is to give reports on the plays they have seen and agree on the distressing condition of the weather.

After dinner things go from bad to something terrible. Mr. Grew abandons all effort, and Mr. Eddy sits in impressive silence, breathing not a word of the business situation. Mr. Rinse, cajoled by his hostess, does render Dinkelspiel at the Telephone for old sake's sake; but, away from the salt air, it seems to have lost its tang. Even he gets the idea, and does not give an encore.

Seeing that the party is about to sink into a decline, Mrs. Grew, in a desperate effort, brings out the album with the word "Snapshots" burned into its leather cover. It is crammed with photographs of interesting events at the Pebbly Point House, which ought to do much in the way of bringing up jolly reminiscences. There are those snapped on the beach, slightly groggy in effect owing to too bright a sun, of groups of toweled young ladies drying their hair and mounds of athletic young men stacked in human pyramids. There are the tennis-court groups, with the principal humorist looking cock-eyed at the camera through the mesh of his racquet. There are the views taken on that day when the spirit of carnival was rife, and the men dressed up in women's clothes and took on the girls at baseball. There are close-ups of the man who has charge of the rowboats—there's a character!—and of Mr. Armbruster holding aloft a freshly caught snapper, and of the winners in the water sports being presented by Mr. Blatch with suitably engraved silver eye cups.

The guests gather about the album and examine each snapshot dutifully. But when the photographs were taken each family of our own crowd had a set of prints made from the films, so any element of surprise is rather apt to be missing.

Eventually Mrs. Eddy glances at the clock and with an extravagant start of surprise declares they simply must run if they are to catch the 10:40. Mrs. Rinse also is overcome by the flight of time, and the only thing she can do about it is to make plans for immediate departure, explaining that if they don't make the 10:17 they may have to wait twenty minutes for the next one. Mr. Rinse backs her up by remarking that that's the way it is when you live on Long Island.

Mrs. Grew implores them not to think of going for hours to come, rising as she does so to lead the way to her bedroom for the ladies to get their wraps. It is there settled by Mrs. Eddy that our own crowd must get together the next week at her house. The news is passed on to the boys, who notably refrain from throwing their hats up in the air about it.

On their way to their trains Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Rinse can find but sparing praise for the taste in which the Grews' apartment is decorated, and they agree that the dessert at dinner was a sharp disappointment to them.

It is somewhat difficult to get Mr. Grew into the spirit of the thing on the day of the Eddys' dinner, but he eventually listens to reason, and they embark for the Oranges in the evening. Our own crowd, they find, has not turned out in full force for the occasion. That afternoon Mrs. Rinse has telephoned that she is just about devastated at the incident, but an old school friend of hers, whom she hasn't seen for she doesn't know how many years, has dropped in to stay with her, and she cannot see any way out but for her and Mr. Rinse to forgo the reunion.

The evening whirls by almost exactly as did the one dedicated to the Grews' festival, even to the poring over the collection of snapshots. The Grews tear themselves away in time to catch the 9:26 back to town, explaining that they have been up late so much recently. Mrs. Eddy prays them to stay over for another two or three trains, but she is, after all, fairly reasonable about taking no for an answer.

It is while they are waiting at the station that Mrs. Grew announces to her husband that before she'd let herself get as fat as Ethel Eddy she doesn't know what she would do. Mr. Grew confines himself to asking, purely for the rhetorical effect, why the hell people who live in the suburbs think it's any treat to you to tramp out there to dinner.

This fête does not entirely clean up our own crowd's winter schedule. Still another get-together meet is held, this time at the Rinses'. But owing to the roughest kind of luck, the Grews find themselves unable to attend. Mrs. Grew telephones Mrs. Rinse the day before to tell, with a break in her voice, how a man has come on from Mr. Grew's firm's Chicago office, and they simply cannot get out of dining with him and his wife. The only thing that consoles her, she adds, is the confidence that Mrs. Rinse understands how those things are.

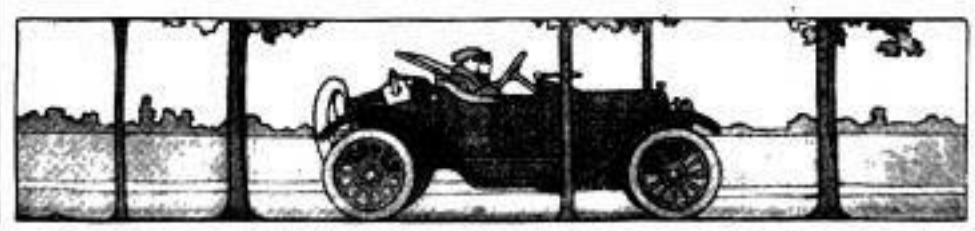
The crowd's winter sessions having closed, things get pretty well back to normalcy again, and the days roll by until, as is no more than to be expected, summer comes around. Somehow, the crowd's spirit of *camaraderie* seems to be closely tied up with the warm weather. Like the stirring of the sap, if you don't mind something rather radical in the way of a simile, is the feeling of tender warmth for the Eddys and the Rinses that rises in the Grews with the first balmy days of June. As the time approaches for them to leave the city it seems as if they could hardly wait to get up to the Pebbly Point House and join up with the right set once again.

And our own crowd never disappoints, once it is established on the porch. Seen there, Mrs. Eddy again becomes a striking figure of a woman; Mrs. Rinse and Mrs. Grew hurry to tell her how simply great she looks with her face fuller. Mrs. Rinse is as frilled and as frolicsome as ever; her friends are amazed at the ladylike strides she has made in her singing. Mrs. Grew's sports costumes are even more dashing; the other two ladies simply can't say enough in favor of them.

Mr. Grew and Mr. Rinse resume their places as undisputed screams, and Mr. Eddy sprinkles words of hope about the future of the financial world.

Even at the first moment of the first meeting of the summer it is just as though the members of our own crowd had never been parted. They go right on with their badinage from where they left off, and it seems to go over bigger every season. Really, so close do they go as the summer dashes by that when the day after Labor Day arrives it doesn't seem as if they could rip themselves apart.

Indeed, they probably couldn't, and still live, if they did not hold tight to the annual thought of the practically countless times that they would get together during the winter.

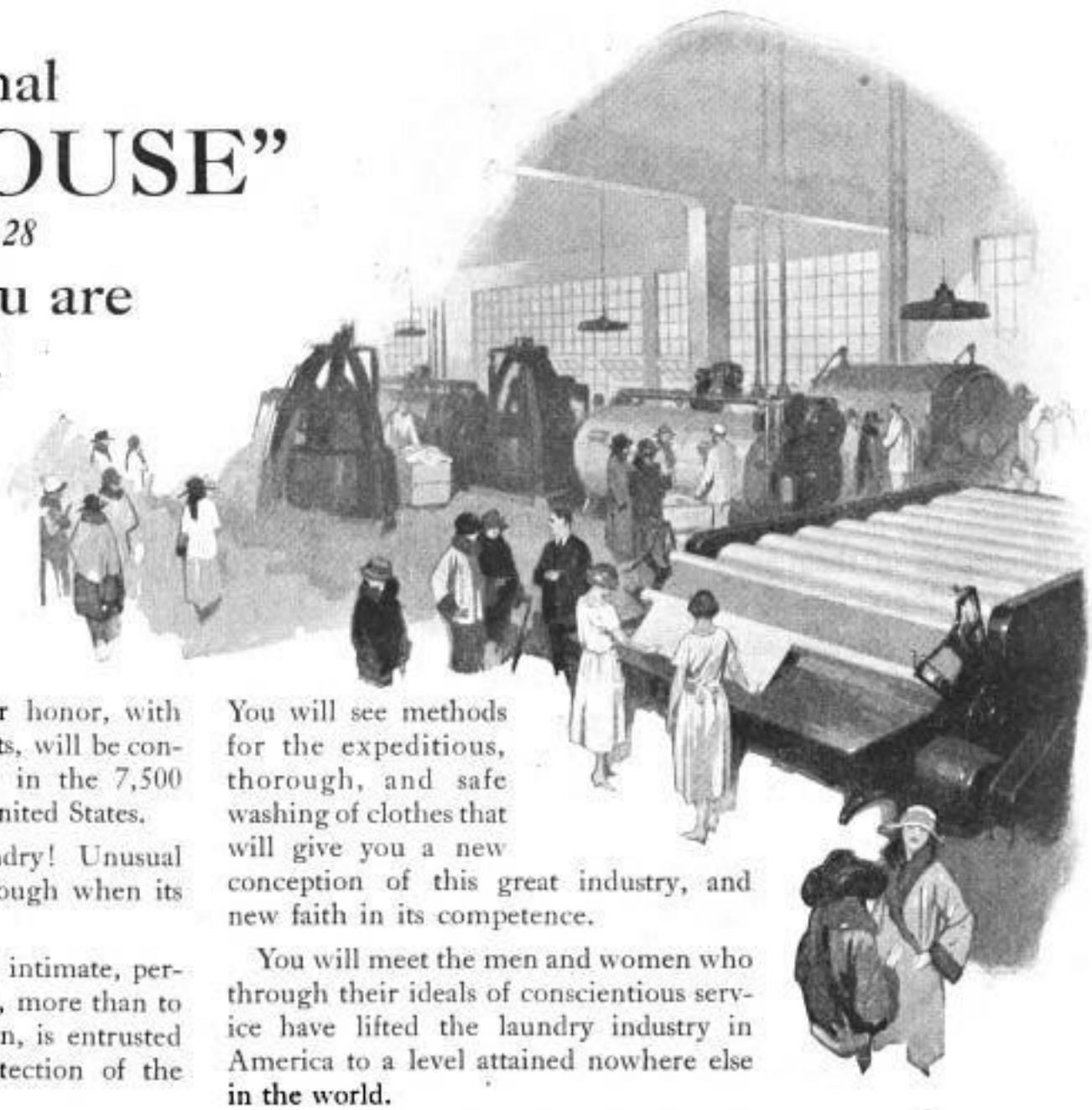


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A National "OPEN HOUSE"

October 23 to 28

to which you are invited



An "open house" in your honor, with 250,000 people as your hosts, will be conducted October 23 to 28 in the 7,500 modern laundries of the United States.

"Open house" in a laundry! Unusual to be sure—yet natural enough when its purpose is understood.

Your laundry renders an intimate, personal sort of service. To it, more than to almost any other institution, is entrusted the conservation and protection of the family health.

You should know how well this duty is performed. You should see a modern laundry in operation—and to make this easy is the purpose of Visitors' Week.

During six days, October 23 to 28, special preparations will be made in modern laundries everywhere for your reception, and the reception of the public.

You will see how clothes are conserved, and a degree of cleanliness and sanitation achieved that is comparable with that in your own home.

You will see methods for the expeditious, thorough, and safe washing of clothes that will give you a new conception of this great industry, and new faith in its competence.

You will meet the men and women who through their ideals of conscientious service have lifted the laundry industry in America to a level attained nowhere else in the world.

You will learn why it is no longer necessary for the family washing to be kept at home, and why washday already has disappeared from the calendars of more than 2,000,000 women.

Visit your laundry during Visitors' Week so that you may know the modern laundry as it really is. Thousands of persons accepted this invitation last year.

Remember the dates, October 23 to 28, and watch your local newspapers.

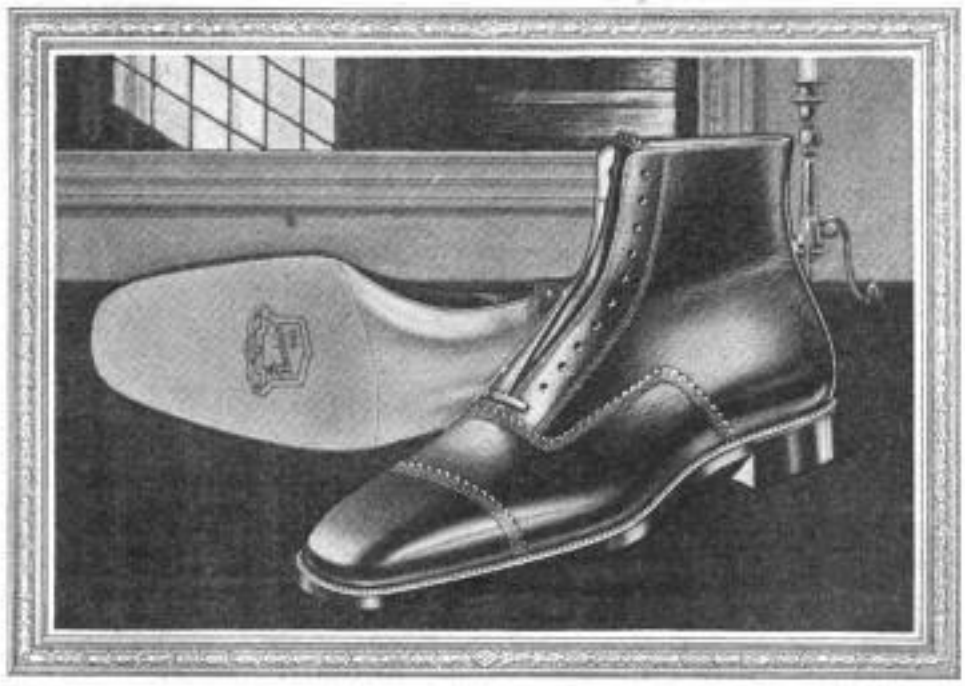
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Visitors' Week OCT. 23 *to* 28

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Champion Spark Plug Co. of Canada, Limited - - Windsor, Ontario

THE SUBMERGED CONGRESSMAN

(Continued from Page 4)

vote as he needs to vote in order to get votes, regardless of the way in which he ought to vote. Consequently he becomes a twiddler; and a twiddler, as one may find from any standard dictionary, is a person who busies himself with trifles.

Let us have no mistake about it: All but sixty congressmen are more or less submerged; and a large number of submerged congressmen are twiddlers. They are grown-up messenger boys receiving a salary of seventy-five hundred dollars a year and a travel allowance, and elected to their jobs for a period of two years by the great and sovereign though frequently very stupid people of the United States—elected, it must be remembered, to represent the needs and the progressive ideas and the high-minded ideals of the greatest and most enlightened country on which the sun has ever shone. They do this by twiddling; and who can say that the people in a congressional district deserve to be represented by anything better than a twiddler if they themselves lack the discernment and the common sense to select a representative who, instead of possessing the power to tell them what they ought to do, can only twiddle?

The development of a twiddler takes place in the following way:

The Hon. Oswald Bloe, of Texakota, an enterprising and eloquent young attorney, is elected to Congress because he wants to be a congressman and because he has personally promised his constituents that he will do everything in his power to obtain fair weather, larger crops, more rain and lower taxes. Having arrived in Washington he goes through the same experience that the much more able Hon. Richard Roe encountered. He is assigned to some committee—not because of any particular qualification that he may have for that particular committee, but because there's a vacancy in it. Sometimes he's assigned to three or four committees, each of them so unimportant that it will never report a bill.

He looks around for something to do, since nobody seems disposed to take any notice of him. He is as ignorant of the baffling and dazing rules of the House as was the Hon. Richard Roe, and therefore he cannot be an intelligent member of the final legislative committee of the House, which is the entire membership of the House altering or discussing or voting on bills which have been brought forward by committee chairmen—a state of affairs technically known as the committee of the whole. Legislation, consequently, means nothing to him except as he's called on to cast a vote.

Glad-Handing the Home Folks

He at once comes to the conclusion that the greatest service he can render to anyone is to connect himself closely with his district. He figures that if he does this and renders some service to the people responsible for his election he will impress them with his activity and ability and thus get their votes on the next election day. He therefore sets to work to build up a correspondence between his district and himself.

In the beginning he has no correspondence to speak of. He therefore gets a classified list of the voters in his district; and to each name on this list he mails a catalogue of government bulletins, together with a letter suggesting that the voter mark a limited number of bulletins so that they may be gladly and gratuitously secured for him by his most sincerely, Oswald Bloe. There is a government bulletin on almost every activity known to man. If one craves to know how to make wastebaskets out of willow twigs, or how to preserve whortleberries, or how to teach a Pomeranian to stand on its hind legs or look like a real dog, or how to hunt elephants and carve them into steaks, or how to milk a cow, feed a baby, run a car, paint a bathtub, build furniture, cure the members of the family of what ails them, write a play, or break 100 at golf, one needs only to send for the proper government bulletin in order to find out how simple the most difficult subject can be made, or vice versa.

These catalogues of government bulletins are very insidious things; for as soon as any normal voter gets a look at one of them he is immediately filled with a passionate desire to delve deeply into eight or ten matters that he never heard of before—such matters as mushroom culture, how to build a smokehouse, bookbinding, and what not. Consequently the Hon. Oswald Bloe has an immediate and enthusiastic response to his suggestions, and a voluminous correspondence is started between the Hon. Oswald's luxurious office in the white marble House Office Building and many a humble home in the First Texakota District.

Right here lies the reason for the impossibility of doing away with the free-seed graft. Every little while an effort is made to cut out or cut down the appropriation for the free seeds with which congressmen shower their constituents; but the submerged congressmen always defeat the effort because they feel that the distribution of free seeds provides one of their surest methods of coming in contact with the voters and of giving them a sort of friendly political hand massage by mail, so to speak.

Bulletins for young mothers provide means for the submerged congressman to win favor in the eyes of the feminine voters. The Agricultural Year Book, a massive tome of four hundred pages, and the Horse Book, which deals exhaustively with the idiosyncrasies of that noble animal, excite the admiration and the gratitude of farmers. Free trees are dispatched to make glad the hearts of orchardists.

Routine Business

The newspapers of the home district are carefully scanned. If the Hon. Oswald Bloe is as diligent as are a great many submerged congressmen the notice of the arrival of a bouncing baby boy in the home of the Jedediah Smiths, of Featherstick township, in the First Texakota District, is soon followed by the arrival in the same home of a hearty letter of congratulation from the Hon. Oswald Bloe, written in such a way as clearly to convey to the proud parents the assurance that all official Washington is excited over the Smith baby and preparing to follow his career from Texakota to the White House with the keenest attention. It isn't much trouble to write this letter, and after it has arrived in the Smith home Mr. and Mrs. Smith are pretty well satisfied that so far as genuine statesmanship goes Oswald Bloe probably makes the late William Ewart Gladstone look like a ward boss.

In addition to this correspondence the submerged congressman carries on a large correspondence over the adjustment of compensations made necessary by the last war, and over special pensioning resulting from the Civil War. Congressmen from certain sections of the country have activities that are not shared by their more or less fortunate colleagues from other sections. Western congressmen, for example, wade through many letters on the subject of public lands, while others keep very busy attending to matters connected with the Indian service.

It is to such stuff as this that the submerged congressman devotes much of his time. It takes so much of his time that he has little time for anything else; but this form of activity, coupled with the chicken-feed legislation that grows out of it, leads his constituents to believe that he is exactly as active and important in Washington as Nick Longworth or Bill Borah or Herb Hoover or any of the other better advertised gentlemen who add so greatly to the luster of our public life. Page after page in the Congressional Record Index is devoted to practically nothing except bills that grant pensions or increases of pensions, mostly to women. A hasty glance at this index, published every two weeks as a supplement to the Congressional Record, is enough to make even the most optimistic fear that it won't be long before every woman in the country is drawing a pension from the Government. The list seems endless in its monotony; column after column and page after page are filled with such words as "H.R. 50,288, Granting a pension to Amelia E. Figgleback. H.R. 50,290, Granting an increase of pension to Martha S. Gringle. H.R. 50,291, Granting an increase of pension to Jeanette Sweedie. H.R. 50,293, Granting a pension to Lottie K. Donut. H.R. 50,294, Granting an increase of pension to Mahala B. McSwottie. H.R. 50,296, Granting a pension to Melissa L. Buster," and so on.

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Those sound congressmen who hold the ordinary vote-getting activities of the submerged congressmen in utter contempt make no bones of saying that the overwhelming desire of submerged congressmen to gain votes and be returned to office at no matter what cost will probably result in their saddling the country with the same sort of pension system for participants in the Great War that has been in the past applied to participants in the Civil War. Such a system would bleed the treasury to an extent undreamed of by the most optimistic pork-barrel picker; and instead of mulcting the taxpayers for a paltry half million dollars a day, it would take two or three million dollars a day out of the taxpayers' pockets.

Such legislation as pension bills requires no attendance on the floor of the House, for they are usually included in an omnibus bill that carries two or three or four hundred of these little bills. In fact, nothing but voting makes it necessary for the true submerged congressman to appear on the floor; and as a result the average submerged member seldom appears on the floor except for a roll call. He spends his mornings—if he is very industrious—running around to different government departments or bureaus, attending to the complaints or requests of his constituents; and he devotes his afternoons to answering their letters.

The House is usually in session from noon until five o'clock in the afternoon; and whenever the roll is called for a vote or division a gong rings three times in all House committee rooms and cloakrooms and in the corridors of the House Office Building. When the submerged congressman, toiling in his office at his pet job of acquiring votes, hears the triple ring, he seizes his hat and hastens over to the Capitol. A subway connects the Capitol and the House Office Building; so he is never inconvenienced by inclement weather. A roll call takes from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, so he always has plenty of time to get there; and he always makes a point of being present at as many roll calls as possible, because the names of those answering to the roll call are always printed in the Congressional Record. The submerged congressman who can point with pride to the fact that he missed very few roll calls is, so far as his constituents are concerned, as devoted a participant in the affairs of the House as such ever-present gentlemen as Mr. Mondell, the Republican floor leader, Mr. Garrett, Democratic floor leader, Mr. Madden, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, or Mr. Longworth, the chief claimant to several large and important jobs. Actually, however, he is a stranger on the floor. Few congressmen know him by sight; while the young men in the press gallery are completely stumped when asked to name him. He seldom knows or cares what he is voting on; and his instructions are conveyed to him by a member of his party or by an acquaintance as he comes down the aisle. Occasionally his signals become crossed and he answers incorrectly or rises when he should remain seated. He is then given the horse laugh by his colleagues, and reverses his position nonchalantly.

High Priced Messenger Boys

When he has answered to his name and made sure that the reading clerk has checked him off he hastens back to his office and resumes his more important and arduous task of being a messenger boy for his district. He is a good messenger boy; but as a legislator he is a distinct frost. And since messenger boys may still be picked up for honorariums that are not exactly ruinous to their employers it would seem that a seventy-five-hundred-dollar salary for a congressman messenger boy is altogether too much.

The submerged congressman, however, would never agree to any such statement. He is frequently a man who has never before earned as much as seventy-five hundred dollars in one year; and he is often filled with a desire to save a part of this magnificent salary as protection against the lean days when he goes back to the skimpier pickings of his old home town. Now Washington, owing to large numbers of landlords and landladies that seem to be laboring under the delusion that the war is still going on, is an expensive city in which to live. The submerged congressman, if he lives in a decent apartment or hotel, finds it practically impossible to save any of his seventy-five hundred dollars. Consequently he looks around for other ways to save it; and in many cases he is most successful at finding them.

Each congressman, for example, is allowed thirty-two hundred dollars for clerical help—that is to say, for a secretary, or for a secretary and stenographer, or however he may want to divide it. And each person whom he employs and pays less than twenty-five hundred dollars is entitled to a bonus of two hundred forty dollars a year to counterbalance inflated prices. It is in this realm of secretaryships and bonuses that the submerged congressman runs amuck with great enthusiasm.

He can do one of several things: He can hire a genuine secretary, skilled in the ways of the House, and pay him the entire sum to which he is entitled for clerk hire. Or he can hire a high-grade stenographer, paying her some two thousand dollars a year, and then turn over the remainder to a member of his family, who can be listed as a stenographer; or he can hire a stenographer to come in for a day or two each week to take care of his heavy correspondence, and the bulk of the clerical-hire money he can turn over to relatives or friends or dummies who do nothing at all but draw the money from a congressional paymaster.

Cash Perquisites

A good secretary to a congressman earns all the money that he gets. Conscientious and diligent congressmen, who spend a great deal of their time on the floor of the House, turn over most of their routine work to their secretaries in order that they themselves may be free to follow legislation intelligently. The messenger-boy submerged congressmen, however, busy themselves with work that should properly be handled by their secretaries; so they don't need good secretaries.

Nearly one-third of the 435 members of the House of Representatives pay a part of their clerical hire to wives, sons, daughters or other near relatives, whose chief service in return for the government money they draw consists of affixing their signatures to the pay roll twice a month. In this way does the submerged congressman store up a nest egg for a rainy day.

Attending roll calls and gratifying the desires of his district in the matter of free seeds, pensions, government bulletins, et cetera, is not entirely sufficient to provide the submerged congressman with talking points for his campaign for reëlection.

In his home district the truly submerged congressman passes as a statesman, even though he is generally recognized in Washington as a twiddler. Since, therefore, it is a universally accepted theory that statesmen are constantly giving tongue on important questions, it is obvious that anybody who wishes to preserve his reputation as a statesman must give, or appear to give, a little tongue himself. It is highly essential that the submerged congressman have a few utterances of his own on weighty problems to which he can point with modest pride—utterances which have obviously been delivered before the seats of the mighty, with all the heavyweight political intellects of the nation digesting the pregnant thoughts with appropriate gravity and evident approbation.

Unfortunately, the House of Representatives has neither the time nor the inclination to listen to the tongue-giving of the Hon. Oswald Bloe or any of his ilk. It has business to do, and it does it; and it is largely due to this fact that the Hon. Oswald Bloe is submerged. But since it cannot listen to him, and since the House knows full well that a candidate for reelection simply cannot continue to do business unless he is able to display at least one statesmanlike utterance, the House has granted to all its members the right of extension of remarks and leave to print in the Congressional Record; and it is because of this right that the submerged congressman is able to show the folks at home that he's a regular statesman.

Some of the most readable speeches that appear in the Congressional Record, well larded with apt quotations, passionate bursts of poetry, incontrovertible figures and occasional rounds of applause, are speeches that have never been delivered before any audience. Their authors merely rise to their feet on the floor of the House and ask unanimous consent to revise and extend their remarks. The only remark of which they are guilty is the one about extending their remarks. Nevertheless,



Ellis Parker Butler

THIS is the first of a series of six advertisements to appear weekly in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, written by Ellis Parker Butler, world famous humorist and author of "Pigs is Pigs," telling America about a new screen play, "East is West." Mr. Butler accepted this commission only on condition that he be permitted to say exactly what he pleased on the subject.



Why shouldn't I tell the world about "East is West" if I want to?

Thousands and thousands of people have already laughed and wept over the adventures of little Ming Toy "99% American girl" and her athletic lover Billy Benson in the stage play "East is West." Everybody that saw Fay Bainter, as the first Ming Toy, being hustled down to the gorgeous but hideous Love Boat because her "father" thought too many daughters were a curse unless he could cash in on their beauty in the matrimonial slave market, will admit it was a great play. Since its first night on Broadway the play has had a two-year run at the Astor, played many consecutive weeks the sixth time it returned to San Francisco, and is still a success on the road. Nearly every American willing to pay two dollars or up for a seat has seen it, and it has made a fortune for its authors, Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer, and for Wm. Harris, Jr., its producer. And they deserve it for providing so much good fun to a world that needs all it can get. Of course, the Motion Picture people were quick to ask for the screen rights of such a hit but the authors and producers knew its value and let the movie men bid against bid for two long years before they cried "SOLD" to Constance Talmadge's Manager, Joseph M. Schenk.

Now, I haven't the least bit of diffidence in saying I am being paid for writing this series of articles, which will run for six weeks in *The Saturday Evening Post*. I don't think it will hurt my standing as an author. Magazines and newspapers pay authors to write about the stage and screen, and all I am asked to do is to tell the truth about "East is West" as I see it. Honestly, I think it is going to be fun to be able to tell some ten million people what I think about a motion picture play. So here goes—more about "East is West" next week.

Ellis Parker Butler

Joseph M. Schenk presents

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in

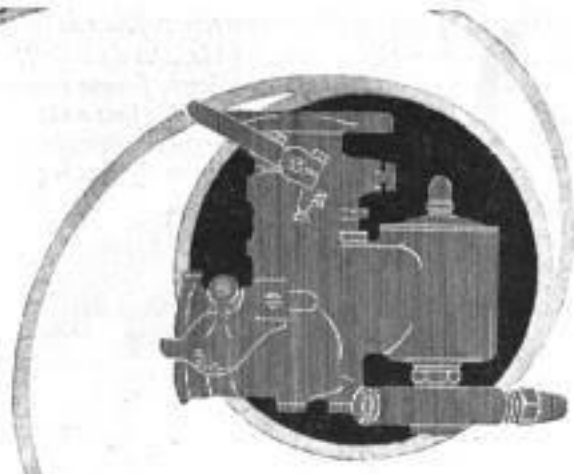
"EAST IS WEST"

Directed by Sidney Franklin

Adapted by Frances Marion from the play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Produced by William Harris, Jr.

A First National Attraction

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The Holley Quality Carburetor on your car is a highly developed *metering* device. It measures accurately the necessary proportions of gas and air for perfect fuel combustion.

HOLLEY CARBURETOR COMPANY, DETROIT

HOLLEY

The QUALITY CARBURETOR

their meaning is clear, and the desired consent is almost invariably granted. Shortly afterward the last few pages of the Record are embellished with the well-chosen words which the submerged-congressman authors have evolved in the privacy of their offices. Still later these speeches are printed separately in pamphlet form, and the proud authors send them out by the thousand to the voters in their districts. The voters, of course, on receiving the speech, remark admiringly to each other: "Gosh! Did you see the way Jim lit into those fellers last week? I bet they all get nervous when Jim starts to rip 'em up the back!" And that's all that Jim wants.

That, then, is the status of submerged congressmen. Some of them are able men who are waiting patiently, and slowly fighting their way to the surface. Some of them are twiddlers, who are even more slowly being forced up to the surface by the seniority system. But more are submerged; and so long as the United States continues to be a large and flourishing country with a correspondingly large House of Representatives, a large number of congressmen will continue to be submerged; and the newest ones will be submerged the deepest.

There seems to be an idea in many sections of the country that the best way to improve a bad Congress is to defeat large numbers of congressmen when they run for reëlection. Such a proceeding, unfortunately, merely serves to replace a number of semisubmerged men with a lot of totally submerged men, and almost invariably makes things a trifle messier than they were before.

Two Types of Candidate

That congressional district is fortunate that knows enough to select a man who is strong enough and able enough to represent it—not a man who is so weak that he will permit his mind to be made up for him by a lot of muddled and lesser minds from that same district—and, having selected him, to let him alone.

There are of course two conceptions of what a representative should be. Some small-minded business men send representatives on missions, but are unable to select or unwilling to pay for representatives with the ability to act on their own initiative. Before taking any decisive step these so-called representatives must consult with their employers; and if they are in such positions that they cannot consult their employers their timidity only too often leads them to make costly mistakes. Such representatives are unworthy of confidence, and should with more propriety be known as delegates or office boys.

Large-minded business men, on the other hand, select genuine representatives for their missions. They are selected for their ability to think and act in the way that their employers ought to act if they are in possession of all the facts. They are absolutely honest and thoroughly reliable in every way; and they have usually demonstrated repeatedly their ability and their sound judgment. Such men ought to be and are given a free hand by their employers to act for them—in other words, to represent them. If they were not given a free hand—if their employers constantly tried to instruct them and overrule them on matters concerning which the employers did not have complete information—such men would have to resign. Their self-respect would not permit them to be office boys when they are supposed to be representatives.

Why the Angels Weep

Congressional districts all over the United States persist either in sending office boys to Congress or in sending able men to Congress and expecting them to behave like office boys. Many a large moist tear must be dropped by the angels at this heart-rending spectacle.

Some day, when the millennium arrives and the lion and the lamb do their famous brother act, every congressional district will send a good man to Congress and let him alone to represent it, and permit him to exercise his own judgment in his own way. No district, when that happy day comes, will throw a congressman out of office because he votes once or twice for something that he believes to be right but that a lot of voters in the district believe to be wrong.

The dawn of that new day will see every candidate for Congress signing a paper which states:

That his idea in running for representative is to represent the people, and not to act as a messenger boy;

That he will turn over to the district attorney for prosecution on the charge of bribery the name of any voter who attempts to influence him on any measure by threats;

That if elected he will make himself a master of parliamentary procedure and the details of legislation by attending every session of the House for his first two terms, regardless of boredom and headaches, unless prevented by sickness, bereavement or an act of God.

There will still be submerged congressmen when that day arrives, but they will be submerged only by the vast amount of business to be done, and not by the kicks in the face that they so frequently have to endure from their own constituents today whenever they start to rise to the surface.

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Stormtight prevents leaks from starting—it stops leaks after they have started. It is the National Roof Protector and should never be confused with cheap, unsatisfactory substitutes.

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a heavy liquid, is far superior to thin, short-lived roof paints for coating good roofs which need protection to keep them good. It should also be applied over old, leaky, apparently worthless roofs, for it will make them as good as new and save the great cost of re-roofing. Anyone can brush on Stormtight.

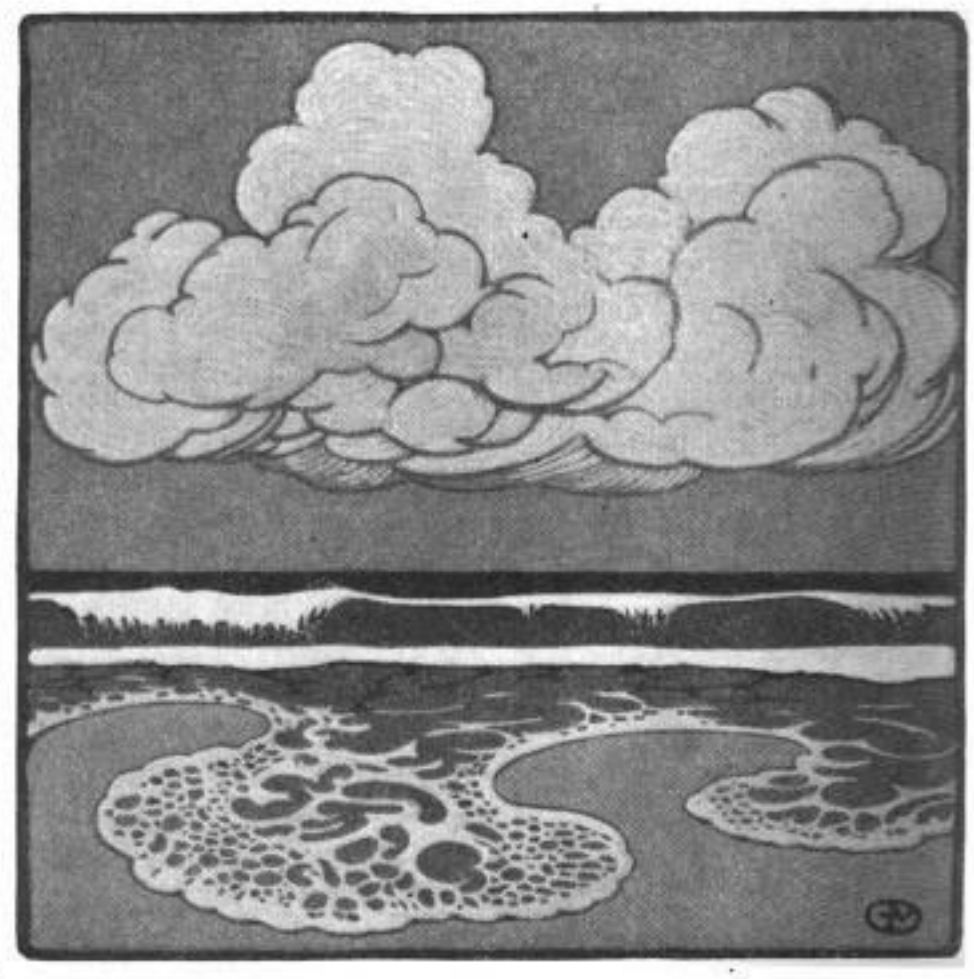
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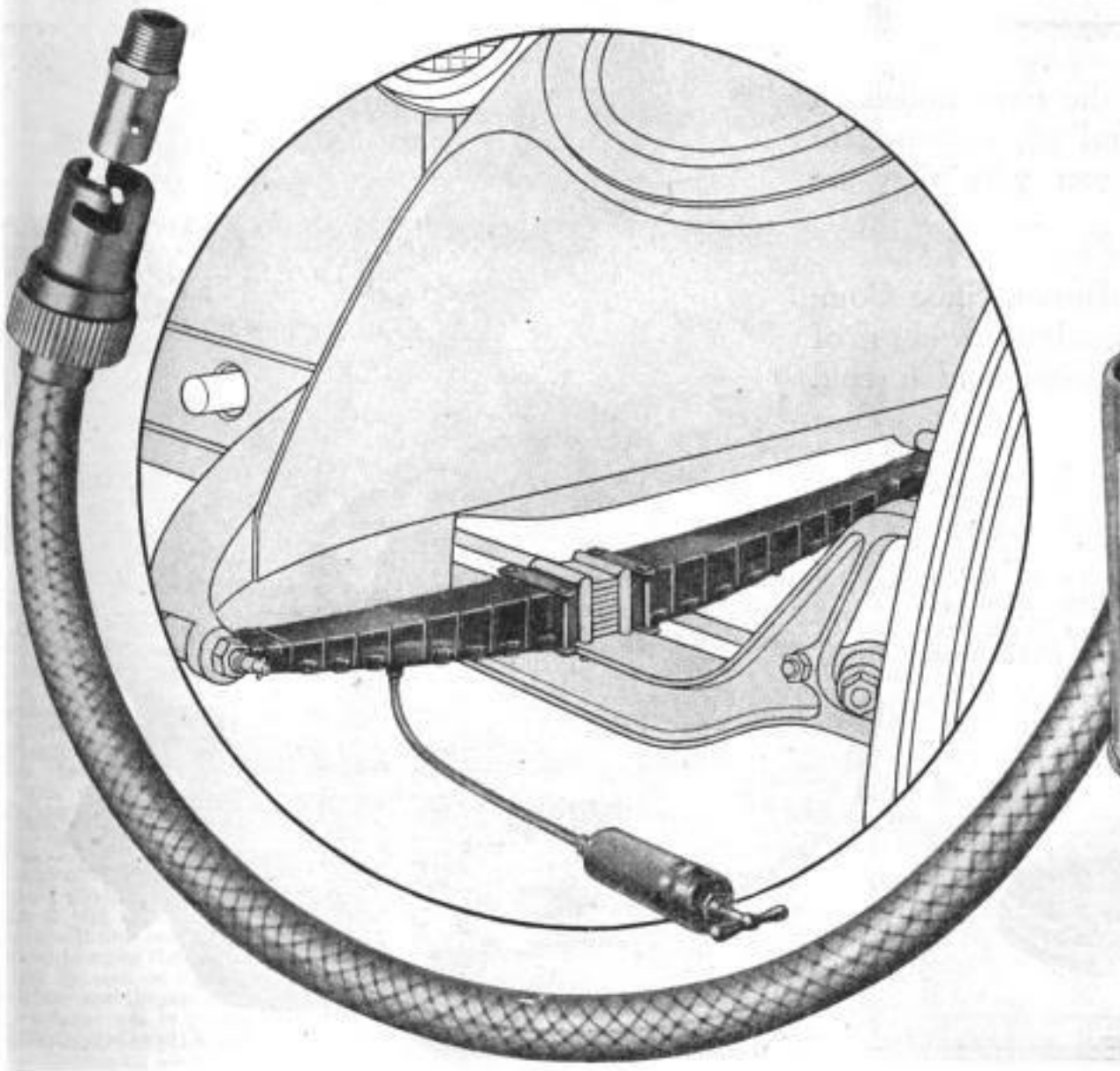
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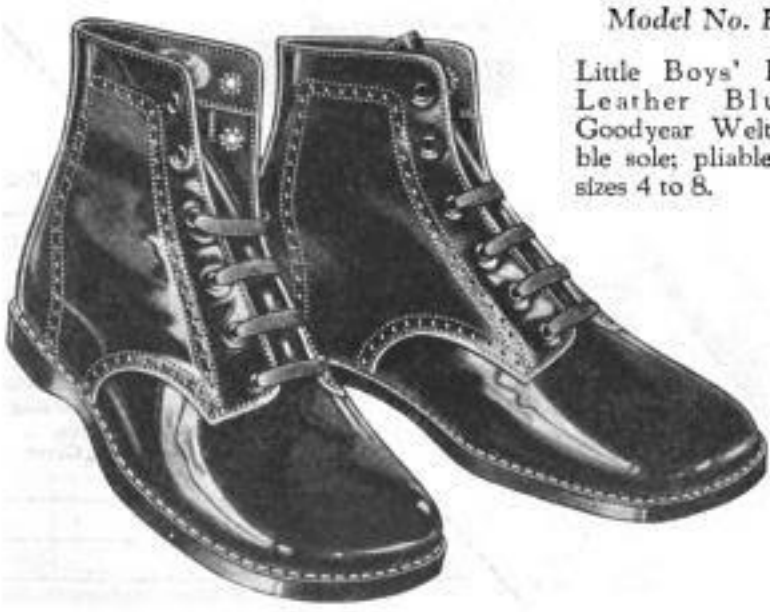
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WINNIE AND THE PANTHER MAN

(Continued from Page 7)

He was not easily susceptible to charm; possibly because he cherished soaring social ambitions, conceivably because he was said to be in search of a really blue-blooded fiancée, or perhaps because he had tremendous political ambitions and was nursing a constituency for the next general election. Like that of many another unattached Londoner, his origin was obscure and he rarely did or said anything likely to make it less so. He lived like a very rich bachelor, and had done so for sufficiently long to reassure any who eyed him doubtfully. Where, how and when he made his money were as far from being matters of common knowledge as are the more intimate personal habits of that other underground worker, the mole.

Yet his eye had thawed slightly after a quarter of an hour of Winnie's conversation. She saw that, and innocently circled round to business.

"It was such pleasant news to me to hear that you were dining here tonight, Mr. Larringe," she said with a touch of shyness in her low voice. "You see, I only learned a day or two ago that it was you who lent Captain Fairbairn the money for the—the mortgage, don't they call it, please?—on March Lodge. And as March Lodge is now mine, you see why I am so relieved to meet the mortgagee—'mortgagee' is right, please, isn't it? I—I was so afraid he might prove to be hard and harsh."

Mr. Larringe laughed—faultlessly. But the warmth had dwindled in his eye and disappeared. It was now faultlessly cold.

"Ah, we shall not quarrel about that, I hope, dear lady. Business is a necessary evil, I suppose; but there is no reason why one should not do it in an amiable way."

"No, indeed," agreed Winnie eagerly. "That is what I always think, too, although I don't pretend to understand it very well."

She thought for a moment, looking down, her big blue eyes fixed on her slippers.

"And I wanted so much to thank you for the kindness you showed to Cecil, quite apart from the mortgage money you lent him. The agent—the gentleman who deals with my money affairs for me—tells me that you lent him eight thousand pounds, besides the mortgage money; and, please, I want to thank you for that too."

Larringe frowned a trifle, as though with the effort of swift thought.

"Pardon me, not quite that," he said. "The eight thousand pounds was not a loan. It was the figure poor Fairbairn agreed to pay me for taking over the whole of his interest in the Morriston Colony. Forgive me if I say that the interest—in a business sense—consisted mainly of very heavy liabilities."

"Liabilities? Please, I don't quite understand. I—I am not a very good business woman"—Winnie's eyes were wide and puzzled and a little frightened; "won't you explain to me?"

Mr. Larringe relaxed a little—as when C. de Capello, semicharmed, deflates slightly his spectacled hood.

"Why, with pleasure! It was a very simple transaction," he explained. "As you probably know, Captain Fairbairn took a keen interest and a leading part in financing and planning the Morriston Colony. You know, of course, the idea of that rather Utopian—forgive me—scheme?"

"Not very well," said Winnie softly. "You see, that, with his parliamentary duties, which, in spite of his ill health, he still tried to carry out, kept him so busy that he never seemed to have time to explain it simply and fully to me. Perhaps that was my fault; I am not clever at understanding complex things."

Larringe nodded.

"But dear lady, it was not really complex. Let me make it clear."

"Oh, if you would, please!" breathed Winnie, her eyes wide with admiration.

"The idea of the Morriston Colony, briefly, was to found a place—a small manufacturing town, shall I say?—which should produce certain goods at a profit. But it was to differ from the ordinary manufacturing town in that the labor required to make these goods was to be provided by men on strike from some other industry, and the capital required to finance the scheme was to be provided partly by philanthropists and partly by trades-unions. The underlying idea was to prevent the tragic and ruinous waste of time which is caused by every strike. Do you see?"

"A—a little, I think"—doubtfully.

"For example, suppose the engineers or weavers struck work at their trades. Normally they would be idle until the dispute was settled. In such a case it was designed that the Morriston Colony should say to the trades-unions, 'Send us a thousand—two thousand—any number—of these non-workers and we will give them work to do that will create goods and earn them money until their own dispute is settled. The money naturally must and will be much less than they normally earn; but it will be better than nothing, and it will enable us to produce goods cheaply—for the benefit of the colony.'"

"Oh, I see—I see now! You make it very clear. Do you think it was a good idea, please?"

Larringe looked remotely gratified.

"The scheme was founded on several deadly fallacies, yet it was a glittering idea—to certain types of mind, But all that glitters is by no means gold. It appealed to the generous, charitable instincts of Captain Fairbairn, for example. He—forgive me again—was not a hard, keen business man, was he?"

"Cecil? Oh, no, I—I don't think so; but he was very kind." Her voice died out.

"Several of his associates were like him," continued Mr. Larringe. "And they had to deal with untrustworthy people. They bought from the government the huge Morriston aërodrome and camp, a relic of the war capable of housing nearly ten thousand men, and set to work to develop their plans. But to be a good and wise philanthropist it is essential that one should also be a very good business man indeed. The governors of the colony were not. Kind, anxious to do good, earnest—yes, I suppose they were that. But—forgive me again—it was as if a little company of poets had tried to run a great steelworks. The blast furnace is no place for dreamers and idealists. The colony became a paradise of the lazy and the ne'er-do-well, before even the housing was put in order. For example, a professional tramp could get in—by means of a few lies and a little impudence—devour five shillings' worth of good food, sleep in a clean, white bed, do ninepenny worth of unskilled labor in return, and move on. That sort of thing. The colony was in difficulties almost at once. It was bound to be. The money melted like snow. By the time the place was put in order—workshops arranged and so forth—the money of the original projectors of the scheme was gone and they found themselves facing large liabilities. I am sorry to say your fiancé was one of them. He came to me. We discussed it at some length, and, sympathizing with him in his obviously bad health, I took over his liabilities in consideration of the sum of eight thousand pounds, thus freeing him of all liability. I had already lent him five thousand, secured by the mortgage on March Lodge"—Larringe's eyes flickered sidelong to the pale, lovely face of the girl beside him—"and for the eight thousand I asked no safer security than his promise to pay it; practically an agreement between men of honor."

"Ah, yes, men of honor." The sigh was like a faint, far echo.

"Have I made it clear, dear lady?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, you have! You are wonderful! What has happened, please, to the colony now?" she asked wistfully.

"Efforts are being made to transform it into a successful concern run on real business lines. There is to be some attempt to make it an enormous pottery and tile works. There are believed to be valuable beds of extremely good clay on land adjoining, and the founders put in a great deal of pottery and tile making plant."

"So, after all, someone will benefit, won't they?" asked Winnie.

"It is just conceivable—if they are fortunate."

"Do you know who owns it now, please?"

Larringe shook his smooth head.

"No. I was able to sell fairly quickly the interest in the place which I took over from Captain Fairbairn." He smiled ruefully.

"But it had cost me nearly ten thousand pounds—my share of incurred liabilities—before I managed to dispose of it. Even when the men of affairs pay me the eight thousand pounds from Fairbairn's estate





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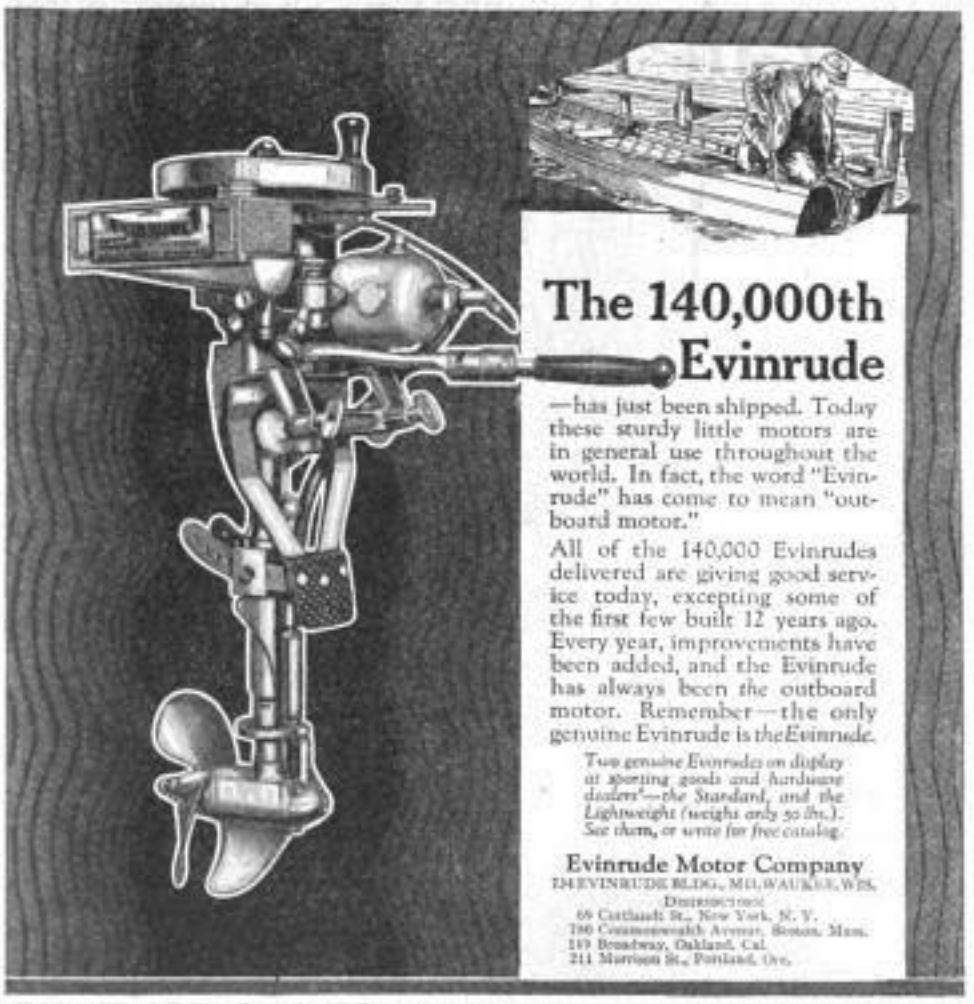
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I shall have lost a thousand pounds." He shrugged. "But do not let my loss give you a moment's uneasiness, dear lady," he said lightly. "One does a little business—sometimes one profits, sometimes one loses. It is all in the day's work."

"Yes, I see that. You speak most generously, Mr. Larringe." A beautiful little hand fell light as a moonlight moth on his sleeve. "Please let me say thank you for all your kindness—and consideration. You know, of course, that Cecil left everything to me. I shall try so very hard to see that the money is repaid to you as quickly as possible. I—I am afraid that Captain Fairbairn's estate is a little complicated; that there is not very much money left for me; but I will try so hard to arrange that you do not have to wait unreasonably long for repayment. I am sure he would not mind me telling you that much of the money he invested in the Morriston Colony was mine—which he invested for me." Her eyes were like dark sapphires, and a touch of deeper color had crept to her cheeks.

Larringe nodded, smiling.

"Ah, I see that you are a businesslike lady," he said.

"I am going to try very hard to be," sighed Winnie. "Please, shall we go back to the drawing-room now?"

They met May Fasterton on the threshold. The vivacious May was not normally an intensely observant lady, but now something in Winnie's eyes caught her attention.

"What is it, darling?" she whispered presently.

But Winnie only shook her head, with a little smile. May did not press her, but she was puzzled.

"I believe my Winnie is actually angry. I wonder. I suppose the panther man is too clever for her. It's a shame, really. If there is anything between them Winnie must be very careful. He has all the advantage, and he is rich and cunning too. I wonder."

But she was only partly right. Winnie was angry—at least she would have been, and with ample reason, if she had not known that of all the luxuries anger is apt to be one of the most perilous. Larringe had given her his version of the rise and fall of the Morriston Colony, but she had read a very different version of it in the diary of her husband. And of the two, not unnaturally Winnie preferred to believe that of Cecil Fairbairn. For she knew that if he had been weak and unbusinesslike, he was no liar.

▼

SOON Winnie sat again in the office of George H. Jay, drawn thither apparently by a mildly worded warning from the agent that the business men of Mr. Claude Larringe had developed a certain curiosity as to the plans of those dealing with the late Captain Fairbairn's estate for paying all—or some—of the eight thousand pounds now overdue. Mr. Jay was somewhat worried, and said so. He was afraid that the money would have to be paid.

"It's this way, my dear Miss Winnie: Whether Captain Fairbairn made a good bargain or a bad bargain, there seems no doubt that Mr. Larringe took care of himself on paper. The claim is incontestable. There are documents providing against every contingency—even against any objection by the executors and beneficiaries of the captain's estate in the event of his untimely decease."

George H. walked about his office a little in the fidgety manner of a plump fish on a good hook.

"Oh, but please, I don't think it would be right to dream of disputing it!" cried Winnie. "I have promised that it shall be paid. I do not object to that, even though I think it is just a little sad—unlucky—that after all the money that was spent on Morriston none of the people who originally converted it from an aërodrome should benefit. Don't you think so, too, please? Mr. Larringe told me it was a successful business concern now, but he did not know who owned it."

The hard, glassy eyes of the gentle George H. protruded as on stalks.

"Hey—what's that? Pardon my abruptness, but what's that? You say Mr. Larringe doesn't know who owns the Morriston settlement?" he said with the air of a very amazed man.

"Yes, that is what he told me personally." Winnie's eyes were wide as she said it.

"Oh, he doesn't know? Well, I do! The owner of the Morriston Potteries, lock, stock and barrel, is Mr. Claude Larringe himself—and he is making a fortune out of the place." Mr. Jay sat down. "I thought you knew that, my dear Miss Winnie. Larringe was after the place, working in the dark, for a long time before he took over Captain Fairbairn's interest—at a price—and bit by bit acquired the interests of the other founders. It was Larringe who ruined the thing—not very difficult, for it was an impracticable scheme. It was his agents who contrived all the difficulties that eventually wrecked the thing and gave him the aërodrome, plus all the installations and improvements which had eaten up the founders' money, plus the sums—like this eight thousand—they paid him to take over liabilities.

"Why, half the pottery plant there now—in full blast—was put in and paid for by the founders on a promise—a legally breakable promise—by Larringe to sell them the adjoining clay beds, which he owns. Probably that was what attracted his attention to the colony at first. It's a long story, Miss Winnie, and I thought Captain Fairbairn had told you about it. He knew the truth before his death, I know. It was the refusal of Larringe, through agents, to sell them the clay land that helped largely to ruin them and brought them to a point where they not only gave him the whole works but paid him to accept it. You see, they were good men, but not business men. Larringe got a coil round the colony at the start—the manager was in his pay—and eventually he anaconda-ed the whole thing. He did—in the dark, always in the dark—some pretty mean things to succeed, but he succeeded. I don't know half the story, but Captain Fairbairn did before he died. The affair broke his heart, because it was your money he lost. But it did not break his spirit. He employed a clever man, who had been a chartered accountant but had been broken for some slip—the captain never could resist helping a lame dog. This man ferreted out a lot of awkward things against Larringe—the captain told me that—but in the end Larringe bought him away from Captain Fairbairn. He disappeared. If I could find that man and get him to tell the truth I guess I should feel happy enough about this eight thousand—but I can't. I've tried. It jars every bone in my body to say it, but we've got to pay the money, Miss Winnie," concluded George H. Jay with bitterness. Winnie nodded.

"Oh, yes, I see that; and I know that you have fought so well for me. I must pay. But, please, Mr. Larringe will give me time—a little time—to find the money, or some of it, little by little, won't he, Mr. Jay? You see, I—I can't sell everything at once. I have the future to think of too."

George H. Jay gritted his teeth.

"Oh, yes, he shall give you time. I'll see to that," he promised.

Then, with a certain relief, he passed on to the topic of what Winnie was going to do to live. She had a plan, it appeared; and, a little nervously, she told him of it.

"I think I have a little talent that I have never used," she said, her eyes fixed on him, very blue and very earnest—"a literary talent. Daddy used to say I had it. And I have thought it all over very carefully, and I want to try to see if I cannot earn a little money by journalism. My friend Mr. Gerald Peel has an interest in a new paper—a little gossipy weekly—and if I invest a little money in it, too, I—I think I could gain a position on this paper. And if you like you could have a share in it, dear Mr. Jay. You have fought for me so—and Gerald Peel could arrange it for you."

The glassy eyes of the gentle George tagged outwards from their sockets.

"What, me? Me take a share in a little gossipy paper?" he cried out, like a man in pain, then recovered himself. "Sorry, Miss Winnie, but you surprised me. You shocked me!" He stood up. "My dear," he said, just about as earnestly as he could utter language, "don't do this thing! It's not at all advisable! Miss Winnie, Fleet Street is strewn with the white skeletons of gossipy little weeklies. They—they"—he groped for impressive metaphor—"lay about like eggshells in a hatching house. I mean that it's been tried a thousand times and they have nearly always failed. Listen to me and take a hard business man's advice, Miss Winnie. Put no money in it! Don't do it, forget it, turn it down! It's the fairy fancy of every four-flusher—excuse me—that ever smelled printer's ink, to start a jolly little paper. I am very much surprised at the Honorable Gerald. He would

(Continued on Page 136)

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(Continued from Page 134)

do far, far better to stick to buying and selling his steeplechasers. I'm frank because I feel frank, and I want to see you get away with something successful. I couldn't come across with money for a share in a gossipy little paper. I could not, really I could not. My instincts are against it. I could be driven to the cash box for the money, but I couldn't bring myself to open it—not for a little paper. They always fail—humanly speaking. I ——"

Mr. Jay stopped his almost desperate exhortations sharply, his mouth open. He had remembered something. Once before Winnie had offered him a share in the very wildest of wildcat dreams—the purchase of a ruined film studio—and he had refused it. And it had lost him a profit that for a time had stopped his hair from falling out but started it going gray. He had sworn a secret oath then that never again would he allow any business proposition of Miss Winnie O'Wynn to get by him without a solid harpoon marked in plain letters "George Henry Jay" buried to the hilt in its very vitals. Yet what was he doing now?

But—a jolly little new weekly paper! Backed by a gentleman who knew nothing much about anything but steeplechase riding and steeplechasers! Impossible! He would do better to take his money out into the park and tie it to a bone and let the first hungry dog remove it. It would save time and a whole lot of trouble. Why, it—money—was not meant to be treated so! He stifled a groan.

And little Miss Winnie was not even a journalist! She was, or she had seemed to be, a clever child—before her luck took a turn. But even she could not work the miracle of making a fortune out of a scheme like that.

He stared sadly into the wide, anxious blue eyes before him.

"Any other scheme in the world but just that one scheme would find me jumping to connect with it. But my heart wouldn't be in it."

Winnie rose and came to him, resting her hand lightly on his sleeve.

"Dear Mr. Jay, please, please don't worry over my little scheme! It was only just a suggestion, you see. Don't let us think about it any more. It would make me very unhappy if I thought you were worrying about it. So please don't let us bother any more. I won't do anything rash or foolish, and there is no need to hurry into anything. So let us forget it now."

She shook hands, smiling up at him.

"I have a feeling that everything will come right, somehow. And if you can persuade Mr. Larringe to grant a little more time perhaps something will happen to help me. I will come to see you again soon." She looked closely at him. "You won't worry about me, please, will you, Mr. Jay?"

He reassured her. Yet for a long time after she had gone he sat thinking. True to his promise, he was not worrying about Winnie. But he certainly was worrying considerably about himself. Had he turned down something which he should not have turned down? Still, look at it—a nice little gossipy paper—pshaw! Fleet Street was ankle deep with their dry bones.

VI

MR. JAY failed rather completely to arrange with the cold-eyed Claude Larringe, or his representatives, any mitigation of their urgency to collect something weighty on account of the payment. He wrote to Winnie to this effect about a week after their interview, and received a resigned, rather plaintive letter in return, wherein Winnie said that she was selling some jewels and would call soon.

"She's beaten, poor little soul; she's lost heart. Not the girl she was, after all, and I don't wonder at it," said Mr. Jay sadly. "I might have known that a wolf who would rob a very sick man like Fairbairn was would leave no loopholes for a child like Miss Winnie."

He shook his large and heavy head over the letter for a moment; then, being a business man, got on with his business.

But though Winnie's sweet face was not without its touch of sadness when, a morning or two after, she came down to breakfast at Fasterton House, it bore no sign that she had lost heart or that she was beaten, as the gentle George H. Jay had concluded. Indeed, if anything, she seemed happier today, and she displayed quite an intent interest in the newspaper which Butler Barlow had ready for her. She was quite alone, for May Fasterton feared and dreaded rising for breakfast about as much as any woman can fear anything.

Winnie's interest did not extend beyond the front-page advertisement of the newspaper, which was the biggest and most powerful in the country. Yet her interest was easily explained.

The advertisement on this front page announced in enormous display type that shortly there would appear a new weekly paper entitled The Ray, a Journal of Plain Truth, and among the contents announced was an item which easily explained Winnie's rapt interest. It ran:

THE MORRISTON COLONY MYSTERY

A scathing exposure of the secret causes and machinations which led to the ruin of the famous nonwaste colony and its founders written by our fully informed special investigatress—a relative of one of the founders. A damning indictment.

Winnie smiled a curious little smile, partly triumphant, partly tender, wholly adorable. She liked the look and the promise of that article. And she was entitled to do so, for she had written it herself, from the heartbreaking material found in her dead fiancé's diary.

She wondered what Mr. Claude Larringe was thinking of this newspaper that morning—it was one which no ambitious politician or social aspirant could well afford to ignore. The cold-eyed one did not leave her long in doubt. She had hardly finished breakfast when Barlow, deferentially indulgent, invited her to the telephone.

"Oh, thank you, Barlow. Is it anyone asking for me?"

"A gentleman—Mr. Larringe," Barlow believed.

It was even so, and Mr. Larringe was disturbed in his mind. He said so, with quite faultless politeness. He had seen the advertisement of The Ray, the promised new journal of plain truth, he continued suavely, and if it chanced that she, Miss O'Wynn, was the talented investigatress who was writing the promised article on the alleged Morriston Colony mystery, he begged that she would grant him the favor, the very great favor, of an interview at the earliest possible moment.

Winnie granted him the favor. He was at Fasterton House so very swiftly that Winnie would have hesitated to deny that he had done the journey on large, high-geared wings. He greeted her with suave and rather novel geniality, but his cold eye was uneasy as he bowed. He informed Winnie that since he had seen her last he had acquired a small interest in the Morriston Potteries and therefore naturally was anxious that its integrity as a business concern should not be stained or spotted by even such unimportant publications as, for example, this forthcoming new paper, The Ray.

Winnie, very lovely and cool in her little morning frock, agreed with him. Mr. Larringe looked puzzled.

"But, dear lady, if you agree, may I ask why are you writing the article in question?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Winnie. "You see, I have to earn my living, and because I think I have a tiny literary talent I am going to try journalism. I happen to know the proprietor and he is willing to give me a trial. Please don't laugh at me. I—I know it sounds very ambitious, but I am going to try hard. And besides"—she brightened up—"every penny that I shall receive for my work for the paper is going to be saved for the express purpose of paying off the debt to you!"

She paused, evidently expecting a little outburst of congratulation. But, strangely, the cold-eyed one neither burst out nor congratulated. His eye, indeed, grew uneasier.

"But—forgive me—are you sure of the facts, the curious facts, at which this sheet hints? Even a journalist has to be sure of his or her facts nowadays. The law of libel is comprehensive, far-reaching and rigorously administered. Have you considered all that? I ask it as a friend—may I say a good friend? Can you prove that your facts are of such a nature that their publication can benefit the public? That is necessary, you know, to avoid libel actions."

Winnie nodded.

"Oh, yes, thank you, Mr. Larringe, that was explained to me by the proprietor of The Ray. My facts are quite true and can be proved, he thinks."

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"But—if I may ask—where did you get them, dear lady?"

"From the private, locked diary of my fiancé, Captain Fairbairn. You see, please, he had written down in detail, with proofs, the result of the investigations he and an accountant he employed had made just before he died. I have the diary now," she explained in a low voice, a little timid but composed.

Mr. Larringe's jaw set suddenly and his cold eye glittered.

"You suggest in your article that unscrupulous means were used to ruin the colony?" he asked.

"I—I suppose that people who read it will say so."

Larringe stiffened.

"By whom were these—these alleged devious means used?" he asked.

"By you, Mr. Larringe," said Winnie very gently.

For a long half minute the man stared deep into the blue, blue eyes watching him. His brows were suddenly knotted as he concentrated on the problem.

But he was handicapped; he was fighting not only Winnie but his uncertainty as to what the accountant he had bribed had discovered for Fairbairn. He had done, or financed or authorized the doing of many curious, unscrupulous and, strictly, illegal things to get possession of the Morriston works, and if he brought a libel action there was a grave risk of losing it. And in any case he would be discredited sufficiently to lose any chance of a successful election presently. Voters, he knew, were not all such fools as they occasionally look. And as for his social ambitions —— He steadied himself.

"Have you, by any chance, a copy or proof of the article at hand?" he said, not quite so faultlessly as usual.

Winnie passed him a printer's proof dated for insertion in The Ray—No. 1 Vol. 1; said to be the saddest words in the English language—and he flashed through it. He did not read far, and his face was paler when he looked up.

"Miss O'Wynn, let us come to business," he said harshly. "Listen to me. The estate you have inherited owes me eight thousand pounds, exclusive of the mortgage. Withdraw this article from The Ray, stating that it is inaccurate, and write me a promise that you will not make public the contents—the untrue contents—of the diary in any form in the future, and I will give you a full discharge of the debt."

Winnie's eyes widened as in terror. She shook her beautiful golden head.

"I will include the mortgage money!" urged Larringe.

"But please, please, don't you see that you are trying to force me into an act of—of—blackmail? It is quite impossible—quite!" she cried. "I could not entertain such a proposal." She was terribly distressed. "Oh, please, you must go!"

She reached to the bell. Larringe leaned closer.

"Very well. Will you tell me the name of the proprietor of this—this paper?"

Hurriedly, hastily, Winnie told him and rang for Barlow.

Larringe made one more effort.

"Will you sell me that diary—at your own price?"

Winnie's eyes flashed.

"Sell—Cecil's—diary!" she said in altogether a different voice. "Barlow, show this—gentleman out!"

Barlow obliged.

VII

THREE mornings after his disconcerting interview with Winnie, Mr. Claude Larringe was seated in the office of the gentle George H. Jay, listening with but poorly concealed impatience to a breezy description of a very fine old Berkshire boar which Mr. Jay had recently been fortunate enough to purchase for his agricultural little place in the country. The agent had exhausted his list of the advantages of the Berkshire hog and was beginning enthusiastically to enumerate the disadvantages of the Tamworth variety when, apparently to Mr. Larringe's great relief, a clerk announced the arrival of Miss O'Wynn and the Honorable Gerald Peel. They were shown in at once and warmly greeted by Mr. Jay.

"Think you expressed a wish that if she were willing, Miss O'Wynn should be present at this interview, Larringe, what?" drawled the Honorable Gerald, excessively self-possessed and cool. He was one of the finest amateur steeplechase riders and steeplechaser trainers in the country, and he was Winnie's staunchest, most reliable man friend. He was not in the least in love with her, nor ever had been; but he was what he himself described as her four-square pal.

"Yes, yes. It is very good of Miss O'Wynn to come. I appreciate her—consideration."

"Good!" said Gerald tersely, as Mr. Jay drew a chair for Winnie closer to his desk.

Mr. Larringe wasted no time.

"Shall we get to business?" he said, and got to it at once. He drew from his pocket a large, fat packet of bank notes.

"You desired notes, Mr. Peel, I believe; I have brought them."

"Delightful things, notes," said the Honorable Gerald. "Will you count them, Jay?"

Mr. Jay did so and announced their total as being fourteen thousand pounds.

"That is the amount for which you have agreed to sell me outright the projected and partly prepared paper, The Ray, Mr. Peel?" said Larringe.

"It is," agreed Gerald.

"With an undertaking signed by one of your staff—er—Miss O'Wynn—that any further articles or books relating to the Morriston Colony she may write at any time shall be offered to me at ordinary market rates, and in no circumstances whatever shall be offered to any other person or publication?"

"Yes," said Gerald.

"Oh, but yes, yes!" sighed Winnie.

"The documents are in order?" continued Larringe to Mr. Jay.

"Quite. Only the date needs to be filled in and the signatures attached," said George H., pushing forward the contract, to which the Honorable Gerald affixed his signature, followed by Winnie, then by Larringe, and finally by Mr. Jay as witness.

Larringe drew a deep breath as he took up the contract and Gerald took up the notes. It had cost him a good sum, but only he knew what it was worth to him.

"It is signed and settled then. You have made an astoundingly good bargain, Mr. Peel. Fourteen thousand pounds for an unpublished paper!"

His face went a little wry.

"Oh, please, it is not quite settled," said a soft, soft voice.

Larringe turned to stare into a pair of wide, baby-blue eyes.

"Not settled! Pardon me, I don't understand."

The Honorable Gerald chuckled dryly and passed the package of bank notes over to Winnie.

"You will in a moment, Larringe," he prophesied.

Winnie looked at George H. Jay.

"The mortgage deed, please, dear Mr. Jay. You asked Mr. Larringe to bring it, did you not?" she said sweetly, and counted out a bulksome bale of the notes.

"I desire to pay off the mortgage on March Lodge, Mr. Larringe, please. Here is the money, together with the interest due up to this day."



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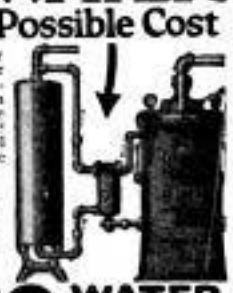
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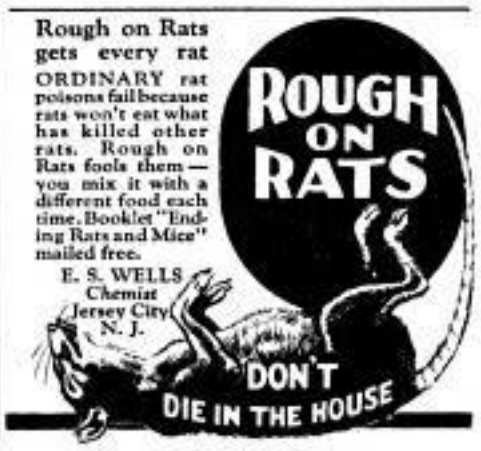
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Her glorious eyes were sapphire dark now and a wonderful flood of pale rose was in her cheeks.

"Come on, Jay, the deed," said Gerald.

Mr. Jay spread the parchment.

"You sign there!" He indicated the place.

Larringe's eyes were cold and malignant, and his hand shook a little. But he signed without comment and crammed the money into his pocket.

"And here is eight thousand pounds"—Winnie's voice rose, and now a sudden mistiness veiled the glory in her eyes—"Captain Fairbairn's debt to you, Mr. Larringe, in full settlement!"

Her breath came quickly, like that of a woman overstrung.

"Gently, gently, old lady!" warned Gerald.

But Mr. Jay's glassy eyes were on those of Larringe.

"The papers relating to this debt, please. You were requested to bring these too," said George H., a sharp note of rising excitement in his voice.

Larringe had brought them. He signed them sullenly and took the money.

"And now, Larringe, you may go," said the Honorable Gerald sulkily.

Larringe took up his hat. But he could not resist one poisoned arrow.

"I should like to congratulate this charming young lady on her good fortune in having a friend willing to use his money so generously in payment of her debts," he said acidly.

Winnie faced him instantly.

"You are wrong, Mr. Larringe. The money I have paid you was the purchase price of The Ray, and The Ray was mine!" she said.

Mr. Jay threw up his hands like a man struck by lightning! She had offered him a share in the paper; she had offered—offered —— The only sound that broke the sudden tense silence was the sound of a large and watery gulp. Mr. Jay made it. The good ship Business had sailed up over his horizon, sailed into his very office, and he had not noticed it! He gulped again. Winnie folded away the remaining notes.

"And these will bring back the jewels I pawned to pay for the full-page advertisement of The Ray which startled you into doing—against your will—an act of justice to the estate of a good man whom you helped to ruin and to kill!" she said.

She stood before him, slim, lovely, completely fearless. She had beaten him, and for once she openly triumphed in a success.

He opened his lips to speak, altered his mind, gave a curious, stiff little bow and went.

Winnie sat down rather suddenly, buried her face in her hands and remained so, very still. Gerald Peel sauntered to the window, gazing out, his back to Winnie; and the gentle George H. Jay, after a glance of something like sheer reverence at the little figure by his desk, took paper and pencil and began to scribble furiously.

But quite quickly a sweet, an incomparable voice, low, tremulous, brought their eyes on her again.

"Forgive me, please, for crying. I—I did not think I would do that. Only, you see, it hurt me more than I thought, because it was for Cecil's sake," said Winnie.

They assured her anxiously that they understood completely; and, presumably to prove it, Mr. Jay flourished his scrawled scrap of paper before him.

"Take a look at this, Miss Winnie! Just to help out a little. It will do you good—bound to."

Winnie looked. It was a rough abbreviated balance sheet, as follows:

CASH STATEMENT
MISS WINNIE'S AFFAIRS

Assets	Liabilities
Approx. £14,613	Approx., say, £3,500

Balance—to the good, £12,113.

(Signed) GEORGE H. JAY.

"It's a bit rough and ready," said George H. apologetically. "But it's approximately right—ha-ha—eh, Miss Winnie? Old George Wall-eyed Jay—he may not understand little gossipy papers. But he's no tortoise on the figures—where there are any—ha-ha!"

But in spite of his pardonable emotion he might have got them correct!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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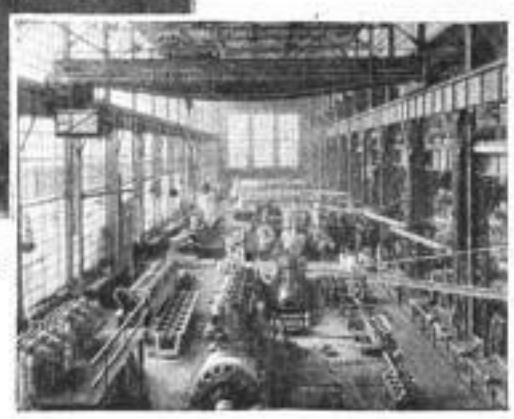
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Prize Money—and the old Engineer's Boy

"Oh, that's the same old idea you sprang five years ago, Tom," said the President as he laid a friendly hand on the old engineer's shoulder. "I'm sorry, but the prize money for coal saving suggestions *must* go to those whose ideas are more practical."

"But—" the old man started falteringly to explain, when the Production Manager cut in with "Why, that idea came from his boy the year he was getting through 'Tech.' That waste heat wouldn't generate an ounce of steam. The boy himself would laugh at it today."

"But my boy—" began the old man again.

"What was this college boy's idea?" interrupted the Consulting Engineer, who had consented to help in awarding the prize money.

"Well," began the President, with a curious mixture of boredom, impatience and pity in his voice, "Tom here wants us to rig up our heating system to pick up heat all over the plant, from tempering furnace, steam vats, heat treating processes—"

"And he even wanted to connect up with the water jackets of our gas engines—" broke in the Production Manager, with a smile that just escaped being a sneer.

As much as he needed the prize money—as much as he valued his job—the old engineer couldn't restrain himself. They were really poking fun at his boy. He burst out with—

"My lad knows. He's been at heating now five years. He's smart. He's studied. He wouldn't tell me this could be done if it couldn't. He's—"

"Where's your boy located?" inquired the Consulting Engineer with an encouraging smile.

"He's with Grinnell Company," came the reply proudly, "an engineer."

"I'll bet you the best dinner in town you give Tom the prize money," said the Consulting Engineer as he turned to the President. "If a Grinnell Engineer says he can pick up waste heat, he'll *pick it up*. In the Winton plant in Cleveland Grinnell Company heated a great building from the waste heat of gas engines."

"Why, it's nothing but a *theory*," countered the Production Manager. "How could you get up steam pressure when most of your jackets won't boil water?"

"No, but they will heat any amount of water for a forced hot water system. With Grinnell Company you get a system that is a fact—not a theory—and a fact they back with their guaranty."

"Tom, I guess you win," said the President. "Have your boy drop in to see me."

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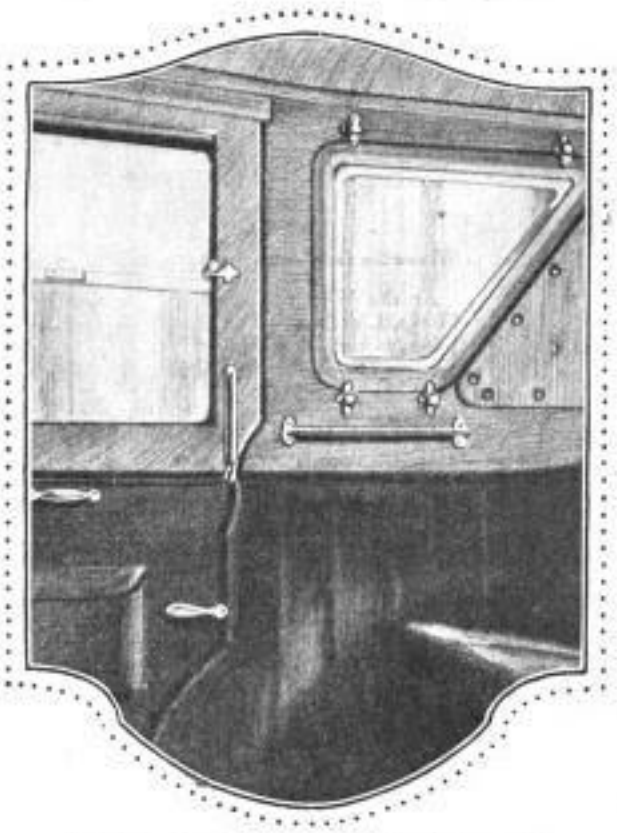
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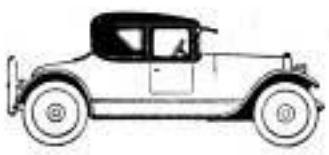
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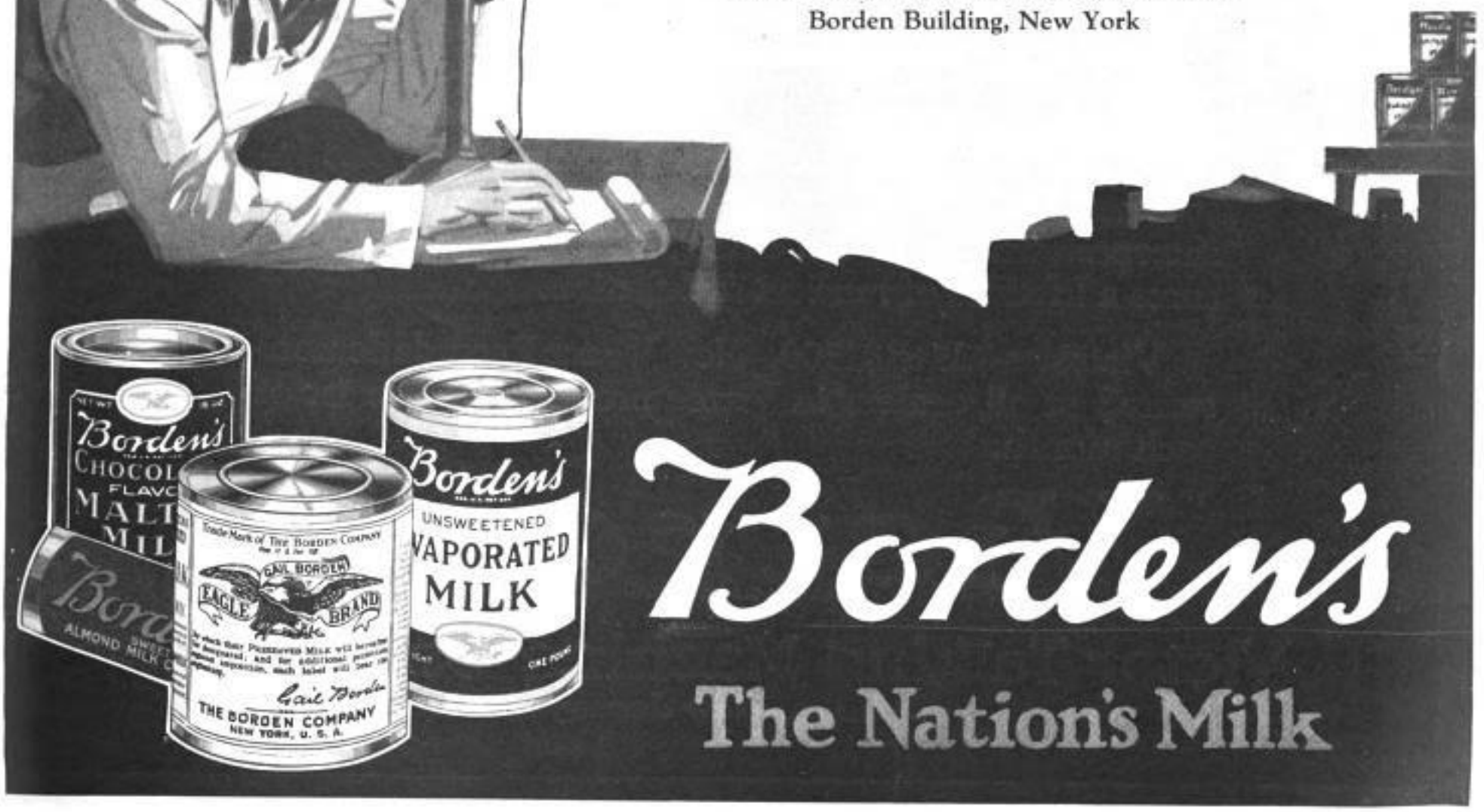
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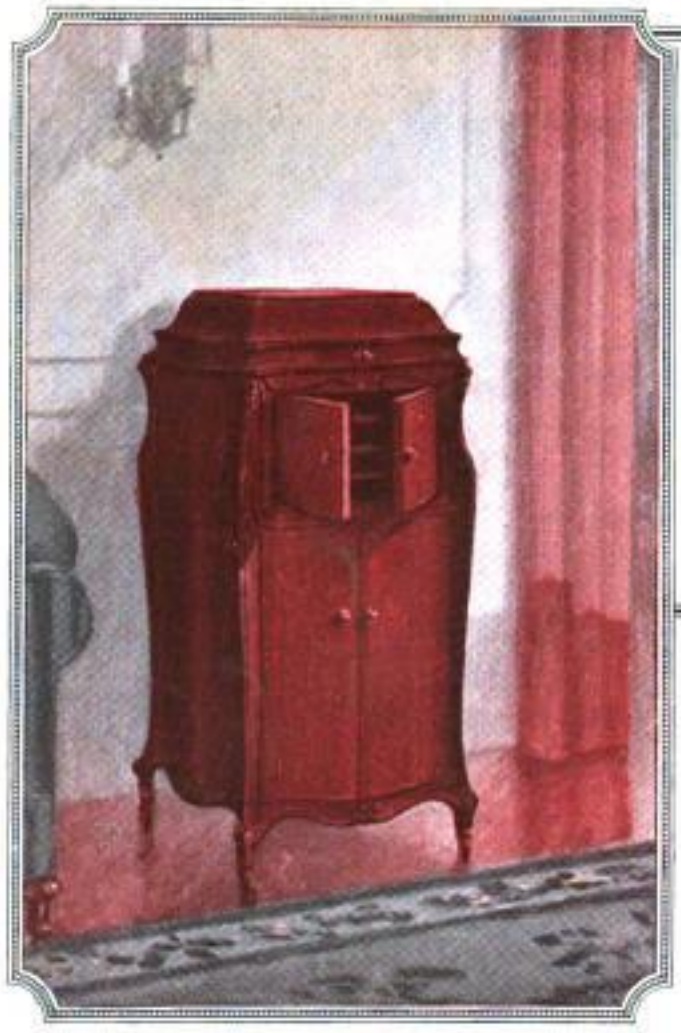




Borden's

The Nation's Milk

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This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

Victrola No. 130
$350
Victrola No. 130, electric
$390
Mahogany or oak

Victrola No. 330
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Victrola No. 330, electric
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Select the style you prefer but be sure it is a Victrola!

Look under the lid for the Victor trademarks—the picture and phrase "His Master's Voice" and the word "Victrola." To see them on a talking-machine is to know the instrument is right in every way—artistically, mechanically, musically. The Victrola is the one instrument chosen by the greatest artists to bring their interpretations into the home, and Victor quality insures a lifetime of musical satisfaction.

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READING ROOM

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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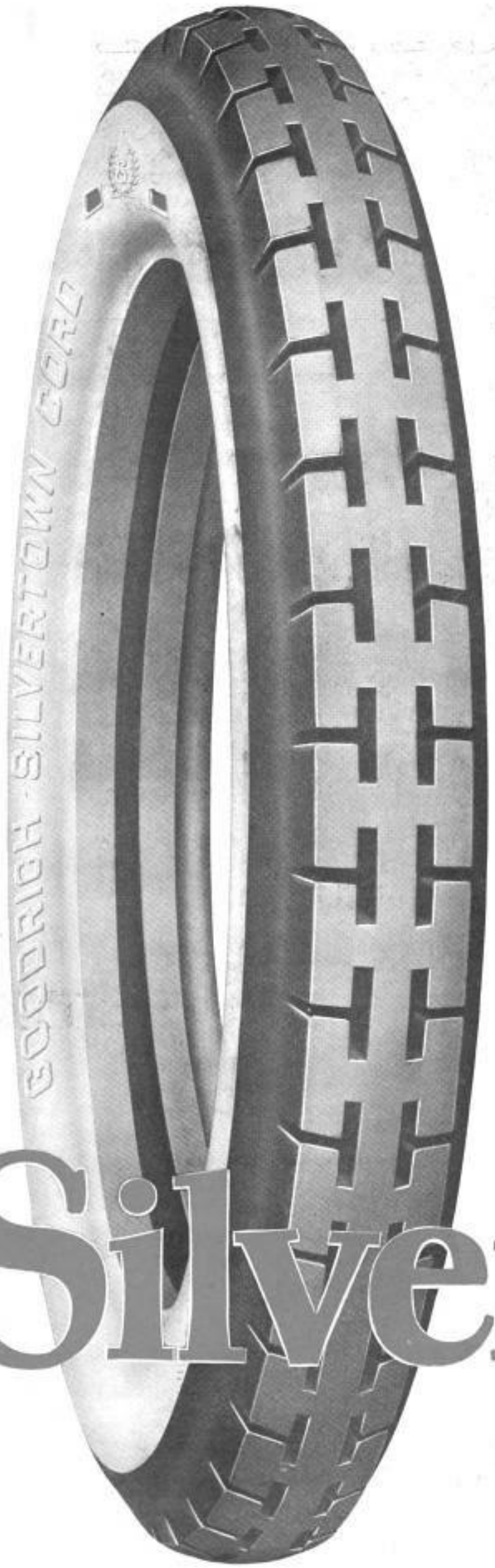
OCTOBER 28, 1922

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ELIZABETH ALEXANDER—HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER—DOROTHY DeJAGERS
L. B. YATES—WALTER De LEON—GRACE LOVELL BRYAN—GEORGE WESTON

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One Quality Only

Silvertowns are an investment, not a speculation. When you buy them you know they will pay you a profit in mileage and service; you know that you will be satisfied with their appearance on your car.

And one Silvertown is the same as every other Silvertown. Goodrich has no double standard of tire quality. One quality only is the controlling principle in materials and workmanship.

This is why the name "Silvertown" is the sterling mark for tires, the standard of comparison.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER CO., *Akron, Ohio*

ESTABLISHED 1870

Goodrich

Silvertown

CORD TIRE

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

for AUTOMOBILES, MOTORCYCLES, BICYCLES, TRUCKS

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Now for a smart Fall suit and overcoat

It's about time to take winter seriously; be comfortable in seasonable clothes. They'll bring you extra comfort if they're Society Brand—because their style, always unmistakable, never wears out. That's the beauty of fine tailoring.

For YOUNG MEN
and
MEN WHO
STAY YOUNG

The Society Brand merchant has a wide choice of suits and overcoats to show you. The workmanship is *always* the same whether the price is $40 or $65.

Society Brand Clothes

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Ask your maid to show you how quickly P and G makes cooking utensils shine. And how easily it removes stains from dish towels.



Paint which is cleaned without hard rubbing should last indefinitely. The quick cleansing of P and G keeps paint "young."

To challenge the most critical eye

YOU DON'T mean to be critical, of course. But, when you meet other women, how can you help noticing lapses of attention to dress which are so plainly due to carelessness in the laundry—a gray tinge to white clothes, or faded colors in what was once a charming frock?

Other women are just as quick to notice *your* clothes, and those of your children, too.

You may have chosen an excellent laundress.

But you cannot stop there.

The selection of the soap your laundress shall use is still *your* responsibility—*your* part in the good management of the washing.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap helps mightily to produce results that will bear the closest neighborly inspection.

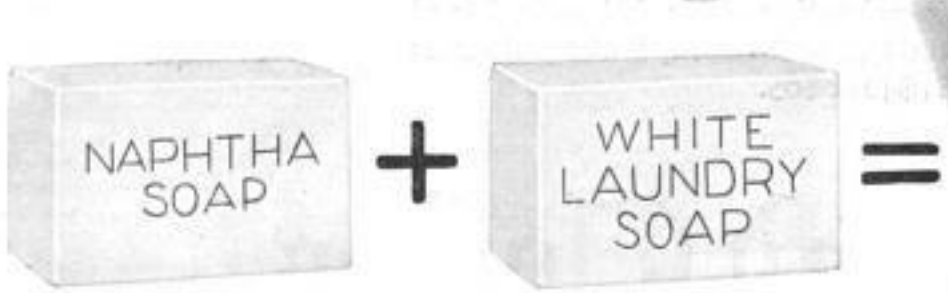
It is *white*—it keeps white clothes white—it preserves colors. It is a *naphtha* soap—its rubless cleaning *saves* your clothes.

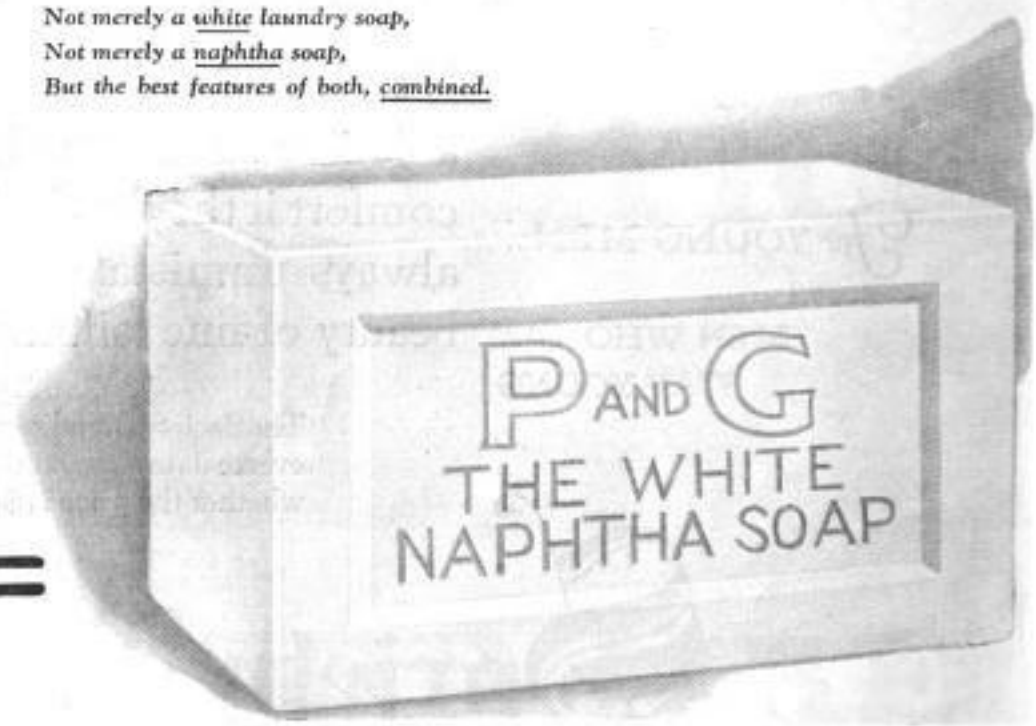
The fact is, most laundresses *prefer* P and G. They know it saves *their* time and energy, as well as your clothes, because it requires less rubbing and less frequent boiling.

So many women make it a rule to have P and G on their grocery lists regularly that it is the *largest selling laundry and household soap in America!*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Not merely a white laundry soap,
Not merely a naphtha soap,
But the best features of both, combined.





Speed *and* Safety



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THE SELF-MADE WIFE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IF YOU won't use the dining room I won't come home to dinner."

"There's no sense havin' two dinin' rooms."

"The breakfast room is not a dining room."

"Pshaw! Puttin' on airs. You used to be glad enough to eat in the kitchen, Tim Godwin!"

"Those days are over."

"Well, I haven't forgotten 'em."

"I wish you would, Corrie."

"Not likely!"

"But what's your objection? I don't understand you."

"No, you don't. And what's more, I don't understand you any longer either."

"That's the truth, God knows!"

"What's the sense dirtying that big dining room, and usin' the real linen tablecloths and the good silver, when there's no comp'ny? I don't see."

"Oh, Corrie, I wish you wouldn't make a difference between home folks and comp'ny, and everyday dresses and good dresses. Wear out everything in the house if you want to. I'll pay for it."

"Yes, isn't that just like you!"

"But why won't you try to please me?"

"Well, what's wrong with the—what you call the breakfast room? Isn't it good enough for you?"

"It's just that I want to live like other folks—like other people, Corrie."

"What other folks?"

"Why—the—the best people."

"Oh! So you've got the society bee in your bonnet?"

"No, I haven't. I wish you'd try to understand me. I just want to live decently, that's all."

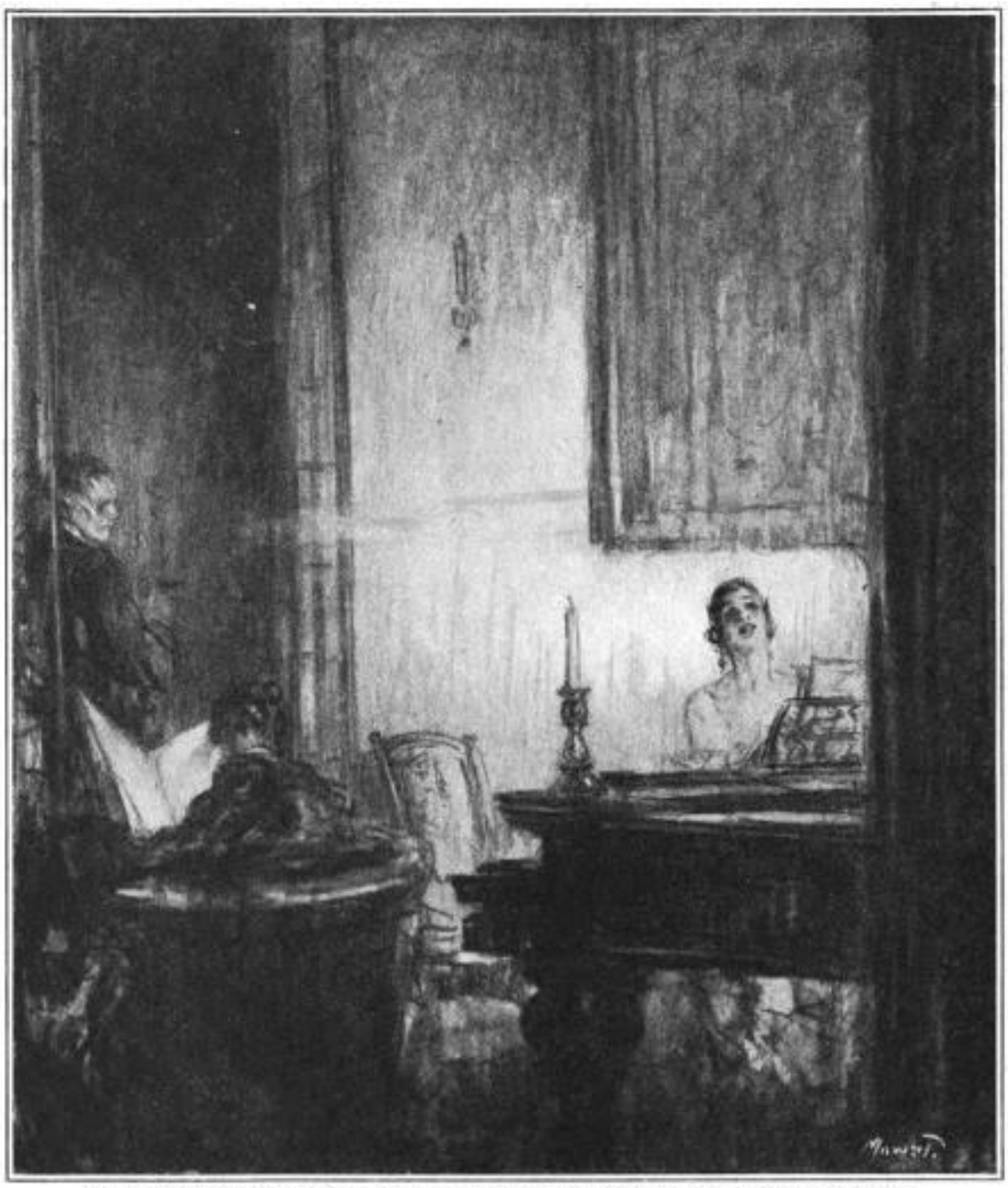
"Decently! When did we ever not live decently, I'd like to know?"

"When we were poor."

"You mean to say you think it's indecent to be poor, Tim Godwin!"

"It is for me."

"You're talkin' like a crazy person."



Old English Ballads, Old Love Songs, Simple Things Mellowed by Time—She Sang One After the Other Lightly and Charmingly

"You think so. But I've always wanted good things, pretty things. And everything clean and right."

"Now you say your home wasn't clean! After all I worked and slaved!"

"It wasn't your fault, Corrie. I know you were always a crank about cleanliness, yourself. But it wasn't like it is now—four bathrooms, and hot and cold showers, and not having to spare the soap, and lots and lots of towels! Why, Corrie, I can't tell you how I enjoy just using towels—those great big Turkish ones, and the nice long, smooth face towels. Some fellows have that all their lives—and they don't know."

"That's another thing. Throwing 'em on the floor after you've used 'em once. You ought to be ashamed."

"But why? Why? Haven't I worked like a dog for it? Why can't I enjoy it now? Why won't you enjoy it too?"

"Throwin' your money away like a drunken sailor!"

"No, Corrie, that's just where you don't understand. It isn't wasting money to—well, to try and make your life—well—to make it—beautiful."

"Beautiful!" She gave a shrill scream of laughter. "Now aren't you one to talk about makin' your life beautiful—a great big six-foot, two-fisted man! All that poetry you been readin' must of turned your head."

"Yes. It has."

"Well, I knew it."

"It's turned me away from ugliness—that and other things. Not only reading, but what I've wanted all my life. And now that I've got the money to have things as I want them I won't live an ugly life. I'll tell you that straight, Corrie. With or without you—I'm going ahead."

"What do you mean by that, Tim Godwin?"

"Just what I said."

"You needn't threaten me. I'm your lawful wife. You can't cast me off like an old shoe because you're tired of me."

"Whoever said anything like that? I love you, Corrie. Don't you know that?"

"You talk like it, don't you?"

"But that's why you can make me so mad. If I didn't love you I wouldn't care what you did, would I? I want to make things better for you too. And you won't let me. And the children—you don't look ahead for them."

"Now he accuses me of being a bad mother. Me, who stayed up four nights without one wink of sleep when little Corrie had the diphtheria, and my clothes off never once in all that time!"

"Corrie, this doesn't get us anywhere, talking like this. I know there's not a finer, pluckier woman in the whole world than you. You stood by me through all those hard times like no one else ever would have done. But my Lord! You're not an old woman, girl. You're not thirty yet. You're young. And I'm young. Why can't we enjoy what we've got now?"

"I don't suppose we were made just to enjoy ourselves, Tim Godwin. The Lord you're so fond of callin' on must of put us into the world for some other purpose than that."

"What purpose? What's your purpose, Corrie? That's what I'm trying to get at."

"Why—to do my duty, I suppose."

"And what is your duty—as you see it?"

"Don't cross-question me, Tim Godwin. Don't try any of your lawyer's tricks on me."

"No, but I want to know, Corrie. I want to know what you want."

"To be let alone!"

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"But what for? Are you going on every day just the same—never changing—never improving?"

"You liked me as I was when you married me, well enough."

"You're the only woman I ever loved, and you know it."

"Then why do you pick on me all the time? I can't stand it."

"Corrie, we're just going around in a circle as we always do when we try to thresh this thing out."

"Then leave me alone."

"Let's boil our argument down to this: I want you to do a few little things, and you refuse—without rime or reason."

"I'm not your nigger slave, Tim Godwin."

"I don't want you to be."

"Yes, you do. Orderin' me around—what to say, what to wear, how to run my house. I guess you were glad enough for me to run things when you were makin' thirty-five dollars a week. An' two children to feed. I'd like to have seen you manage on that. An' little Jim comin' down with the flu on top of it. An' the baby born just as he was gettin' well. And me up two weeks after, doin' my own washing."

"Those days are over! Over! Quit harping on them."

"My memory's not so short as yours."

"I remember everything. That's why I want to forget it."

"I don't suppose you remember how my folks tried to put a stop to my marryin' you? To hear the way you talk now, you wouldn't think it was considered a come-down by all the folks in Powderly for me to marry you. There you go, puttin' on airs, and tryin' to play the millionaire, and even correctin' my grammar, Tim Godwin, when everybody knows you didn't even finish grade school."

"I didn't stop educating myself when I had to quit school. I guess there aren't many boys of fourteen would study a correspondence course nights, after working all day in a coal mine."

"That's right. Praise yourself."

"Oh, Corrie, what's the use? Why do we go on so? We don't hate one another. We're married. And we've got all our lives to live together. Let's make things as pleasant as we can. Won't you?"

"If you mean about the dining room—no."

"Just tell me why."

"Because there's no sense in it."

"There's no sense in your refusing."

"All right. I know you think I haven't got any sense. But I won't do it."

"Very well then. I shall eat my dinner every night on the train."

Two weeks later Tim Godwin was still eating his dinner on the train, and every night wearily rehearsing the old arguments as he ate. His words and Corrie's thumped in his head like the beat of the wheels, and even the open book he had propped against the bottle of tomato catchup could not distract his thoughts from his baffling wife.

They had been married when she was eighteen and he was twenty-one. And in spite of ten years of hard work, and their three children, Corrie was still remarkably pretty and fresh looking. Tim loved her, as he had said. He had missed her bitterly in the two weeks of his self-imposed exile from the dinner table. He had missed the children even more. They would be in bed and asleep when he got home by this later train. And Corrie would be upstairs in an old wrapper. She would greet him coldly or not at all. And he would go to his own room to read.

The years of reading that he had missed! All the books with which he must catch up! The Hundred Best Books had been almost his first purchase when the miracle-working money had first gushed in an astonishing flood. He had a pathetic belief in the potency of literature. And yet not all his study was dutiful plodding. A line of sudden beauty would lift his heart as with wings. Sometimes he found tears in his eyes and was not ashamed. The nebulous dreams of his youth were shaping. Beauty was a new word, and a strange word, and a word he was shy of saying, but he felt it now as keenly as in his starved and ugly youth; and now he could not only seek but command it—in books, in clothes, in furniture, in all the refinements of living. And that was where Corrie failed him so terribly.

If only he could probe that stubborn mind which closed against him like a sensitive plant. Had she no need of the things for which he hungered and thirsted? All the terribly important little things she called bosh. How strange that a woman would not eagerly grasp all that he so eagerly held out to her. What was Corrie's problem? Why, with his trained mind, could he not get at it? What could she want out of life?



Without Thought, Without Knowing What He Was About to Do, He Crushed the Cloak to His Face

He sighed and moved in his chair, and knocked down the book with his elbow. As he stooped to pick it up, a woman came down the swaying aisle of the dining car, and Tim's head brushed against the hem of her skirt. As he straightened up, flushed and apologetic, his eyes met hers.

"Why, Mr. Godwin!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand.

He rose, took her hand and held it, but could only stammer.

"How ever did you happen to remember me?"

"Does that mean that you have forgotten me?" she asked with a charming smile.

"No, I couldn't forget you, Miss Vincent. But I didn't expect you to remember me."

"Why not? I have thought about you often," she replied calmly. "May I sit there?" She indicated the place opposite his.

"Will you?"

He was all eager, humble gratitude. They both sat down and he stared at her. She met his gaze with perfect composure.

"Is the food dreadful?" she said. "Please order for me. I hate reading the card. Anything. I'm on my way to Rosedale Manor, and dinner will probably be over when I get there. Do you live out this way?"

"Yes. Near Carrsville. I've—bought a place."

"Really? How nice."

"Yes, it is. We lived in Carrsville first. But that's a dinky—that's a dreadful little town. So we're out in the country now. It's good for the children."

"It must be. So you've become a farmer? How many children are there?"

"Three now. But I'm not a farmer. I go in to New York every day."

"Really? That's quite tiresome, isn't it?"

"Well, I can arrange my own hours now, you see. And sometimes I drive in. Waiter! Will you have a—er—I don't know what ladies like—how about a nice steak, Miss Vincent?"

"Thank you."

"And er—some potatoes?"

"Please. But what was that about driving in? Have you bought a little car?"

"No, a Mobley-Dinard. Do you want any salad, Miss Vincent?"

"No, thank you. But you take my breath away. A Mobley-Dinard!"

"That will be all," said Tim to the waiter. "We'll order dessert afterward."

"Will you go on please about the Mobley-Dinard?"

"Why—it's very simple. I'm rich now."

"Yes, very simple! Do you mind telling me how you did it? Because I'm poor now."

"Oh! I'm sorry. I don't know what I ought to say, Miss Vincent, but ——"

"Well, I was never a plutocrat, you know. But my father has lost what he did have. I'm—going out to Rosedale Manor as a governess."

"You can't do that!"

"Why can't I?" She gave him a cool stare.

"Of course. It's none of my business. I beg your pardon," he said.

She leaned forward a little, and smiled charmingly again.

"Won't you tell me about your good fortune?" she asked.

"There isn't much to tell. It was just luck; it was oil. I made a little money by hard work, and then I invested it in oil stock. Corrie didn't want me to; said it was a wildcat scheme. Well, I guess most of it is. Most fellows get stung when they try it, I know. But I was lucky. They struck a gusher. Well—and then the money just gushed out. That's all."

"How exceedingly easy it sounds."

"Don't try it. Nearly everybody gets stung. I don't know why I was lucky. But I had worked hard before. And I'm still working hard. I'm a lawyer now too."

"Really?"

"You see, when you knew me—when I was making thirty-five dollars a week in a government office—I was going to night school studying law too."

"Yes?"

"Later on I got promoted until I was the head of my department, and things were a little easier for us then. But I kept right on studying, because it didn't seem to me that there would ever be any real money in civil service—big money like I was after. Well, I was partly right and partly wrong, because it was through the work in my department that I got my first chance at making money. And of course I was lucky again too. You see, when prohibition came along it just happened that I was right in the place where I knew more about it than almost anybody in the country—the legal aspects which would affect certain big corporations. I won't bore you with all that. But I made quite a little money untying people who had got all snarled up in red tape. And that was the money I sunk in oil. And naturally I've kept up those connections, so my law practice amounts to something too. And I've got into the firm with Digley, Digley & Ives—you know who they are."

"I'm sure I ought to. They sound very important. And I can't tell you how glad I am of your success."

She held out both hands to him across the table, with a charming unconscious grace.

He took her hands awkwardly, after a second's hesitation, noticing their whiteness, fineness, firmness, and the pink immaculate nails. He liked her cool gray eyes with

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their very direct courageous gaze. He liked her cool even voice. He was tremendously afraid of her, and attracted by her—as much impressed as years ago when he had been a clerk in a government office and Elena Vincent had been doing volunteer war work, and chance had thrown them together a few times for a few moments in the dreary hallways of a government building in Washington.

"We mustn't let people think that we have just become engaged," said Elena, releasing her hands. "And here comes my dinner too. You've finished yours. So go on telling me about yourself while I eat."

"No, I won't brag any more," he answered gravely. "It makes me feel bad to think I've made a lot of money while you ——" He paused, embarrassed. "I don't know whether I ought to have said that. There are a lot of things I don't know. So you'll just have to forgive me, and understand I mean well anyway. Though that's about the poorest excuse in the world," he added, laughing shortly.

She considered him for a few seconds with her cool gray eyes.

"You've changed a great deal," she said at last. "I always thought you very interesting; I was sure you would succeed. But I hadn't any idea what you'd do with your success."

"I've tried to improve," he replied humbly.

"Yes, I can see that. What was the book you dropped?"

"The Red Lily."

"Oh! You like Anatole France?"

"I've never read anything else by him. I heard a man talking about this book."

"And do you like it?"

"Yes. That's the way to live."

"How?"

"Like those people. I don't mean their—love affairs. But everything polished and easy. And that woman—I don't know whether I pronounce her name right or not—Teereese?"

"Thérèse."

"Thanks. Correct me. Well, Thérèse ——"

"You admire her?"

"Well—of course Corrie would say she was immoral, and I guess maybe the whole book is—I don't know—I'm mixed up about all that. But anyway—she's wonderful! I wish I knew a woman like that."

"You'd fall in love with her."

"No, I'm not like that. I'd just want to know her—that's all."

"Because she was so beautiful?"

"No, not that either, exactly. But you never could imagine her with her hair up in curl papers, now, could you?"

Elena laughed. Then she looked at him again with her extraordinarily clear eyes.

"Do have Mrs. Godwin invite me to your place sometime," she said.

"Would you come?" he exclaimed, stammering with pleasure.

"Of course."

He had a sudden inspiration, made a swift decision, feeling almost dizzy.

"Look here, Miss Vincent," he said earnestly, leaning toward her, "I'm a plain man. I don't know how to put things tactfully. But I'm in a bad way at home. Nothing goes right, because my wife won't try to learn our new way of living. I need help, and you are the very one to give it to me. Will you come and live with us for a while? I'll pay anything you ask, gladly. I know I've put it all wrong, and maybe hurt your feelings—but there it is."

She gave him a long, level stare.

"Just exactly what are you proposing? That I shall become your wife's governess?"

"No, not a governess at all. Just come and visit us like a friend."

"But Mrs. Godwin hasn't asked me."

"She will. She'll like you."

"How naïve men are."

"I want you to get off the train with me tonight at Carrsville, and drive right out to our place. We'll wire to Rosedale Manor that you can't come."

"I feel like a prize cook over whom two neighbors are fighting."

"Well, will you come?"

"Why, of course not! It's simply out of the question!"

"Come and stay a week, and if you don't like it I'll find something else for you. And a better job—position than governess too."

"But you don't seem to have any idea of the proprieties, Mr. Godwin! Although, of course, I'm rather betraying my age by mentioning them."

"I told you. I don't know anything. None of us do. I want you to teach us."

"But what will Mrs. Godwin think when you suddenly appear with a strange woman?"

"I'll tell her just how it is—that you've come to visit us."

"And she will accept that explanation?"

"Why, of course."

"Mr. Godwin, you are tempting me. For I have an almost inhuman interest in human nature."

"Do you mean you'll come?"

"I may be just insane enough to do it. My family wouldn't be at all surprised. They always expect the impossible from me. But ——"

"I'll make everything right with everybody," he assured her earnestly.

However, on the way out from Carrsville, sweeping along the dark country roads in the Mobley-Dinard, Tim's confidence in his ability to make things right began to ebb a little. And he noticed that Miss Vincent seemed constrained and thoughtful. He wondered if she were like himself in having quick impulses and almost as quickly regretting them, or at least wishing to reconsider them. But no! He did not regret and he did not wish to reconsider. To have a woman like Miss Vincent in his house was worth any momentary embarrassment. Still, if Corrie and he had been on more friendly terms at present it would have been easier.

"I think it would be better if you did not say that we met by accident on the train," said Miss Vincent finally, just as they passed through the entrance gates.

"Maybe so," Tim agreed. "Though I usually tell Corrie the absolute truth about everything."

"Then tell her what is really the truth about this—that you have engaged me as a sort of social secretary—I suppose that is what one would call my position? I'd really be far more comfortable in that rôle than as a guest. And surely there'd be no harm in letting Mrs. Godwin assume that you had engaged me in your New York office instead of in a dining car."

"Corrie wouldn't understand about a social secretary," replied Tim; mentally adding, "she'd think it was all bosh."

But Miss Vincent had begun to exclaim over the beautiful outlines of the house, which could now be seen at the end of the drive.

"How charming your house looks!"

Tim caught the note of surprise in her voice, and smiled a little grimly.

"We didn't plan it or anything much that's in it. It's over a hundred years old, and we bought it furnished. Lucky, weren't we?"

"Indeed you are! It's a treasure! I can hardly wait to get inside. But who would think of selling such a darling old house?"

"They had to. And it had been in their family for generations. Sad, isn't it? But if they hadn't sold to me it would have been to someone else, and no one could have appreciated it more than I do."

The car stopped, the chauffeur opened the door, and Tim helped Miss Vincent out.

"Here we are," he said, pausing and looking up, his face radiant. "I love this house. I'm not ashamed to say it. It seems to me that it was—well, sent to me. I wouldn't have known how to build, nor what to buy, but I know enough to like this and everything in it. I found some old carved wooden beds up in the attic—dragged 'em down. Corrie nearly had a fit—she likes brass."

He fitted the key in the lock, and led the way into the great hall with its dark, curving staircase. The old house smelled faintly sweet as if with the ghosts of the odors of boxwood and lavender, and there was no sound except the deep ticking of a clock, like the slow dripping of water in a moss-grown well.

"Everybody must have gone to bed," Tim said. "I'll show you the downstairs rooms."

He touched an electric switch.

Then they heard a step overhead, and Corrie appeared on the landing, in a shrunken pink crêpe kimono and red wool knitted slippers.

"Mommer's here," she announced.



She Would Greet Him Coldly or Not at All. And He Would Go to His Own Room to Read

II

WHEN Tim Godwin came downstairs the next morning, he found his mother-in-law, Mrs. Satter, already prowling about the

(Continued on Page 38)

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KING COD—By George Allan England

ACRE upon acre the mighty fish flake lay, snowy with split and drying salt cod past all calculation. All down a vast sweep of Newfoundland bowlder beach it extended. Fish illimitable!

"I shouldn't think anybody'd ever have to starve in this outport," said I to the owner of the room, which is to say the whole establishment. "What's to hinder a hungry man coming at night and taking a fish or two?"

"Nothin' in de world, me darlin' man," he answered, lighting his pipe as he sat there on a leaky drum of gasoline. "An' us don't mind dat. What do chafe we wonnerful bad, dough, is when some angyshore"—worthless fellow—"carries off a putt o' fish at night, an' den in de marn come round an' sell 'em to we agin!"

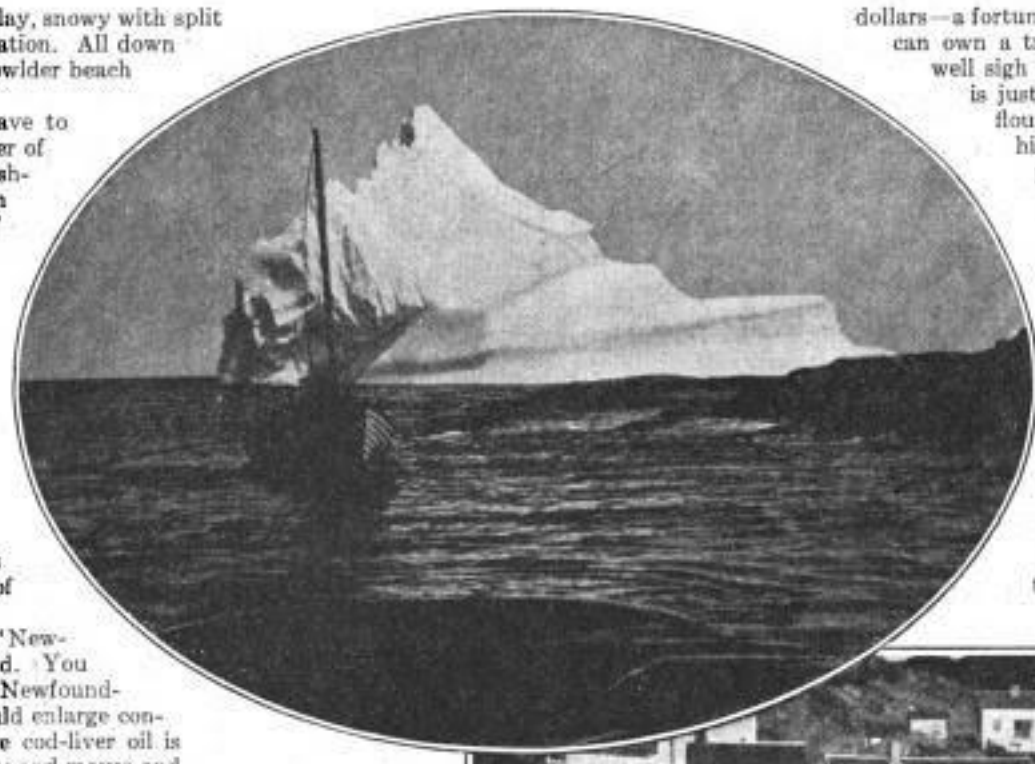
Which gives some measure of the race of codders. Hospitable, generous to a fault, simple yet shrewd betimes and not above a sharp trick or two, this hardy folk—most likable and heroic of people—are well worth the knowing.

"C-o-d" is the proper abbreviation for "Newfoundland." Cod is the life of the island. You don't need a chart or compass to find Newfoundland. All you need is a good nose. I could enlarge considerably on this topic, especially where cod-liver oil is made; but let it pass. Newfoundland lives and moves and has its being in cod. It's of the fish, fishy.

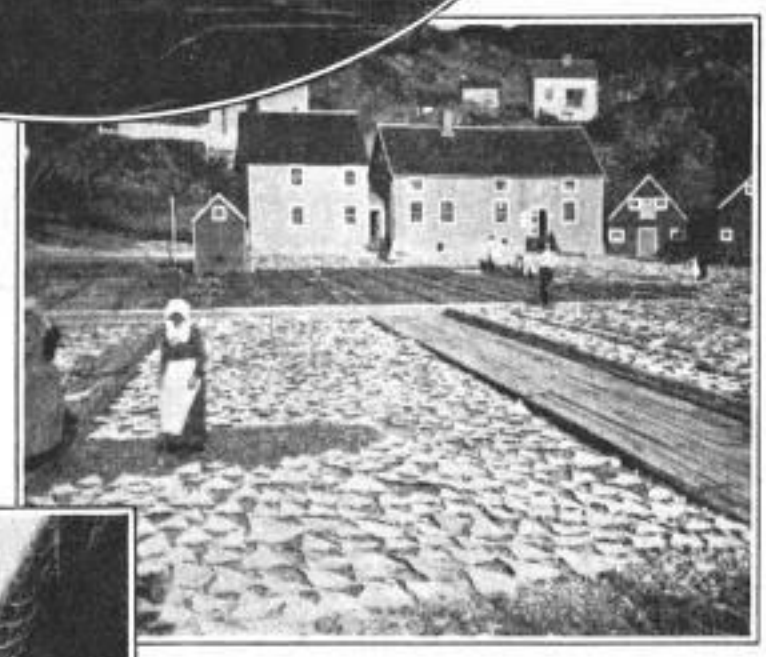
Its manners, customs, lore, traditions, laws, language all revolve about cod. The Land of Cod, Fog and Dogs, it has been called. Today the Newfoundland dog is in abeyance, for the introduction of sheep has largely banished him, as he's too fond of mutton. Fog isn't a commercial proposition, even though some Newfoundlanders claim they can quarry their kind of fog and build with it. So cod is left as the mainstay of the island. George V is nominally monarch, but the real ruler is King Cod.

You'll never know just what cod can be till you visit the Newfoundland outports. Since I got back from there I haven't rightly dared look a codfish in the face. But the people themselves never talk about cod. They always call it fish. In an outport boarding house I once heard an old sea dog exclaim: "If ye ain't got fish, gal, gi' us halibut!"

King Cod is not a sporting fish. He doesn't fight, which is lucky; because if he did Newfoundland would starve. I have caught him myself. He comes up from the sunless Atlantic deeps like a ton of lead on the line, looks you dully in the eye, and blisters your hands when you try to pull him into the dory—that is, unless you wear nippers, as the fishing mittens are called. Newfoundland muscle has been toughened by "de hard rowt" of hauling cod for many generations. It takes a first-class man to drag a living from the sea. American and French codders are turning more to the steam trawler, but Newfoundland still sticks to the old-time bankers, aboard which wonderful little schooners live and labor the finest, hardiest types of sailor men and blue-water fishers in this whole world.



The Labrador Codders Think Nothing of an Iceberg or Two, When They're "On the Fish"





Above—On the Flakes, at Hermitage. At the Left—The Trawl. Below—The Codders Have Their Flake on Rocks So Steep That They Have to Go Up a Rope to "Make the Fish"

The Shore Fishers

NOT all cod, by any means, are taken on the Banks. There's a host of shore fishers, too, ranging all the way from men who, in spite of the fact that gasoline up there costs seventy-five cents to a dollar a gallon and that motor boats bite deep, as they say, operate powerful motor dories, down to the poorest of livyeres, whose whole property is a hand-rowed dory, a windlass to drag it up with, a tub of trawl, a tilt—shack—in some wildly barren cleft, and a tiny flake where in a whole summer he may cure a few quintals—may, that is, if he has luck. The way some of these people and their women and children—the latter their best and never-failing crop—manage to live is appalling. But still they stick. The aristocracy of King Cod are those who own cod bags, or traps; ingenious nets, set near shore, and costing five to fifteen hundred dollars.

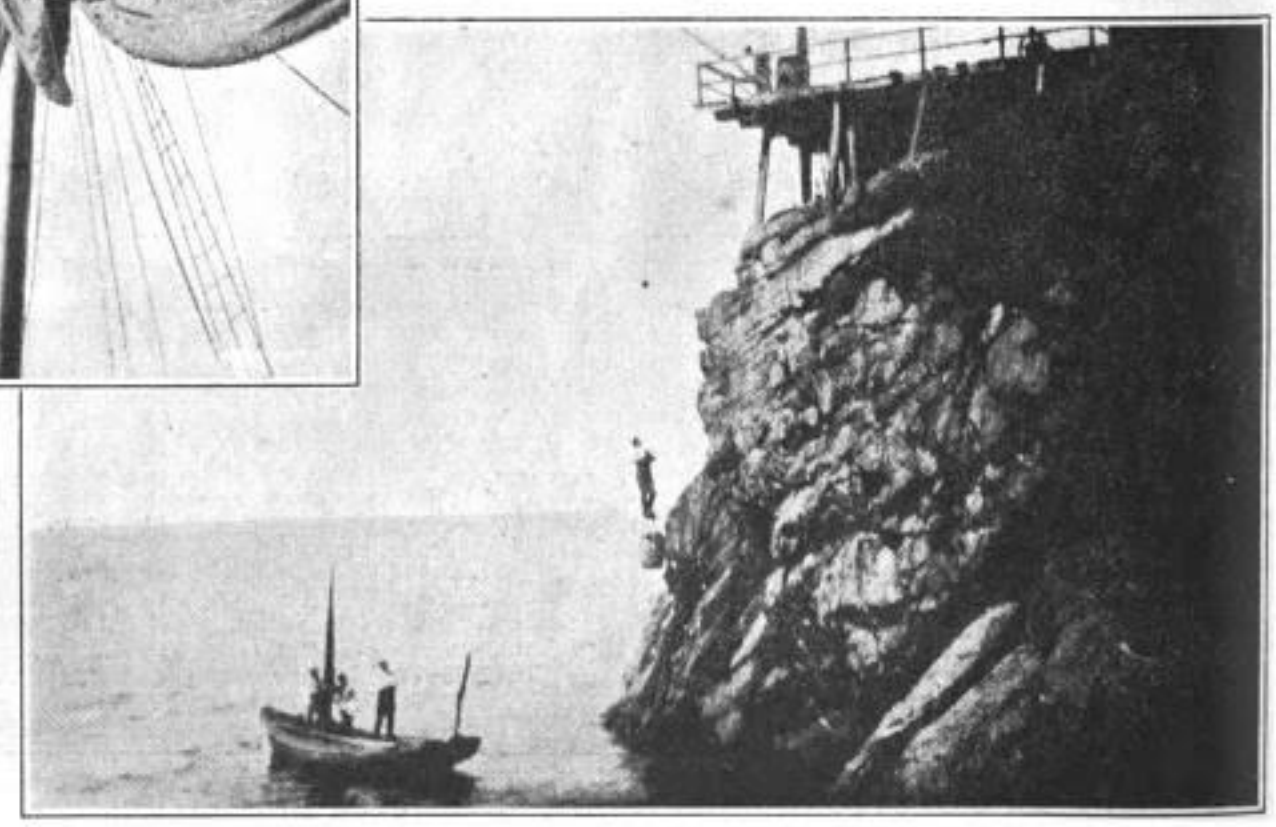
One of these aristocrats once told me: "I got me own fleet o' nits, sir, an' shipped eighty quintal o' fish fer own hand, one summer, ahl alone. Dem bring me eight hundred dollars."

Five hundred for a summer's trapping isn't uncommon. I have heard of one trapper amassing thirty thousand dollars—a fortune for Newfoundland! But not every man can own a trap. The ordinary shore fisher might as well sigh for the moon as for a bag. Life for him is just one heartbreaking struggle to get white flour, pork and molasses wherewith to vary his diet of fish and brewis. This brewis, pronounced "bruise," is hardtack boiled in water; it forms a substitute for potatoes with thousands of the poorer livyeres. Lassy-loaf, or bread and molasses, and gandies—pancakes made with pork fat and molasses—are about the limits of their gastronomic revelry. And yet an incredibly hardy race grow up thus. Perhaps, as in Sparta, only the toughest survive.

Quite apart from the Banks and shore fisheries around Newfoundland is the immense yearly migration to the Labrador. Thousands of Newfoundlanders, with small home-built schooners—this ingenious people can turn their hands to making anything they need—take up the sea trek every summer, "down Narth." If they pick some berth and settle down they're called stationers, squatters or roomers. If they keep on the move they're floaters.

Migration

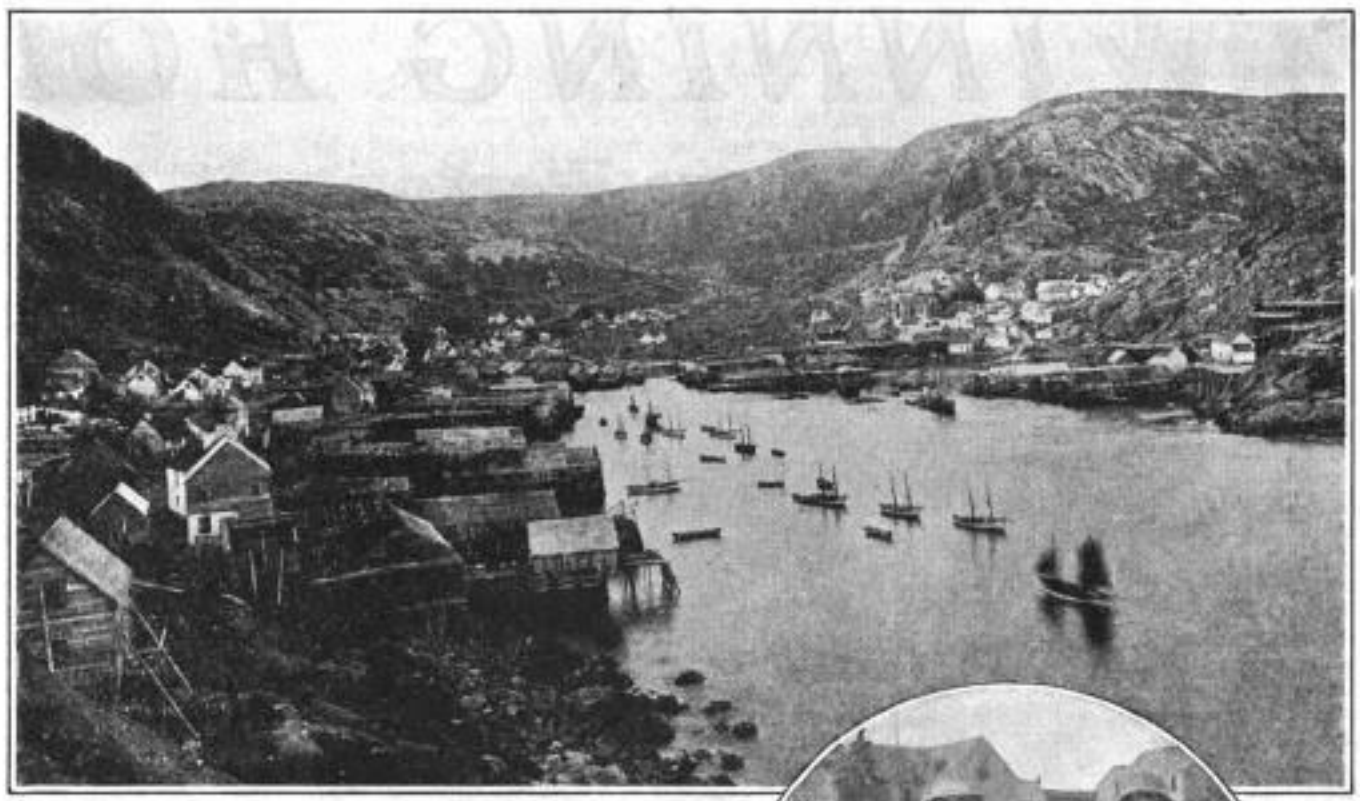
WHOLE families go—women, girls and all. And everybody works, including father. It's an enormous seasonal shift of population, like our Wheat Belt work. While the fish are running, twenty hours of labor on end are not uncommon. There's little sleep, either on the Banks or down North, when King Cod summons. The men catch, the women dress the fish. The sights one sees are just as well left undescribed. If you still think women are the weaker sex go to Newfoundland or the Labrador. No wonder the rosy-cheeked lassies soon fade. No wonder that at thirty they're gone; at forty, old. And that's a pity too; for types more freshly blooming, as



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girls, you'll hardly find anywhere. But King Cod's service is a stern one. Life is a real war with many of these people. It demands absolutely all that's in them, and then some.

Anything like even an adequate outline of the deep-sea fishery would take more space than this whole article. Just bait-getting alone is a big matter—the catching of her'n, or herring, of capelin and squid, the latter jigged from coves and ledges with ingenious red devices armed with a row of hooks. We must not pause for such. We must give just a glance at the trim schooners with their nested dories, braving all weathers; the skill with which at the cry of "Dories over!" these staunch little boats are put down, often into mountainous seas, with two men in each; the setting and buoying of the bull tow or ground line with the snoods and baited hooks ganged to them. Then the hauling of the line, often in the knottiest weather or—in winter work—with everything iced white; the tossing off of the cod from the hooks or the prying off with the gobstick; the waiting in huge combers that broil white for the schooner to jog down the line again; the tossing of the fish on board; the cleaning, salting or icing of the catch. Stories galore in all this; and we've glanced at but a fragmentary sketch of the process that must be gone through so that the schooners, as they say, shan't be hungry. For hungry schooners mean starving mouths at home.



Typical Outport. Most of Newfoundland's Population Lives in Odd Little Propped-Up Places Like This. At the Right—Even the St.-Pierre Youngsters Wear the Striped Jersey, "Comme Papa"

Dangerous Work for Small Pay

SOMETIMES the men work all night with flares. Days and nights on end they're never dry. In ugly weather they snatch one-tub sets between squalls, fairly pulling the whiskers of death. Hardy men, these! They're peerless, both as sailors and as fishers; and, gamblers all, they're always counting on the big trip that shall put a few extra dollars into their drenched pockets. Their daring, skill and labor, broken only by a few hours of sleep and an occasional mug-up snatched from the galley, cannot be exaggerated. I take my hat off to the seekers of King Cod!

Fog is their greatest enemy, sinister, unrelenting. In the fog schooners are crashed down by liners; dories go adrift and are lost. Codders have been picked up after having spent a fortnight on the open Atlantic. One dory crew a few years ago rowed nearly two hundred miles to land. Innumerable families mourn fathers and brothers who, fog-lost, have never returned. The Atlantic, nurse and feeder of Newfoundland, is also its devourer.

"Ye needs two pair of eyes, sir, when ye're on de fish," a livyere with toil-crippled hands one day confided to me on board a banker. "One pair to work wid an' one to sleep wid. Here I been working ahl me life, draggin' an' 'aulin', mucklin' up grayples, sometimes bloody gert 'auls two hundred an' fifty vid-dum"—fathom—"lang on a gurdy"—winch—"an' I ain't got narr penny, sir, not enough to baptize a fairy."

He was stating only the simple truth for thousands of these men. Rates and methods of payment are many, but all are based on some kind of share system, and all give the toilers "de little end o' de stick."

The codder went on, in like vein: "W'iles dey's a draff in ye, sir, ye got to go. I'm old now, past forty; an' w'en a man's past forty, him comin' down de odder way. De 'ardest knock of ahl, now, is my woman needin' a new set o' teeth. 'Tain't only 'cause dem teeth costs so wonderful much. 'Tis mostly 'cause if her has teeth I'm 'feard her'll eat more. As lang as her has to gum it I can reach to feedin' she; but wid new teeth ——

"My woman, dough," he added proudly, "her'm a gert armful. I first runned up agin she in a fog, an' never let she see me in de light, at ahl. Dat'm how I winned she!"



Obviously, despite all drawbacks, romance is not yet dead in Newfoundland!

"Ah, well," he concluded, "some day us'll weigh anchor fer a better 'arbor. Us won't need no washin' out, sir. De Man Above, 'E said 'E died fer sinners, an' we'm sinners, ahl rate. I reckon 'E meant we. I got to cruise away me time till de dear Master call me. Den I'll go to glory wid flags on, mabbe?"

Scenery

DOTTED all round the stark Newfoundland coasts, perched high on bald headlands or jammed into the bottoms of black fiords, ravines and clefts in the wild black palisades forever collared with froth, lie the outports where dwell this rugged breed of men. If you want scenery go to Newfoundland. It's got Norway outclassed for soul-awing magnitude of cliffs that seem to scrape the moon, for bellowing sea caves and leaping surf, for crags and islets mazed in swarms of screaming sea fowl.

The people, however, don't bother much with scenery. They're looking for safe harbors; so they often stick their villages miles up cracks in the sea wall, where o' foggy weather steamers navigate by echo and where you can almost toss a hardtack into the shouting surf on either hand. Miracles of seamanship, by the way, to navigate such ocean gorges!

See one outport and you more or less see all. Invariably you find a huddle of tiny toy houses, all built of wood and painted gay colors—though you can't always be sure the blue houses are painted. That color may be only flies. Where the cod is, there will the flies be also, as you very presently learn when you go ashore from the stage where the whole population forgathers with much jubilation to see the semioccasional steamer come in. Some of the outports run to white houses; and all look like Spotless Town itself from a distance. But there are smells aplenty on shore. However, let us hurry on. The church dominates everything. Often there are two or three rival churches in tiny settlements, for Newfoundland hasn't yet learned the beauty of spiritual cooperation. Most of the buildings are perched precariously on stilts, to keep them level amid the jagged rocks. They seem to be striding up the cliffs.

Streets are a rarity, sidewalks almost unknown. It's no land for motor cars. At Port-aux-Basques, rumor says, there was once a flivver; but it languished and died. There's nowhere to drive. The coast has no roads from town to town. All communication is by sea. When the Atlantic so wills some of these outports are completely isolated from the world.

(Continued on Page 81)



The Labrador Codders are in Constant Touch With Various Eskimo Tribes. This is How the Eskimos Look Dressed Up

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THE WINNING HORSE

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

EVEN as some men are born to be poets—and others, so the predestinarians would tell you, are born to be rich men, poor men, beggar men or thieves—so R. Elbert Waters had been born to be a minister, his future having been cut out for him long before his first little pair of short trousers.

For one thing, there had always been a minister in the Waters family—a long line of stalwarts who had feared God but certainly not the devil, and had cracked Old Ned on the horns of his head and had done more good for the human race than is recorded in many a history. Some of these had gone West with the pioneers and had wrestled with the Indians, and some had stayed East and wrestled with more civilized forms of wickedness; but, East or West, North or South, if you had consulted a genealogy of the Waters family you would have found that from the time they landed near the Providence Plantations in 1642 right on down to 1900, there had always been a Rev. So-and-So Waters somewhere on the map, good men and true, of whom at least two had died with their collars on, one in the French and Indian Wars and one in the Revolution.

You would think, with such a strain of virility in them, that there would be little Waterses scattered all over the United States like little grains of sand; but whether or not you regard it as a blessing—which, of course, it was—it was one of those families which run to girls, and as these girls married and disappeared into homes of their own the name of Waters naturally disappeared with them, and so became less. Indeed, at the time when Elbert's profession was chosen for him there was only one other male Waters in the family record, and that was Phineas G. [b. 1860, d. ——], one of those eccentric old bachelors who are crazy enough to think that they are better off single than married, and sane enough to know how to stay that way and still look fat and comfortable. Uncle Phineas had made a great deal of money in something to do with kegs of nails, and when little Elbert was born—you know the way it's apt to be with rich uncles—he was prevailed upon to be the baby's godfather.



Excitement is a Catching Thing—a Sort of Mental Measles From Which Few People are Immune

Even at that age the child showed a leaning toward theology, coo-cooing at the minister who baptized him and studying the font with grave attention, though only two weeks old at the time and his eyes still somewhat faded. He soon became a model child—one of those young ones that mothers are proud to show to company without first pulling their little bonnets down over their faces; and when his father died—rather ingloriously of pneumonia which he caught in a snowstorm going to see one of those fool females who think they are going to die every time their tummies rumble—Uncle Phineas agreed to take care of the boy's education, and after that it wasn't long before it was decided that he should follow in his father's footsteps and be a minister too.

Truth to tell, little Elbert didn't think much of it at first. He wanted to be an engineer. But Aunt Cordelia soon put an end to that strange thought, even though Uncle Phineas seconded Elbert's motion.

"All right, then," said Uncle Phineas at last in his keggy voice. "Make him a minister if you want to, but you'll have to look out, for if you are not careful you'll make him a sissy too."

They tried to stop him there, especially Aunt Cordelia, but more than one in her time had tried to stop Uncle Phineas if only long enough to slip the bridal noose around his neck, and he wouldn't be shut up.

"You heard what I said," he told them. "I've seen these good little young ones before, with eyebrows like his, and they're either apt to grow up into sapheads or else they're so full of the devil ——"

Skilled as he was, he couldn't get any farther.

"All right! All right!" he hastily interrupted them, breathing hard and picking up his hat. "Have it your own crazy way. In the long run, you women always do."

Which last, in the nature of a Parthian dart, was delivered with the tongue in the cheek, and Uncle Phineas bounced away while the score was yet in his favor.

So Elbert grew up, grew till his height was six feet one, as handsome a young man as ever studied theology in the daytime and gazed up at the sky at night and longed for a sign from heaven. He worked hard, making a specialty of Hebrew, and studying so hard that his cheeks grew pale and his eyes had a far-away look—that look which you seldom see except upon students, lovers and those who have been predestined for great things in the world.

Visitors began to notice him.

"I think I'll take that young man," said the Very Rev. William Merritt one day as Elbert's graduation drew near. Doctor Merritt was seventy-odd years old at the time—a wise old man given to wise old saws—and Elbert was twenty-odd; but they were both birds of a feather, although the doctor's flying days were nearly over. For the next two years Elbert helped him complete his monumental Compendium Hebraicum, and it wasn't long after "Finis" was written that Doctor Merritt came to his own last page and another famous divine received a call to carry on his work.

This wouldn't have been so bad if the latter hadn't brought his own assistant with him. They were very decent to Elbert, though, giving him three months' salary and allowing him to keep his room in the rectory until he had found another place.

"It won't be long, you'll find, before you have a church of your own," the new minister told him. "What with your—ah—intellectual attainments and your—ah—natural gifts."

Within a month, indeed, Elbert was invited to preach in a suburb of New York, whence his voice might well have carried to one of the great churches in that great city. But, truth to tell, his sermon fell rather flat, somewhat after the manner of an intellectual pancake from which the leavening of human interest had been accidentally left out.

And that ended that.

His next invitation was from a manufacturing city in New England, and again he achieved a pancake, although he had incorporated in his sermon some of the profounder passages in his graduation essay.

And that ended that.

His third attempt came just about as he had reached the end of his financial rope—the greater part of his last three months' salary having gone to pay for books. And although he worked with might and main upon his sermon—stuffing cotton in his ears, burning the midnight electrolier and growing almost hollow-eyed and gaunt—when it was all over, poor Elbert knew that he had failed again and hardly had money enough to pay his car fare home.

"There's something wrong—something very much wrong," he earnestly reflected, but couldn't put his finger on the fault to save his life.

He stuck it out for two weeks more, and finally got another chance through an old friend of Doctor Merritt's.

"But I shall have to get new shoes; and I'm afraid I need a new coat," he thought; "and then there's the train fare."

He fought off the inevitable as long as he could, but he had to come to it at last.

"I'm afraid I shall have to call on Uncle Phineas," he sadly told himself.

And that's where our story begins.

II

"SO YOU'VE come to stay awhile?" said Uncle Phineas.

"If you can put up with me," said Elbert in his fine, earnest manner. "Frankly I had only meant to come for a day or two; but when they saw me packing my bag I'm

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afraid they misconstrued my purpose. Mrs. Barnewall brought me a farewell gift which she had knitted for me, and after that, of course ——"

Uncle Phineas grinned and made a sage remark. "It's hard to beat a woman," said he.

They had dined together—a royal dinner—and now they were back in the living room of the suite in the apartment hotel where Uncle Phineas lived; and a very comfortable suite it was too, where a man could put his feet up on the window sill if he felt like it, and look out over the Hudson, and drop his paper down by the side of his chair and even flip his cigar ashes on the paper if he felt inclined to do so, and no one on earth with the right to say "Phineas!" to him in a dirty voice—the old fool, him, for staying single and having no one to look after him properly, as every man should.

"Of course," said Elbert, "if it should inconvenience you, even in the slightest degree ——"

"Nope," said Uncle Phineas. "Not at all. Fact is, you can look after the apartment while I'm gone."

"While you are gone? You mean that you expect to be absent?"

"Yep. Leaving tonight on the State of Maine Express for a couple of weeks' fishing. Baggage went on this afternoon, and I was just wondering where I'd better leave the key, when you came breezing in."

At that he grinned again, though privately, it quite tickling his wicked old fancy to compare his nephew's arrival with that of a breeze. They went on talking for a few minutes and then Elbert mentioned his troubles.

"M'm-m," said Uncle Phineas thoughtfully. "I don't think much of that—flivvering three times in succession. What did you talk to them about? Do you remember?"

"As a matter of fact," said Elbert, "I have my sermons with me. If you would care to look them over ——"

Now fat as he was, and philistinic as you will see, Uncle Phineas often regretted that he had failed to follow the family calling, and sitting at his window overlooking the Hudson he had preached many a sermon against the tendencies of the time, especially as typified in the public manners of the Walloons, their growing activities in the wire-nail business, the perils of prohibition and the vain imaginings of a once-great sex. So when Elbert mentioned his sermons Uncle Phineas sat up and looked like a stout old mastiff who has just heard a small child speak of bones.

"All right," said he, more briskly even than his custom. "Let's have a look at 'em."

Elbert had hoped that he would read them carefully, pausing here and there to admire a gem of thought. But from the manner in which Uncle Phineas flipped over the pages, wetting his thumb from time to time and frowning as he did so, you might have thought that he was dealing a hand of bridge and didn't like the people he was playing with. Elbert had often been warned about Uncle Phineas, especially by Aunt Cordelia, and watching him now he could almost believe everything that he had heard against him.

"M'gh!" grunted Uncle Phineas at last. "No wonder!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, 'No wonder!' No wonder they canned you. Myself, if I had been there, I would have walked out on you. Either that or gone to sleep."

"But—but, uncle ——"

"No buts about it. You've been feeding 'em metaphysics—ethical philosophy—the sort of stuff that all young fellows groan at when they go to college. Ever try this line of talk on a girl?"

"Certainly not!" said Elbert rather shortly, piqued a little and speaking as though his honesty had been questioned.

Uncle Phineas stared at his nephew, and if you had been there, blessed with a reasonable amount of clairvoyance, you would have known that he was thinking to himself, "There! Didn't I know that those old women would spoil him? Didn't I tell them so at the time?"

"Ever occur to you why people go to church?" he suddenly asked aloud.

Elbert started to tell him, but the older man would stand for only about two minutes of it.

"Now wait," said he, getting up, the family strain beginning to work in him. "I'll give you a better reason than all those—the real reason—the underlying reason. Sin and salvation: that's what brings 'em. It brought 'em ten thousand years ago, and in another ten thousand it'll be bringing 'em just the same—every race—every creed—I don't care what it is."

"Of course ——" began Elbert.

But Uncle Phineas wasn't through yet.

"Sin and salvation!" he exclaimed. "Just you remember those words. Being human, people go wrong. And it's up to you to understand the various ways they do it. And being something more than human, they don't want to go wrong, and it's up to you to know how to straighten 'em out again. Now take this next place where you're going, for instance—where is it?"

"Sedgwood, Long Island."

"M'm-m. I happen to know it. Very horsy place, but a lot of mighty fine people there too. Griswold Race Track's only a few miles away, and unless I'm mistaken they have a hunt club and run steeplechases of their own. Know anything about racing?"

Elbert started to protest, but by that time he had visited with his uncle long enough to know that it wouldn't help him much. Besides, he was beginning to get his first faint glimmer of the fact that Uncle Phineas wasn't talking as the wind blows. Perhaps if he had looked up the three other places, and had shaped his discourses accordingly ——

"No, sir," he said. "I know there is such a thing; that's all."

Uncle Phineas grunted with disapproval.

"Well, now, let me tell you something," said he. "If you're going to Sedgwood and don't want to fall down again you ought to know a few points about racing. It isn't Greek or Hebrew that'll interest those people. You ought to give 'em something in terms of jumps and jockeys—something about the odds against their going straight unless they keep on the right track—that sort of thing."

Elbert caught his second glimmer of it then—brighter than the first. The parables that had once been spoken to the farmers of old Judea—wasn't one about a vineyard, and another about a sower who went forth to sow?

"You'd better go down to the track tomorrow afternoon," said Uncle Phineas in his most matter-of-fact voice. "They run special trains; you'll find 'em in the paper." He looked at his watch and then he looked at his nephew, winding himself up for one of his unexpected curves. "How are you off for money?" he suddenly asked.

It was a blessed question—it generally is—and warmed by the interest behind it Elbert essayed his first joke of the evening.

"Money and I are strangers, I'm afraid," said he.

"Better get acquainted then."

The older man produced a wallet which had never been opened by anyone but himself—a rather sad, lonely thing



His Lip Curled in Self-Condemnation. "I'll Sit Here a Little While Longer and Then I'll Go," Thought He

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when you think about it—and flipped out two new bills. They were the first hundred-dollar bills that Elbert had ever seen, and they interested him as strongly as though they had been two Hebrew roots.

"Oh, thank you, uncle. Thank you, and ——"

"Tt-tt!" said the old man, snapping his watch open again. "Time I was off." He clapped on his hat with an energy that had something fierce about it. "Now remember," he said in his keggiest voice as they shook hands in parting, "when I get back I want good news from you!"

The door shut behind him with a bang, and Elbert was left alone. For a time he sat staring out at the darkening view; and then, almost reluctantly, he picked up the paper which his uncle had dropped, and turned on the lights.

It may have been instinct that guided him to the sporting page—the same instinct that would probably lead a wild woman to the fashions. Yes—there it was.

"Brilliant Field Entered for Griswold Handicap Tomorrow," and in the bottom right-hand corner was a small advertisement: "Special Trains to Griswold Park."

Elbert read it all, and though much of it was obscure to him—"this great filly," for instance, and "Vigil ran to finish in the money," and "Frigate and Bigheart raced themselves into the ground"—at least he made out the gist of it, and it may be that his pulse beat a little faster at thinking that he, too, was in a fair way of being among "the gay and cosmopolitan crowd that is expected to witness one of the most important classics that has been run in recent years."

For a long time then he sat, looking sometimes at the paper and sometimes at the new moon; and once he even took the two bills out of his pocket—those hundred-dollar beauties that Uncle Phineas had given him—and studied them with grave attention.

"Funny," he half muttered to himself as he took up the paper again.

By which he possibly meant that life was funny.

He didn't read. For the time neither his mind nor his eyes were focused for it, and the paper before him was an unconsidered blur. But bit by bit, if he could only have seen it, a new headline might have been taking shape across the top of the page, one of those old saws of Doctor Merritt's which have come down from antiquity and haven't lost many of their teeth with age:

"Those Who Sup With the Devil Must Have a Long Spoon."

Elbert caught himself with a start.

"At least," he thought, "I do not see that it can do me any harm." And looking down at the time-table he presently added: "Two-fifteen; that sounds all right. And of course I'll wear my tweeds."

III

IF YOU had been on the platform of the Pennsylvania Station the following afternoon when Elbert made his appearance it wouldn't have taken you long to see that he wasn't exactly feeling proud of what he was doing.

"There is at least this comfort," he told himself: "I can hardly expect that any of the people whose good opinion I esteem will be here to see me. And as for myself, doing a most ungrateful task for the good of others, I am sure my own conscience is clear."

He found a window seat and watched a boy coming through the car distributing free copies of a tipster's sheet—the place of honor in which was held by Today's Best Bets.

"Strange work for a boy," thought Elbert. "Strange company he's in. Strange future ahead of him. At least one might think that he would be better off if he were improving his education."

From his pocket he drew a memorandum book and jotted down the words "Corrupt. of youth." This done he looked at the Best Bets, marveling at the strange names that the horses bore: Peccant—Horologe—The Peruvian—Temptation. Temptation, he read, was sired by Sandman; dam, Florodora. After puzzling out the meaning of this he hit upon something good.

"The horse I back," he proudly told himself, "is Probity, and it may be dammed by Sinners, but it's sired by Grace!"

At this a tingle ran over him—it wasn't often that he could shoot them out of the air like that—and he saw himself in the Sedgwood pulpit, earnest, declamatory, speaking in a language understood by the people. "The horse I back is Probity, and it may be dammed by Sinners, but it's sired by Grace!"

"Uncle Phineas was right," he told himself, making another entry in his memorandum book. "I'm beginning to feel glad that I came."

He felt better yet when he reached the track, two pages of his notebook already filled with entries he had made on the train. It was one of those ideal days that sometimes move young sporting writers to refer to racing as the sport of kings. The inclosure inside the track had been mowed the day before, and the smell of cut grass, which is sweeter than that of many a cut flower, united with a turquoise sky and a breeze from the sea to make a well-nigh perfect setting for the "classic which would probably long go down in racing history." The grand stand, tier after tier of eager humanity, dimly reminded him of pictures he had seen of the Colosseum in the palmy days when racing was done in chariots and Cæsar was the president of the Imperial Jockey Club.

"A Roman holiday," he thought to himself, meaning to write it down as soon as he had a chance; and he was still trying to guess the meaning of the mob of men who were milling around in the paddock when he became conscious of a ripple of excitement running through the grand stand, as a breeze will sometimes run over a cornfield, and a deep, smothered chorus "They're off!"

"I beg your pardon," said Elbert to the man nearest to him, "but—has something started?"

"Sure," said the other. "Third race. Nothing to it—not worth watching. Lady Angelica couldn't lose it, not if she went lame with three of her legs and had to hop along backwards on the other."

Elbert stood on the tips of his toes to try to catch a glimpse of this remarkable horse, but could see nothing but a sea of straw hats and a fringe of trees on the other side of the track.

"Better get up in the grand stand if you want to see it," said Lady Angelica's champion. "Me, I'm sticking close to my bookie. Once you lose 'em in this crowd they're hard to find again."

It was Elbert's fortune—good or bad, as you will soon be able to judge for yourself—to find a seat next to an aisle—a seat that had just been vacated by a determined-looking lover of horseflesh who had made up his mind never to bet on the ponies again, but, his resolution suddenly crumbling at the sight of the aforesaid ponies in motion, he had hurried down into the paddock to see if he could find some sporting gentleman of an accommodating nature who would be willing to give him odds on the next event. Elbert took the vacated seat at the same moment that the horses came thundering around the curve into the home stretch—a kaleidoscopic spectacle of color, and life, and speed.



"You've Been Feeding 'Em Metaphysics—the Sort of Stuff That All Young Fellows Groan At When They Go to College. Ever Try This Line of Talk on a Girl?"

All around arose strange cries:

"Come on, you Bombadier!" "Lady Jellyker! Lady Jellyker!" "Not a chance! Come on, you black filly! Show 'em how to do it!" "Bombadier!" "Jelly——!" "Now what did I tell you about Number Four! Now look at Number Four!"

By that time everyone was standing up and—some poor little son of Zaccheus probably starting this second movement—everyone was soon climbing a step higher and standing on the seats. Next to Elbert was a girl, and when she stepped up on her seat, which was slatted after the manner of park benches, her heel became caught between two of the slats. In fact, she would certainly have fallen if she hadn't clutched out wildly for the first support that offered itself; and the next thing Elbert knew, a very frightened and very pretty girl had one hand curved around his shoulder, and the other tightly closed upon his arm.

The French, you may remember, have a proverb that where Old Ned can't go himself he sends an old woman.

Well, not always. She doesn't have to be so preciously old.

IV

BACK in the sheltered shades of Elmhurst, Dean Wilmer had once remarked to his class: "Young gentlemen, whatever you may forget in the future, I urge you to keep tight hold of your classics. Study well the past, and you will see that the hand of Time is constantly outstretched, showing mankind the way to go. And on this outstretched hand, adorning it, illuminating it, you will find gems of thought set in jewels of words, fashioned by the wise men of the ages—gems so brilliant that scores of centuries have been unable to dim them—gems of such purity that they will still be sparkling there when all these things that you see around you shall have returned to the dust of the earth."

It was a fancy that had bitten deeply into Elbert's mind, and more than once it had helped him to see the outstretched hand. "*Ad astra per aspera.*" That was his favorite, and sometimes bobbed up in his memory at the queerest of times—once, for instance, when he was having a tooth filled, and once when he was walking along a country road near Elmhurst and a fat family of swarthy profiteers had nearly run him down and had splashed mud upon him with a five-inch tire. And even now, with a strange girl's arm around his shoulder, it suddenly came to him again. "*Ad astra per aspera.*" Yes; only by struggling can the stars be attained.

"I beg your pardon," said the girl, loosening him as soon as she had recovered her balance, "but—my foot is caught in something, and it nearly threw me."

Her voice was pleasant, even in embarrassment, but face to face as close as that, Elbert couldn't help seeing that Art had assisted Nature in the matter of her complexion, and that her hat had something coquettish about it—such a hat as Solomon might have warned the young men of Jerusalem against if milliners had flourished then as now.

"Perhaps I can help you," he said after a moment's hesitation. After all, it was either that or take no notice of her, or jump off his seat and go elsewhere. So instead of jumping off, he stepped off, and after she had pulled her foot out of her shoe in a last desperate effort to get her heel free Elbert caught hold of the shoe and gave it such a tug that half an inch of the heel came off. And didn't he look foolish then!

"I'm afraid I've done more harm than good," he said, ruefully looking at it with one of his easy blushes. "I—I had no idea that they came apart as easily as that."

"Oh, that's all right," she said, hopping down. "It isn't the first time I've lost one of my heels."

She sat down and put on her shoe. It was a ridiculous little thing of white buckskin with just the merest suggestion of a pocket for the toes to slip in. Her stockings were of white silk, and so was her skirt, a filmy, veily shimmering affair that didn't seem to be fastened down any too securely—such an affair as Salome might have worn, for instance, on a certain infamous occasion; and involuntarily comparing its length and texture with the garments worn by his aunts, Elbert didn't give words to his thought, but if he had he might very well have phrased something like this: "No really nice girl would ever wear a dress like that in public—or in

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The Campaign Against Crime

The Judges' Part in It

By R. M. WANAMAKER

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF OHIO

JUSTICE is the great concern of man on earth." These are the words of the immortal Webster. After a century of American jurisprudence we would substitute for the word "great" the word "greatest."

Since the days of John Marshall we have said again and again, "Ours is a government of law—not of men."

Ideally and theoretically this is true, but practically and politically it is false. The law is what the judge says it is. The people make the constitutions—that is, they have the first word on the subject; the judges have the last word. The legislatures make the statutes—that is, they have the first word; the judges have the last word.

Under the power of construing the law, whether constitutional, statutory or otherwise, the plain provisions of the law are too frequently perverted and ofttimes partially or even totally defeated.

Justice in practical effect is what the judge says it is. By reason of the judges' tremendous power in America, greater than in any other civilized country in the world in its governmental effect, the personnel of the judiciary, which is the greatest factor in that power, should be highly important.

In four-fifths of the states the people elect the judges. Notwithstanding the power of the judge in government, having the last word, the people as a whole know less about the personal, professional and efficient qualifications of the candidates than of any others running for office. Indeed it very often happens that the mere favorable name of a candidate, wholly unknown to the voters, furnishes the majority for his nomination and election.

What are the primary and paramount qualifications for the judge? Common sense; common conscience; uncommon backbone; humanitarian spirit of the twentieth century; a working knowledge of the fundamentals of the law. The first four come largely from birth, the last from books. Such organizations as the Cleveland Association for Criminal Justice, or some other civic body, could furnish the voters much useful information to guide them as to these qualifications of the various candidates for the bench.

There should be no partisanship in the choice of judges for the bench. There is no such thing as Republican justice or Democratic justice. They are not distinguishable.

But there is yet a higher consideration in the choice of judges who will be truly ministers of justice. The best portrait of that paramount attribute is found in the tenth chapter of Luke, where "A certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"



How Readest Thou the Law?

THIS certain lawyer was evidently a big lawyer; he asked a big question of a big Judge. The Judge did not directly answer that question. Instead He put another question to the lawyer. "He said unto him, What is written in the law?"

We lawyers and judges know what is written in the law. We read it and are agreed as to the language in which the law is written. This is true whether the law be constitutional, statutory or otherwise.

There can be but little difference amongst us as to what is written in the law. But the great Judge did not stop with that question. He realized that there was yet a bigger question back of it all, and He put it to the lawyer: "How readest thou?"

Here is the real big question to be directed to every lawyer and to every judge touching the law. Here is where the differences arise among us. Do we read it in a friendly, sympathetic frame of mind, and in the plain phrases and provisions it clearly contains, or do we read it in a hostile, adverse frame of mind? Do we read it with a view of discovering by microscopic or other like tests some hidden ambiguity or technicality in it, or do we seek to apply the plain provisions of the law sympathetically, so as to accomplish the intention and purpose of the constitution makers and the statute makers?

Different judges often take the same constitution, the same statute, the same decision, that would appear perfectly plain to the layman, the common everyday average man, and raise a perfect storm of doubt and uncertainty about it through the application of some technical rules of construction.

This big lawyer of Luke, in response to the big Judge's question, answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself."

A clear convincing answer, an unanswerable argument, that did not occupy a day or an hour.

And the great Judge said, "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live."

If now the judge possesses this attribute he will address himself to the great constitutional purpose, justice, of which he is naturally and necessarily the chief engineer.

"And justice shall be administered without denial or delay."

This sentence can be found in most of the constitutions of the states. Its spirit abounds in all of them. We read much about the law's delays. More properly we should say "judges' delays," not "law's delays." Justice delayed is very often justice denied, and the man that delays it is not the lawyer in the case, but the judge on the bench, who either commits the delay or permits the delay.

Continuances after continuances are granted for the most trifling reasons, to gain time. Counsel for the defense well knows that the longer a trial is put off the greater the chances of escape. True, courts should grant a reasonable continuance when satisfied it is necessary in order to give the defendant the benefit of all his legal and constitutional rights, but delays of months, and ofttimes from term to term, are not only wholly unnecessary but usually fatal to justice.

Early trials are the order of the day in England, whence we got the bulk of our laws.

There is no justification for the delays that obtain in America, where we have become the butt of ridicule for not only English writers and judges but the American public.

Delayed Justice

NOT only are the delays in getting ready for trial generally due to the judge's lack of backbone, but likewise the delays growing out of the trial itself.

Trials that take but a few days in England occupy many weeks in America. I know it is often said that it is the fault of our procedure. This is utter nonsense, as every judge knows who has honestly and vigorously tried to expedite justice. Procedure is partly legislative, but mostly judicial, and on its face, at least, it was adopted in order to proceed with the trial to an early and equitable judgment. But alas, our procedure that should proceed has been converted into a "delaydure" that delays, and the judge is the one responsible for it.

I hope I may be pardoned for referring to my seventeen years upon the bench. The first seven years was at nisi prius, on the common-pleas bench, largely at Akron, Ohio. During that period the longest civil case, with or without a jury, occupied but three days' time, and but two criminal cases exceeded that. I am sure I could with safety still shorten and simplify those trials by further speeding up, and at the same time safeguard justice. I believed that I could make fewer mistakes in a day than I could in a week.

Naturally, much of our early procedure was adopted from the English system, but England long ago abandoned her antiquated methods that delayed justice, and the speed-up system, which is the product of the judges themselves—trial judges and appellate judges—has become a model for the world. In the noted Doctor Crippen case a few years ago less than a week was occupied in the trial. The appeal was soon and short. He was executed. The recent conviction of two men who cold-bloodedly murdered Field Marshal Wilson last June affords another wholesome and effective example of expediting justice. They were both hanged on August tenth. They probably would not yet have been indicted in America. Our routine red tape and formalism should come to an end, but they cannot be ended by legislation. They must be ended by the judges themselves.

Entirely too much time is taken with trifling technical objections to the admission and rejection of evidence which in a multitude of cases would be immaterial, whether introduced or not introduced. The trial judge is presumed to know the elementary rules of evidence. They are raised and passed upon daily, hence there is no need, save in an exceptional case, of argument from counsel. There are but few questions in the average criminal case that are vital to the guilt or innocence of the accused, and the evidence should be clearly confined and directed to those issues of fact. There is entirely too much irrelevant and immaterial

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THE DRAWBACK

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

SOME fifty paces short of the pink-painted house at the corner of the plaza Gretzel stopped and fingered the little flat gun in the pocket of his thin coat. Usually, when he accidentally touched it, the contact made him uneasy; but now, for once, it was reassuring. He stood in the blot of shadow beside the mud-walled cathedral, looking across the angle of the square in which the light and heat of the noon sun seemed to lie like some fluid, radiant metal. A kind of contempt stiffened his purpose: Clifford must have lost his nerve, or he would have taken his chances with northern law for the sake of northern climate. There was nothing to fear from a man who preferred the certainty of Tenango sun to the risk of a New York jail.

His hand came away from the gun and he strode into the glare, a little ashamed of his moment of doubt. He remembered, now, that Clifford had never been dangerous in the physical sense. An outlaw, to be sure; but no desperado, even at the peak of his career.

The pink house presented the inevitable two windows, barred and blinded, with a tunnel-like entry between them, barricaded at this siesta hour by a sagging double door. He mopped his face before knocking. Even in the shadow of the doorway the heat seemed to take him by the throat.

Again he half regretted the impulse which had brought him so far out of his way merely to see and speak to a broken-down and exiled crook. It cost him an effort to knock.

A woman's voice, thickened as with sleep, but round and cool and low, answered with a Spanish phrase. He did not understand the words, but the inflection told him that it was a question.

"Americano," he called back. "I want to see Mr. Clifford."

Even now he would have liked to draw back. The vague scheme which had tempted him here and which had seemed so plausible at a distance became wholly absurd. If Jim Clifford hadn't lost his nerve and his cunning he'd never be dry-rotting in a place like this.

"Oh!"

The voice changed. Even in the monosyllable he caught an unmistakable hint of the north. In the brief pause that followed he had time to wonder what kind of woman had been willing to go into this exile with Clifford. Then the voice came to him from just beyond the door, lowered and faintly hostile:

"What do you want of him? He's asleep."

He understood the tone. Even here, beyond the reach of extradition, they wouldn't feel altogether safe. His contempt deepened. Afraid of him! He laughed.

"Oh, don't worry. It's just a friendly call. I'm Sid Gretzel, from Ellersville. He'd remember my father, I guess. On my way back to the coast and thought I'd look him up."

There was another silence and then a rattle from the hasp. The doors parted, and Gretzel found himself staring. Even the voice hadn't prepared him for the girl who faced him, her gray eyes still touched with distrust above the cool welcome of her smile. She couldn't be much over twenty, he told himself. His exigent taste approved the outline of the slim, straight figure in the cotton dress, the simple arrangement of the coppery hair, the light mask of honest freckles that seemed to emphasize the fresh tone of the skin.

"Come in. I'll call father."

The voice was still something short of friendliness, but Gretzel grinned as he followed her to the veranda facing the inner court. A white man from God's country was bound to look good to a girl who lived down here among greasers, and Gretzel's appearance had never displeased him. Daughter, eh? He had a new touch of scorn for Clifford. Bringing up a girl in a hole like this!



"It's a Lie!" He Squeaked. "She Made It Up! I Ain't Got a Thing to Do With It"

He heard low voices in a room beside the court, the whine of springs, shuffling steps. A man stood in the doorway, surveying him sleepily. He recognized Jim Clifford instantly in spite of the tumbled white hair and the wrinkled cotton clothes, unmistakably the wreck of the man whose photographs had been admired by envious loungers in the store at Ellersville when the papers brought word of some new exploit. For just a moment, as the eyes cleared and steadied, Gretzel was again afraid, but he shook off the feeling impatiently. This wasn't the Clifford they talked about back home—this old, thin, bent fellow in drill trousers, his bare feet shuffling in straw sandals.

"You must be Solly Gretzel's boy." Clifford nodded and gestured toward a rattan chair. "Didn't expect to see anybody from the old town before I played out. Sit down."

Gretzel studied him while he answered question after question about Ellersville people of the disappearing generation. His first impression, he decided, had been inaccurate. Jim Clifford had aged and shriveled, but his wits were sharp enough. Perhaps, after all, that half-formed scheme hadn't been so crazy as it had seemed. There might be salvage for a canny seeker in what was left of Clifford's shipwrecked cunning.

He managed, without much diplomacy, to turn the talk to reminiscence. As he had hoped, Clifford was willing to discuss his career with an informed and interested and not unsympathetic listener. He was manifestly proud of some of his exploits. His face relaxed and brightened and his voice found a fresh relish as he talked. And Gretzel listened with a revival of the old envy he had felt when the loafers in his father's dingy little store had yarned about Jim Clifford. Easy money in big, sudden lumps; money that was all clear profit—even then he had hungered for it, for Jim Clifford's ability to prey light-heartedly on a stupid world without hiding from its anger or suffering its clumsy counterblows. Now, hearing the tale from the man himself, the old secret desire grew quick and hot in him, overcoming his restraining fears.

"I should think you'd go back," he said. "Seems queer that you can stand it to live like this, after playing that game."

"It's a grand game," said Clifford. He sobered. "But it has its drawbacks."

He let his glance move about the little *patio*, where the shadow had crept across toward the farther wall. Gretzel became suddenly conscious again of the spiteful blaze of the sun, the suffocating heat and the silence.

"Why don't you go back?" He asked the question abruptly, as if on the impulse of the moment, but he leaned a little forward in spite of himself. "It'd be safe enough by this time, wouldn't it? And down here ——"

He waved his hand eloquently at the slanting glare in the court. Clifford shrugged.

"Oh, it would be safe, I guess. That isn't what stops me."

"Then what does?"

Gretzel spoke eagerly. It was all working out so far. There was no mistaking the wistfulness in Clifford's face. He wanted to go back, and if he went ——

"Two steamer tickets and a little stake, that's all." Clifford spread his hands. "Funny, isn't it? Cigarette money in the old days." His eyes drew together again. "And I've got a scheme in my sleeve that ——"

Gretzel moistened dry lips. He'd hardly hoped for this, even after he had seen the poverty of the house. He held his tongue with an effort. No use in letting Clifford see that he was eager about it.

"A good one, eh?" He managed to make it sound casual, incurious. Let the proposition come from Clifford instead of offering it himself.

"It's the best thing I've ever struck."

"Ought to be money in it, then." He grinned at the easy compliment.

"Plenty. And ——"

"Law-proof, like the old ones?"

"Absolutely!" Clifford got to his feet. "Gretzel, if you can see your way to staking me ——"

From the front of the house the girl called in Spanish, and Clifford answered impatiently.

"You'll have to attend to it alone, Laura. I'm talking business." He stopped and chuckled. "No, I'll come." He turned to Gretzel. "I'm going to let you see the scheme for yourself. Come along."

He led the way into the dimness of a bare, whitewashed room, where his daughter fumbled at the slatted window blind. As she adjusted it, admitting a niggardly slice of light, Gretzel saw another man standing just within the door that gave on the entry passage: a man in limp drill clothes, who held a wide-brimmed Panama against a liberal midriff and split a burnt-umber countenance in a very white-toothed grin.

There was an exchange of rapid-fire greetings and Clifford turned to a shelf of books against the inner wall. He took up what Gretzel thought he recognized as a New York telephone directory and carried it to the cheap table beside the window. The visitor accepted a chair and fumbled with the pages. There was more Spanish, and the girl leaned across the table, turned the book and opened it. The caller bowed his thanks as she twisted the clumsy volume back before him.

Gretzel stretched his neck to look over his shoulder. He recognized the book now—a tattered copy of the encyclopedic catalogue issued by the greatest of mail-order houses, open at a display of imitation jewelry. He turned to Clifford for an explanation, but the customer demanded attention. Gretzel stood back while Clifford translated

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the text below one of the illustrations. It seemed effective, for a decision was made and the girl wrote a letter, guided by voluble instructions from the patron. Presently he stood up, paid three silver coins across the table, bowed, took the unsealed letter and departed.

"What's it all about?"

Gretzel frowned. Any business transaction in which money passed excited his interest.

"That's an object lesson in the big idea." Clifford laughed. "Incidentally, it's the way we've been making a living for three or four years—ever since Laura got hold of that catalogue. We charge them two reales for a five-minute look, two more if they want the text translated into Spanish, and we write their letters at two more per page. Then there's another fee when they bring us English letters in reply. It brings in enough to keep us going."

Gretzel rubbed his chin.

"I should think they'd send for their own catalogues. The mail-order houses give 'em away."

"They would if they thought that anybody'd give away a book like that. They think it must be worth big money—all those pages and pages, with the beautiful pictures." Clifford laughed again. "But it wouldn't hurt us much if they all had copies. I've thought that it might boom business to spread 'em around. They'd have to get us to translate for them anyhow. Nobody else in Tenango can read English."

Gretzel rubbed his chin. It was a shock to find Jim Clifford reduced to this microscopic graft. He seemed proud of it too—pleased with himself over penny profits!

"You'd never guess how much business there is in a town like this." Clifford fumbled on the shelf and produced a frayed copy book. "Here's our record of what they've bought from that catalogue since we started the scheme. It foots up to something over two thousand in gold in less than three years. There's no big money here, but most of them have a little to spend and no place to spend it. You couldn't keep a decent stock of goods in a town like this; not enough business for that. But ——"

Gretzel interrupted with a gesture. He had no desire for a lecture on the mail-order business.

"I can see all that. But where does the big idea come in? That's what I'm interested in."

Clifford looked blank.

"Why, don't you see it yet? Here's a whole continent so hungry to buy that it'll pay a fee for just looking at a catalogue. Between here and Tierra del Fuego there are thousands of towns like this—a regular mail-order empire that hasn't been touched."

"What of it?" Gretzel's impatience mounted. "It takes big money to go into a business like that, and you'd be bucking the wisest guys in the world too. Those people can sell for less than you'd have to pay. And a catalogue like that would need a young mint ——"

Clifford shook his head, smiling.

"It wouldn't need over a couple of thousand at the outside to get this scheme on a paying basis. Look here!" He opened the copy book and ran a shrunken finger down the page. "This shows what they'll buy. We don't have to guess; we know. They go through those thousand pages, from baby carriages to zithers, but they pick out just a few items. The rest of the catalogue might just as well be left out. They fall hard for imitation jewelry and fancy socks and shirts and neckties and cheap watches; they'll buy shoes pretty readily, and sometimes they want things like toilet sets. Musical instruments and toys and novelties, and you've got pretty nearly the whole list. We've worked out a dummy catalogue that would cover it and still mail for a cent."

Gretzel shrugged. His first impression of Jim Clifford had been right after all. The wily old crook was all through. He actually believed in this picayune, penny-squeezing business! He called it the best scheme he'd ever struck—the Jim Clifford who had taken eighty thousand out of Tim Gilfoyle without even being arrested!

He was on the point of a brusque refusal when he caught Laura Clifford's glance and felt unwillingly a faint compassion. It was rough on her to be marooned in this baking hole, with no chance of getting out of it except the crazy notions of a broken-down crook. He softened his comment a little.

"That may all be, but what of it? I'll admit that you can probably make up a cheap catalogue and sell that kind of junk to these greasers; but where's the big scheme? You'd maybe make a few cents on each sale, and as soon as the big fellows spotted you they'd put you out of business like that!" He snapped his fingers. "Not a chance!"

"We can make at least 30 per cent net profit," persisted Clifford. "We only have to compete with the robbers' prices they charge in the rotten little stores. The big catalogue houses aren't in the field, and it'll be a long time before they are."

"Nothing in it." Gretzel wagged his head. "You'd have to lay in a stock. It'd cost you a fat roll just to make the cuts for even a little catalogue."

"You're wrong both times," Clifford interrupted eagerly. "There's a wholesale house on Broadway that specializes in supplying little mail-order firms. It carries the stock for you; you can go down there and buy singles if you want to, once they recognize you. You wouldn't have to tie up a dollar in stock. And they furnish the cuts too—give you the free use of them. I tell you, Gretzel, this is big—there's big money in it, and it's safe money, honest money."

Gretzel laughed.

"That's the trouble with it. Honest money! I can make that kind myself. I thought you might have a stunt for making the other sort or I wouldn't have ridden eighteen miles on a mule to talk to you. I can talk to all the honest men I want to, any time. I thought you were a crook—about the best crook on earth. Never struck me that you'd turned soft."

Clifford's eyes narrowed and his mouth drew tight. For an instant Gretzel was glad he had brought the flat little gun. A laugh sounded behind him. He twisted to look at the girl.

"It's too funny!" She seemed to struggle with a bubbling mirth. "Father going to all that trouble to make his precious scheme look honest enough to appeal to the virtuous young man from the old home town, and the virtuous young man turning it down because it isn't crooked enough!"

Gretzel could only stare. He heard Clifford begin a protest, but the girl, suddenly quite serious, cut abruptly through it.

"It's no good going on with that line, father. Don't you see that he's"—she seemed to stumble slightly on the word—"one of us? I'm going to put all the cards on the table and take a chance of his crossing us."

"But—but ——" Clifford was still inarticulate.

His daughter turned to Gretzel.

"You see, we both took it for granted that you'd shy at anything—anything in our line, Mr. Gretzel. Father only showed you the outside of the scheme. The real money's in the crooked end of it of course. If we really bought and shipped the goods there'd be a little profit, I suppose. But we aren't going to! Every dollar that comes in is cold net profit, 100 per cent."

The words seemed to ring a bell in Gretzel's brain. His money hunger did battle with a stubborn fear.

"How can you work that?" he demanded thickly. "The post office would ——"

She laughed gently.

"You're judging the mails by the service you get at home, where you grumble if a letter takes over a day between New York and Chicago. You haven't lived down here. These people don't expect much of their mails. It takes about two weeks, on the average, for a letter to get to Tenango from New York—if nothing goes wrong anywhere along the line. Don Ramon will be lucky if he gets an acknowledgment of his order—the one I just wrote for him—inside of a month; and he won't begin looking for his eighty-cent set of cuff links for another two weeks after that. If he doesn't get them in another month or so he'll come in and pay me to write another letter. If that doesn't get results after a month or six weeks more, and he feels industrious enough, he'll write again. In the end he'll spread his hands and lift his shoulders and blame the loss on some post-office clerk. That's what happens when the goods we've ordered never come; these people don't more than half expect any better luck. I never heard of any formal complaint to the post office; but if somebody went that far it would certainly take six months before the United States postal authorities heard about it."

Gretzel saw the possibilities now. He had dealt helplessly with the post office at the capital. It must be a good deal worse in little out-of-the-way towns like this. And the farther away you went the longer you'd have. Even allowing for a few complaints, the post-office people wouldn't be hard to satisfy. They must be used to trouble with these slipshod greaser mails.

"It sounds good," he admitted slowly. "Let me look at that list, will you?" He took the copy book from Clifford and ran his eye swiftly over its items. Almost a thousand dollars in a single year from one catalogue in one tiny village! He knew a little of printing costs and estimated roughly. Two or three thousand would probably cover it—printing and mailing twenty-five or thirty thousand condensed catalogues. If the proportion of returns was anything like what it had been here at Tenango ——

They'd want a split, these two, of course, and it would cost something to get them back to the States and keep them alive till the money began to come in. His lower lip protruded a little. Why should he waste good money on them? He could handle it alone. It would be easy enough to hunt up that supply firm Clifford

(Continued on Page 91)



"We Got to Trust Each Other, Clifford, Like You Said Yourself, or It's All Off"

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PSYCHE AND CUPIDITY

By Dorothy DeJagers

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



"'Many Waters Cannot Quench Love,'" She Quoted Ecstatically, "'Neither Can the Floods Drown It'"

IF IN any handbook on interior decorating there is a chapter, Appropriate Appointments for a Physician's Office, the person responsible for that of F. Ernest Bradly must have suffered from complete amnesia. To be sure, the formal, characterless desk in the center, the well-filled bookshelves, doubtlessly dedicated to diseases of the nervous system, argued a lucid interval. Yet, how about the tapestried walls, the rococo furniture, the Fragonard prints; also the profusion of gold-lace cushions on the damask divan, the pink-shaded candles, the Sèvres vases of roses? Ah! A Louis-Quinze fixation! A plausible diagnosis, except for the stationary bowl behind the elaborately embroidered Chinese screen, and the Persian tiled effects of the fireplace? False notes, surely, and so discouraging to further analyses of the decorator's psychology that one turned, instead, to the doctor himself.

It was at this bowl he now stood, toothbrush in hand, inspecting a row of gleaming incisors with manifest satisfaction; an expression more or less justified, since in their regularity and startling whiteness they achieved an almost improbable perfection. And yet, as he sauntered up to the crackling fire, a slight strut in his walk implied a self-esteem extending far beyond dental limitations.

He was about forty, was the doctor, clean-shaven, undersized, slight, insignificant both facially and physically, yet contriving somehow, by the set of his shoulders, the poise of his head, all the impressiveness of six feet. His augustness was that of him who remembers that, after all, Napoleon was but five foot five; or who, in less historic moods, recalls that old one about the most precious things being done up in small packages. Then the meticulous fastidiousness of his grooming accented this effect somewhat—the razor edge of the correct trousers, the precision of the knot in his shoe laces, the single rose in the lapel, the pale mauve cravat that matched exactly the narrow border and monogram of the handkerchief peeping from his pocket. As he stood there, his small, beautifully kept hands extended to the leaping flames, you might have labeled him a duodecimo exquisite.

Suddenly the phone on his desk rang and he turned to answer it. His "Doctor Bradly, of the Bradly Sanatorium, speaking"—supplemented the general impression of his personality; a soprano thinness of voice, given weight by the dignity of his precision. Surprise, however, made it more natural as he continued, "What? Mr. James Bruce Pelham? By Jove! Send him right in."

In another moment there appeared in the arched doorway at the back a tall, good-looking chap in a motor coat.

"Good Lord! Old J. B.!"

Nimbly the doctor went to meet him as the other grinned, "Well, if the famous nerve specialist isn't our little Brad!"

Smilingly, but appraisingly, they shook hands; and then after the famous nerve specialist had drawn two chairs to the fire he began: "Jove! I haven't heard a word about you since you quit your practice in Baltimore. What happened to you?"

"Turned my M.D. degree into a T.B.M.—Tired Business Man, you know. Couldn't seem to make good in the profesh; guess my bedside manner wasn't tonic enough, so I went into the hospital-equipment line with my uncle. Spent most of the time since then abroad fitting up European hospitals."

He stretched out his feet comfortably to the fire and the doctor's eyes traveled from the bag of his trousers to the careless fit of the coat, on up to the shaggy hair. Not that this unvaleted appearance betokened failing fortunes; for unaccountably he wore a look of prosperity—of one who has kidded life out of the secret of success. Moreover, even in the old hospital days, not only had the same carelessness characterized him but the same knack of getting what he wanted in spite of it. An astounding popularity among his colleagues, and even, with his hit-or-miss methods, the highest laboratory ratings—things denied to F. Ernest Bradly, with all his steep standards of personal effectiveness.

But after all, J. B. had confessedly failed in the profession, and the presumable object of his call brought a note of triumph to the doctor's "Well, old man, I'm sorry I can't give you any business, but my equipment ——"

"Oh, I didn't come to sell you anything," the other assured him; "I came ——" He paused to draw out a cigar case, extending it with "Have a smoke?"

"No, thanks. I don't indulge. Bad for the nerves."

J. B. laughed as he lit his own. "I'll bet it's your pearly teeth you're thinking of. Always were proud of 'em."

A faint frown on the doctor's brow cleared in a polite smile. "I see you're the same old kidder, J. B. Jove! The ragging I took off you that year we roomed together."

"I had to, old thing. Otherwise, you'd have swarmed all over the place."

This was offered good-naturedly; and then after consulting his watch J. B. leaned his head back and energetically puffed clouds of smoke into the rose-leaf setting. Uneasily, his host eyed the ashes that accumulated on the swarthy cigar; and his delicate nostrils quivered with disrelish at the fumes that smothered the fragrance of the flowers on the mantelpiece. Suddenly, however, the other looked across with some query about a mutual friend and this plunged them into reminiscence which absorbed at least five minutes.

Yet through all this talk of the past the doctor did some active wondering about the present. If J. B.'s call had not been motivated by business, what was it? Surely not the fraternal instinct. Despite the close contact of hospital days their temperamental disparities had proscribed any real intimacy; a fact ratified by their severed relation in subsequent years. No, the visit wasn't an expression of pure friendship. It was—ah! Curiosity! Of course! Naturally, J. B. had heard of the Bradly Sanatorium, one of the most impressive institutions in the country; and curiosity, not unmixed with envy—the envy of one who has proved a failure in the same profession—had brought him.

Suddenly J. B. leaned forward with "See here, Brad. This joint fairly staggered me. Place looks like an aërodrome, and there must be forty or fifty acres in the grounds. What's the secret? Marry an heiress?"

The doctor smiled at this verification of his assumption. "Oh, no. I married Rowena Hawley, a nurse at Johns Hopkins, and we have four remarkably intelligent children."

J. B. gave the superior progeny an absent "That's fine!" Then with more interest: "But on the level, it takes a medicine man a lifetime to work up a thing like this. What is your system?"

"Oh, I admit my success here has been incredible." The doctor cleared his throat pompously. "As for my system—well, I treat only neurasthenic women, and I flatter myself I understand feminine psychology."

"Ah! Psychoanalysis!"

The doctor gave a subdued snort at this intimation of plagiarism—that is, J. B.'s accrediting Jung and Freud with the originality of the Bradly methods. Jung and Freud, of course, will be easily identified as those scientists who have put Morpheus into the Hall of Ill Fame, so that now the worthiest natures are unable to dream of "dwelling in marble halls" without a painful pre-breakfast blush. To be sure, they have legalized a situation in which one may talk frankly and protractedly about oneself without fear of possible yawns; and F. Ernest Bradly would doubtlessly have admitted the value of this. All their basic theories, however, he rejected utterly; and lost no time in explaining this to his guest; an explanation ending: "No; my success here is founded on a much sounder understanding of pathology, I think."

"Which is?"

The query held such alert interest as to bring an immediate answer:

"A recognition that the neurasthenic suffers from a collapsed ego. That she thinks a great deal about herself without thinking very much of herself—if you follow me."



"Dear Lady, You Must Forgive Me—But I Cannot Talk of These Things Now. I am Too Unnerved"

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J. B. grinned. "It sounds awfully deep, but go on."

The doctor settled back in his chair, folding his arms in the well-known Napoleonic posture; and his voice hoarsened with professional dignity as he elucidated: "Well, her life usually being without personal drama or adventure, she craves emotional, or, let us say, psychic stimulus. It is this which my treatment supplies."

The other knocked the ashes from his cigar in the general direction of the fireplace, heedless of his host's censorious frown; then bending forward he said, "Brad, you interest me strangely. Just what is this gamy nerve tonic?"

Doctor Bradly unfolded his arms and relaxed into the chair. J. B. was obviously impressed. Wasn't there even a shade of deference in his eager interest? Certainly none of that indulgent patronage characteristic of their student days together. Automatically the thought recalled those old times when all the former's repressed desires had focused upon impressing his personal uniqueness upon J. B. An unrealized aspiration, however, since the other's nervous system seemed incapable of awe-stricken reactions. In consequence, the doctor's ego now fed itself upon the psychic stimulus of this unaccustomed deference with visible relish. Up to this time he had maintained an inviolable secrecy about his methods; but whatever J. B.'s shortcomings, he could be trusted with a confidence; and Jove! wouldn't the startling originality of the Bradly methods make the old scoffer really sit up! Still, there were many inhibitions to be conquered; during which he outlined briefly his concessions to the physical aspects of neurasthenia—rest, exercise, diet, and so on.

"Then my nurses," he went on, "are all students of the new psychology. They study the individual ego needs of each patient, and in every way possible build up the woman's self-satisfaction. Then, as a climax to the treatment, I ——" Uneasily he looked around; then with lowered voice: "This is to be, naturally, strictly confidential, J. B."

"Oh, absolutely."

"Well"—dramatically—"I make love to them."

Certainly the doctor's surmise had been correct. J. B. did sit up! With such a jump that the cigar fell from his surprise-gaping mouth.

"Make love to 'em!" he finally managed; and the doctor nodded with a smile of appreciation at the effect of his case.

"Exactly! Just before she leaves she comes in here and I stage a tender scene. I tell her I've loved her madly all along, that she's my ideal—that sort of thing."

"You mean it's a frame-up?" J. B. gasped.

"I mean—it's the treatment." The doctor paused to kick the cigar onto the hearth as J. B. jumped up. "But, man alive! Isn't that a scurvy trick to play on these poor things?"

"Certainly not, from a scientific viewpoint"—with acerbity. "As I told you, these women are psychically starved. Either married to—er—unimaginative business men or they're spinsters with no romantic memories whatever in their lives. They come to me, self-depreciative ——"

"Yes, I get you," J. B. sarcastically interposed. "Unwept, unhonored and unstrung."

"Self-depreciative"—the doctor ignored the flippancy—"craving, you understand, emotional stimulus through a mere sense of preferment. And they leave with that; the thought that a man of—well—we'll say some small distinction, has preferred them above all other women. This expands their egos, gives them a self of self-sustaining power, so that they can adjust themselves to environment, meet their empty futures ——"

"Serene and una-Freud of fate, eh?" the other again supplied, and at the old familiar mockery the neurologist frowned in irritation.

The natural irritation always consequent, let us say, when pundit meets punster. Yet J. B., now standing, hands in pockets, studying his host quizzically, threw a conciliatory note into his comment:

"Well, it seems to me starting a love scene with a lot of hysterical females would be the world's best bet for getting your home wrecked. Just how do you side-step the—er—natural expectations aroused by this declaration?"

"Oh, I've worked out a system that's practically fool proof. The neurasthenic, you know, is the most suggestible subject there is; so I bring in Rowena and the children to show the hopelessness of the thing; then I explain my feelings are too fine to admit of—er—any irregularities."

"I see." J. B. paced thoughtfully before the fireplace for a few moments; then a faint smile introduced: "Just what does your wife think of this trick treatment?"

The mere inferences of the query had the power to bring the doctor to his feet. "Good Lord!" A note of fear, almost of fright, vibrated in the expletive. "She doesn't know." With a cough he recovered his professional dignity and dropped into the chair. "Women, you see, are so personal, they never get the scientific viewpoint; and then, Rowena is morbidly jealous. Though she should know, of course, that no siren living"—self-righteously—"could make me forget my duty as a husband and a father."

"Absolutely vamp-proof, eh?"

"To be sure." J. B. paused to register admiration at this enviable immunity; then grinned broadly as the doctor ended: "And besides, any scandal would ruin me professionally."

Settling himself in his former position J. B. studied his host whimsically. "Honest, Brad, I can't imagine a hard-boiled realist like you pulling a love scene that would convince a case of arrested development."

"Is that so? Well, that's where you're wrong. See those books there?" nodding towards the filled shelves. "Well, there's every authority on love in the world there, and every volume I've studied conscientiously. Then I memorize bits from the poets. Poetry, somehow, seems to fire a woman's imagination." Reminiscently he picked up a vellum book from a near-by taboret, which enabled the other to smile in undetected security before the doctor turned to finish: "Still, I don't think it's my eloquence alone that makes the scene effective. My delivery—rather. You see, I took the Harper Dramatic Course to prepare me for the work."

No longer could J. B. cover his amusement; it broke out in bass rumbles. Then: "Well, I've got to hand it to you, Romeo. You are thorough."

Into this F. Ernest Bradly read a grudged appreciation which the laughter had sought to conceal. "At least I may say this," he admitted without reserve: "Whatever I tackle, I do it scientifically. Take this room, for example. I wanted a proper setting; soft lights, flowers, that sort of thing." Then after the other's inventorying survey of the Du Barry effects: "Quite a success, don't you think?"

"Oh, absolutely. What I'd call a perfect insulting room."

At this the doctor smiled dimly—not a response of the risible muscles to this low form of wit, you may be sure, but in recognition of an interpretation now confirmed; that this mockery served merely as a protective coloration for the dark green envy underneath. The envy of him whose insight into human nature had brought success in a profession at which the other had utterly failed. And this construction permitted him to go on imperturbably: "Then out in the hall there's a phonograph. Before the patient comes in I put on something soft and sweet to ——"

"To tune you up ——"

"Certainly not!" The doctor repudiated it emphatically. "You know how music irritates me. It's for the patient, of course; to plant a receptive mood. Prepare the ground for the farewell kiss."

"The farewell kiss!" All the banter was startled out of J. B.'s voice. "Do you mean to say you carry it that far?"

The question was compounded from such severity and contempt that the physician of the soul hastened to justify himself. "I have to. Contact, you know, to impress the subconscious." Here J. B.'s glare evoked a self-righteous "Though God knows that's the hardest part to go through with. For some reason they all use a lip stick or scented powder that makes you feel positively gritty, until you've brushed your teeth. I had that bowl over there," nodding towards the screen, "installed just on purpose." Then with a frown: "Cost me thirty dollars too."

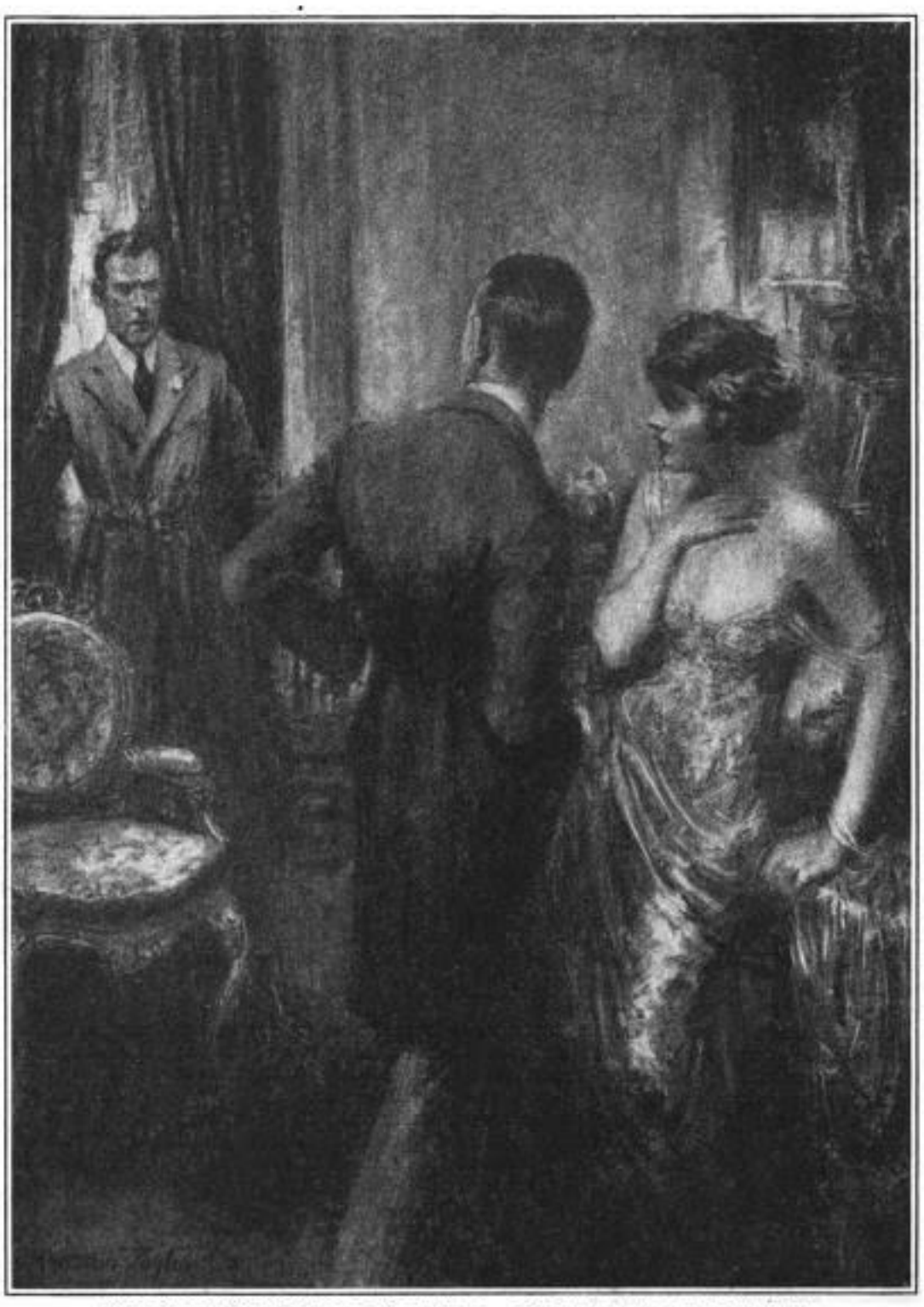
"So just as soon as you give 'em the final thrill you run over and get busy with your prophylactic!"

J. B. gave a groan of anguish and covered his face with one large bronzed hand. Curiously the doctor took in this æsthetic revulsion. A pose, of course; as an ex-physician the idiot should recognize the imperativeness of sanitary precautions.

"I fail to see just why you ——" he began with dignity.

Recovering himself somewhat, the other murmured weakly: "I don't know. It seems such an anticlimax, I suppose." A long pause served to reinstate his customary lightness. There was even a suspicion of a grin in his "Just as a matter of science, what's your monthly kissing average?"

"Well, let's see. In August I dismissed forty-eight patients." The doctor paused as J. B. inattentively rose and took from the mantelpiece a small replica of Canova's famous statue Cupid and Psyche. "An appropriate touch, this," was his comment. "Only, don't you think Cupid and Psychiatry would be a more fitting name?" Naturally, the doctor disdained answering; so after a moment the statue was replaced; and J. B.'s eyes roved appraisingly over other accessories. "By Jingo! Judging from the fixings, Brad, you see to it that the woman pays and pays. No evidence here of unsettled bills or long-standing accounts." (Continued on Page 109)



There Appeared at the Door a Dark Figure—a Man Who, When He Took In the Tableau, Rushed Into the Room

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IRISH SPORTSMEN

By L. B. YATES

DEEP down in the heart of every normal Irishman is the longing desire to go over to England some day and win a Derby, a Grand National Steeplechase or a Waterloo Cup. If he succeeds in accomplishing any of these feats he figures that he has reached that haven where there is no more mourning; every day will be Sunday and chicken and pie will be served twenty-one times a week.

The Derby, as everybody knows, is the biggest event run in England, and perhaps in point of honor and interest the most notable flat race in the world. The Grand National Steeplechase is a jumping event beyond compare because the smallest obstacle is four feet three inches in height and they run all the way to five feet six, and it is over the toughest course known in the annals of sportdom. The Waterloo Cup stands for the blue-ribbon event of the coursing men who take to the greyhounds for theirs, and if you are fortunate enough to secure a nomination for it you are indeed lucky, because unless you do possess one it is about as easy to secure as it would be to walk right up and slap King George on the wrist.

But, as we were saying, whenever an Irishman succeeds in accomplishing any of these remarkable feats he and his friends tilt their chins in the air and for months afterwards are regarded as national heroes. To their credit, be it said, it is no unusual thing for a son of the Emerald Isle to gather in an English classic; in fact, it is claimed that the best horses and dogs in the world are bred in the valley through which the River Shannon flows.

The Racing Atmosphere

YOU might assert without stretching a point that Ireland is the abiding place of sport, and you could go further and say that 80 per cent of the population are really more interested in pastimes of the open than they are in any one other thing you can mention.

Now it wouldn't be fair to say that they make a business of it either. I think perhaps they would resent that; but nearly everywhere you go you find the man who has "the best dog in the world" and who might be persuaded to let go of him; or perhaps you may see a young lady schooling a horse cleverly over the hawthorn hedges, and when you come to know the lay of the land better you may find out that she educates a few every year, hunts them and then disposes of them at a fair enough profit to reimburse the original outlay and leave her a very comfortable balance on the side for pin money. In a larger way, of course, her father and her brothers may indulge in the same pleasant occupation, or calling, or avocation, or whatever else you want to call it, although, as I said, perhaps they might resent it if you hinted they were in it as a business. But one thing is certain: if you have an idea that you can steal a good horse don't go to Ireland.

If you couldn't even spell the word "sport" you would be accorded a formal introduction almost before you landed at all, at all, because coming over on the boat from Holyhead you notice several gentlemen aboard with race glasses slung over their shoulders and you know without asking that they have been across the Channel to see the race for the English Derby. And even if they didn't have their race glasses you'd know that they were horsemen. Then by the way they look at you, you know that they know that a Christian can't be kept out of the church, because there is an indefinable something that I can't explain unless you take old Admiral Rous for it, who said that all men were equal on the turf and under it.

Even if these by-products of a little journey did not obtrude themselves, the moment you detrain at the Westland Row Station you are brought face to face with the spirit of the times. Of course you charter an Irish jaunting car to take you to the hotel and you



Major Loder Leading Out Spike Island for the Curragh Races on Derby Day

haven't got twenty-five yards away from the station when the driver leans over confidentially and says, "Does yer honor think the best horse won?" taking it for granted that you had seen the English classic.

And then you have to go on and tell him your opinion of the merits of the various starters and why you thought that, as the race was run, the best horse won, but that if they ran it over again the verdict might be reversed; and what you thought of Steve Donoghue as a jockey; and why the Americans are such good riders. But when he finds that you have known Tod Sloan since he was knee-high to a grasshopper you feel that you have gone up in his estimation about 1000 per cent. Then he tells you that there is going to be a grand meeting out at Leopardstown that very afternoon, and volunteers to drive you to the course. So there you are, plumped right into the middle of the Irish sports before you have had breakfast.

There is a general air of hospitality about Dublin that puts the visitor immediately at his ease and gives him the homy feeling. The average Irishman does not hold himself aloof as does a brother in the same circumstances on the British side, and although when I arrived there things were much quieter than usual, still there were enough people in the hotel to make one feel that it was inhabited.

In the lounge, where the clans gather every afternoon, one naturally falls easily into the conversation of the hour, because no matter what is happening the Irishman never forgets his interest in sport. There are the races out at Leopardstown to be discussed and the favorite for the Irish Derby to be taken into consideration, and then you are introduced to the owner of a famous pack of Kerry beagles, who is, as he says, taking a little vacation from certain interests which have a habit of driving off cattle and commandeering automobiles down Galway way. Moreover, there is some talk about who is going to hunt the Limerick Hounds next season, because the master has gone away to England like so many others; and then, perhaps, you are invited down to the United Service Club to sample some of the famous brown sherry or old tawny port. After that a committee of patriots will try to pick the winner in the first race the next day, while they are indulging in a nightcap, and before you go to bed you make up your mind that, after all, the trouble in Ireland was greatly exaggerated!

A Horse With a Character

THE next morning, bright and early, a gentleman calls to show you one of the famous blue terriers from Kerry. After which you go out and rattle over the roads behind a fast-trotting cob until you get to a kennel of notable greyhounds. Of course in the afternoon everybody goes to the races again. Occasionally someone mentions something about the troubles in Ireland, but one would think it was almost an afterthought. You feel that you are amongst a people where sport always holds the center of the stage.

Why, the very first night I was in Dublin I met what they call a fair-spoken little man in the lounge of the Shelbourne Hotel, and it wasn't long until we were deep in the discussion of what constituted a good hunter.

"I have a gray horse," said he, "and one good look at him would cure sore eyes. He's a horse with a character."

"A character?"

"Oh, yes," he explained. "You see, whenever a hunter is fully qualified here and has shown his ability to carry a man safely across country, we say that he has a character."

"And you tell me that he's a good horse?"

"He has everything that a hunter ought to have," explained my newly found friend, "and nothing that you could fault him for."

"I suppose he has a good mouth?"

"Did you ever feel a lady's kid glove?" He closed his eyes in rapturous contemplation of extreme excellence.

"My first wife," I explained, "weighed over fourteen stone. I don't want to boast to a stranger, but when she went to war ——"

"I meant a woman's glove without a hand in it," he interrupted without the suspicion of a smile—and then I knew that a horse deal in Ireland must be regarded seriously, but simultaneously. I found out, when he began to talk price, that a hunter in Ireland was worth the important end of any man's bank roll.

Subsequently I discovered that the gentleman I had been conversing with was a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and although he did not sell me this horse which had so many good qualities, he invited me to lunch with him the next day and showed me all about the ancient seat of Irish learning.

One can buy a colt in Ireland with prospects of making a hunter, in price ranging anywhere from



Parade of Horses for the Irish Derby. The Owners Lead Out Their Own Horses

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fifty to a hundred pounds. Some mature faster than others and may be turned out as the finished article in a year if regularly hunted and properly ridden, but for the most part I should think it took at least two seasons of careful schooling to make him what you would call a topnotcher. Then there is some gamble to it, because young horses are apt to develop bad manners or, although they have the looks, fail utterly when it comes to negotiating jumps. If the colt proves to be a star he is worth any price you want to ask for him, because from all parts of the world come men who will pay any amount for a qualified Irish hunter. The price will range all the way from one thousand to two thousand guineas, which, of course, leaves a very nice margin of profit for the owner.

The raising of thoroughbred race horses in some parts of Ireland, however, takes on the nature of an industry. Many of the best sires in the universe are stabled there, and in the stretch of country lying between Kildare and Cork some of the greatest horses in the world have been bred. These are usually sent to the Newmarket sales by their owners and bring tremendous prices if bred along the right lines, because nowhere is a thoroughbred yearling with real ancestry behind him worth more money than in England. Sometimes we think in this country we pay big prices for youngsters, but a comparison of the English sale lists will show that the average over there is much higher.

Of course, as one can very well realize, the purchase of an untried yearling is purely a gamble, and when you come to think of it, a gamble of the most outrageous kind. Still, racing men go on year after year bidding away up in the thousands for animals they have no possible means of knowing, beyond blood lines and looks, what they will turn out to be.

Sportsmen's Hardships

I NEVER could quite understand the logic of it myself; some of the highest-priced yearlings ever brought to the auction ring were tremendous failures. I can remember when I was a boy, Senator Hearst paid forty thousand dollars for King Thomas, who never won a race. This was not an isolated case by any means, because every year records similar instances.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are troublous times in Ireland, and have been almost continuously since 1916—and you must remember that I am writing now of happenings which occurred about a week or two before the present civil war broke out—the Irish country gentlemen—that is to say, those who elected to stay in Ireland—seemed to go along on the even tenor of their ways a good deal as though nothing had happened out of the ordinary. At the time of my visit very few people were driving their automobiles, some having been commandeered by the irregulars but most of them hidden away by their owners to prevent any such happening; still, these people visited around from country house to country house as they had always been in the habit of doing.



Gruagach, Champion Irish Setter

I recall visiting a home in the County Limerick where the hostess was giving a garden party. The guests came up a long avenue in all kinds of conveyances, many of which one could easily see had been resurrected from the disuse of years. They ranged all the way from the antique family chariot to the humble little trap drawn by a donkey, but notwithstanding these drawbacks the guests were apparently as happy and carefree as though conditions were normal and they still were privileged to use the modern methods of transportation.

Some of them mentioned casually how a bridge had been blown up on the way and they had to make a long detour, giving this as an excuse for tardiness, but nobody complained. You would have to admit that they were good sports. A gentleman from Tipperary told how his house had been visited a few nights previously by a party of so-called republicans and he had been given two hours to leave. He was just permitted to pack a couple of hand bags before going, and even then the marauders opened them and took out a pair of race glasses which he evidently very much prized.

He went on to relate how the vandals had piled the drawing-room furniture in the center of the room and smashed it up with an ax. It was a collection of priceless antiques, some of which had been in his family for hundreds of years. His horses and cattle were also taken. At that time he was the guest of a friend. But for all that, he did not complain, except about the loss of the race glasses and the fact that his daughter would not be able to go over to England to ride at the horse show in Olympia.

Stay-at-Home Landlords

IT GAVE one a most comprehensive and illuminating view of the character of the stay-at-home Irish landlord. In fiction or the drama the popular acceptation of the Irish landowner is a grinding character who through his agent squeezes the last penny from his unfortunate tenants. This was possibly true of the absentee landlords, but it cannot be truthfully laid to the doors of the men who stayed with the land and spent their money at home. I think, as a class, they were the kindliest people in the world, more solicitous for the welfare of those about them than they ever got credit for; for the sins of a few the many suffered, as is frequently the case in other walks of life.

We were shown the famous Irish setter Gruagach, who had just returned from England, where he had won several championships. I was impressed with the fact that he was the best living Irish setter, and if I am any judge I believe he is. They staged for my benefit a kind of amateur judging contest when the puppies were shown, but I couldn't help realizing that most of the guests were bent on finding out what the American visitor really knew about a dog. A theorist in sport I imagine would have many a bad half hour in Ireland. At an Irish party something happens every minute. If it doesn't the

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Knockainey Stud Farm, Where Ard Patrick and Galtee More Were Bred. Their Dam, Mr. Gubbin's Morganette, is Seen in the Coat Above

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FIFI MEETS THE WISE GUY



"Just Wanted to Tell You the News!" She Cried. "We're Going to Omaha Too!"

By Grace Lovell Bryan

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

THE moralist agrees that upon the protagonist of the plundering art the burden of his crime is as heavy whether he steals a penny whistle or a yacht, a dollar or a million. But there is one species of guilt whose depth cannot be plumbed in anywhere near the exact measure of its meanness—the thievery of the man who steals another's brains.

With this gradation of culpability, however, Charlie Rook—comedian with the Merry Mermaids, that pulchritudinous spoke of Western Wheel burlesque, squat of stature, small, squinty eyes too close to a bulbous nose, and wide, red face agrin beneath his meticulously waved toupee—did not acquiesce.

Salesman of personality, he carried along the checkered pathway of his theatrical career a side line—theft—employing in its pursuance that excellent motto: Make hay while the sun shines. And he had reaped a harvest. Silver, linen, clothes, rugs were whisked carefully and with a certain art into trunks or mailed to the home in Freeport, Long Island, purchased to harbor him and his wife Mayme—known in the business as Charles and Mayme Rook, That Peppy Duo—in their old age.

With these praiseworthy activities Mayme—who had been a stenographer before her marriage, now short and placid, a little too fat, pale blue eyes beneath plucked brows, hair excessively blond, and tip-tilted nose like a small button in the fat area of her face—was in admiring accord.

"If a guy's a rube he'd oughter be done," she would declare. "Mamma allus says if a guy leaves a thing round careless he hadn't oughter squawk if somebody cops it."

Which, of course, was very true.

For sixteen years in the confines of inanimate matter whose basis was physical, Charlie's predatory avocation had borne a charmed life. And then, with greedy eyes, he gazed at an alluring product of the mental realm, and—but that's the story.

The Limited, carrying the Merry Mermaids Company through the slumberous hours of an all-night jump, glided into Milwaukee, and Charlie Rook, in nifty Palm Beach, Malacca stick, and that air of peace and conscious rectitude, the envied accompaniment of great men who have achieved, stepped from the Pullman and turned to await Mayme, magnificent in imported purple sweater, knee-length skirt of henna shade, pearl earrings and purple picture hat, various chef d'œuvres culled the week previous from unsuspecting shops in the Chicago Loop. Boarding a street car for the theater, they found upon arrival that a death in the manager's family had canceled the opening matinée.

A showman on vacation invariably spends it at another show, and accordingly that afternoon they paused before a garish vaudeville house on one of the minor streets.

"My land, if Milwaukee don't seem like home, from lampin' the name so much on bottles!" Mayme declared, languidly adjusting a hairpin in the huge puffs of yellow over her ears and unwrapping a stick of peppermint gum. "All I kin crack, they ain't nothin' on the bill but hoofin' acts. Well I remember Hadji Hadj, the fresh Swede, who done that Egyptian dance in the olio when we was with the Dippy Doll Show, sayin' to me: 'You're the livin' image of Helen of Troy!' 'Jiggle the hook an' git back your nickel,' I says. 'I ain't been in no upstate bush save Syracuse!'"

"Let's try the Majestic over on Main an' give 'em a lamp," suggested Charlie, lighting a cigarette.

"How much more walkin' d'y think my feet is capable of?" she demanded, examining her countenance meditatively in the mirror. "We been trampin' for ten blocks. My, I wisht they had some of them magic acts agin. Mamma useta take me when I was a wee girlie, an' the way them guys useta bring a whole rosebush outen their fin was somethin' fierce."

Charlie pointed at a display frame at their left. "Lookit! Wallace Harrington & Co.," he chuckled. "Well, the ol' skate! Me an' Wally was with the Parks Show down South oncet, till Wally blows it with a troupe doin' Shakspere through the sticks, cleans up enough jack to choke a zebra an' quits! Kin you beat it? Lookit him, puttin' the ol' grease on his pan agin! Be gees ——"

They went in, and sat critically, awaiting the performance of Preparedness, a Comedy Sketch—the act of Wallace Harrington's.

"The act's apple sauce, 'cause Wally's flush!" Charlie whispered disgustedly as the curtain fell. "He's dyin' standin' up. That act's hoke, not Hamlet. An' only two people—why, he could clean up—it oughter be a wow! That act's a novelty too—it's differnt; but he's playin' her straight, see? Romeo an' Juliet! By gees, with a act like that we'd wow 'em! Why, you an' me ——"

He stopped. The house grew dark. Lady Beatrice Violet Bolingbroke, England's fairest flower and only daughter of the duke, as the ensuing subtitle divulged, moved down the pictured terraces of a castle, summoning her groom. But Charlie stared unseeingly at this scion of British aristocracy. He had an idea!

Why not? He was a picker, Charlie was, a devotee of propitious Fate, that sheltered him ceaselessly from that phantom of disaster he feared with an inordinate dread. He called it Bad Luck. Bad Luck laid a hand on one's shoulder and spoke grimly: "Come with me." And so, to avoid such consummation, he had early formulated his slogan: A guy should be no dumb-bell. A dumb-bell was a goof, an egg who pulled a bone, subjecting one to the ignominy of capture. But Charlie was wise. Also he was careful; and with superstitious fear he followed the one rule fashioned by himself as burnt offering upon the altar of a stern yet placable Fate—never to take unless one needed it.

He watched the papers ticking off, in accounts of various crimes, the manifest errors that had been committed. Somewhere there was always a wrong move. By ticketing them in others one would thus avoid them.

"Dumb-bells, them eggs are," he would say scornfully; "solid ivory. Allus pullin' a bone, and then—wham! But I don't. I flies light an' careful. I been wise!"

Charlie had. Looking into the future, he had made a payment on the house in Freeport, furnishing it with the loot plundered along the highway of his travels. He had got it at a bargain, too, before the war, for four thousand dollars.

And now—this act! He chuckled, his wide mouth grinning as he squinted up at the flickering screen. Here was a cinch—a darb!—the easiest job of all to swing. This kind of stuff didn't seem like property anyhow—just words, got up out of one's head, their bringing forth representing no real labor. There wasn't any penalty for stolen brains.

And they needed the act. He and Mayme had not been asked to sign again with the Mermaids. They had secured someone else, a cheap team, saving money. It would throw them out to look for something else during

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the summer, draining the money they had laid away in the grouch bag, while they made the weary, soul-racking round of agencies in quest of the elusive contract.

And now—if all went well—this act would mean their livelihood for the next ten years. He recalled Sim Allen's words, a vaudeville agent friend in New York.

"A novelty is what you gotta have, Charlie," Sim had said; "but oncet you get set, Charlie, vaudeville is nice work, b'lieve me. Your own boss, an' year after year in the same act, y' understand, nobody to interfere, pilin' up a bunch of kale! Why, teams I know've been playin' the Gus Sun circuit year after year, an' the mazuma—oi yoy!"

Charlie spat appreciatively under the seat and rose with a low murmur of satisfaction. "Goin' back stage a minute," he announced curtly.

Later he joined Mayme in the lobby, his wide face agrin.

"Girl out in a place called Ben Lomond, California, writes it," he imparted in brisk undertone as they moved on up the street. "Name of Mary Thorpe. She brings it to Wally when he's passin' through, sayin' she hopes it'll be clickin' pretty before she starts pickin' at the covers. She's a con, he says—coffin fruit—harp rehearser; out there for her health and on her uppers flat 'cause she can't work. Wally takes it, but it's apple sauce with him, and he's shut, see? Through Sad'day night, so he's sendin' back the script to Mary, tellin' her the act's a frozen face an' all there is to do is cremate it. An' he's leavin' next week for Europe with his fam'ly, to be gone a coupla years." He paused jubilantly, his tongue in his cheek. "Well—get me?"

Mayme's pale blue eyes glowed avidly. "Charlie," she breathed, "you mean ——"

"Sure!" He chuckled. "Why, it'll be like takin' dog biscuit from a pup. She'll croak soon anyhow, an' then it'll be pie. She ain't even got no relatives, nothin' but a sister out with a dramatic show, Wally says, but she's no one he ever heard of. Say"—he spread his palm downward, in a gesture of infinite assurance—"'s a cinch!"

"Mamma allus says what's the sense of payin' out good money for anything when it's lyin' round all ready to be copped!" Mayme giggled.

"Sure! I got a title all ready too—The Wise Guy—see? This egg in the act's bullin' about how he's so smart, goin' to save the flag in the next war, an' then he gets left, see? All you gotta do is sit out front every show an' take her down in shorthand. You'll make it. You'll hear it said over twenty-one times. An' while you're coppin' I tells the man'ger you're laid up at the hotel with tonsillitis, see? An' say, me in this guy?- I'll have 'em beggin', eatin' outen my hand!"

"Oh, Charlie, it'll be a wow!" cried Mayme.

And so, when the Merry Mermaids left Milwaukee for St. Paul, the final stand of the season, it took with it the entire manuscript of Preparedness, held tenderly in the grasp of Charlie Rook.

Stopping according to custom at the theater to see if there was any mail, they were advised by a friendly stage carpenter to put up at the Hotel Élite, kept by George Rosencranz.

"Makes a rate of a dollar an' a half double. George's wife's a performer. Purty fair chow he gives, they tell me."

They availed themselves of the Élite's hospitality, dispensed by the tall, imperturbable-faced Mr. Rosencranz, who was not in evidence during the day, and Charlie and Mayme rehearsed The Wise Guy busily all week in their room, taking the midnight train into New York Saturday night after the performance, to be on hand in case Sim Allen might have an opening for them on their arrival.

Charlie grinned a blithe good-by to George Rosencranz, almost chuckling at the other's parting: "Hope t'see you folks again!"

"Sure. S'long!"

"Good luck!"

Good luck? Of course he would have that. Why, he was the favored of the gods, the original Happy, the sweetheart of Lady Luck. They had the act; they were letter-perfect. Good luck? It was a pipe.

He sat down in the Pullman and looked about cautiously, then reaching into the little pocket which Mayme sewed inside his silk shirts took out a handsomely engraved watch and laid it in Mayme's lap.

She gave a little chirp of delight. He didn't blame her. It was a beauty, thin and solid, and daintily embossed.

"Lamped it under a bunch of envelopes on the desk at the Élite Hotel when I was checkin' out," he grinned. "Somebody musta laid her down maybe when they was leavin'. I slips the nifty under my fin an' buries it next me shirt. Worth about a century an' a half, that baby is. Got your initials on too," he pointed out exuberantly. "Lookit—'M. R.'!"

Mayme held it to the electric globe. "Well, if it ain't!" she gasped. "Oh, it's swell!"

"Guess you got a birthday next month, ain't you?"

"Ya-ah. Mamma allus says if a dame don't git a present when it's handy it's nothin' but a dame's own fault. There it is—'M. R.' Say, they musta cracked I was goin' to git it!" she giggled.

"Thought you'd like to look a little nifty when we're headlinin' with the act."

"Sure. I'll save her for extra flash, Charlie. You know I already got that one you gits me for Christmas last year."

"Oh, well, they ain't no harm in havin' two. Same as one anyhow. Both keeps the same kinda time, so all you gotta do is watch you," he added expertly. "Besides, what're you beefin' about? We kin afford it!"

"Oh, Charlie, if you ain't a sketch! It's swell."

He took off his shoes, sliding them under the berth. His subconscious mind gave a twitch. He had forgotten Mayme had another watch. He sat a moment, remembering his rule never to take unless one needed it. It was the first time that he had disobeyed it. But—oh, well, what was the harm?

He glanced at Mayme, smiling at the watch in her lap as she kicked off her satin pumps, taking out her hairpins. She was tickled to death over it. Mayme was all to the Ziegfeld, Mayme was, with her blond hair bulging at the sides, and her shape. He liked 'em a little beefy—none of your flat-chested dames for him. It had been a long time since she'd been so pleased over anything.

With a little *tsch* in his throat he removed the onyx horseshoe in his plaid tie and pinned it to the hammock. He should worry about anything, with the act in their possession! He was going to knock them off their seats; why, it'd be gravy, that act, just dripping off the bowl!

Charlie was right. Two weeks later The Wise Guy opened in a little town in Jersey, and success was instantaneous. The audience shrieked throughout, the final curtain fell to enthusiastic applause, and they were immediately booked on the big small time for forty weeks, at a bigger salary than they had ever received.

They had triumphed—and not only that, they were as safe and solid as the rock he had so often seen in the advertisements. They had copped a gold mine.

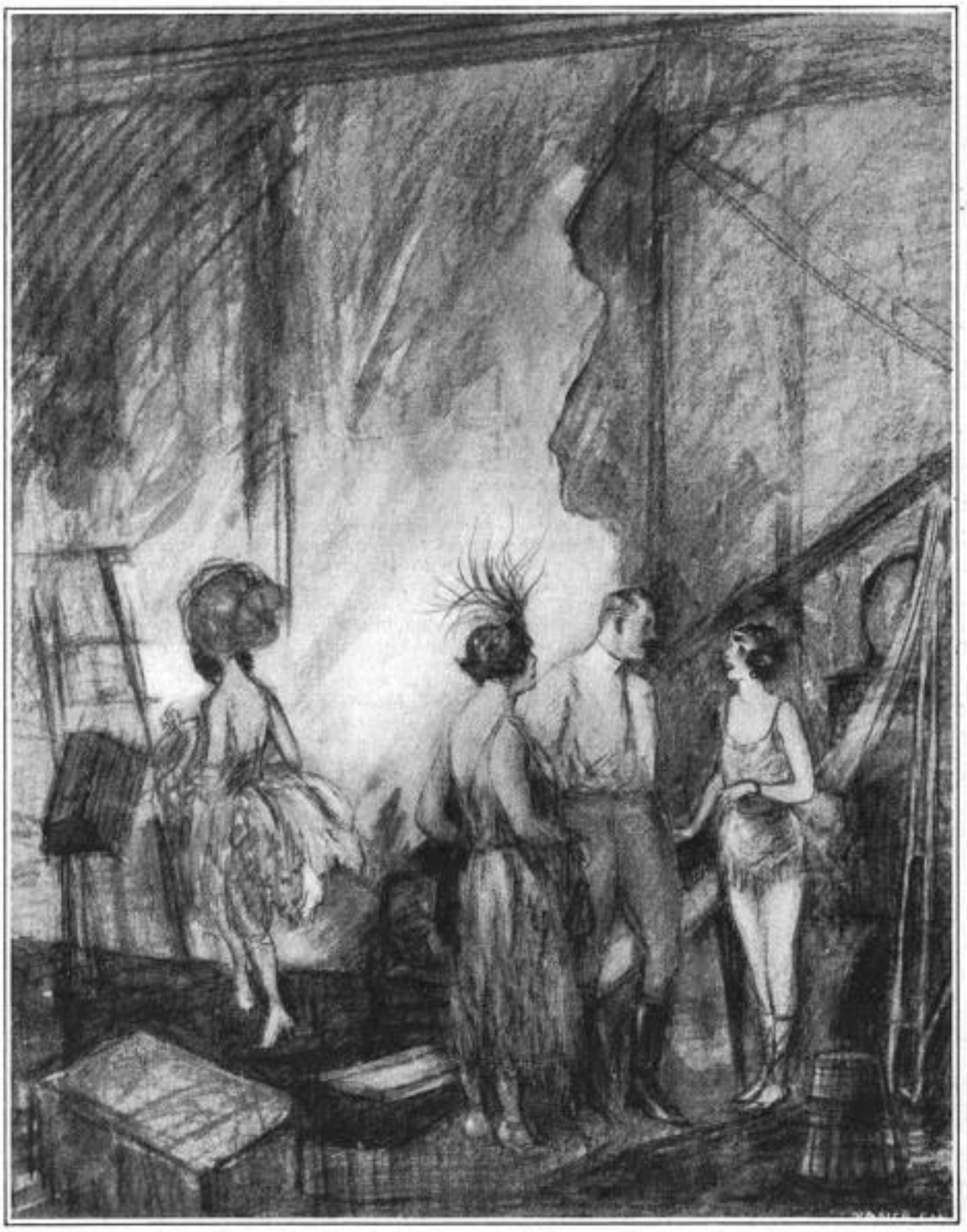
Success—an endless cycle of performances treading upon one another's heels with pleasurable monotony—a pinwheel of flamboyant color, spinning to the music of jazz and Mendelssohn; a kaleidoscope of ever-changing charm. Weeks of satisfying, eager work, perioded by countless bows—Mayme graciously kissing her hand to laughing seas of faces—applause whose warm wine coursed deliriously through their veins.

Everybody was crazy about the act. Performers would stand in the wings and watch it, a sure compliment; house managers came back from the front with unaccustomed words of praise, while the audience held their sides, giving bursts of soul-stirring laughter. Charlie designated it belly laughter, which is the kind every comedian seeks, because it is the heartiest.

The forty weeks sped by as if on wings, and another forty awaited them. Charlie had to grin when he thought of what a cinch they had stepped into. A guy was a fool to bother his head writing off things when all you had to do was pick up what the other fellow had done. And brains? He snapped a mental finger contemptuously at their helplessness, laid out open for anyone to pinch. Brains were sure a darb!

Piquant and elfin in white silk tights, fringed bodice and sash of salmon pink, a rhinestone band filleting her curly bobbed head, the little acrobat leaned forward as the sixth and final curtain fell on the afternoon's performance of The Wise Guy, and Charlie Rook took up his khaki coat and gun. Mayme reached languidly for her gum under the table

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"I Was Telling Your Partner What a Wonderful Act You Have. It's Simply Delicious"

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The Audience is Always Right

By WALTER DE LEON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALICE HARVEY

Extracts from a dramatic critic's review of a recent production: "It was the flattest and most awkward example of the mad-house drama that I have seen. . . . Dull, meandering, pie-eyed, imbecilic, it staggered through the evening like a gibbering cadaver . . . is vapid blah-blah from curtain to curtain. . . . The performance was highly approved by the audience last evening."

WITHOUT having seen the farce the gifted critic so completely adjectives, the odds are five to one the show is in for a run. Why? Sixteen years of looking into the open faces of audiences, acting, authoring, starring, starving in earnest attempts to inveigle theater patrons into paying my bills, traveling a hundred thousand miles in the serious business of seducing snickers from the populace, have implanted one fact firmly in my head: The audience is always right.

Consequently when the critic has the honesty to add "The performance was highly approved by the audience," it tells me that other things, such as publicity, general financial conditions, and so on, being propitious, the producer of the above powerfully panned farce has a hit.

Oh, the hair that has turned white and been plucked out in despairing attempts to make audiences laugh! The funniest wheeze, the most ludicrous situation isn't any good to anyone if the folks who've paid the war tax won't laugh at it. That is one reason why the audience is always right; there is no appeal from its decision.

The profession knows a few religiously followed rules. The subject of a quip, for example, must be familiar, and the jest itself simple. Because audiences are simple.

A man seeking relaxation, perhaps forgetfulness of his own troubles, chooses vaudeville or a comedy; something where he doesn't have to think; something to give him a laugh; something, since all comedy is ultimately discovered to be based upon mental or physical anguish, that will give him an opportunity to see someone else suffer. He awaits the rise of the curtain in the mental attitude of a child expecting a bedtime story. He is a member of a mob of fifteen hundred or more persons. Therefore he is subject to the influence of mob psychology. Outside the theater he may be a man of superior intellect. Once the curtain rises he is irresistibly, unconsciously affected by the mood of those surrounding him. "Remember," a successful playwright once advised a protégé, "the audience's hair starts growing an inch above its eyebrows."

If you, offended reader, are a theater patron, you will readily admit that the rest of the audience's intelligence and perception is less keen than your own. Have you not, many times during a play, murmured, "I saw that joke, but nobody else seemed to get it"?

Johnny Dooley's Famous Wheeze

YOU were right, and the rest of the audience were right in not laughing. The fault lay on the other side of the footlights. If the germ of the joke you sensed was not properly developed and delivered the audience could not be blamed for muffing it.

For instance, there was Johnny Dooley's now famous gag. He was playing at the Palace Theater, New York, which, as all its patrons know, is directly across the square from an automat restaurant. It was the week between Christmas and New Year's, following the signing of the armistice. Most of the Broadway cafés had signs in their windows stating that no further table reservations for New Year's Eve were obtainable.

In his act, flirting with his girl partner, Johnny invited her to celebrate New Year's Eve with him.

"You can't get a table anywhere," she objected.

"Don't worry," Johnny replied; "I've reserved a slot at the Automat."

The audience yelled. The longer they visioned Johnny spending the evening dropping nickels in a noodle soup or prune pie slot, the harder they laughed. But would the gag have won a giggle in automatless Pocatello, Idaho, the week before Decoration Day?

Then there was the case of Bugs Buchanan—which isn't his name at all. Bugs is a nut comedian, one of the chaps whose antics throw serious doubt into the minds of the audience as to their sanity. Bugs it was who, one night when his act was failing to register to suit him, lay down on the stage on his back, curled his arms and legs in imitation of a sick puppy and yelled, "Dying! Dying on Hammerstein's Roof!" Furthermore he refused to get up, lying there until the stage hands picked him up and carried him off.

After achieving tremendous success in the East, Bugs signed for a tour of the West and for the first time played a city in Minnesota. In show circles the town has a reputation: "You think you're funny? Wait'll you play ——"

It is a tough audience, in the performer's meaning of unresponsive, difficult to rouse to enthusiasm. Especially are the Sunday audiences tough. The nice people are conspicuous by their absence and the theater is filled with large-boned immigrants and their descendants, congenitally leisurely of mental activity and speech.

Bugs Buchanan on a Sunday afternoon breezed blithely out on the stage to cause the riot he usually raised. His first song went over the foots—and lay there. When three or four of his—elsewhere—sure-fire wheezes fell in soggy silence Bugs stopped in the middle of a joke and inquired, "Am I talking too fast for you?"

Instead of the laugh he expected—"Yes!" shouted someone in the back of the theater.

"Holy smoke!" Bugs told the orchestra leader. "They think I'm on the level. Listen, folks," he besought the audience, "you've got me wrong. I am not Sir Henry Irving."

To prove it he pushed his hand through the top of his straw hat. A murmur of disapproval followed.

Manfully Bugs struggled on, to the most discouraging sounds an actor can hear—a few, wide-spaced, scattered, half-stifled snickers from a house packed with people. Quickly his temper rose.

Breaking off in the middle of a song he announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm going to tell you something you don't know—something that will interest you. Ladies and gentlemen, I was born and raised right here in this town. That makes me a cock-eyed Swede!"

And he walked off the stage.

The audience was dazed. So was the stage manager. But before the hiss-and-boo boys who are in every audience could absorb the meaning of it all and begin functioning in their peculiar manner the stage manager grabbed Bugs and shoved him back on the stage.

"Get back there! The next act isn't ready yet."

His burst of temper out of his system, Bugs hopped grinning out in front of the audience again.

"Listen, folks," he said, "I just thought of a good joke—an old one. You'll like it."

He told them a joke hoary with whiskers. The audience laughed. Bugs blinked and told them another—older. Again they laughed.

"You're going to love me before I get through," shouted Bugs, sensing victory. "I've got the longest memory in the world."

He demonstrated it. He stood there clowning and pulling jokes that the old vikings heard first when they invaded Albion's shores. And he finished his act in a spontaneous burst of applause.

Bugs' eccentric, weird mannerisms, nothing like which had ever been seen in the town, and his flip, fly, wise cracks were not understandable to that audience. When he discarded his set routine and gave them the thing they had paid for—entertainment—they were ready to signal their appreciation. Of course to accomplish this Bugs had to talk to the audience—take them into his confidence.

It requires nerve and a quick wit to get away with that sort of thing. A screamingly funny black-faced vaudevillian—let's call him the Black Speck—used to work almost entirely with and to his audiences. After he had established the this-is-just-between-you-and-me confidential atmosphere, he employed at every performance a stock trick to draw a sure-fire laugh. After one of his stories, as the laughter was dying down, he would point his finger apparently at some couple in the third or fourth row and yell, "Don't explain it to her. Let her figure it out for herself." It never failed to draw a hearty, amused, can-you-imagine laugh. Figure out the reason for it yourself.

The Sure-Fire Hit Turns Boomerang

ONE afternoon while playing a Texas circuit, in one of the stage boxes sat a young man and woman conspicuously devoted to each other. From their conduct we actors were willing to bet they'd come into the theater not to see the show but to escape the heat. Their sole virtue, in the eyes of us who struggled vainly to attract and hold their attention, was found in the fact that their tête-à-tête was not disturbing the rest of the audience.

The Black Speck came on for his act. He told a joke. As the laugh ebbed he pointed his finger toward the unconscious couple in the box. "Don't explain it to her. Let her figure it out for herself!" he shouted.

Every eye in the audience turned to the box. They saw the young man leaning over and whispering something in the girl's ear—apparently the cause and surely the confirmation of the Black Speck's remark.

A roar went up, so loud it brought back to earth the couple in the box. With a gasp they realized the audience was laughing at them.

It chanced that the young lady was descended of an old aristocratic Southern family, blessed with every gift of the gods except a sense of humor. She considered she had been grossly insulted. Her brother and fiancé, attending a university in a near-by city, agreed with her that no vulgar vaudeville performer should be permitted to hold her up to public ridicule with impunity.

So it was that they invited a few of their friends to occupy seats in the first row of the gallery the night our show opened in the university town. In due course the Black Speck appeared. As he opened his mouth to begin his first song he was greeted by a hurled egg that none but its mother could love. A dozen dissolute and decrepit companions followed it. Dumfounded, the Black Speck nevertheless tried to continue with the song—to the accompaniment of bombs bursting in air and on his white dress-shirt front. A barrage of vegetables unfit for human consumption followed.

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A Play is Artistically Successful When and Only When it is Financially Successful

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DODO-VILLE—By Kathleen Howard

COME to Deauville! All the world is here! The smartest and most exciting place in all Europe this minute! Kings and duchesses galore!"

The wires hummed with messages to us from a cosmopolitan who should know what he is talking about, and we began at once to make great preparations in Paris so as not to be eclipsed among the truly smart. New evening dresses were bought recklessly, sport clothes were gone over and refurbished, nails were manicured till you could see your face in them, and seats were reserved in a first-class compartment, smoker if you please, for the express.

I went to the coiffeur of my choice.

"Make me beautiful," I said. "I am going to Deauville, and all the dazzling world is there. The King of Spain arrives for the Great Week!"

"But certainly; to make madame beautiful will be easy; but I do not believe in the tremendous success of Deauville."

"But I assure you I saw it in the papers, and I have not seen the King of Spain for years, and everyone was mad about him the last time I saw him in Paris." My enthusiasm is quite girlish.

"Yes," answers my gloomy hairdresser, "and they have announced the Prince of Wales, and printed pictures of the villa where he is to stay, and they say the King of Belgium is coming, and still I do not believe them. It is a poor season and they are advertising to attract the world."

I put it down to pessimism and refuse to be squashed. So we join the rush for the direct noon train, which goes out in three heavy sections, and take our places in a compartment with two fat gentlemen, one of whom is a Turk and the other a Frenchman of sorts. The Turk tries vainly to catch my eye and finally relapses into slumber and snores all the way down. He has a splendid outfit for the sport, for his nose is huge, and his bulging chest, back and shoulders make cushions for his wabbly head so that it can't fall forward, backward or sideways as mine does when I try to sleep on trains. Just as we get to Trouville he wakes and discusses with his friend how women have changed and lost their charm lately; and I suppose from a Turkish point of view we have.

"Women are all, all bad nowadays," he says heavily, and his friend agrees with him.

Later in descending from the train he tries Turkish tactics of shoving women in the back and ribs in his haste to get off. He shoves just one too many, an American woman, and she is heard exclaiming triumphantly to her friends, "Well, he wanted to get off in a hurry, so I helped him go to it. I pushed him off!"

Beds at a Premium

WE ARE to stay with friends in a charming villa at Trouville, Deauville's quiet wife, which lies just across the River Touques; but we have to find a room for an unexpected masculine addition to our party, so after a while we gayly go to the hotel across the way.

"Nothing, madame," is the response to our inquiries.

Not daunted, thinking it will be easy to find just a small room, we go on.

It has begun to rain; no taxi to be had, we must walk. We go to a near-by *pension*. Nothing. We phone to all the hotels. Nothing. We go to our own little cocktail hotel just near us. Pretty madame, with her hair drawn tightly back to the fashionable *chignon* and all her white teeth smiling at us from between her red lips, shrugs her desolated shoulders. She would love to accommodate us, but even now strangers who have never met each other are sleeping in twos in the bathrooms, one on a mattress in the tub and one on the floor. The billiard table is covered with cushions; the sofas are full. Nothing—anywhere.

We go into obscure little houses where "*Chambres meublées*" signs are hung out. All full. We tramp wetly home to dear Polly and hot tea and *brioche* and strawberry jam, and she smiles placidly and says the cook will sleep in the kitchen and someone else on a mattress on the floor, and all will be well. Taking comfort in her sweet tranquillity we relax and resign ourselves unwillingly to putting her to great inconvenience.

You have to engage rooms weeks ahead for the *Grande Semaine* if you want to be comfortable. People take them for the whole season, coming down perhaps only for a week-end or so before the Great Week in August. International names like Pulitzer and Vanderbilt may be signed to leases of villas, but their lessees may come down only two or three times to sit on the veranda for a few hours on hot afternoons. Owners of magnificent yachts anchor them in the river and live in them, coming to the rooms they have engaged only to dress.

If you are lucky enough to have a good room in a big hotel strangers may come up and ask you if they may dress in your apartments, as a great favor. If you cannot find decent accommodations you may have to resort to renting mattresses at the furniture shops, if they still have any, and putting them in some empty garage. Most beds are split in two, and someone is using the mattress on the floor while the springs, covered with comfortables, make a second couch for a weary but determined traveler.

However, we are out of all this rush at dear Polly's little place in Trouville, and our big cement terrace on which we have all our meals when it is fine, overlooks the enormous pebbleless sandy beach and the wide ocean; so what more can we ask?

Polly and her husband had a great time finding the villa. The agents showed them huge places with acres of gardens at first, and then rushed them abruptly to little stuffy shut-up houses so as to mark the contrast and make them feel like worms in their desire for a small place. One tightly shuttered villa they were not allowed to visit.





PHOTOS. COPYRIGHT BY M. ROL, PARIS

Lady Gordon at Deauville. Above—The Famous Actress, Jeanne Marnac, at the Equally Famous Potinière

"No, monsieur, it has a bad name. It has a mystery. We will leave it at that if monsieur pleases; it has a mystery and no one ever rents it. If they did, things would be sure to happen. Strange, unnamed things."

Our first day in Deauville we go to the famous Potinière for a noon *apéritif*. We order five *barbotages*, and are brought a stimulating beverage in a tall glass with slices of orange, cherries and green grapes floating in it amid chunks of ice. It is dark brown, and we are still guessing what was in it that comforted and cheered us so strangely. That day the sun was shining and everyone was out.

Types

THE Potinière means "the gossiping place," and is really a cake shop with a bar and tables and chairs. Being set back from the street, the square in front is filled with more green tables and chairs, at which all the world sits. During the season the crowd overflows into the street and chokes its narrow length. You simply must see and be seen at the Potinière at twelve o'clock, or give up the game completely. Here the true character of Deauville comes out. By the end of the season, manners are frayed and you are bumped and pushed by people who will find chairs whether there are any or not. They have gambled and probably lost heavily all the night before, and their nerves are frazzled and worn, their mood sordid, and they whine and grumble, showing their real characters through the veneer of breeding and the paint they daily apply. You may see a few well-known people, certainly—people of refinement who are always to be counted upon to preserve a suave exterior—but the majority of the occupiers of chairs will be dressmakers wearing their own creations and on the lookout for clients clad in their models, journalists, buyers of clothes for big houses, our own dear *nouveaux riches*, all looking at one another and all hoping that the other one is someone famous, all with axes to grind. Mrs. X., wife of the owner of chewing-gum millions from the West, has two pretty daughters for whom she hopes to catch counts at least; her French prototype sits opposite her. The two fluffy-haired little American charmers would be much better off at one of our own resorts, playing with nice boys of their own age, but it takes a long time to learn that.

One large dark gentleman with a fat cigar and a diamond ring is just beginning to disclose to his goggle-eyed victim the get-rich-quick scheme he has hugged back for weeks; and the goggle-eyed one in turn is bent on finding out just how much his fat friend is really worth, so that he may begin to put his carefully nursed scheme into operation. The dressmakers stare and make mental notes; the journalists sit and chortle over anecdotes they dare not print.

"But I'll have to cable that only the highest society is to be seen here, and that this is the place to see how the aristocracy lives and acts," he drawls disgustedly. "Gee! How I wish I might tell the truth!"

One pouring day the Potinière was empty of all but the trusty business seekers, when along came the King of Spain and three stout male friends. He sat himself down at a little table, hoisted his umbrella over his green felt hat with the little bow in the back, and leaned his Spanish nose

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 28, 1922

Lost Illusions

THERE is deep and freely expressed anxiety in Europe over the state of America's soul. But there is also willingness on the part of our friends over there to save it for us. This salvation is not free—in fact, it is decidedly expensive—but as our would-be saviors point out, it is better to be broke and saved than solvent and damned—as we are—by most of Europe.

For we are sunk in sin, if we are to believe our European critics and some American ones; steeped in iniquity; wallowing in ill-gotten wealth; while Europe, poor but proud, broke but blameless, is busy with the better, the nobler, the higher things, having already saved her own soul.

The propaganda is growing a little raw, as we say in our uncouth American way—a bit thick, as our more sophisticated British cousins put it. Well-informed Americans have never really expected that the foreign debts would be paid in full. But they did hope and they had a right to expect that so long as those debts were unliquidated Europe would cut down her armaments, reduce her military expenses, and use the men and the money thus saved to rehabilitate her nations. But all this anti-American propaganda, these attempts to blacken the American character and to ascribe to the nation unworthy motives and actions of which it is quite guiltless, are gradually effecting a change in public opinion over here.

There is a streak of sentimentalism in Americans, quite absent from the European character where money is concerned, that is easily played on by clever propaganda—and it has been, we may add. In the past we have fallen for the shame-them-into-it stuff, but the recent work along this line has been too coarse to influence the kiddie type of mind even.

Now when the average American reads that America has lost her soul while Europe has saved hers, he asks that average American question, "How do they get that way?" He remembers America's part in the war, and how she refused to profit to the extent of a dollar of reparations or an inch of territory. He knows that the European powers divided vast gain in land and enormous trade possibilities; that their rapacities and jealousies resulted in a peace that is a fomenter of war. He looks at the Near East, where one great nation stood behind the Greeks while another got behind the Turks. And he is asked to take lessons in saving his soul from the politicians in control of these nations—politicians who have ruined Europe and who now ask that we act as a wrecking crew to salvage the old mess for them while they push on to new triumphs of ruin.

America has been absolutely right in keeping out of foreign affairs under the conditions and the leadership that have prevailed since the armistice. Until the politicians have a change of heart, until they settle down to saving their souls and their countries as well as their bacon, we cannot help Europe, but we can cripple ourselves.

We wish that these international bankers and these foreign critics of ours who are prating of America's duty would formulate in concise, concrete terms just what that duty is, and tell us just what Europe wants and will accept from us besides money. We do not believe that there is a workable program of coöperation in anyone's mind. Everyone who understands what is happening right now in European affairs knows that America would get about as far in the present League of Nations as a watermelon in a colored camp meeting.

Of course if we forgave Europe the old debts and loaned her our last dollar we could be as snow-white as we were for a few brief weeks while we were pouring American soldiers and dollars into Europe. For ten billion we could undoubtedly be "all heart"; for twenty, "all soul."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has been asked by several peace organizations to urge the calling of a second disarmament conference. There has been no stronger advocate of a gradual scaling of armies and navies to a police basis than this weekly. But taking into consideration the fact that at this writing the most important decisions of the last conference have not been confirmed and carried out, in view of the temper of Europe and the Far East, in the light of the war by proxy in the Near East, we do not believe that the time is ripe for another conference. We might wake up to find that some of the conferees had disarmed by proxy too. Until the present international crime wave has passed, America must keep herself in a strong defensive condition. Some of our very best nations, while piously protesting their belief in war prohibition, have been bootlegging territorial and trade advantages. We can't get anywhere with a white-ribbon disarmament conference if the delegates come to it with whisky on the breath and something on the hip.

America is for limitation conferences, economic conferences, moral and financial aid—anything that will help Europe, as soon as Europe is really ready to help herself. And we would gladly give her all the money that she wants if she would give back to our young men those things that her huckstering politicians took from them in the Great War and the little peace—their illusions and their ideals.

Guinea Pigs or Children

THE people of Colorado will next month accept or reject by popular vote a so-called antivivisection bill that is so sweeping in its provisions that its passage would apparently make it unlawful to test cows for tuberculosis, to vaccinate against smallpox or typhoid fever or to conduct any form of medical experimentation upon animals either with or without the use of anæsthetics. If this backward-looking measure becomes law the manufacture of vaccines and antitoxins in the state of Colorado will become a penal offense. Chemists can actually be fined and sent to jail for making the surest known cure for diphtheria or the most certain preventive of smallpox; and any medical research that involves the inconvenience of a single guinea pig will put a scientist behind the bars.

The antivivisectionists long ago had their day in the court of public opinion. Their case had a fair hearing and it was not thrown out until it was clearly shown that much of their evidence was false, much of their reasoning fatuous and unsound. On the other hand the immeasurable value of animal experimentation is every day being demonstrated with evidence that is more and more overwhelming. It is even whispered in medical circles that the conquest of cancer will soon be an accomplished fact. In the meantime every farmer's boy knows that the control of hog cholera, anthrax and other animal diseases—made possible by animal experimentation—each year prevents far more suffering in brute creation than was ever inflicted upon it by the whole tribe of callous investigators that became extinct nearly a century ago.

And yet, there are many honest and convinced antivivisectionists. There are those who can visualize with unfeigned horror the experiences of a guinea pig in a biological laboratory, and who will pour out their pity upon it instead of upon the children that gasp and strangle in the clutches of diphtheria. They cannot perceive that possibly Providence put that guinea pig in the world so that by its death it might give back life to some suffering morsel of humanity. And yet that is what guinea pigs are doing every day.

The issue is plain enough. The choice is between death for guinea pigs or for human beings.

Farmers for Canada

THE people of the United States, including the politicians, are interested in the maintenance of agriculture. The Dominion of Canada is as deeply concerned as the United States in the maintenance of agriculture, but for a different reason. Canada is still in the extractive stage of development and her agriculture must expand if she is to remain a prosperous country. Under these circumstances the Canadian policy on immigration differs from ours.

They have adopted a program of selective immigration. They desire to secure immigrants from Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the United Kingdom and the United States. They desire immigrants from these countries because these are expected to fit into the Canadian viewpoint and are known to be adaptable to Canadian agriculture. Canada desires only immigrants who are to become farmers. Slavs and Mediterraneans are not desired, because it is felt that they would not fit into Canadian conditions and would not desire to enter agriculture. In each of the countries mentioned Canada expects in one way or another to recruit selected desirable immigrants.

In order to meet the expected stream of immigration a land-settlement plan has been devised. Careful surveys of the three prairie provinces have indicated that some ten million acres of good grain land lie untilled within ten miles of a railroad. A colonization association has been formed, financial support has been secured by subscriptions throughout Canada, and it is stated that the Federal Government of the Dominion and the Government of Great Britain have pledged financial support.

The central idea of the scheme of colonization lies in a plan of finance. The immigrant is to purchase his land, and the conditions of payment are fixed and made liberal. Assuming that a quarter section is priced at $3200, one-tenth of this sum, or $320, must be paid down on purchase. During the two following years no payments are due for interest or amortization. Beginning with the third year and extending through twenty-nine further years, the sum due annually is $234.34. When these annual payments are completed the land is paid for.

A provision is also made for aid in the selection of land, seed, animals and implements. Canada has had sufficient experience in the problems of wheat farmers operating on insufficient capital to be fully aware of the necessity of so conducting the affairs of new immigrants as to protect them from exploitation and bankruptcy contingent on crop failure.

The land-settlement plan, as announced, represents a distinct advance on the scheme of individual settlement of homesteads by which our frontier states were populated.

Americans are naturally interested in this proposition because of the frank efforts that are being made by the Canadian organization to secure settlers from the United States. For example, land agents in the United States are to be paid one dollar per acre taken up by settlers secured by them. The prospect of gain through increase in land values is being held before the eyes of American farmers who are assumed to be dissatisfied with conditions here. This means to the student of American rural life that urban industries beckon to our farmers from one side, while Canadian land promoters beckon to them from the other side. The situation certainly must meet the views of those who believe in free competition.

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When the Showdown Comes

By E. DAVENPORT

Dean of College of Agriculture, University of Illinois

THERE is a deep undercurrent of discontent among the farmers today that has never existed before. It is slowly developing into a determination to end certain conditions, and matters are shaping themselves in such manner as presently to make that discontent and determination felt in a wholly unexpected direction.

It is the purpose of the present article to show how this discontent has developed, what is feeding it, what form of action it is likely to take, and why it is that leaders of thought and action should give some special attention at this time to the agrarian situation, and not much longer permit labor troubles to occupy the center of the stage and direct the play.

This discontent is not limited to a few incompetents. It extends from the least even unto the greatest of the entire mass of the five million men who make their living by the land, whether as owner-operators, proprietors or renters. For thousands of our best citizens are being slowly crowded to the wall on farms where they had at one time been successful, and other thousands, able to weather any reasonable storm, are beginning to shake their heads and declare that before long something will have to be done about it.

Only yesterday a Mississippi Valley farmer who raises eight hundred acres of corn every year and who knows what it costs him per acre and per bushel declared that not on a single day since last year's crop of thirty thousand bushels was made could it have been sold for enough to repay the cost of production. He can stand the strain for a time at least, but John Smith on his eighty-acre farm and Peter Jones on his one hundred and sixty, with families to support, are being slowly but surely pulverized.

There is a great deal of talk these days about a living wage, but it seems to be forgotten that the farmers of this country lost almost enough in 1920 alone to pay the foreign debt or float the soldiers' bonus twice over. This was a real and not a hypothetical loss, because it came after the crops had been made at high expense and it came without warning. The farmers have taken a heavy dose of very bitter medicine that nobody else seems willing to take.

Ever since that month of May in 1920 the farmers have been studying the problem as to why it is that others with their bare hands are earning more than farmers with their investments; how it is that labor is more prosperous than ever before, while experienced farmers and hard workers on the land are losing their properties and going bankrupt; how it is that wealth is piling up in the form of capital, while investments in farm land are decreasing in value.

The Economic End Man

THE farmers have not struck; they have stuck, and they will stick as long as possible, for that is their habit; but they are thinking as they work, and they have the problem pretty well thought through. They understand that as capitalists they are at a disadvantage as compared with big business, but that is another story of ancient standing. What is pinching them now is that they are decidedly at a disadvantage both as capitalists and as laborers.

They understand that the financial dance of death that follows always in the wake of war had to come to an end if we were to avoid the fate of Russia, and they understand, too, that the first and heaviest burden of deflation comes and must come upon the farmer, especially when, as now, the buyers of our surplus are mostly bankrupt. They understand that this is one of the ways in which wars are paid for, and another is by taxation such as the American farmer never before was called upon to meet.

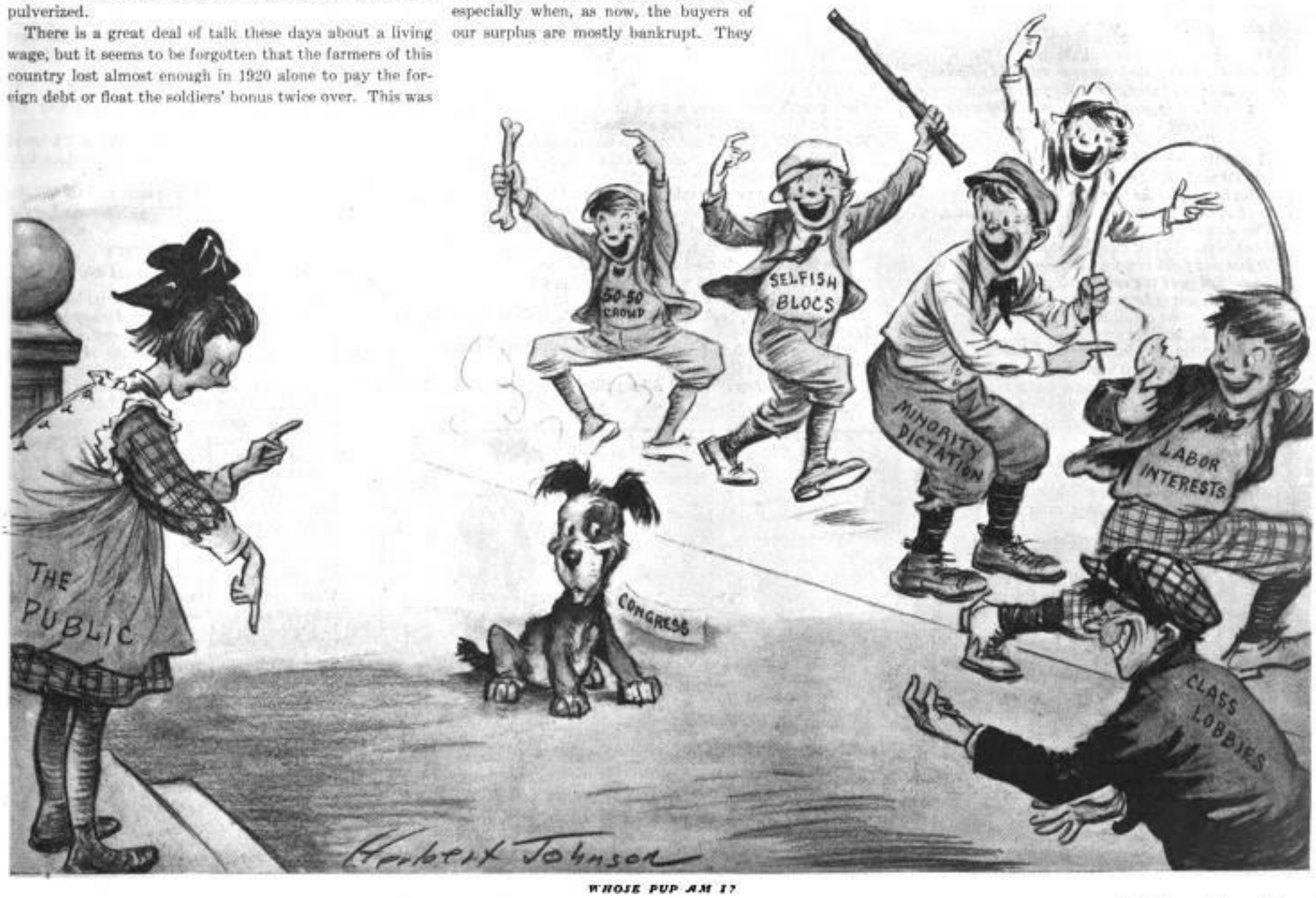
This they understand, and they discover, too, that every nation and every interest is doing all it can to shift the burden of the war debt onto somebody else—anybody else, indeed—and that the farmer is the end man who sells cheap and buys dear in every market of the world, so that if he be not exceedingly wary he will pay it all, as the land man has done in most of the wars of history and is likely to do now unless conditions speedily change.

For he reads in the morning paper Mr. Gompers' boast that labor in general has suffered a reduction of less than 5 per cent in war wages, that often indeed it has succeeded in securing an actual advance in the "advantage" which it secured while the existence of the nation was at stake. So has labor made money by the war while the farmer is borrowing money to pay the bills and meet his taxes.

Another point is becoming tolerably clear to the farmer: He is beginning to realize that inasmuch as labor is fighting for a living wage it pays no taxes, even for the education of its own children, the expense of which is thrown back upon him and other capitalists big and little. This he has figured out as he has puzzled his brains as to how to meet his obligations and save his farm; all of which is directing his attention to labor conditions as the chief cause of his principal difficulties.

The farmer fully believes with Mr. Gompers that labor has lost practically nothing of its advantage gained during the war. He has abundant evidence of it every time he

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WHOSE PUP AM I?

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



Supposing—That William J. Bryan Became Keeper of the Monkey House in the Zoo and Had an Opportunity to Get First-Hand Knowledge of Darwin's Theory of Evolution of Man

Education

MARK HOPKINS sat on one end of a log
And a farm boy sat on the other.
Mark Hopkins came as a pedagogue
And taught as an elder brother.
I don't care what Mark Hopkins taught—
If his Latin was small and his Greek was naught—
For the farmer's boy he thought, thought he,
All through lecture time and quiz,
"The kind of a man I mean to be
Is the kind of a man Mark Hopkins is!"

Philosophy, languages, medicine, law,
Are peacock feathers to deck the daw,
If the boys who come from your splendid schools
Are well-trained sharpers or flippant fools.
You may brag of your age and your ivied walls,
Your great endowments, your noble halls
And all your modern features,
Your vast curriculum's scope and reach
And the multifarious things you teach—
But how about the teachers?
Are they men who will stand in a father's place,
Who are paid, best paid, by the ardent face
When boyhood gives, as boyhood can,
Its love and faith to a fine, true man?
No printed page nor spoken plea
May teach young hearts what men should be—
Not all the books on all the shelves,
But what the teachers are themselves.
For education is: Making men;
So is it now, so was it when
Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a log
And a farm boy sat on the other.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Alice in Bunkerland

"HOLD fast!" shouted the White Rabbit as he swung his roadster around the curve at sixty miles an hour.

"Hold fast, or we'll be late for the two-ball foursome."

"What's a two-ball foursome?" Alice tried to say, but her voice was drowned in the rush of wind and the noise of the motor; and she found herself repeating:

If a two-ball foursome
Plays a four-ball twosome
Will the two balls score some
If the four balls lose some?

The car stopped suddenly in front of a large white colonial building situated on the top of a hill. The White Rabbit jumped out of the car and ran up the steps of the building, disappearing through a door marked Men's Grill. Alice did not see him again that day.

Sloping gently down from the house was a pleasant green field, dotted here and there with little mounds of turf and occasional patches of yellow sand. Alice could see several gayly dressed men and women, armed with curious implements, busily digging up the sand and the turf.

"Out of the trenches by Christmas," said Alice as she climbed out of the car.

On the veranda were a number of people, and Alice recognized her old friends the White Knight and the Red Queen.

The Queen had discarded her accustomed costume and was wearing a sporty green sweater and a pair of white linen knickerbockers.

The Knight was holding a large canvas bag that contained a number of shining objects that looked like farming tools. To Alice there seemed to be as many as a hundred of them. The Red Queen and the White Knight paid no attention to Alice as she approached, but continued to engage in what sounded like a heated argument.

"They seem to be talking English," thought Alice, "but I can't understand a word they're saying."

"I had him dormie three on the waterhole," said the White Knight, "but I flubbed my mashie shot ——"

"Took an eight on the fifth," said the Queen. "I pulled my drive into the rough ——"

"—— off my game," said the Knight. "I had a bad lie on the ——"

"—— left me stymied," interrupted the Queen.

"Oh, dear," said Alice, "what are they talking about?"

The Red Queen turned abruptly on Alice.

"How do you correct a slice?" she snapped.

"I've no idea," said Alice.

"Of course not," said the White Knight. "Your stance is all wrong."

"You should take a few lessons with the Fiblick and the Lyin's," said the Queen.

"What are they?" asked Alice politely.

"The Fiblick is what you fib with, stupid, and the Lyin's are to lie with. You can't play the game without them."

"The Lyin's are especially useful for reproaching," said the White Knight. "If your opponent says he has a par five, you look at him reproachfully and say 'A drive, a short mashie, two on the green—that gives me a four.' That's called reproaching."

"Why don't you get MacMunchausen, our professional, to give you a couple of lessons with the Wouldn't Clubs?" said the Red Queen.

Alice was ashamed to ask any more questions, but the White Knight explained.

"The Wouldn't Clubs are the clubs that wouldn't act right for you. You always use them when you're off your game."

"Suppose you are on your game?" Alice asked.

"You never are," said the Queen. "That's why the game is called g'off."

"As I came along the veranda," said Alice, "I heard someone say he did the course in par. What does that mean?"

"Par-haps!" answered the Red Queen and the White Knight in chorus.

—*Newman Levy.*



The Old Cornfield

The Fairy Prince

Plans and Specifications for Ideal Husbands

WHEN A GIRL IS EIGHTEEN: He must be tall and dark, with wonderful glowing eyes and wavy hair. His shoulders must be broad and his waist narrow. His voice must make one thrill with its magnetism. He must be gentle, yet forceful, the kind of Prince a girl would gladly die for. He must know how to dress; not flashily or ostentatiously, but in the best of taste. He must be kind to dumb animals and to those who are weaker than himself. He must—it goes without saying—be rich.

WHEN A GIRL IS TWENTY-ONE: Complexion and height of Prince do not so much matter. Tall, dark Prince preferred, but others may apply. As to shoulders, though broad ones naturally are desired, an applicant will not necessarily be rejected because his coat about the shoulders suggests some slight padding. Waist optional. He must be a gentleman, of course, and know how to dress, but he will not be jumped on if there happens to be a slit in his patent-leather shoe. Kindness to dumb animals nice, but not necessary. The prince must have an ample income.

WHEN A GIRL IS TWENTY-FIVE: The Prince may be of any complexion and any height. He may be tall or short, light or dark; a man's a man for a' that. Likewise, his shoulders and his waist; they are nobody's concern but his own. The girl would prefer a sawed-off Prince who was nice to a tall broad-shouldered one who was a stick. As to his being a gentleman, every man is a gentleman if he is treated right at home. Furthermore a man may even wear a made-up tie and still be a gentleman.

(Continued on Page 114)

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

They'll laugh good and hearty
At your Hallowe'en party
If you show a Jack o' Lantern like this
His jolly old face will be known any place,
And at winning the prize you can't miss!





The Prize Winner!

Judged so by millions of people to whom the very name of "soup" means also—Campbell's. Liven your next dinner or luncheon party with Campbell's Tomato Soup. You'll find it's the spark that sets the conversation going and puts everybody in the jolly mood which makes the party "go."

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is the smooth, rich puree of vine-ripened tomatoes, plucked at their juiciest perfection. Choice butter and dainty spicing are blended in, with the skill of Campbell's famous chefs. It's the kind of soup your appetite remembers. The kind that makes a special impression which says "I'll remember that soup and have it soon again."

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delight your guests with this Cream of Tomato!

It's a soup to make any hostess proud. Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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BACKBONE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

XVII

JOHN THORNE walked his mare down the hill perhaps two hundred yards before he found what he feared to find. At the edge of the beaten road Yvonne de Marsay lay, a tumbled little heap, one arm outspread, one bent beneath her body. Her face was hidden. John dismounted to kneel beside her. Gently he turned her so he could see her face; it was white, the eyes were closed, and a little rivulet of blood oozed down from some wound invisible in the thickness of her hair. He lifted her in his arms and scrambled down the bank at the left of the road to the cold clean water of the brook, where he laid her upon the softness of a bed of ferns while he cleansed her face and neck with his sopping handkerchief. Her heart, he assured himself, was beating. It was unconsciousness he must combat, and not death he must announce.

For minutes he laved her face and chafed her hands, but could find no key to open the doors of nothingness through which she had passed. It was more than mere unconsciousness—concussion, he feared, requiring ministrations more skilled than any he could render. So he lifted her again and carried her down the mountain, leaving his mare to follow if she would.

On his own bunk in the tent he made use of when he spent the night on The Devil's Stairway he laid her, and going to the opening called Paddy Skidmore.

"Miss de Marsay," said he, "has met with an accident—been thrown from her horse. I'm afraid of concussion. Have we a man who can ride? My horse is coming down behind me. Send someone to St. Croix for a doctor."

"The poor baby!" said Skidmore, peering through the flap of the tent. "I'll go myself and ride like the devil."

"Not Doc Roper," said Thorne.

Then for two hours he sat beside Yvonne, wringing cloths in cold water and placing them on her forehead. The flow of blood from the cut in the depths of her hair ceased. Now and again she moved slightly, muttered, moaned, but did not open her eyes to see his anxious face bending over her.

He wondered why her horse had fallen. As best he could he held up before his mind's eye the scene of the mishap. Unless she had been riding recklessly, at breakneck speed down the mountainside, he could see no reason why her mount should have lost his footing. The horse had fallen; its condition spoke eloquently of that. Why had it fallen? He determined that the first opportunity should take him to the spot to see what excuse a surefooted horse might offer for such behavior.

Yvonne flung out her hand and muttered. "*La queue du dragon*," she said so stumblingly as to be almost unintelligible.

John continued his procession of cold compresses until, perhaps five minutes before the doctor arrived, Yvonne opened her eyes as if by a great effort of will and looked at the slanting tent wall above her. It was incomprehensible to her, and her eyes widened. She lifted herself on her elbow, then sudden pain clouded her face and she sank back upon the pillow. In a moment she opened her eyes again, this time full upon John. They were puzzled, curious eyes. They darkened, became accusing.

"You—hurt—me," she said.

John shook his head. "You fell from your horse," he said.

"My head—aches. I'm—dizzy."

"Close your eyes. Would you like a drink?"

"No." She shut her eyes again, but almost immediately reopened them as if curiosity were more powerful than pain.

"I wasn't—coming to do—any harm," she said. "You shouldn't have—tripped my horse."



He Lifted Her Again and Carried Her Down the Mountain

It was evident she believed herself the victim of deliberate intention, that she had been injured by some defensive measure of John Thorne's.

"The doctor will be here soon," he said quietly. "Please don't talk." He spread another compress upon her forehead.

"Tell me," she said.

"I met your horse at the top of the hill. You were lying beside the road a couple of hundred yards farther on, and I brought you here."

"He tripped. He tripped. I could feel him."

"I hear the doctor," said John, and arose to give the physician his place. "She has just regained consciousness," he said. "If there is anything you need ——"

"I will let you know after I have made an examination," said the doctor.

John walked away from the tent and up the hill. Yvonne's impression had been one of her horse tripping. As he recalled the spot there had been nothing for a horse to trip upon. It was still light and would be for an hour or more, and now, before a sudden rain or before the road was used by more passers-by, was the time to make an examination if one was to be made. John walked rapidly, for he was impatient to see what was to be seen.

At the scene of the mishap he stopped and scrutinized the road. It was on a bend. Yvonne descending the hill had been thrown as the highway made a sudden movement to the right. As that road went, this was a singularly smooth portion. It was not rutted, no rocks thrust through the surface and no roots protruded from abutting trees. There was nothing about the spot except that it was one which a rider would come upon suddenly around a bend. A point to bear in mind, thought John.

For the sake of the argument John admitted that the horse had tripped. Therefore it must have tripped over something. Could it have been a loose stone which a hoof had spurned from the road when the animal plunged forward? He hunted for such a stone, but could find none. Evidences of the horse's fall remained; hair scraped from its shoulder, and blood. It was possible to arrive with some exactitude at the place where it had stumbled. Of a sudden John became curious to examine the horse, to see if there were marks between hoof and knee.

He stepped carefully off the road to the right and circled gingerly. A man might have lurked there, moved there, and left slight traces, for the woods were dry, the spot cluttered with rocks. John worked upon a theory, a possibility, a plausibility. It was conceivable Yvonne's horse might have tripped over a taut wire stretched across the road just high enough to catch the horse between hock and knee. If so, it must have been stretched between tree and tree. A sapling six inches in diameter stood where it would be available for such a purpose, in line with the point at which the horse had stumbled. This John examined painstakingly. He did not wish to deceive himself, yet he could not deny a slight mark on the sapling's bark a foot from the ground. It was not an abrasion—much too faint for that. A rub! Barely discernible, proving nothing, but feeding conjecture. On the ground about the tree was no mark carrying a meaning to John's eyes.

He crossed the road to examine the tree which, on that side, must have held the opposite end of the wire if a wire had been used. Again he found nothing that could be adduced as evidence—only the shadow of an abrasion—which might be eager imagination rather than fact.

Nevertheless, John was convinced. In his mind he was certain a taut wire had crossed the road in Yvonne's path. The point at which a question arose was this: Had the wire been placed there for Yvonne or for himself? This made a great difference. If someone had sought to injure him, to place him *hors de combat*, that was one thing. If a deliberate attempt had been made to break Yvonne de Marsay's neck, that was another. As he retraced his steps toward the falls he reasoned upon it, and his reasoning came to little. It was well known he traversed this road daily on horseback. Who would know of Yvonne's coming? Such a trap would be sure to catch John Thorne; but would it have been set there for Yvonne de Marsay? Unless she had been followed, spied upon, and, as her horse made the slow ascent of the mountain, the watcher had skirted the road, passed her and set his trap? That was plausible. The probabilities pointed to an intent against himself; some instinct not amenable to logic insisted the attempt had been made against Yvonne. And there he was compelled to rest.

As John neared his tent the doctor appeared in the door and John advanced toward him, his eyes asking a question.

"Not serious," said the doctor. "No bones broken. Just a shaking up and shock. Nothing to worry about. Let her stay where she is until she feels able to be moved—tonight, at least. Tomorrow she can be sent for."

"What am I to do for her?"

"I have given her a sedative—to calm her nerves. In a couple of hours you will do well to give her another. It is marked and on the table. Then she'll sleep."

(Continued on Page 28)

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THE thought of petting or sparing his car, probably would be the last to enter the Hupmobile owner's head.

He is so accustomed to unfailing reliability, that he steps on the starter-button each morning, supremely confident that his Hupmobile will go through with whatever he has laid out for it.

Fair weather or foul, for a day's running about town or a month's tour cross-country—owners count on their car to serve them with the faithful regularity which is always coupled with the Hupmobile.

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(Continued from Page 26)

"Unless you notified her family," said John, "they do not know. Will you telephone Bracken? Assure him we will do what is possible for her comfort, and will drive her to town tomorrow as soon as she is able."

John hesitated an instant, then he asked, "Doctor, on your rounds this afternoon did you see Doc Roper?"

"Why do you ask?" the doctor returned, pausing and looking intently at John.

"You may call it curiosity if you like," John said, and smiled. "I shan't mind. Curiosity is one of the most useful things in the world—and much maligned. Where would your science of medicine be if curiosity had never led to inquiry into the properties of drugs or to the exact location of the vermiform appendix?"

"I have not seen him today," said the doctor, and paused again before he added, "which is—unusual."

"Thank you," said John. "Have you any idea what ails André de Marsay?"

"More curiosity?"

"Of the scientific sort," said John.

"I have an idea," said the doctor. "I think I could name the ailment which confines him to his room."

"And it is?"

"A lock," said the doctor. "Give Miss de Marsay the powder in two hours. Good afternoon."

John stood watching the physician climb into his buggy and commence the ascent of the hill; then he spoke to himself. "I question your diagnosis, doctor," he said. "An exploratory operation would reveal something more than a lock." Whereupon he walked to the tent and asked, "May I come in?"

"Come in," said Yvonne, and he found her bolstered up by pillows, half sitting, half reclining, a bandage about her head and sundry plasters covering abrasions upon her arm.

"I've been to the wars," she said with an attempt at a smile.

"The days of the Amazon are gone," he said gravely.

"Am I a prisoner of war?" she asked with an attempt at pertness.

"Are you sure your horse tripped?" he asked.

"I'm certain. Any rider would know the sensation. Are you also guarding the roads with spring guns?"

"Miss de Marsay," said John, "whatever it was your horse tripped over was not placed there by me. On the contrary, I fancy it was placed there for me."

"What do you mean?"

"That it was offensive warfare, not defensive."

"You think somebody tried to—harm you?"

"Undoubtedly." John was not so certain of the fact, but to him it seemed better to be so than to alarm her with the possibility of lurking danger threatening herself.

She mused over this, evidently trying to justify violence in this concrete case as she was prepared to justify it in the abstract. Her head ached too sharply to make this wholly possible, and her arm stung with the unguents of the doctor's dressings. Yvonne was experiencing how it felt to be hurt, and in such circumstances it is difficult to reason about the right and wrong of it. Also she was seeing John Thorne lying by the roadside with a broken neck, and she did not like the picture. No, the thing came too near home for easy justification. But she was stubborn, and not even to herself would she admit that an interloper, a despoiler as she regarded John, could have any right to travel the highways in safety.

"If you hadn't come and stolen our timber," she said, "nobody would have bothered you. It's your own fault."

"That you are lying with a broken head?" he asked with a twinkle.

"I do not approve of the sneaking way it was done," she said with what dignity was available at the moment. "My grandfather would not have done such a thing. No, indeed! I'll tell you how my grandfather would have acted, and how I would act if—if matters were not as they are."

"I'm interested," said John.

"You're making fun of me!" she said hotly.

"Indeed I'm not. I'm interested in your point of view, and in your philosophy of life. In fact, I'm interested in you yourself. Do tell me what you would do."

"Forty years ago," she said, "a man tried to do to my grandfather much the same thing you're trying today. Grandfather sent him word to go away, but the man was big and many people thought him very bad and dangerous, so he returned an impudent message. Grandfather wrote, then, carefully. He told the intruder that if he did not leave in twenty-four hours he would be moved. That was fair notice, wasn't it?"

"It was fair notice."

"But still the man did not go. So grandfather took his woodsmen and marched them over, and the intruder gathered his woodsmen, and there was a fight. It was a wonderful fight. My grandfather has described it to me again and again."

"And, I suppose, the forces of the wicked were put to flight, and the De Marsays ruled in their stead, as the Scripture puts it. By the way, did your grandfather take over the same number of men the enemy had, or did he allow himself some advantage of numbers?"

"He had work to be done," said Yvonne, "so he took every man he could lay hands on. That was common sense."

"We were speaking," said John, "about chivalry, which, as I have read of it, is the antithesis of common sense."

"And because you believe that," said Yvonne, "you can take advantage of an old man's illness to rob him of his timberlands."

John smiled. "In the first place," he said, "the East Branch did not belong to your grandfather. I bought it with money. It was never his, nor any De Marsay's."

"It was in intention," said Yvonne.

"But even the intention of a De Marsay is not quite the same as a title deed," he said. "And you, if you had the power, would gather the De Marsay retainers and drive me off the river?"

"I would. But I would not stretch wires across a road. I would not hit from behind."

"No," he said to himself, "I rather fancy you wouldn't. Battles aren't fought your grandfather's way today. They are fought with money and influence. The weapons are banks and railroads and credit. Of course there may be a trifle of quiet violence on the side, deep in the woods where nobody will be likely to see it. But the real fight is not a very splendid affair. No, it's rather sordid. Glory, Miss de Marsay, and romance have departed from the earth."

"I refuse to believe it. Romance is not dead. As long as there are lovely women and brave men there will be romance, and chivalry. Men will be daring and women will sacrifice ——"

"As Andrée de Chausson sacrificed for Gaston de Marsay?" he said. "I'm afraid not. Derby hats and trousers have been too much for that sort of conduct."

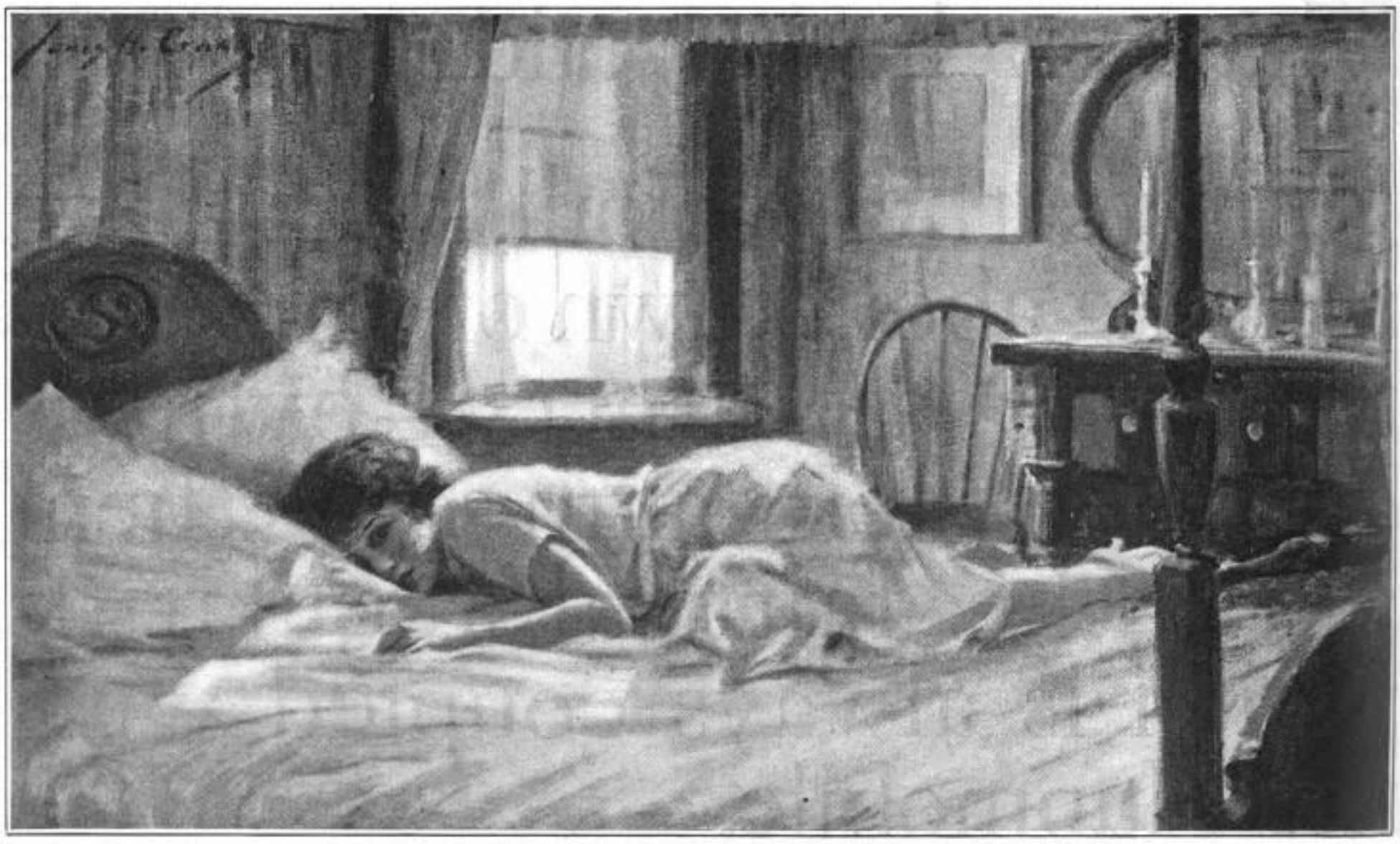
"Mr. Thorne," said Yvonne, "more than once you have mentioned Andrée de Chausson. You know this story. How do you know it? Who told it to you? It is a history of which we are very proud—and which we keep to ourselves because it is ours alone. Will you tell me how it came to you?"

"From a man who had it from his father, who had it from his mother, who had it from her mother," he said.

She frowned. "That answer does not satisfy me," she said imperiously. "Is it not enough that you have intruded on our lands, without prying into our history?"

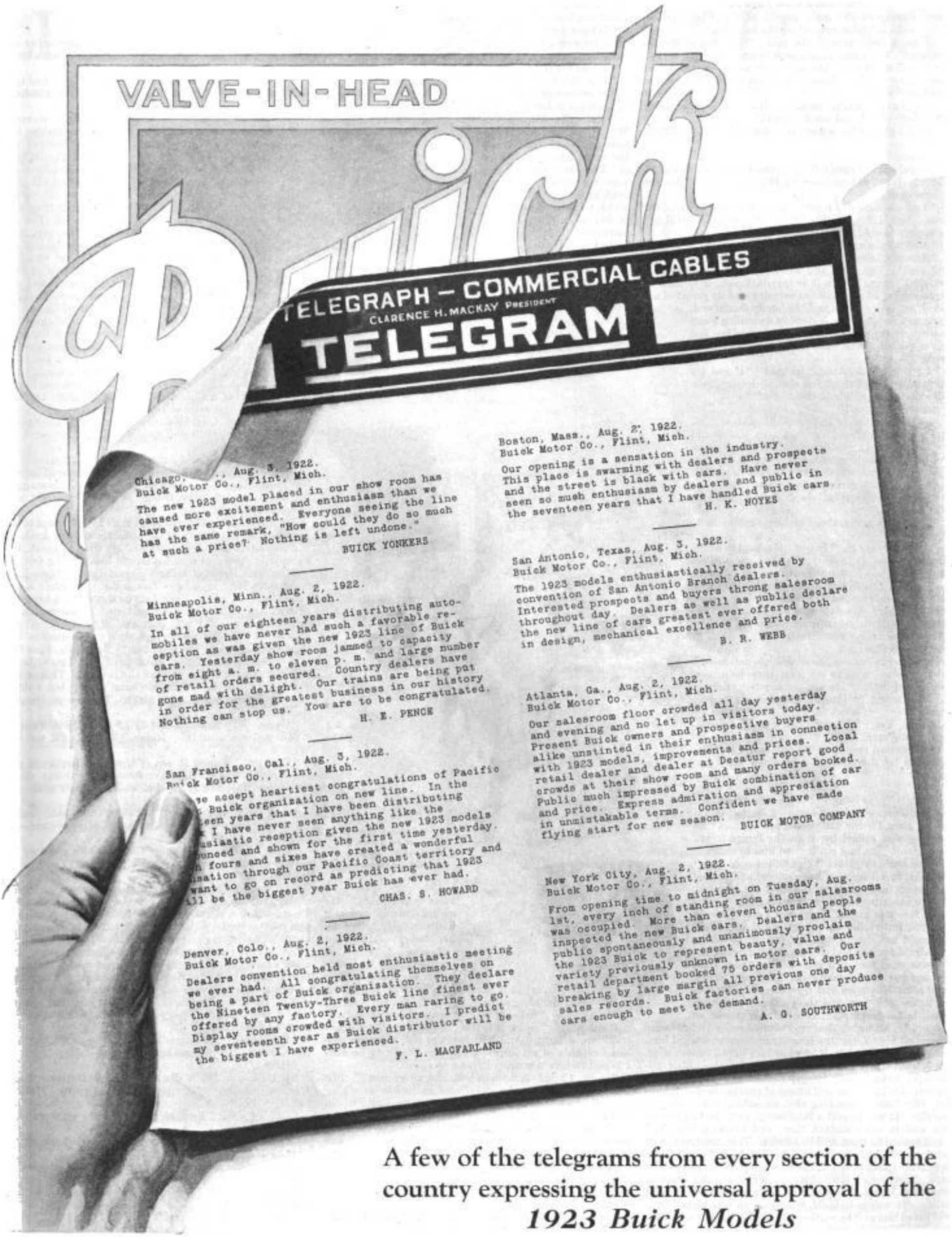
"Suppose," he said, "I had never come. Your grandfather is an aged man. In time he must die, and you would be left the head of this great business—its sole owner. What would you have done then? Surely you would not

(Continued on Page 30)



From This Daydreaming She Was Aroused by the Sound of a Furious Bellowing Voice Under Her Window

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A few of the telegrams from every section of the country expressing the universal approval of the *1923 Buick Models*

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(Continued from Page 28)

have attempted the development of the East Branch. You would not have carried on the business."

"I am a De Marsay," she said. "The last of the De Marsays. The name must die with me, but until it does die I shall do as a De Marsay ought to do. Yes, I would have taken the East Branch. I would have carried on the business."

"You have courage," he said. "It is a large undertaking for a man—a colossal one for a girl."

"But I should have done it," she said. "I shall do it yet."

"Alone?"

She turned her eyes full upon him to read his thoughts. Alone? What did he mean by that question? Then she comprehended.

"You mean—will I marry? That is on the knees of the gods. No; I hope I shall have the strength of will not to marry, to care for no man."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because," she said, "I am the last of the De Marsays, and a girl. The name and what it means could not continue. It seems to me it is my duty—oh, it is hard to explain what I mean without seeming unduly proud of my blood, but it does seem as if the family should end, come to a sudden stop, instead of dwindling away as it would through descendants who had less and less of the blood and none of the name to remind them."

"I think I understand," he said. "If you are resolved upon it I think you should cloister yourself—become invisible to the world."

"And why, pray?"

"Out of a sense of fairness," he said, and his eyes were full of laughter. "At least you should wear a thick veil and hideous clothes. Young men will be falling in love with you, Miss de Marsay. The thing is inevitable. And it isn't fair. You have stacked the cards against them."

"What a man wants," she said, "he should be willing to win."

"There is a poem about sighing for the unattainable."

She became grave. "I want to be hard to win—almost impossible to win. If a man can win me against my will and my convictions, I shall be very happy. I could love such a man, Mr. Thorne."

"A princess guarded by giants and dragons and enchantments! Wanted, a knight-errant! None with less than sixty-four quarterings need apply. I think," he said, "you'd better take your powders and go to sleep."

He gave her the medicine in a glass and moved toward the entrance to the tent; there he paused and looked back. "Do you see any points about me that would fit into a picture of a romantic knight?"

"None. You might stand as a model for a practical young man."

He remained standing. "You never," he said, "can tell by the color of a frog how far it can jump."

XVIII

YVONNE was lying in her own room, dressed but too sore and stiff for anything but quiescence. John Thorne had driven her to town that morning, and helped her from the buggy to the house door. She had not invited him to enter.

"The truce to gather the wounded ends here," she said, half laughing, half serious, and looked up into his face to spy out the effect of her words, and for other purposes known to herself.

His face was grave. There was no laughter in his eyes, but rather an anxious solicitude which she could not comprehend. It seemed to her he was afraid for her, and she wondered why. Then she was conscious of a reluctance to part from him and to enter her house—as if she were letting go of something tried and true, to voyage by herself in the unknown and the perilous. She hesitated, but a recollection of what she viewed as his perfidy, his unfair dealing and his enmity to her house compelled her to stay any friendly movement toward him.

As she looked at him it was hard for her to believe what she knew. He did not seem a man to take unfair advantage; not a money-hungry person who would find an opportunity in the age and illness of another to enrich himself. She found something else, something not so easy to describe. It was almost a familiarity, as if she had known him well in some distant time, and knowing him, had found reason to trust and to admire. This, she knew, was not true. She had never seen John Thorne until her return to St. Croix, but that was the impression he created. Perhaps, she reasoned, it was his type, a familiar and admired type. But it was stronger than that, more inexplicable and subtle. It was individual, belonging to him alone. Her will hated him as if by mathematical rule, but her self could not hate him. It rather bewildered her and frightened her—made her ashamed of herself that she, a De Marsay, could not hate as a De Marsay should hate.

"Why did you have to do this thing?" she asked, the question wrung from her against her will. It was a protest from her heart.

"We do the things we find necessary," he said gravely.

"Was this necessary?"

"It seemed so to me."

"We might have been friends," she said.

He smiled; his face became younger, almost boyish. With that light in his eyes he seemed capable even of romance, of those brave, splendid, foolish actions which the world loves and laughs at. Then he spoke as one who has sure knowledge, confidently and in a tone which heightened the color of her cheeks and the rapidity of the beating of her heart.

"Have patience," he said; "we shall be more than friends." He smiled down at her again, and strangely her pride, her vanity of race, did not take offense at his presumption. "I came to St. Croix for a thing more important than cutting timber or building mills."



John Jet Off at a Headlong Gallop for The Devil's Stairway

"What thing?" she asked breathlessly.

He shook his head and laughed. "Romance, a story, a tradition, a hope. And you say I'm not a person who looks capable of romance. I came to St. Croix because I hoped to love a woman I had never seen."

"In St. Croix! A woman you had never seen!" She was puzzled now, yet she was stirred, excited to something more than mere curiosity. A woman in St. Croix whom he had never seen! "And you have seen her?"

"I have seen her," he said. "She is lovelier than my dream, more desirable than my hope." He paused and bent over her. His voice changed, became matter of fact. "With a war going on," he said, "the woods are unsafe for young women—as you found yesterday. Don't trust the woods, and don't trust ——" He hesitated.

"Who?" she asked.

"Anybody, including myself," he said, "but most of all, Doc Roper. Good-by, Miss De Marsay."

"You could end the war," she said.

"By retiring from the East Branch?"

"Yes."

"As I said to you once before, if your grandfather will ask me, face to face, to withdraw, I will do so without an instant's delay."

"Good-by," she said, half extending her hand, and then withdrawing it. A De Marsay could not give her hand to an enemy.

Now, in her room, she reviewed this farewell conversation, and found that in it to please her and to intrigue her. Was the woman Thorne came hoping to love, herself? She paid herself the compliment of believing so. Where, then, had he heard of her? Why had he come hoping to love her? What lay behind all this? Mystery, secrecy, mystery! Wherever she turned was mystery, forbidding, threatening or filled with a delightful warming quality of romance. The day of romance was dead, Thorne had said to her. High adventure was no longer ranging the face of the earth. Yet what was this in the midst of which she found herself? What petty throne had been more surrounded by intrigue, by the sinister motives of men, by characters strange and incomprehensible? No; romance lived, and lived for her. As she reclined she built for herself one of those delightful love affairs in which a commoner dares set foot on the steps of a throne and reach upward his hand and heart to the princess—a love that must not be! A commoner, and an enemy!

From this daydreaming she was aroused by the sound of a furious bellowing voice under her window—the voice of Doc Roper.

"He'll keep his drunken mouth shut after this," he said. "It'll be a month before he can work his jaw again."

"Hush!" said Anthony Bracken timorously.

"Right in front of Thorne and that open-eared terrier, Tip," said Roper. "And drunk—as usual. Came staggering up to me and yelled it out. Who'd 'a' thought he'd remember?"

Rage alone moved Doc Roper, but as Yvonne crept to the window and stared down at the speakers she saw Anthony Bracken's face distorted with fear. He tried to speak, but could only open and shut his mouth like a dying fish.

"He come right up hollerin'," said Doc. "'Le's have some more fun,' says he. 'Le's make some more noise, you 'n' me. C'm' on, Doc. Le's go down and whang the ol' fire alarm ag'in like we did las' time.' I made a grab for him and missed, or I'd 'a' shut him off good. 'C'm' on,' says he. 'I'll bang it, and everybody'll come a-runnin' like they did that night. 'Member, Doc?' By cracky, I got him that time! He was just my distance off, and I give him all I've got. Smack on the point of the jaw. But Thorne and Tip heard all right. Mebby no harm's done, but I don't like any talking about that night. Tip saw me buying the rope too."

"I knew it!" Bracken said in an unpleasant whisper. "You got me into this, Roper. We—what'll we do? What'll ——"

"Shut up!" snarled Roper. "Nothing's happened yet, but I didn't like it. But I'm for hustling things along. The more time the more risk we run. Let's grab and vanish."

"I—I can't. What good? It's got to be safe—safe."

"If you weren't so damn frightened of your shadow," said Doc.

"I am frightened. Suppose they put two and two together. You've got to do something, Doc. You pushed me into this."

"I'd do something quick enough. Did something yesterday, but hadn't any luck. Necks are hard to break." Yvonne drew a startled breath. "How long'll it take to pull off this deal—with the pulp folks? You've got your hands on something besides that, haven't you?"

"A little; but that's dangerous—just a little. The other's safer. Nothing anybody can get me for there. A month ought to do it. He's got to make good a payment on that timber in twenty days. If he fails we get the whole thing. Gibbs can handle it quick. It's him that worries me, Roper—Thorne. Do you remember what night he came to town?"

"Remember! He stopped at my house to ask the way to the hotel. I'd just got back from ——"

"Hush!"

"If I'd known I'd 'a' directed him into the river," said Doc venomously. "Now he'd be on his guard. He's no fool."

"I've a feeling," Bracken said, "that he suspects—the truth."

"He suspects something," said Doc. "If it wasn't for your confounded half measures!"

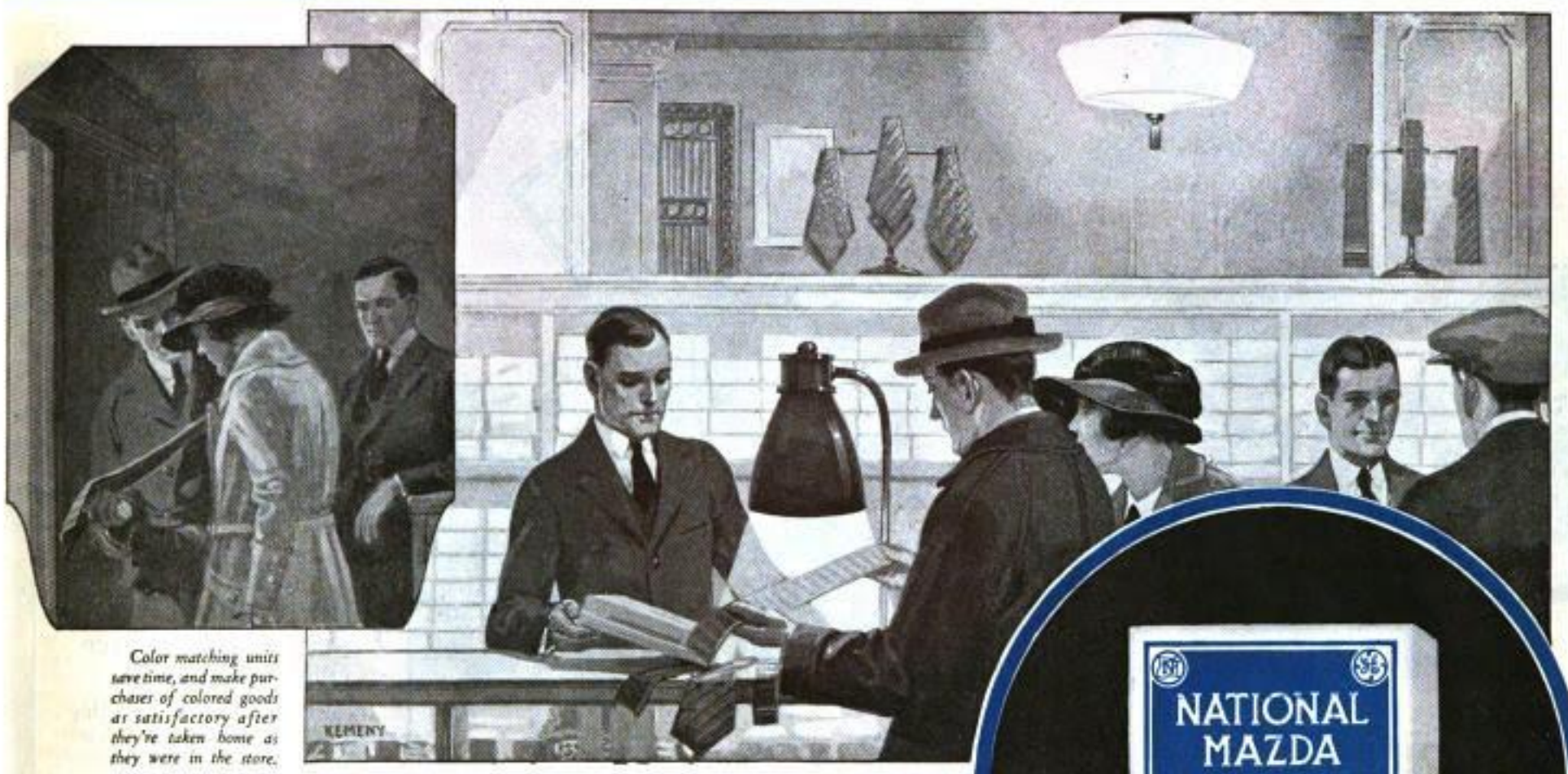
"What would you do?" Bracken's voice was hoarse with fright.

"I'd fix it so there was nobody to ask questions. Nobody! There'd be an accident to both of them, with Tip thrown in to make a bushel."

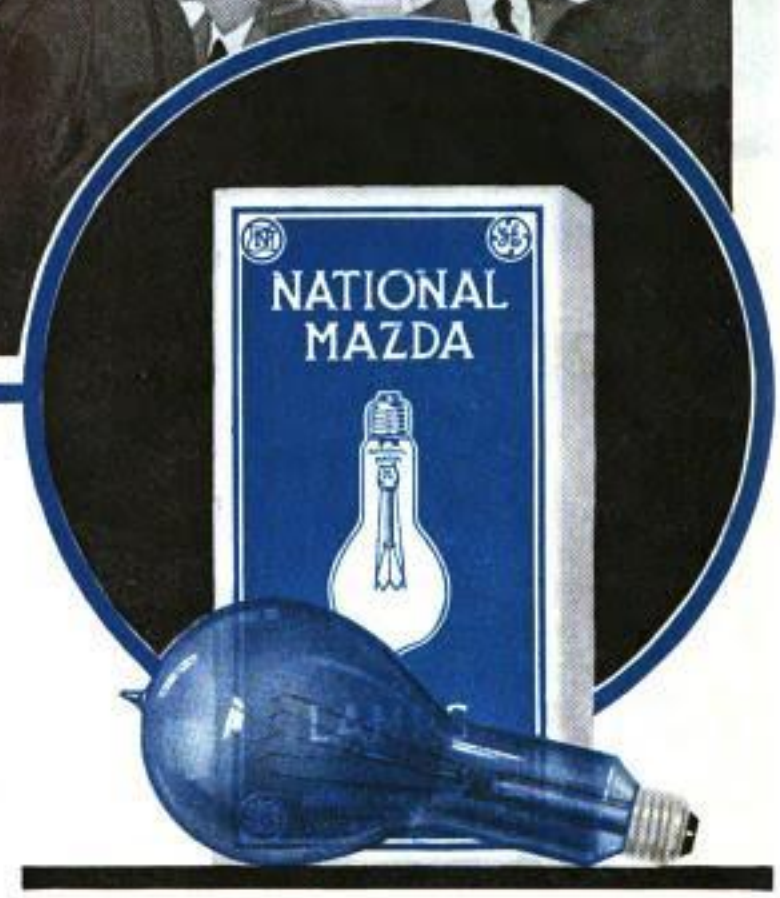
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LIGHTING Helps in SELLING



Color matching units save time, and make purchases of colored goods as satisfactory after they're taken home as they were in the store.



Make Selling Easier by Having the Right Kind of Light

How often it happens that colored goods are disappointing when taken home! The reason is that the colors are not what they seemed when viewed in the store. Customers are not analytical and they will often *take their orders elsewhere* rather than complain about some small purchase which has proved unsatisfactory.

Good lighting not only makes a store a pleasanter place to trade, but helps in accurate selection by making vision easier. First, there must be *ample* light throughout the store; and second, the right *kind* of light must be provided.

Where colors are to be matched or colored goods selected, there is need for more than good general lighting. The necktie counter, the ribbon counter, the silk piece goods counter, and all specialty shops or store-departments where judgment of color is important to the selection of materials, should be provided with color matching units. Only with such units can the customer be sure of tints without the trouble of taking the goods outside to the daylight.

The rules in the other column will show you how to get satisfactory illumination in the average store. More complete directions will be sent on request. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 310 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

A Safe Rule for Lighting Most Stores

For most stores the following rules point the way to excellent illumination. *First* — Use 300-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps, or 200-watt MAZDA C lamps. MAZDA Daylight lamps are preferable, under most circumstances, because (1) they show colors more accurately, and (2) their light blends more agreeably with natural daylight. *Second* — The space between lighting units should not greatly exceed ten feet. *Third* — The lamps should be properly shaded. Shades and reflectors, when made of glass, should be of dense white or prism glass rather than clear or frosted glass, and should surround or enclose the lamps. *Fourth* — Clean the lamps and shades once a month.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

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(2) Your operating conditions.
(3) Our 56 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.
(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

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(Continued from Page 30)

Both of them! Who, Yvonne asked herself, was the other? Instinct told her, and she shivered as from a sudden draft of chill air. Both of them—that must mean Thorne and herself! Then, perhaps, she had not been the victim of a trap set for Thorne.

"We can't get out of it now," Bracken said desperately. "We can't get out."

"So the only thing is to stay in. We'd have had clear sailing if Thorne hadn't shown up. How ever did he come to jump in on the East Branch?"

"It's worked out," said Bracken, "just as if he suspected us, and was working deliberately to beat us. That was what he'd have done. What brought him here anyhow?"

Yvonne knew that, she fancied. Thorne had just told her.

"Never found any correspondence between him and old André?"

"Not a scrap. Not a line. Not a word."

"There must be some. Thorne admitted it in the beginning. He came here to see the old man. He's riding right on our tail, and nobody could ride so close by chance. No, by cracky, not by chance. Bracken, if you were king bee in this hive you could cover up anything—anything, with no Thorne to ask questions. Folks might suspect, but nobody'd dare move. You'd have St. Croix by the throat."

"I—we're being forced," Bracken said tremulously. "Don't—don't tell me about it. I don't want to hear."

"You mean," said Doc, "for me to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and make believe to you that no chestnuts were ever in. Delicate conscience, Bracken. You'll eat the meat but you won't kill the chicken."

"Hush!"

"Do you realize we wouldn't have to do a thing but sit still—if we carry through to a finish? With both of them gone where the woodbine twineth, we could sit tight and stare the world in the eye. But it's got to be both."

"Accidents—will—happen." Bracken got out the words with difficulty.

Roper smote him on the shoulder. "I thought you'd see reason," he said. "You had to. It's getting to be a case of see reason or bars running up and down in front of the window."

"We could take what we'll make selling the East Branch to Gibbs," said Bracken.

"Not now," replied Roper. "Thorne wouldn't let us."

Then, not from André de Marsay's room—or so it seemed to Yvonne—but from some spot above, possibly on the roof or in the air, came a voice singing. Bracken uttered a choking cry and clutched Roper. It was, again, the voice of André de Marsay, singing with a gay little lilt which age could not destroy, the nursery song that was his:

"La branche vint à rompre,
Et Guilleri, tombi,
Carabi;
Il se cassa la jambe,
Et le bras se démit,
Carabi,
Titi Carabi,
Toto Carabo,
Compère Guilleri,
Te lairas-tu mouri'?"

Yvonne saw Bracken cover his ears with clutching fingers, saw him shrink to Roper as a terrified child to a parent for protection. Roper's eyes were staring upward, all about him with the quick darting movement of a trapped venomous serpent. He shoved Bracken away from him so that he stumbled and fell. Bracken picked himself up slowly, clapped his hands over his ears again and plunged headlong into the house, leaving Roper to stand alone in the garden staring about him—in a posture of defense, an instinctive posture of defense, with no visible thing to attack him.

Yvonne ran to her door and pulled it open. Her grandfather's voice again—and not in his room. She darted down the hall to his door, laid her fingers on the knob and turned it. The door was locked as always. If her grandfather had left that room he had done so with the door secured!

"Grandfather! Grandfather!" she called.

A hand covered her mouth; she felt herself dragged down the hall and cast into her own room—and then her vision blurred, her eyes saw sickening purple, and she fainted.

XIX

JOHN THORNE'S portable sawmill was at work, set up on the East Branch, chewing out timbers for the new mill. By main strength he had dragged the machinery over the mountain, and by driving men day and night had put it in operation in a time which another man would have consumed in dickering for its purchase. As fast as timbers were cut teams hauled them to the Flatiron, where carpenters and millwrights commenced the work of framing the new mill.

The pile driver, whose passage through St. Croix created a mystery of proportions, was thudding away in a manner and with an object quite unintelligible to the residents of the village. It was setting in place a row, a double row, of spiles across the river. Not across the East Branch, but across the West Branch. St. Croix arrived at the idea John was building a bridge. He was not bridge building, but trestle building. If Gibbs and Bracken had shut him off from St. Croix he had not been shut off from the railroad, for he was cutting across lots below the town, preparing to lay his own track across the river to a subsidiary yard and to a town of his own. With this equipment the railroad could not refuse him side-track facilities. He had gone farther than this. He was laying out for himself a village of his own.

On the opposite shore of the West Branch he purposed to house his employes and their families. In course of time he would erect a score of houses, a large boarding house for single men, a company store and a depot. A new town would take its place on the map of the state; and, what was more important to John, a new post office. Already he was in process of securing a post office. No matter how inimical a railroad may be, it cannot utterly ignore a village containing a post office. Thus, by some outlay of money at a time when he could ill afford it, he had checked the first major attack of the enemy, and counter-attacked with marked success.

One other thing he had done. From his inadequate funds he had deducted the sum of one hundred thousand dollars and placed it to the credit of Colonel Tip. This is an item to be borne in mind. It demonstrated that John's headpiece was more than a mere finishing touch to the structure of his body.

He had picked up men from here and there, wherever he could get them. The enemy compelled him to work a larger crew than would have been necessary had the work gone ahead in the usual course of such projects. This not only cost money but forced him to take men without careful picking. Which was a point the opposing forces saw and utilized.

Within the succeeding few days John Thorne became aware of a changed bearing on the part of his employes; sullenness fell upon them; discontent manifested itself, and insubordination. Liquor made its appearance mysteriously, slyly. There was no open drunkenness as yet, but the odor of men's breaths tainted the air.

"Find where the whisky comes from," John ordered Paddy Skidmore, but Paddy investigated and questioned in vain. Men who reeked with it denied the existence of such a thing in the world.

"Somethin' got into 'em," said Paddy. "It's come on 'em all of a sudden. Why"—he raised his voice in grieved amazement—"they even sass me back. Them mutts! I've caught 'em grinnin' at each other behind my back. I jest wiped the grin off'n one of 'em, and he's tryin' to digest his front teeth." He peered affectionately at his abrased knuckles. "There's somethin' in the wind, somethin' back of it."

"Don't knock them about unless you have to," said John. "But—if you have to, Paddy—put your body into it."

"Trust me, Mr. Thorne. Never play marbles for fun. If you're goin' to hit a feller paste him so's to warp his p'int of view."

"We don't want a strike on our hands now."

"I'd ruther they come out and struck. Somebody cut the drivin' belt las' night and we used up half a day splicin' it. There's as many nails in this spruce as if it was an old maple orchard. I never see so many things go wrong."

"How many men are reliable?"

"Mebby half, mebby less. This here disease is spreadin'. It gits to better men 'n you'd expect when the's an epidemic. Kickin' agin the boss is somethin' men is born with an appetite for. Commences in school, jawin' about the teacher."

"Check up the men you can depend on. Keep your eye peeled for whisky. We've got to find out who is bringing it into camp."

The trouble seemed to center on the East Branch, where the dam was being built and where timber was being cut and sawed. It was deep in the woods. Things could well happen there which men would hesitate to undertake under the eye of civilization. What lay at the root of the matter John knew without being told. Bracken and Gibbs were burrowing under the surface.

It was on Sunday that John saw one of his sub-bosses in St. Croix in furtive conversation with Doc Roper. John watched unseen. He made certain something passed from Roper to the man, and then he approached the pair.

"Good afternoon," he said pleasantly. "Bill, get your time and make tracks off the job."

"What you firin' me for?" Bill demanded.

"Because," said John, "I don't fancy your medical adviser."

"What d'you mean by that?" Roper demanded, and for a moment it appeared the physical in him was about to get the better of the intellectual.

"What I said," John answered, not angrily or provocatively but as a man who states a simple fact. "I don't fancy you; therefore I don't fancy any man who hobnobs with you. What did you just give Bill, Doc? Was it money or whisky? I couldn't see."

Doc conquered his itching muscles and grinned unpleasantly. "It was a prescription," he said, "guaranteed to cure what ails Bill."

"Fine," said John. "I hope you get well, Bill, but do it some place else. Weren't going to get Bill to ring any fire alarms, were you, Doc?"

Doc found no reply available, but even had he been more apt with repartee John prevented him by asking another question.

"I've been curious, Doc, to know just what you wanted with that rope you bought. The night I came here, you know. Fire alarm and rope the same evening, Doc. When I get lots of time I want to chat with you about those things."

"Then," said Doc venomously, "you want to ask quick—while you're able."

John ignored that patent threat. "A piece of advice, Doc," he said. "It's free but valuable. Keep away from my men. Keep as far as you can from my work. The air over on the East Branch will be very bad for you."

Doc blinked. "Suppose I don't keep away from your men or your work," he demanded.

"Then," said John almost placidly, "I'll have to keep you after school. If you're disobedient you can't expect to go out at recess with the other boys. And, Doc, don't stretch any more wires."

"What d'ye mean by that?"

"I'm sure you'll understand if you study over it. Do you know what the book calls it if you stretch a wire and somebody breaks his neck over it."

"If it was you," said Doc, "they might call it a piece of good luck."

"Wrong. You'll never get to the head of the class. They call it murder, Doc."

"First catch your rabbit," said Doc, "then skin him."

"You've named the wrong animal. Faulty zoölogy—and you a veterinary too. The animal isn't a rabbit, as you could tell by certain sure indications. It's a skunk."

Somehow Doc felt that John Thorne was trying to make him lose his temper. His furtive brain wondered why, and because it could see no answer to the question he restrained his impulse to experiment on the young man with his fists. If Thorne was trying to goad him into a fight, then there must be, from his side of the question, some good reason why he should not fight at that moment.

He contented himself by saying, "Young man, you're breeding an accordion plait in your spine." He was quite dignified, and strove for contained impressiveness.

John then did a most provocative thing, but his manner of doing it, his deliberateness and a certain geniality which Doc could not comprehend held him bewildered and inactive. The young man reached out an inquiring hand and felt Doc's muscle. He felt the huge arm from shoulder to elbow. Then with thumb and finger he tilted back Doc's chin and peered at the bull neck and its corded muscles.

He smiled into Doc's baffled eyes and said, "I'll bet you're a bully fighter, Doc. A regular tough customer, eh?"

Doc breathed heavily, scowled portentously, snorted once loudly and disdainfully



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Jim Henry's Column

Why Druggists Use Mennen's

If anyone in the fraternity of self-shavers knows how to take the curse out of the morning razor play, it ought to be your corner druggist.

He's got a dozen kinds of cutlery in stock, enough badger hair to supply the whole neighborhood and probably thirty different preparations—all guaranteed to take the "H" out of shaving. He has all the dope—scientific and otherwise.

Yet nearly every druggist I ever asked said he used Mennen Shaving Cream.

Of course, I haven't met the whole brotherhood. I'll even admit that a few haven't tried Mennen's. In fact, your own druggist may still use the old fashioned mug and the hard soap that goes with it. Anything is possible.

But generally speaking, if something like 90% of the fellows who sell probably 90% of the shaving materials in the country think enough of Mennen's to use it on their own hides, it ought to mean something.

Now, what do druggists see in Mennen's? Are they stuck on the way the lather flowers after three minutes of orthodox preliminary? Is it the use of exhilarating cold water that gets them? Maybe it's the way the stubble behaves when the Damascus starts mowing. It may be that glorious after-feeling—that absence of smart and sting which makes the average man cringe as he starts on the patch just east of his ear.

But I don't want to get into an academic discussion on the common sense of druggists. What I am after is to get you so fully interested in the prospect of enjoying one decent shave that you will send me a dime for my big demonstrator tube and try Mennen's for yourself. I've never met the man who could finish my sample without being *sold!*

Speaking of druggists again, have you noticed how they're displaying our Talcum for Men? They say it's made a big hit because it doesn't show on the face. Fine after shaving or for all over after bathing. I'll send you a sample.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
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and, turning on his heel with elaborate pretense of disdain, walked away.

John shrugged his shoulders. "It looks," he said to himself, "as if this wasn't the day."

Presently John turned off the main street and began the ascent of the hill. It was his purpose to make inquiries as to the state of health of Yvonne de Marsay after her accident, for he had not seen her since the day he returned her to her home. He was, however, spared the necessity of climbing to the château, for halfway up he met Yvonne and Mrs. Whidden descending. Before he could do more than lift his hat Mrs. Whidden addressed him sharply.

"Young man, have you got common sense?" she snapped, and waggled her head until the jet upon her bonnet rattled.

"I've often wondered that myself," he said. "Personally—and confidentially—I believe I have."

"Then do up a parcel of it and give it to this here headstrong girl."

"We are offering the latest patterns in common sense, Miss de Marsay," said John. "May I show you something in dark blue, or would you prefer a check?"

"I get along nicely with what I have, thank you," said Yvonne. "Mrs. Whidden is put out with me because I won't leave home and come to live with her."

"Why," said John, "do you think she should do so, Mrs. Whidden?"

"Tell him," Mrs. Whidden said to Yvonne. "Tell him what you heard out of the winder."

"It is you who are in danger," said Yvonne.

"You, too; more'n him. It's you that I'm interested in," Mrs. Whidden said. "Bracken and Doc Roper kin kill and massacree other folks, and 'tain't none of my business, but when they go a-layin' hands on my lamb, then suthin goin' to happen."

"Tell me, please," John said to Yvonne.

She, with some hesitations, gave to him almost word for word what had passed between Bracken and Roper on the day of her return from The Devil's Stairway. John listened gravely, grimly.

When she finished he held her eyes steadily with his own and said, "I think you should go to Mrs. Whidden—at once."

"I shall not. I shall not leave that house. It is where I belong, and they shall not drive me out. My grandfather is there. I must see him. I must get into his room. I am a De Marsay," she said proudly, "and it is not our custom to run from danger. Don't argue with me, please; I shall not go."

John comprehended her and the tradition and pride which motivated her. She was a princess in her palace. Conspirators surrounded her. Danger was all about her, but, come what might, she would not desert her people and her throne. It was absurd, foolhardy, hare-brained, born of the teachings of a romantic self-deceived old man who lived in a dream. But it was *noblesse oblige!* It grew from a fine courage, and John's admiration shone from his eyes.

"Anthony Bracken is a traitor," she said.

"And I," he said, "am an invader to be expelled, but for the moment our interests seem to carry us down the same road."

Suddenly she covered her eyes. "That voice," she said. "Singing his song! My grandfather's voice!" She dropped her hands and looked at John. "I was not afraid when I heard it, but Anthony Bracken was terrified. Why should he be terrified at hearing grandfather's voice?"

"You will not go to Mrs. Whidden?"

"Never."

"Then take Mrs. Whidden home with you."

"They will not let her in the house—*my* house!"

He lifted her hand unconsciously, and she with equal unconsciousness allowed him to retain it. "Yvonne," he said, using her name for the first time, "I beg of you to be careful. For a few days keep to your room. Don't ride abroad. Avoid Bracken and do not allow Roper near you. Only for a few days. If anything should happen to you"—his fingers tightened on her hand—"I could never lift my head again."

He paused, then he spoke again, in French: "Though the world stretch between us, though oceans separate us, my beloved, my heart will journey with you to guard you and to cherish you. Be brave when there is need of bravery, but keep yourself safe for me. While you live I shall live. If you fall my heart will know, and the knowledge will still it forever. Live for me, my beloved."

She stared at him, eyes big with amazement—startled, frightened. He had spoken words he could not know.

They were secret words treasured in the archives of the De Marsays, which no eyes but the eyes of De Marsays had ever seen. He had recited to her a paragraph from the farewell letter of Andrée de Chausson to Gaston de Marsay.

"Who—are—you?" she said slowly. "How can you know that? Who are you?"

"I am John Thorne," he said quietly, "whose love for you gives me the right to demand that you be cautious—as Andrée's heart could demand it of your ancestor."

"I will be careful," she said in a voice so low it almost escaped his ear.

"And I," he said, "will be watchful. It is only for a few days now. Keep to the house or to the public streets of this town. Do not go into the woods. Have Mrs. Whidden by your side whenever you can."

He lifted her hand and touched it with his lips; then he turned and retraced his steps down the hill.

Mrs. Whidden snorted. "I swan to man!" she exclaimed. "Who ever see the beat of that?"

"Who is he?" Yvonne said. It was rather an exclamation than a question. "How can he know what he knows?"

"Makin' love to you right in front of my nose!" said Mrs. Whidden. "'Twan't scarcely decent."

John made his way to the hotel and seated himself on the piazza to think. Scarcely had he taken his seat when a horse clattered up the street, topped by a youth whom John recognized as the cooky on the East Branch workings. The boy scrambled from his horse and ran across the walk and up the steps.

"Paddy sent me. You got to come right off! Paddy needs you. He says he can't hold 'em down. The's an awful row and everybody's drunk." The boy was frightened, half crying. "Oh, hell's busted loose, Mr. Thorne. The's goin' to be an awful time of it."

John waited to ask no questions. He left the boy gaping in his tracks while he leaped to the side of the horse, mounted it, brought his hand down on its flanks, and set off at a headlong gallop for The Devil's Stairway.

xx

ANTHONY BRACKEN sat in his office, staring at the wall before him. What he saw on that wall none can tell but himself, but if the expression of his face, the hunted look in his eyes were true indications it was a picture to be viewed with apprehension. As for Anthony himself, he had changed during these weeks. His general appearance of dapperness, of sleekness, of careful grooming showed signs of wear and tear. It was a garment that had slipped. Small indications of carelessness were present, and his banker's face, once handsome, keen, clear-cut of outline, had become somehow blurred. There was a flaccidity to his cheeks, a sagging at the corners of the jaw, a coloring to make one turn away the eyes. One unacquainted with Anthony would have said he suffered from some insidious disease. This was true. The name of the disease was fear.

He, a cautious man, a timid man, had allowed himself so to become enmeshed in events that there dangled constantly before his eyes a rope with a noose in the end of it. Anthony saw that noose, waking and sleeping. When the noose was not visible it was replaced by bars running up and down. His sensations were those of a man on a snowslide, rushing down the slope of some mountain to certain destruction at its foot. A power outside himself, not to be stayed or hindered by him. It carried him on against his will, while he stared, open-eyed, at catastrophe. And then there was the voice.

He had arrived now at a time when he did not know whether he was actually hearing that old voice with the lilt singing its French nursery rime, or whether it was a sound born of a diseased brain. So he stood between two fears—one of the actual voice and of the unspeakable, unendurable thing it might mean; the other that there was no voice and that he was clutched by the unsightly talons of insanity.

His third fear was Doc Roper. For weeks now he had been hating Doc Roper in a cowardly sort of way, blaming Roper for the situation in which he found himself, laying on Roper's broad shoulders the responsibility for putting himself where he found himself to be. He was a cornered rat. He could not withdraw. Even if he found some way out Roper would not allow him to withdraw. He had become Roper's man. Roper owned him, pulled the strings to make him move at will. He imagined things happening to the ex-veterinary. His one pleasure was imagining the man stricken down suddenly in the streets by the trip hammer of apoplexy, or broken and mangled in some accident. He almost prayed for this, but dared not pray. The prayer was in his heart.

Roper was pushing him on from evil to greater evil, to the greatest evil—the taking of human life. Roper, it seemed, had no fears and no conscience. What the day and the circumstance required of the man, that he did in businesslike manner. It appalled Bracken.

"You tend to the business end," Roper had told him. "Get the money. I'll clean up the odds and ends."

Such odds and ends!

Yet, even among these alarms and forebodings Bracken had his moments of satisfaction, even of enthusiasm, so contradictory a thing is the soul of man. He took pride in his plans laid with Paul Gibbs, and in the present certainty of their success. If only the other element were not present; if devious business, mole tunneling, double-dealing were all there was to it, Bracken could face the world with cheerful eyes. To deceive, to cheat, to trick—that was one matter. To find oneself listening to a voice and looking into the smoldering eyes of murder—that was another!

Bracken had listened to the voice when no other had heard it. Three times, in company, he had heard those quaint old words, but, alone, when the thing was more terrifying, when its actuality could not be verified, he had heard it perhaps half a dozen times more. To a man who knew what Anthony Bracken knew, the voice was a phenomenon well able to send reason crashing from its foundations.

Day after day, night after night he strove to tear his mind away from these reflections. He tempted his thoughts with titbits, and sometimes for an hour at a time enticed them to nibble. They were nibbling now, and the delicacy upon which they fed was the financial predicament into which his planning had cast John Thorne.

In a matter of a week now Thorne must pay the round sum of one hundred thousand dollars to hold the timber he had purchased on the East Branch. He must pay or lose, for Bracken and Gibbs had seen to that. He would not be given a day or an hour of grace. Day by day and week by week Thorne had been compelled to dissipate his funds—to buy a portable sawmill, to replace bridges, to construct expensive trestles, to combat the ravages of sabotage. These things had been but makeshifts, irritations to distract Thorne's mind and to embarrass him. But now the major stroke was in preparation. Bracken knew Thorne's banks, and had arrived at a knowledge of the total of his deposits. These deposits would not be available to Thorne on the day of necessity to make the required payment.

This was a matter easy to accomplish. In the names of sundry individuals lawsuits were to be commenced tomorrow against Thorne. There were suits for damages by men injured on the work; there were suits for alleged breach of contract, suits for this, that and the other; and, concurrently, injunctions were to be issued against Thorne's banks restraining them from allowing one dollar of his funds to pass out of their possession. It was a simple thing, when one rules a county as Bracken ruled his and Paul Gibbs his, to bring about such a condition. And so, instead of being able to make his hundred-thousand-dollar payment, Thorne would find himself restrained from even drawing sufficient money to take care of his pay roll. Reflecting upon this was Bracken's solace.

Outside he heard the approach of a man whistling, and his pleasure departed. The whistle always accompanied Doc Roper when he walked. It was a tuneless whistle, on two notes, up and down, and monotonous, but pedal locomotion seemed impossible to Doc unless joined with this obbligato. He was coming here, and Bracken, sunk again in a slough of terror, waited for his appearance. Doc entered.

"Fine Sunday afternoon," he said heartily. Then he chuckled. "I'm predicting Thorne's name will be scratched from the entries—so life is merry and the goose honks high."

"What—what do you mean?"

(Continued on Page 36)

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Puffed Wheat

A supreme food, with every granule fitted to digest. Serve in every bowl of milk.

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Whole grains steam exploded. Every food cell blasted. Puffed to 8 times normal size.

(Continued from Page 34)

"Just saw him mount his prancing steed," said Doc, "and ride off helter-skelter for The Devil's Stairway. Bracken, I'm covering all bets that he comes back."

Bracken reached a clutching trembling hand across the top of his desk, but no sound came from his lips. Doc continued jovially, accompanying his words with the paring of a carrot:

"He's galloping into grief, and here you are, and here I am—miles away. We've got nothing to do with it. Anybody can see that with the naked eye. Over on the East Branch about fifty of the prize plug-uglies of these parts are dancing the medicine dance. Took a barrel of the worst whisky, and quite some dollars jingle in their pockets. Thorne's boss can't hold them down, so he's sent for Thorne—just like I expected he would. Now when fifty hard customers go on the warpath almost anything can happen, and usually does. Nope, I don't guess we've got to worry about Thorne on the little checkerboard. He'll be jumped."

"Sure it can't be traced to us?"

"How?" said Roper shortly. "Thorne's the only one with an idea, and where he's going it can't be sent back from."

"I—I don't know," said Bracken. "Things—do come back."

"Fiddle-de-dee," said Doc. "The deal's closing up nicely. Just one more transaction remains, but how in tunket I'm going to manage that, I don't know."

"You mean—Yvonne?"

"Her," said Doc; "and it's a rotten waste. Too pretty. Now, if she'd marry me! But she wouldn't, not to save her life. No, sir, not to save her life. Somehow I kind of admire her for it. Got her notions, she has, and they're crazy notions, but she lives up to 'em, and sticks by 'em." He sighed. "Wish she was homely," he said.

Bracken shivered, and shriveled back in his chair so that he looked not more than half his actual size, but twice his stated age.

"Got to be an accident," said Doc, "unless worse comes to worst." He smote his great thigh at the sudden flash of a thought. "Or we can find some way to lay it onto the Indian! Or the Chink. Folks'll believe anythin' horrid of an Injun or a Chinee. Lynchin' bee afterward. That would save inquiry. Now, why didn't I think that up before? Hang a Choctaw or a Mongolian, and everybody'll be satisfied. Simple and elegant. How's your end coming?"

Bracken made no reply, but sat with chin sunk on chest, staring at his hands. He wriggled his fingers and turned his palms first up, then down, as if he could not convince himself of their reality. Perhaps he saw some stain upon them—and the color of the stain was red. Roper eyed him intently, his look the appraisal of a physician, and shook his head dubiously.

"Just dropped in to bring the good news," he said. "We'll walk uptown together. Just as well to be seen as much as we can today."

Bracken got up listlessly and put on his hat. They spoke little as they traversed the Sunday streets, but Doc Roper whistled his two-note tune, and seemed largely satisfied with the aspect of the universe.

"Keep your tail up," he said as they parted at the square. Bracken nodded as if dazed and only half comprehending, and turned upward toward the château.

Near the top of the hill he encountered Mrs. Whidden descending, but would have passed her without recognition. This was not deliberate; he did not see her. Mrs. Whidden, however, was not an individual to be passed without notice. She arrested him by the effective expedient of resting the point of her black umbrella against his chest and pushing—a sort of tilting unknown to King Arthur's court.

"It's me, Anthony Bracken," she said.

He peered at her. "So it is," he said.

"I'm watchin' over my lamb, Anthony Bracken, and my eyes is sharp if I hain't so young as I was. I don't trust ye, Anthony, no more than André de Marsay trusted ye. Mebby you think I'm deef, but I heard. I heard him tellin' you that day that he was done with ye, and that you was bitin' the hand that fed ye. What ails André de Marsay, Anthony? Tell me that."

"What ails him? What ails him?" Bracken repeated this twice, not to Mrs. Whidden but to himself. "He doesn't rest. He doesn't rest."

So saying he passed on, and the old woman stood looking after him with a pert, perplexed expression, as if now she would ask not what ailed André de Marsay but what ailed Anthony Bracken.

He turned in at the entrance to the château, unlocked the door and walked slowly along the dark airless hall to the arch which gave into the library. There he sank into a deep chair, but did not smoke as was his custom. He sat. That was all, sat and gazed fixedly at the floor, his only movement a twitching of the fingers. He did not hear the slight movements over his head which betokened the presence of Yvonne in her room; he did not hear soft padding footfalls in the hall through which he had just passed.

Bright black eyes peered at him from the shelter of the hangings in the archway, slanting Oriental eyes. Chow Chek Ken was watching, watching, studying his employer, allowing no movement or expression to escape him. He saw Bracken stiffen suddenly, rise to his feet and stand stiff and erect, as if lifted by some terrific spasm. Then he heard, faintly, distantly, as though at the rear and outside the house, the lilt of a voice singing:

"Il se cassa la jambe,
Et le bras se démit,
Carabi;
Les dames de l'Hopitale
Sont arrivé's au bruit,
Carabi,
Titi Carabi,
Toto Carabo,
Compère Guilleri,
Te lairas-tu mouri'?"

Then with frightful suddenness Bracken was endowed with motion and with voice. He crouched, sprang to the table, and lifted a heavy vase, which he hurled in the direction of the unseen voice.

"Jean!" he shouted. "Jean! Ken! Here! Here to me! Here, I say!"

He swayed, shouting names, calling again and again to the servants, a man beside himself with something which might have been terror, might have been rage, might have been madness. Ken entered the room; the Indian, Jean, came leaping down the stairs.

"Out!" shouted Bracken. "Find that voice! Find it! Catch it! I've got to catch that voice. Somebody's got to catch that voice for me. After it! Fetch it to me. I've got to see that voice. Out, out, out!" His voice arose to a scream.

Jean hesitated, looked upward as though he would pierce the floor with his eyes. He was thinking of the door it was his duty to guard.

"Out, out, out!" cried Bracken.

The Indian shrugged his shoulders and obeyed. Chow Chek Ken and Bracken followed at his heels.

Bracken's were not the only ears to hear that singing voice; it came through Yvonne's window as well. She thrust aside the curtains and peered downward into the yard. It was deserted. No human being was visible. Then, from below, she heard the frenzied sound of Bracken's voice, his distracted orders to his servants. She waited. One after another she heard the men rush from the house, saw them run through the garden toward the rear of the château; and then, sensing opportunity, she ran to her door, jerked it open and darted toward the always-guarded door to her grandfather's sick room.

Caution and advice were forgotten. Opportunity was there, and all else was negligible. Now, after these weeks, she might penetrate to André de Marsay's bedside, demand explanations of him, hear from his own lips the things she must know. Outside the door she paused an instant, listening. The house was still, untenanted save by herself and the old man on the other side of the door upon which her hand rested. How enter? She touched the knob, turned it, tried the door. It gave readily, was unlocked. Jean must have been inside when Bracken called, and, in his haste to respond, have failed to secure it. Again she hesitated, trembling, apprehensive, asking herself what thing she might find in the room now open to her.

She crushed down her fears. The De Marsay blood quickened in her veins; the De Marsay tradition of valor inspired and upheld her. She pushed the door from her and crossed the threshold. There, just within the room, she stood poised, staring, staring into every corner of the room, at the bed, at the walls. Then she uttered a little cry and ran stumblingly toward the bed.

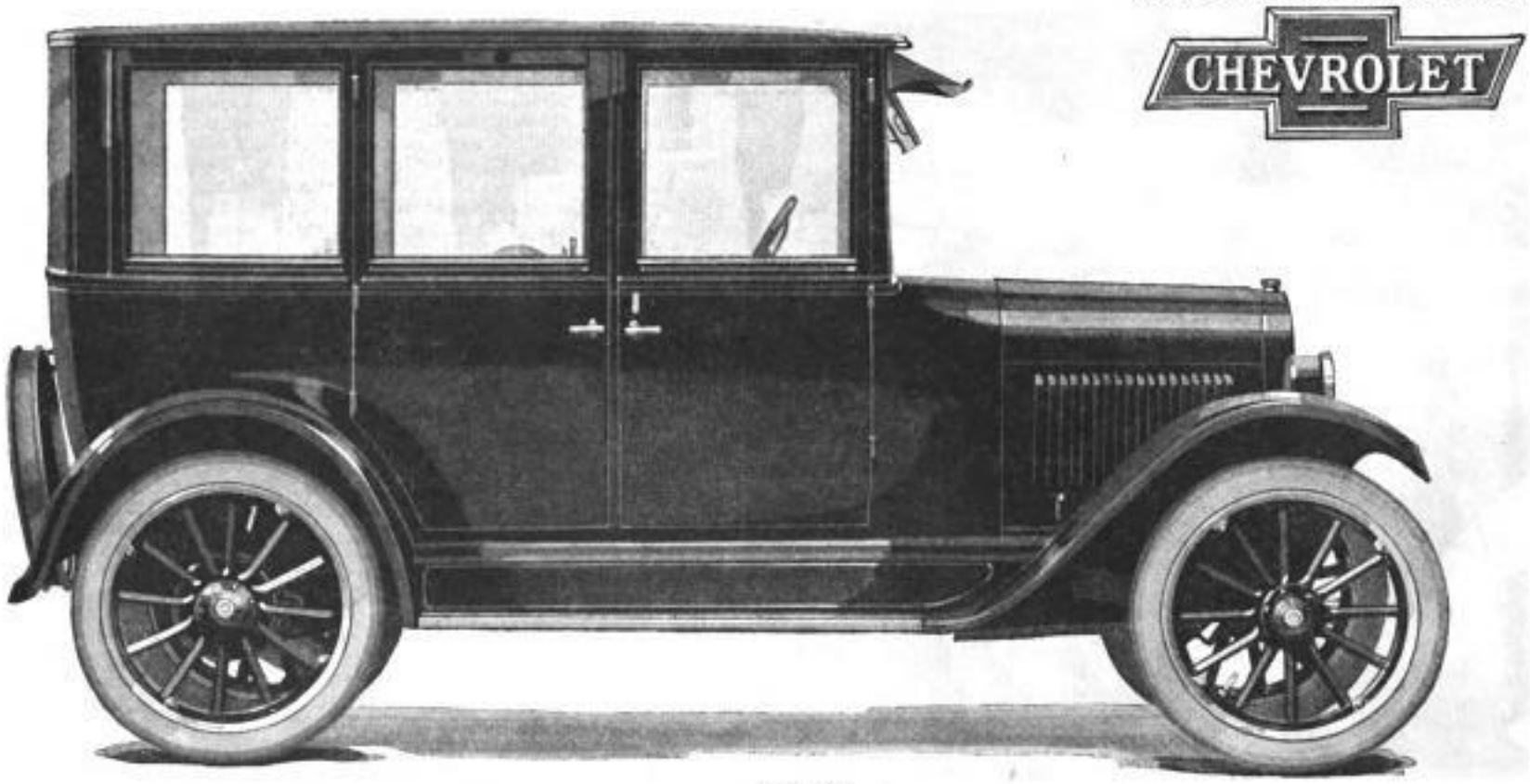
"Grandfather!" she cried. "Grandfather! Where are you?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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1923 4-Passenger Sedanette

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THE SELF-MADE WIFE

(Continued from Page 5)

breakfast room, examining its furnishings with an air of uneasy scorn.

She was a small, stooped woman, who had not yet attained the dignity of white hair, and her clothes were put on in the same careless fashion that irritated Tim so in his wife, who, with all her immaculate cleanliness, still never looked well groomed. The white collar of Mrs. Satter's mouse-colored dress was twisted around almost under one ear, and a pin rose dangerously as if threatening to stab her; while her full skirts hung in the limp uneven folds that seemed to be characteristic of the family dressmaking.

She turned around quickly at Tim's entrance.

"Where'd you get that thing?" she asked contemptuously, pointing to a beautiful old silver coffee urn.

"Antique shop," replied Tim, determined to be cheerful. "Aren't you going to say how do you do, mother?"

He held out his hand with a forced smile. "I'm glad to see you," he lied bravely.

Mrs. Satter tossed her head and sniffed.

"Don't waste any perliteness on me, Tim Godwin," she replied. "Treat me like home folks, that's good enough. Ain't you afraid so much sun will fade those curtains? Though goodness knows they're gaudy!"

She pointed to the French windows, where sunlight was pouring in lavishly, and the flowered print curtains stirred a little in the fresh sweet air. Outside was a tiny hedged garden with old twisted rose trees, and daffodils that were already in bloom. Tim looked at it fixedly while Mrs. Satter talked.

"Corrie tells me you got this place ready furnished," said Mrs. Satter. "Pity!" She clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth.

"Why is it a pity?" asked Tim sharply.

"Well, I liked the house in Carrsville better."

"It was a rare chance, our getting this fine old place," Tim exclaimed.

"H'm! Well, everyone to their own liking. But what did you do with all that good furniture you had in Carrsville?"

"If you mean the bird's-eye maple, I told Corrie she could sell it, or throw it away, or do anything she wanted except bring it here."

"H'm!" Mrs. Satter clicked her tongue. "Pity! And all those lovely carpets Corrie picked out. Throw them away too?"

"I'm sure I don't know. But you can see they wouldn't suit in here."

"Cheer the place up, I think. Make it bright and homy. Looks a little bare."

She glanced critically at the dark waxed floor.

"I'm sorry you don't like it," said Tim. "Where's Corrie?"

"Out in the kitchen."

"What's she doing in the kitchen?"

"Gettin' breakfast."

"Getting breakfast! Where's the girl?"

"We let her go."

"For the day?"

"For good."

"But why on earth did you do that?"

"What's the sense of payin' all those high wages with two able-bodied women in the house? Three, now you've brought that Miss Vincent, Corrie was tellin' me about."

"You don't think I'd allow Miss Vincent to do a maid's work, do you?"

"Why not? Is she sickly? Pity."

"Look here!" cried Tim, almost choking with all the angry words that rushed to his lips. "What do you mean discharging my servant? I pay for her. I don't mind the wages. And I'm going to keep her."

Mrs. Satter smiled.

"Can't now—she's gone," she said.

"I don't know how many times I've told Corrie not to discharge the servants!" Tim cried in exasperated despair.

"H'm. Seems to me you'd be so taken up with your own business, you wouldn't have time to run Corrie's house too."

"Well, I'll telephone in to the agency to send out a new girl this morning."

"Suit yourself," replied Mrs. Satter amiably. "Fight it out with Corrie. It's none of my affair."

She seated herself at the table and drummed on its top with her nails.

Tim flung the windows wide open, and strode out into the garden, just as Elena Vincent came through the gap in the hedge at the other end.

Tall, and walking buoyantly, she wore a soft, light tan woolen dress, with a gay knitted scarf, and a small tan hat with a copper-colored feather. Her eyes and cheeks were bright.

"Good morning," she called. "I've had a long walk."

"I told them not to wake you," Tim said.

"They didn't. But who could stay in bed on a morning like this? I walked down to the willows on the edge of that stream. Is that the end of your land?"

"No, I have over a hundred acres. I'm going to have a farm some day."

"Everyone wants to, don't they? It's such a delightful way to throw away money. Isn't this a perfect day to ride?"

"I'll buy you a horse," said Tim. "I hadn't thought about horses."

"You don't ride?"

"I used to ride the mules in the coal mine sometimes. That's all."

"You were a miner?"

"Yes. When I was a boy. But I studied at night, and finally I passed the civil-service examination and got a clerk's place in Washington. I felt pretty big at first, I can tell you."

"And then became dissatisfied again?"

"That's the way we go on, I guess."

"Then I shall never go on, for I am never dissatisfied—with myself, at any rate. Of course I enjoy making other people over."

Tim answered her smile a little doubtfully, for he was not used to people who made sport of themselves.

"Tell me frankly, Mr. Godwin," Elena said—"how did Mrs. Godwin take my coming here?"

"Well—it's hard to tell just what Corrie thinks. She was—sort of bewildered, I guess."

"I guess she must have been!" exclaimed Elena with a laugh.

"Breakfast's ready," a dry voice announced.

Tim turned, feeling unreasonably guilty, to see his mother-in-law standing behind them.

"Mother, this is Miss Vincent," he introduced the two carefully. "Mrs. Satter, Miss Vincent."

"How do you do?" said Miss Vincent, holding out her hand.

Mrs. Satter did not take it.

"I'm as well as could be expected," she answered grimly. "Come in to breakfast before the food gets cold on the table."

As they entered the breakfast room Corrie hurried in from the kitchen, carrying a tray. Her face was flushed and her abundant red hair tousled. A little girl was toddling at her heels, dragging at her apron. Two boys were seated at the table, and had already begun to eat, bent low over their plates of oatmeal, scraping vigorously with their spoons.

"James! Tim!" their father shouted at them. "Get up and leave the table!"

The boys raised their handsome, dark, flushed faces, and stared at him, spoons suspended and dripping, mouths open.

"Now, now, don't be hard on grammaw's boys," chided Mrs. Satter. "They were too hungry to wait."

"Leave the table, I say!" Tim commanded. "And do without your breakfast if you have no better manners."

Corrie set her tray down and wheeled around sharply.

"If you'd come in to breakfast yourself, Tim Godwin, and not spent so much time in the garden, the children wouldn't have had to wait," she said angrily.

The baby at her skirts began to tug and whimper, and Corrie stooped down with a swift protecting movement and gathered her up in her arms. The baby's golden-red hair was only a shade lighter than Corrie's own, and they had the same chocolate-brown eyes, fine white skin and slightly pouting red lips.

But Tim ignored the pretty picture they made in the sunlight; ignored Corrie's words altogether, and marched around the table to where the boys sat.

"Get up!" he repeated, laying a hand on each shoulder. "And go."

His sons obeyed, although not without certain animal-like howls, which still further upset Tim's temper. He was inexpressibly vexed that the crude disorder of his household should have been shown so plainly to

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

Miss Vincent, although he had brought her into the house for that very purpose.

Ruffled and silent, Tim sat through the meal, which had been cooked and was served in Corrie's haphazard fashion. The toast was burned, and the oatmeal not cooked long enough. Two different patterns of china had been used in setting the table, and there were no flowers. Corrie jumped up, with her mouth half full, and ran back and forth from the kitchen in a nervous and nerve-racking manner.

If only Corrie had been a superlative housekeeper, Tim thought, there might have been some excuse for her lack of interest in other things. But surely her nervous incompetence proved that she was not absorbed in and could not now enjoy what had so long been drudgery. She had never improved on the hurried makeshift housekeeping of their poverty-ridden days, when one tablecloth must last a week, and there were paper napkins, and Corrie had served the meals with a baby on her arm, and the baby's laundry drying in the kitchen.

It seemed to Tim, as his irritation increased, that Corrie was deliberately, maliciously trying to reproduce the atmosphere that he hated, here, where everything should be quiet, serene, dignified and gracious.

He despised his mother-in-law for her unconcerned manner, her indifferent disregard of her daughter's failings; and admired Miss Vincent for hers, which was equally oblivious.

"There's a lady," thought Tim. "Corrie could never learn to be like her in a hundred years."

Then he felt guilty and amazed at the treacherous thought, and tried to speak kindly to Corrie.

"I'm sorry you're having such trouble," he said. "I'll get you another girl in town."

"You needn't!" Corrie snapped. "I have to do all the work anyway, and pay high wages, too, and then they're impudent!"

"Let me telephone for some really wonderful servants I know about," said Miss Vincent. "I think I can get them for you—a cook and a maid. And they are so well trained you needn't even think about housekeeping, Mrs. Godwin—needn't even order."

"I don't want servants I can't order," Corrie retorted ungraciously.

"Oh, you'll find them most respectful," Miss Vincent replied pleasantly. "If you'll excuse me I'll try to get them now, before someone else snaps them up."

"No," said Corrie, "don't."

"It isn't the least bit of trouble," Miss Vincent assured her pleasantly, as she rose.

"I don't want you to," said Corrie, like a sulky child.

"What's the sense of two servants when there's three able-bodied women in the house?" murmured Mrs. Satter. "She ain't sickly." She jerked her head toward Miss Vincent.

Elena gave Mrs. Satter one of her very cool penetrating looks. "But I am not a servant, my dear Mrs. Satter," she said in a voice of friendly surprise. "And why should you and Mrs. Godwin do the work when there are so many good servants to be had?"

"We ain't above workin'—never have been," Mrs. Satter retorted, but in a muffled voice, and averting her head.

"Well, then, surely there is no reason that you should be above being idle now," replied Miss Vincent pleasantly.

And while Mrs. Satter still looked nonplused she went quietly out of the room.

"Are you goin' to let that girl run things here, Tim Godwin?" Mrs. Satter burst out.

"Yes!" said Corrie, giving Tim a defiant glance. And then her broodings of the night steamed out like the flow of a geyser. "Social secretary, whatever that is! What's it mean? That I'm not to have any say-so in my own house?"

"Listen to me, Corrie," said Tim firmly. "This is my house as well as yours. You always speak as if you were the one to dictate how we should live."

"That isn't so. It's you who wants to dictate, and you know it is!"

Her voice rose an octave, and Tim's temper responded to it.

"Very well, then, I will dictate," he said in a tone of steely calm. "I'll tell you now, and I mean it, Corrie: Do as you please about making something better of yourself. I can't change you—I see that. But if you won't improve I'm not going to be the loser by it. If you won't make things comfortable and pleasant Miss Vincent will. And she's got my full authority back of her."

"So there now!" Mrs. Satter rose like a frightened guinea hen with a discordant cry. "So there now, Corrie! What'd I tell you?"

"Mommer! Hush! Sit down."

Corrie was flushed, and nervously twisting her hands. Her lovely red hair was carelessly arranged, and she was covered from neck to heels with an ugly brown gingham apron.

Tim noticed it for the first time and forgot the main issue. A despairing angry cry broke from him.

"Corrie! For the Lord's sake, don't wear that apron!"

"Swearing! Before the baby, too!" wailed Corrie, and gathering her child in her arms she fled from the room.

III

BEFORE Tim could fit his key in the lock, the door was opened. A maid in a black dress and white cap took his overcoat and hat silently, and as silently disappeared. The hall, which was usually dark, was softly lighted by a lamp of old-fashioned design with crystal pendants. The tick of the grandfather's clock dripped sonorously in the well-like stillness.

A rush of tenderness for his beautiful house and of gratitude for the peace he at least momentarily found there swept over Tim. Then he heard Miss Vincent's voice, and turned to see her standing in the doorway of the library, which opened off the hall at the right.

"Mr. Godwin, I've been waiting for you. There's something I want to tell you before you go upstairs."

She seemed taller in her clinging dinner gown of gray chiffon. Her mouth was red, but her cheeks and neck were of the deep creamy pallor of a Maréchal Niel rose. Her hair shone like lacquer. Something about her had changed, so slightly, so subtly, that Tim could not discover what it was; whether it was the greenish tone her eyes seemed to have taken from the jade earrings she wore, or only the change that comes to women with night and soft dresses. He was entranced by it, and by the faint alluring fragrance, so indescribably vague that he could not tell whether it emanated from her hair or her dress, or whether he only imagined it in gazing at her roselike loveliness.

"Well?" asked Elena with a smile.

And Tim realized that he had not said a word since he saw her.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "But—you—well, you gave me a surprise."

"Yes, I am much prettier in a dinner gown," she replied calmly. "'A genius by day and a beauty by candlelight.' Well, I have been a genius today, I think. How did you like the new maid?"

"Fine. It's fine to be met like that."

"Much nicer to have your hat and stick taken, respectfully, than to be met with a kiss as they are in stories; don't you think so?"

"I've never had either done before. Corrie, poor girl, was always too busy. If she'd run to kiss me something would have burned up on the stove."

As he mentioned Corrie, Tim felt guilty.

"Tell me," he said with an embarrassed smile. "Just come right out and tell me. How did Corrie act today?"

"Act?"

"Towards you, I mean. You see, she was—upset this morning. I left her angry. We quarreled."



"But you have no tact. If you make people angry they quarrel with you. Now they may become very angry with me—but they can't quarrel with me."

"You're wonderful."

"Oh, don't say that. It's always said in plays, and always with such a false expression. Besides, I'm only selfish. It's too much trouble to quarrel. I prefer to be hated—silently."

"You don't think Corrie hates you!" Tim exclaimed in dismay.

"Why not? I'd hate a woman who came into my house and took charge of everything."

Tim sighed.

"I'm afraid you've had a hard day of it," he said.

"Everyone has had a hard day," she replied coolly. "Poor dear Mrs. Satter has gone home, in what I think she would call a pet."

"No!" Tim cried incredulously. "Has she?"

"Yes. Pity." Elena clicked her tongue.

Tim roared in appreciation of her mimicry.

"Don't let Mrs. Godwin hear you," said Elena. "And perhaps you'd better go upstairs now if you want to dress for dinner."

"Why, of course, if you—do you want me to?"

"I am only trying to carry out your wishes, Mr. Godwin."

"Yes. I do want to. But Corrie—she isn't going to dress, is she?"

"I really don't know."

"She may not have a decent dress," said Tim. "Won't you take her shopping tomorrow?"

"I think we must leave Mrs. Godwin alone for the present. I've offended badly enough in changing all her household arrangements, you know."

"Yes? Only she ought not to take it that way. Well, I'll go see."

Tim reluctantly went upstairs. Corrie's door was closed, and there was not a sound. Tim hesitated, and then went on to his own room.

As he switched on the light in his big pleasant room with its windows on three sides, its comfortable deep chairs and huge four-poster bed with a quaint print canopy, he remembered the scene there had been over his taking a separate room. In some mysterious fashion his desire for space and privacy had been interpreted by Corrie as a personal insult. She would never enter his room, and became cold and reserved at the very mention of it. That he had a bathroom for his private use was an added grievance. It had often enraged Tim in the past to open his bathroom door and find only one towel lonesomely dangling in the white solitude. But as he entered it now he saw it all agleam, nickel and porcelain shining, and the racks full of crisply folded towels, with fresh white curtains at the window, and his shaving things laid out ready for use.

Tim dressed with pleasure and a tingling sense of excitement. His hot bath had braced him to meet Corrie's disapproval. He boldly admired himself in the well-cut dinner jacket, which he had never worn at home. He could not help seeing that he was not bad looking, certainly above the average man in appearance. And all at once he felt resentful of the fact that Corrie never flattered him.

He marched toward her door, strong in his sense of injury.

Corrie was sitting with her back to the door, staring out of a window, her hands in her lap. She did not turn when Tim spoke, and he had to go up to her to see that she was not crying, as he had feared.

Her mouth was sullen and her eyes dry. Tim touched her cheek with his lips, and it was hot. She pulled away from his caress.

"You came home on the early train tonight," she remarked dryly.

He decided to ignore the unpleasant situation, and to take a cheerful tone.

"Are you ready to go down?" he asked.

"What are you dressed up for?" she countered quickly, giving his dinner jacket a scornful glance.

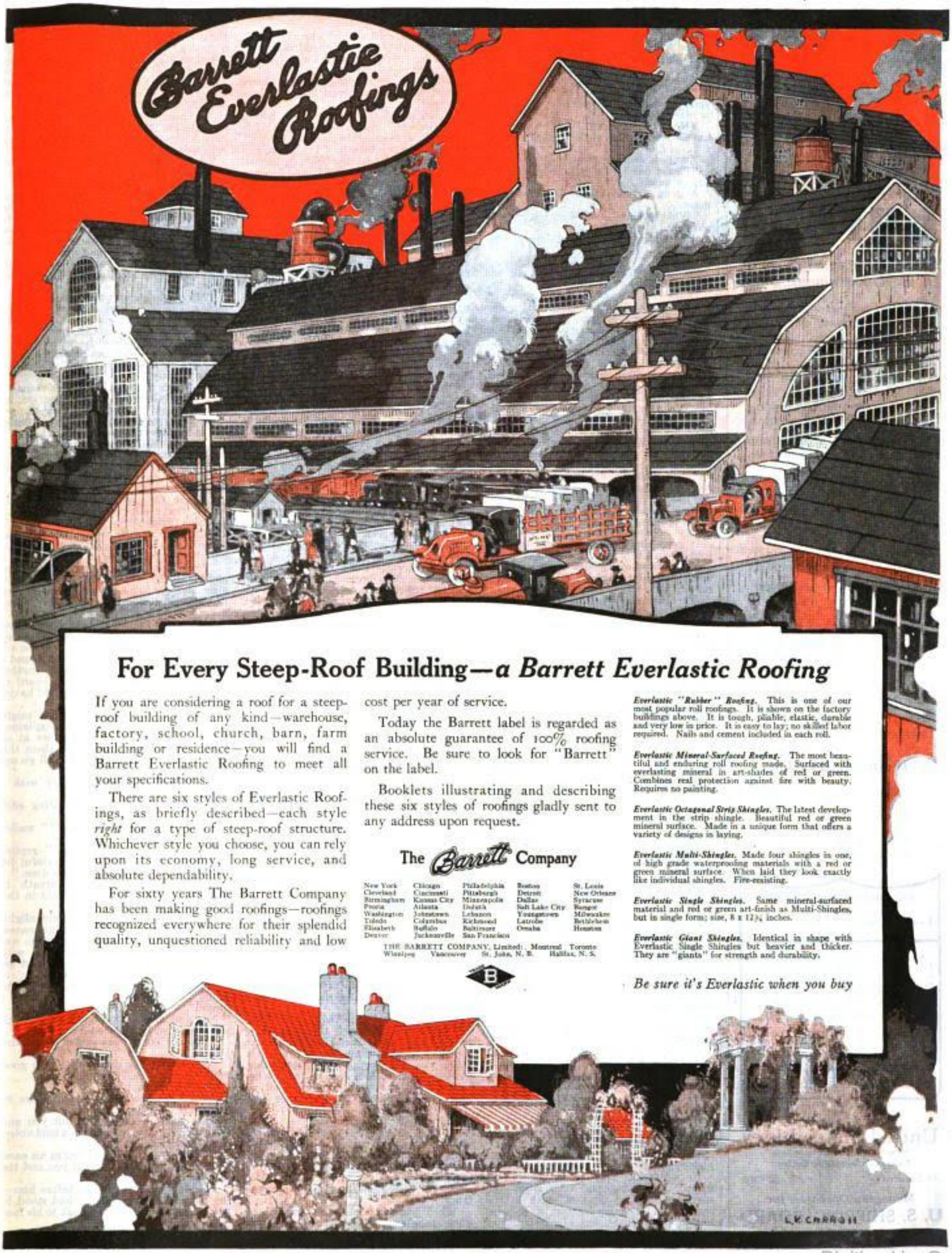
"Oh, I thought it would rest me to bathe and change. I think I'll do it every night," he answered, trying to keep up a light tone.

"Pshaw!" she ejaculated sharply.

Corrie wore a dark cloth dress with a badly fitting white collar, but Tim saw with relief that her beautiful red hair had been neatly, even carefully arranged. So he decided to say no more about dress.

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

"Let's go down," he urged, taking Corrie's arm.

She jerked away.

"Mommer's gone," she announced.

"Yes. I'm sorry."

"You know you're not."

"Well, Corrie, if the truth were told, you're not either. She worries you as much or more than me."

"Never mind about that! I wouldn't have driven her out of the house."

"Nor did I."

"Well, it was just the same."

"Please don't let's talk about it. I'm sick of quarreling."

A gong sounded three soft melodious notes.

"What's that?" asked Tim, smiling with pleasure.

"She bought it. It's for dinner."

"Fine."

"Humph!" Corrie sniffed. "Senseless."

She went stiffly out into the hall and down the stairs, Tim following.

Dinner was served in the dining room for the first time. There were lighted candles in the silver wall sconces, and candles and a bowl of roses on the long narrow table, in the large high-ceilinged room. A maid slipped noiselessly, deftly about, obeying apparently invisible signals from Miss Vincent. And the food was new, delicious, strangely shaped and colored for one who was used to Corrie's menu of roast or stew for weekdays, and chicken on Sunday. Corrie's idea of a salad had never gone beyond slices of tomato on a lettuce leaf, with a ready-made dressing. Tim had known little else to order in restaurants than steak and potatoes. Now he enjoyed *artichauts à la Barigoule* without knowing exactly what they were; and *veau à la Suzette* was hardly recognizable as veal. But when caramel mousse molded into a melonlike shape appeared, Tim was as delighted as a child.

It gave him genuine pleasure to drink coffee from a tiny cup. Throughout dinner he had noticed many fascinating objects of china and silver which Corrie had never consented to use.

A fire had been lighted in the room across the hall, where Tim and Corrie had never sat. Corrie called it a parlor, and Tim was undecided as to the proper term. But now Elena Vincent spoke of it as the music room, and drifted across to it quite naturally, while Tim and Corrie entered like strangers.

Corrie had picked up a newspaper, and she seated herself stiffly upright on a sofa; holding the paper in front of her face, ignoring the fire, of which Tim knew she did not approve. Tim was glad that he could occupy himself with smoking. He was aware of the constraint in the atmosphere, which he had forgotten in the enjoyment of dinner.

He looked from Elena, standing tall and lovely and quite at ease before the fire, to his wife, who seemed shabby, almost pathetic in contrast. An impulse of affectionate pity caused him to go over to Corrie and put his arm around her shoulders.

"Play for us a little, won't you, Corrie?" he asked.

She jerked away. "I can't play."

"Now you know you can. She had piano lessons four or five years, Miss Vincent, but she won't touch the piano now."

"Shall I sing for you?" asked Elena. "I sing a little."

Without waiting for an answer she went over to the grand piano and sat down, running her fingers lightly over the keys. Her voice was small, not remarkable in any way, but as spontaneous as wind in the leaves. Old English ballads, old love songs, simple things mellowed by time—she sang one after the other lightly and charmingly, without stopping for comment or applause.

Corrie still held the newspaper in front of her face. When it rattled, Tim became furiously annoyed. He wanted to forget Corrie, everything but the music, which filled some need within him as sharp as thirst.

He went to the glass doors which opened on a deep porch with great white columns. The moon was just coming up, casting pale enchantment over the wide clipped lawn, making the woods beyond seem more black.

He went out. The air was chilly and damp. And a poignant odor arose—the stirring, troubling odor of earth in the springtime. Leaning against a column, lost in the enchantment of night and of music, Tim felt tears press heavily against his eyelids and his throat contract with pain. Yet he was happier than he had ever been.

He remembered a time when he was a boy and had climbed a high hill alone. He lay on top of the hill with the sky above him. And night had come.

When the music stopped, his heart seemed to fall from a great height. Elena came out.

"I am afraid that I have been boring Mrs. Godwin," she said. "Besides, it is selfish of you to enjoy the moonlight alone." She drew a deep breath. "I'd like to run barefoot through that dew!" she exclaimed.

"You'd catch an awful cold," commented Corrie's voice dryly.

She was standing in the doorway, her arms folded. The light behind her made a grotesque silhouette of her badly fitting dress.

"You are quite right," Elena replied good-humoredly. "And I am afraid I shall catch cold here too. Won't you get a wrap for me, Mr. Godwin? You'll find one lying on my bed, I think."

Tim was a little surprised. Corrie had not trained him to fetch and carry. And, as he went up to Elena's room, he actually felt timid, almost ashamed, although he was only going to a room in his own house.

Her fragrance—that faint, elusive and tempting odor he had noticed—greeted him as he opened the door. He switched on the light and looked about him with a feeling of guilt and of strong curiosity. Everything was in perfect order. Only her silver toilet articles on the dressing table had changed the outward appearance of the familiar room. And yet it was indescribably changed. Her fragrance! It was as if she herself were in the room. And on the white coverlet of the bed a long pale swirl of silk lay coiled.

He touched it gently, slowly picked it up. It was a wrap, gray like her gown, of soft and sensuous and supple stuff which clung to his fingers.

All at once, without thought, without knowing what he was about to do, he crushed the cloak to his face. Trembling, he drew in deep breaths of her perfume, and felt the sensuous caress of silk on his lips and cheeks, and the clinging of silk about his neck, like the clinging of a woman's soft ensnaring arms. Amazed and ashamed, he flung the thing on the bed, and it fell in graceful and languorous folds, pliant and seductive.

Crossing the hall to his wife's room Tim found a knitted shawl in her closet. With this over his arm, he went back to Elena's room and took up her wrap without looking at it.

"I brought you something to put around you, too, Corrie," he said when he was back on the porch.

He handed Elena her wrap, and was about to place the shawl around Corrie's shoulders when she drew back so violently that she struck his chin with her head. And the vehemence with which she cried out amazed him.

"Put on that old ugly shawl! Well, I guess not, Tim Godwin!" cried Corrie.

"Why not? You've worn it lots of times."

"Take it away!"

She snatched the shawl from him, and flung it on the floor.

"There now!"

"What's come over you?"

"I guess I've got as good a right to nice things as anybody."

"Why, of course you have. But what's come over you?"

A child's sharp frightened cry interrupted them, and then rapidly mounting sobs and wails were mingled with the sound of hurrying footsteps.

"Baby!" Corrie cried wildly.

"Don't be frightened, there's nothing wrong," said a quiet voice, as a woman in a nurse's uniform came out on the porch.

She was carrying a kicking, struggling, howling child, who, as soon as she saw her mother, stretched out her arms and allowed her screams to die away into whimpers.

Corrie snatched her baby.

"There! I told you!" she declared triumphantly, as she rocked the child in her arms. "She's never had a nurse in her life. And she can't stand strangers. I told you so! You've scared her half to death. Now, now, now, now, now, mommer's precious lamb."

"She'll soon get used to me," replied the nurse calmly. "She woke up and was frightened because she didn't see you, Mrs. Godwin. But she'll soon get over that."

"None of my children ever had nurses, and I've always said a woman who wouldn't take care of her own children isn't fit to be a mother!" cried Corrie passionately. "But nothing would do her but she must order a nurse. I don't suppose you care, Tim Godwin! You stand there like a dumb image! And your own child scared half to death!"

"No need to make such a fuss, Corrie," replied Tim. "It will relieve you of a lot to have a nurse. You ought to have had one long before."

"A lot you care about your own flesh and blood!" wailed Corrie. "You didn't even ask where the boys were tonight."

Tim, quite startled, had to admit to himself that he had forgotten all about the children. Looking rather shamefaced, he gently tried to take his little girl from her mother's arms, but she burrowed her face deeper in Corrie's neck and clung to her.

Unreasonably hurt, as one can be hurt only by a very small child, Tim turned away.

"My children aren't to be allowed at the table any more," Corrie stormed, releasing at last all the bitterness of the day. "My children aren't good enough, I suppose, to eat at the same table with—with others!"

"It's just that they can be taught better manners at their own table," Elena explained gently.

"So that's why you didn't see them tonight, Tim Godwin," Corrie went on, ignoring Elena. "They had their supper early and were sent to bed, if you please. Not even allowed to see their own father, if you please. Well, it seems it didn't matter—since you didn't even miss them! You might at least have asked for them, Tim Godwin. I never thought you wouldn't even ask for them!"

"Corrie, for goodness' sake! I simply forgot, that's all. With everything so—different tonight."

"I'm glad it suits you! Indeed I am. Indeed, indeed, I'm glad it suits somebody!" Her voice rose an octave.

"Miss Kelly, you may go upstairs now, and Mr. Godwin will bring the baby later, after she has gone to sleep," remarked Elena's cool even voice. And the trained nurse left them.

"You don't know half that's been going on here, Tim Godwin!" Corrie screamed shrilly. "And I can't think where the expense will stop. A cook and a maid, and a trained nurse for the baby, and another nurse for the boys. Who ever heard of great big boys nine and six years old havin' a nurse!"

"A governess. I thought they might have a tutor later," Miss Vincent explained calmly. "The village school is not at all good. I went down there with them this morning. And now I think I shall go upstairs. Good night."

She smiled, and walked away with a quick light step.

Corrie and Tim were left facing each other.

"Where's it all going to end?" wailed Corrie.

"We have plenty of money," replied Tim curtly. "And I'm very grateful for everything that Miss Vincent has done."

"Oh!" Corrie drew her breath in sharply. "Then I'm of no account in this house any longer!"

She stood in a broad band of moonlight, her head thrown back, her hair illuminated, the baby clutched to her breast. She was beautiful. Tim felt his heart stir with tenderness. He put his arms around his wife and child, and drew them close.

"You are everything to me, Corrie," he said. "And the children too. I'm sorry I forgot."

For a moment she drooped against his shoulder, then she pushed him away.

"You act like it," she said in a hard dry voice.

"Everything I'm doing is for your good and the children's," Tim pleaded.

She brushed past him.

"Yes," she sneered. "It looks like it, don't it?"

"I'm thinking of nothing but you and the children," Tim repeated in a loud voice.

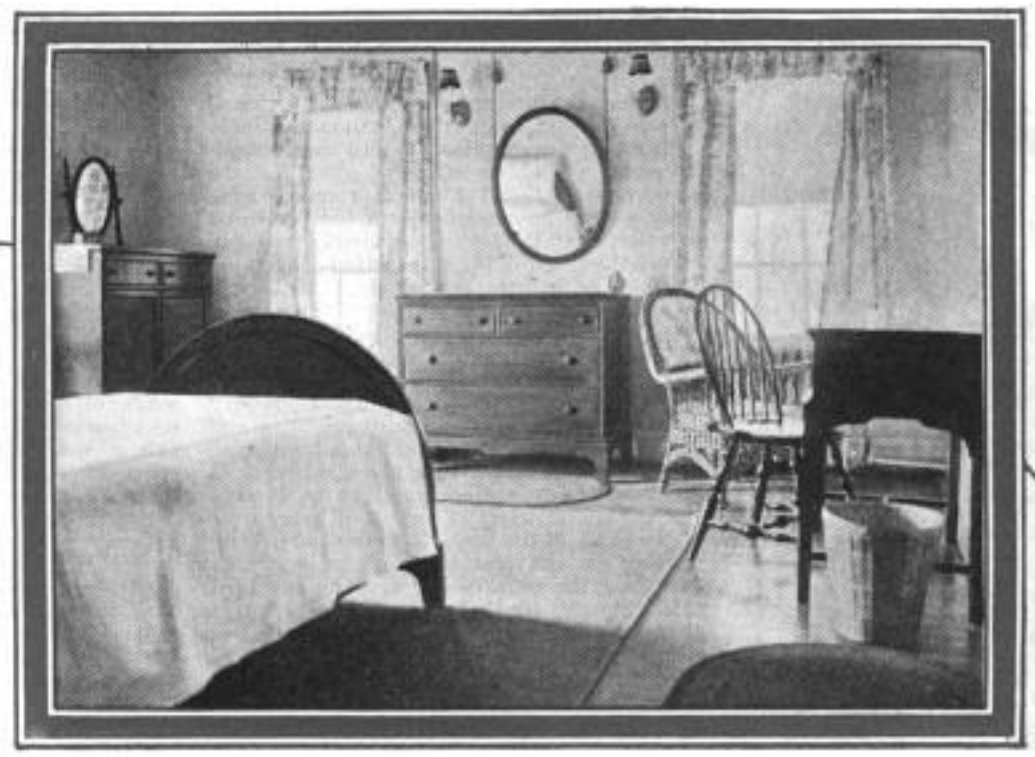
She went into the house.

He heard his own words ring in his ears: "I'm thinking of nothing but you and the children."

Mockingly, a picture rose before him—the picture of himself as he had stood in Elena's room, pressing her cloak to his face in an involuntary caress.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE decorative scheme at this charming club is one of simple beauty. The bedrooms are carpeted with Klearflax all-linen rugs, chosen for their artistic coloring and their great wearing ability

At the Mid-Pines Country Club rugs of Klearflax add to the quiet beauty

THE charm of the country steals indoors at the beautiful Mid-Pines Country Club, Pinehurst, N. C. This delightful feeling is obtained by a decorative scheme of which simplicity is the dominant note.

The bedrooms are carpeted with Klearflax. Mr. Emery, of Pinehurst, says of it: "Klearflax rugs are used throughout the chambers and every one who has seen the club house has been greatly charmed with the furnishings. The colors of the rugs harmonize with the other decorations. From actual experience in using Klearflax rugs, we believe them to be the most satisfactory floor covering on the market."

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You know that "feel" of roughness and stiffness that all new linen has. And you know how soft and silky it becomes with use. You will notice, when you take hold of Klearflax, a quite pronounced roughness in texture. This is because into Klearflax are woven the coarse outer fibres of the linen plant as well as the silky inner ones. These stiff strands, however, soon soften with use and, like all linen, Klearflax becomes finer and more beautiful.

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Klearflax is very moderately priced: a 9 x 12 rug is $45; other sizes priced accordingly—somewhat higher in the far West and Canada. The all-over carpeting is also very popular, especially for fine offices and public buildings. It is priced $3.75 a square yard.

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THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME

(Continued from Page 11)

matter dragged into the average criminal case. Then, again, there is too much repetition in the examination and cross-examination of witnesses, very often for the purpose of a skilled examiner endeavoring to entrap an unskilled and inexperienced witness, who, after all, is honestly trying to tell the truth of the transaction concerning which he is being examined. This is trifling not only with the right of the witness but with the cause of justice, which the court upon its own motion should be quick to check.

The charges of the trial judge where jury trials are had are generally too long and too technical. They read like a treatise on the law pertaining to a given subject, instead of the disputed questions involved in the case on trial. They shoot away over the heads of the jury. A five or ten minute charge at the most, in plain phrase, simply stating the rules of law actually involved on the disputed questions of fact, better serves the cause of justice and affords less ground for reversal.

The important thing, after all, is not only to get a verdict but to have the motion for new trial, which usually follows in case of conviction, passed upon at the earliest practical date. I have known trial judges to hold up these motions for a new trial for months and months, sometimes for whole terms of court. There is no excuse for that except a lack of decision, lack of diligence, and a lack of due regard for sense of judicial duty.

Too often this results from fear of reversal or displeasure of the losing party. A judge must be absolutely impersonal, absolutely fair and fearless in his judgments. He will make fewer mistakes, maintain his own self-respect and, I wager, likewise the respect of more of the public.

All errors of the trial judge can be corrected by the higher court, save and except the errors of delay in getting to trial and the delays during trial and delays in failing to decide motions for a new trial, all causing great expense not only to litigants but also to the public who furnish the machinery of the law for the administration of justice, especially in criminal cases.

In order to insure an early decision in cases submitted to the court, and also of the motions for new trial or rehearing, an amendment should be made to the Constitution, fixing a reasonable limitation—say, sixty days from the time of the submission of such case or such motion to a court for decision—or authorizing the legislature to fix some reasonable limit. The penalty for failure to observe such limit, constitutional or statutory, should be refusal to pay the judge's salary until with his voucher a certificate be filed to the effect that there are no cases undisposed of on his docket beyond the time limit.

Reviews on Appeal

I know no reason why public business should not be dispatched and decided as expeditiously as private business. I know no reason why the lawyer on the bench should be immune from the usual responsibility to which the business man holds himself in his office. The latter, if successful, usually cleans up his unfinished business before he takes his vacations. Why not the judge?

Justice should be not only swift but sure. These considerations are much more important than severity in dealing with the criminal classes. It is a matter of common knowledge to those who have given any study to the subject that Great Britain and her colonies today far surpass in both swiftness and sureness of justice in criminal cases all other civilized nations; and nowhere do we find in England the ridicule and resentment that obtain among our people for the delays and failures of justice in our criminal jurisprudence.

We come now to the review by our appellate courts.

Where the reviewing court passes upon the question, Is the verdict against the weight of the evidence? all judges are generally agreed that the rule to justify a reversal shall be that the verdict is clearly and convincingly against the manifest weight of the evidence. A mere difference of opinion between the jury and the trial judge upon the one side, and a reviewing court on the other, that neither sees, hears nor knows the witnesses, is not sufficient to warrant a reversal upon that ground.

It is a common experience that many trials pivot upon the credibility of witnesses. That credibility can be judged only by seeing and hearing the witness, his appearance and manner upon the stand, his fairness or want of it, all of which are practically denied to a reviewing court, which reads only the cold pages of the record. The printed record does not disclose the difference between a simple-minded, honest, truthful witness and a plausible, skillful scoundrel who has a story artfully framed in advance. The jurymen, however, are able to make that distinction, or at least some one of the twelve is able to point it out to his fellows.

But verdicts are set aside more generally for errors of law claimed during the trial, by which it is urged that the prisoner is denied the fair and impartial trial which the Constitution assures him.

Most of the states have in syllable or spirit the provision that new trials shall not be granted except for errors materially affecting some of the substantial rights of the defendant. That this is sound law all are agreed. The difference arises in its application to the case at bar.

Getting Down to Essentials

Naturally one of the first things that a judge must do in both the trial and the review of the case is to distinguish the essentials from the nonessentials—the pivots from the piffles in the case. Upon these essentials and these pivots, was the judgment below sound and just? Was the verdict of guilty substantial justice, taking the whole record by its four corners? Did the accused have a fair and impartial trial upon all matters materially affecting his substantial rights? Instead of regarding these important considerations in the trial of a case in the practical sense in which they doubtless appeared to the jury and the trial judge, we take the microscopic squint, the technical refinements, and too often permit ourselves as judges to indulge the hope that by splitting hairs between west and northwest side, we have shown unquestioned judicial knowledge of a character far superior to that knowledge or want of it exhibited by the trial court.

One of the earliest and most ridiculous reversals that I know of is from our own Ohio Supreme Court in the early case of Hooker v. State of Ohio. This was a case in which the indictment was for horse stealing. The particular horse stolen was mentioned in the indictment as a "grey horse." The proof showed in the language of the witnesses a "grey gelding." The court held that was a fatal variance between pleading and proof, reversed the conviction, and the prisoner went scot-free.

I think the most condemnatory thing that could be said of this decision is the language from the court's own mouth, which I quote from the opinion:

"The objection raised by the second bill of exceptions—that a grey gelding is not a grey horse—seems too insignificant to command serious consideration; the term horse, being a generic term, ought to include every variety of the animal, as diversified by age, sex, occupation, or modification.

"The English authorities, however, and which have been recognized in several states of the Union as sound law, are too strong to be resisted, and too pointed to be evaded. It is the duty of the court not to make but to declare the law. *Ita lex scripta est* precludes all inquiry into the reasonableness or propriety of the objection. Judgment reversed."

Another Ohio decision, equally absurd, found a fatal variance between the words "store-room" and "store-house." A Missouri case, equally ridiculous for technicality, found that at the conclusion of an indictment reading "against peace and dignity of the State of Missouri," the omission of the word "the" before "peace and dignity" was fatal to the indictment.

In Delaware a defendant was indicted for stealing "one pair of boots." The proof showed that he stole two mismatched boots, being the right boots of two pairs; there being no left boot, there was no "pair" of boots, the court held, and the case was reversed.

(Continued on Page 46)

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(Continued from Page 44)

In Georgia an indictment charged that a certain crime had been committed upon the "public road." The evidence failed to show that such road had ever been dedicated to the state, though it had been used for a long time as a public highway. The case was reversed.

One of our earlier supreme-court judges had the sound sensible squint upon this proposition of technicality when he said concerning one such objection relied on to reverse the conviction: "It is at best a mere artificial technicality, and just in proportion as it lacks reason it appears to have won upon the affections of the profession."

The judges adopted this technical procedure very largely from England at an early day. When an accused, by reason of the facts that he was denied his right to testify, denied the right of counsel, denied the right of compulsory process to bring his witnesses into court, and many other rights, was hard pressed, the judges out of their humanity undertook to mitigate the severities of the law by entertaining and justifying the application of strict technical construction. But all these rights have now been accorded the accused. The reason for the technical construction, therefore, having failed, the technical construction itself should fail. The English courts that formulated these precedents have abolished them by treating them as judicial junk. American judges alone seem to regard them with favor. Isn't it about time that a modern principle shall be of more persuasive influence in a court of justice than a medieval precedent?

The whole foundation of our great equity system of jurisprudence was based upon the fact that the hard and fast and more or less limited rules of law were inadequate to do justice.

It was declared and accepted that wherever there was a wrong there should be a remedy, and in very early days in order to provide an adequate remedy address was made to the conscience of the king. By and by the king appointed his chancellor, and applications for equity—which is, after all, only justice—were made to the conscience of the chancellor.

After all, this is but following Nature's own court, God's own court, which He established when He made man, because He put the court in the man—the court of conscience. It is open twenty-four hours in the day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, in all one's sane and normal life. It never takes a vacation; it is always up with its business; its docket is always clear. It is the most instantaneous, automatic, infallible human court known. Its decisions are never appealed from.

In man's court we may ofttimes lie awake nights wondering what the decision will be in the weeks and months to come—yes, years to come; but in God's court there are no delays. We may lie awake nights not because the court has not decided but because it has, and decided against us. There is but one rule of law applied in this court, and that is the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

It goes to the vitals of every case; it deals with the substantial justice of every case. Its early, expeditious, direct, dominant decisions, that deal with the essential questions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, should furnish greater guidance to reviewing courts in criminal cases than the primitive precedent of technical antiquated procedure.

In no other department of government has there been such a wholesale waste of time, labor and expense as in the judicial branch. The waste is inexcusable, especially when we consider the training and the experience necessary to qualify the public officer for this branch of the service. Let justice be swift and sure in criminal cases. Give them priority over all other business in the order of their importance to the public. Simplify and shorten the trials, confine them to the essential issues in dispute, pass speedily upon motions for new trial, impose expeditious sentences adequate to the crime, and let reviews and appeals be speedily heard.

With public opinion effectively coöperating with the public officer, crime and criminals can be conquered, or at least reduced to the minimum by making in fact and in law the way of the transgressor hard.

This mealy-mouthed sentimental stuff concerning the treatment of our chronic criminal classes has about reached its limit. It is high time that the Government performs its function for which the people pay, by protecting the law-abiding from the law-violating.

The powers and resources of the courts of the twentieth century to prevent crime and punish criminals should be at least equal to the powers and resources of the violating classes, who by their ingenuity of design, execution, escape and technical defense have well-nigh subverted the cause of American justice in our criminal courts.

DODO-VILLE

(Continued from Page 21)

and his Hapsburg lip over the table to talk with his three satellites, who hung on his words across the table from him.

But on a sunny day the Potinière is a charming place to while away an hour at noon, studying the different types of humanity always to be found there. We saw one morning a large blonde dressed solely in a pair of sandals and a white cotton slip of a dress reaching just below her knees, low necked and sleeveless. She wore no hat or gloves, but on her fingers, arms and neck were literally masses of flashing diamonds.

A handsome South American showed the correct edition of this simple garb, with her tightly drawn back black hair glistening in the sun, her face, arms and legs burnt almost black, and her long blue eyes blazing at you from their fringed edges. Her feet were shod with fine calfskin sandals, the fur, of mottled beige and white, being left on them. A great scarlet-and-blue silk handkerchief lay cater-cornered round her neck, one end being flung over the left shoulder. As we looked she bound the handkerchief round her head with lazy supple fingers, leaving not a hair showing, and twisting the ends into an interesting rosette over one ear.

Before the Potinière hour you may stroll down to the beach and watch the bathers, or, when the tide is out, watch the riding along the hard, smooth sands. Amongst the bathers you will not look at all the really nice people, for they will be in quiet dark blue or black suits, as they would be with us, but you will find a goodly array of slim young figures in one-piece suits and bright caps, and on some days a perfect swarm of little dogs. They constantly get lost among the groups of bathers, and it is one of the sports to hunt for them. Shrill cries of "*Fifi, ma fille! Où es-tu?*" or "*Lulu! viens vite, Lulu!*" resound at intervals all round you, and scampering rushes of miserable travesties of that sublime animal, dog, ensue.

You may not put up your own tent on the beach; the concession is rented out, and you are obliged to get one from the concessionaires. Or you may do as a certain well-known dancer did, and dispense with a tent altogether. In her next engagement she was to dance in an Oriental costume of dark skin and nothing much. She resolved to do without grease paint to darken her slim body, and hied herself to Deauville one sunny week-end. She might be seen daily on the beach lying in holes dug in the deep sand, different parts of her charming anatomy being exposed from time to time to the ardor of the sun, until she was one even, golden brown. The police kept strict watch, but madame dug her hollows deep and modestly, and all went off well.

Polo and tennis are great attractions during the season; in fact, there is no lack of amusement at Deauville; but baccarat is the predominating excitement of the place, and the evenings are sacred to it.

If you are staying at Trouville, as we were, which is by far the nicest way to live, you may take a taxi in Deauville to drive home, or a more sympathetic fiacre. All the vanished Paris horse cabs seem to have fled to the seaside resorts. As we paid ours one day he said nonchalantly, "Well, so long!"

We wheeled in our tracks in amazement. "You speak English like that?"

"Yes, madame, and German and Swedish and Italian. *Sprechen sie Deutsch?*"

(Continued on Page 48)

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One Hundred Million Dollars

Eleven years ago when the Truck Industry was young, The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company built and sold 50 trucks. The performance of those 50 original Pierce-Arrow Trucks is a matter of definite scientific record. Forty-four are in active service today.* From this auspicious beginning, the demand for Pierce-Arrow Trucks has increased and multiplied until now more than $100,000,000.00 worth of Pierce-Arrow Trucks have been built and sold. Pierce-Arrow Trucks are proved money-makers in many industries and trades—one hundred and seventy-four in all. No matter what commodities you wish to haul, no matter what the road or traffic conditions may be in your locality, The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company can give you definite information covering your problem.

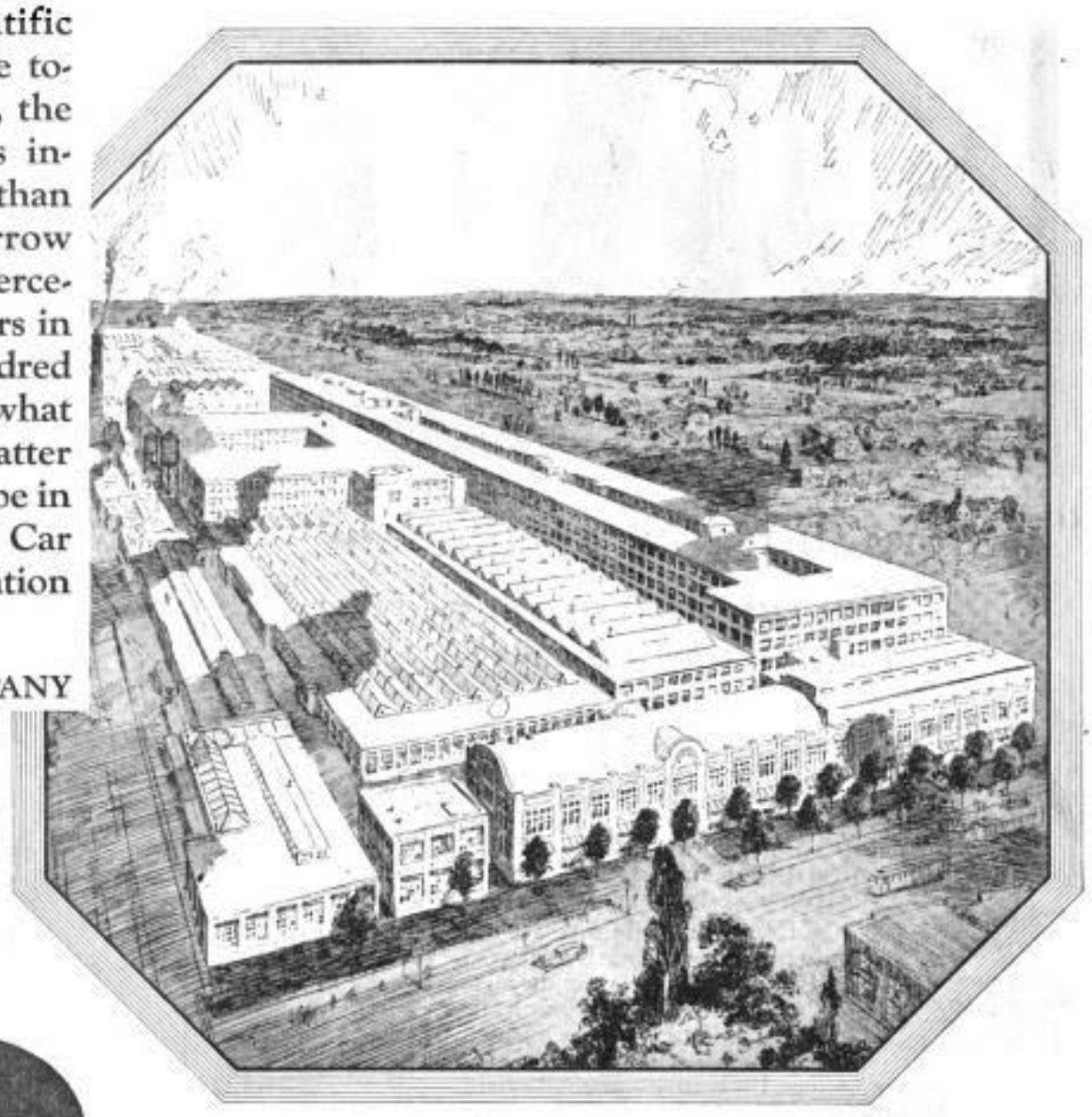
THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Buffalo, New York

*Of the original 50 Pierce-Arrow Trucks built in 1911, two are retired from service; two are unaccounted for; and two were destroyed by fire

Chassis Prices:

2-Ton	$3,200
3½-Ton . . .	4,350
5-Ton	4,850

F. O. B. Buffalo
Prices in Canada upon application



The Pierce-Arrow Plant, one of the most modern factories in the world, occupying 88½ acres, contains 1,500,000 sq. ft. floor space.

Pierce Arrow

MOTOR TRUCKS

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(Continued from Page 46)

"But how have you learned all this?" we said, amazed at the bundle of shabby clothes which usually sits on a cab box turning out to be a linguist.

"I did as you did, madame; I studied books. I was a courier before the war."

A flourish of his whip, a leer, and he was off, quite conscious of his dramatic exit.

That evening we all put on our very smartest gowns for the gala dinner, and set out at about nine for the casino. Nine or even ten is the fashionable hour for dining at Deauville; it leaves the long afternoon for motoring about the charming country; to Honfleur, if you will, full of picturesque houses, and with a wonderful old wooden belfry; or anywhere along the coast in either direction. It also leaves you time to rest after the afternoon's racing or polo, and then you are all ready at 11:30 or so to begin the serious business of the evening—baccarat.

When we arrive at the casino we find our dining table is a good one and we admire the charming decorations of the room. All these things are excellently done at Deauville. Cornuché, King Cornuché, is absolute boss and sees to every detail, great and small. He used to be King Edward's waiter at Maxim's years ago, and from that has risen to his present powerful position. Years ago Trouville was aristocratic and Deauville was nothing. Then all the world, they tell me, flocked to Deauville, leaving Trouville empty. Now aristocratic Trouville is on its knees to Cornuché to fill its empty hotels and make it once more fashionable, and this year he began to work his magic of bringing the sleeping princess back to life. Personally, I much prefer Trouville with its huge, nearly empty beach, and its absence of gambling and flashiness. A few weeks spent in the well-run Hôtel des Roches Noires are a delightful experience, especially if your windows look out on the sea. For children it is simply ideal.

There is a casino at Trouville, but it is to the Deauville casino you must go for gay life, and there you may see Cornuché, perhaps, during dinner, walking round among the tables, speaking to a few guests and wearing a black suit and a high white stock. Later you will see him drive home alone in his motor, always alone, always competent.

We eat our delicious dinner and receive beautifully made souvenirs; big Roman helmets of gold, they were one evening, with tricolored plumes. Many beautifully dressed women sit at the small tables surrounding us, languid or vivacious as their pose is for the moment; hot waiters scurry and tremble about you; the wine man, the ubiquitous, literally assaults the tables round him with rare wines—champagne if you let it go at that, what you will if you protest—and we protest and order red wine, which goes so much better with the dinner.

In the central dancing space dance international stars, and when they have subsided we all get up and jiggle solemnly round in the crowded square. I am wearing a new headdress with a little bit of black lace over the eyes, and people circle round it making remarks.

"It's a veil, that's what she's got on," says a college boy, near by.

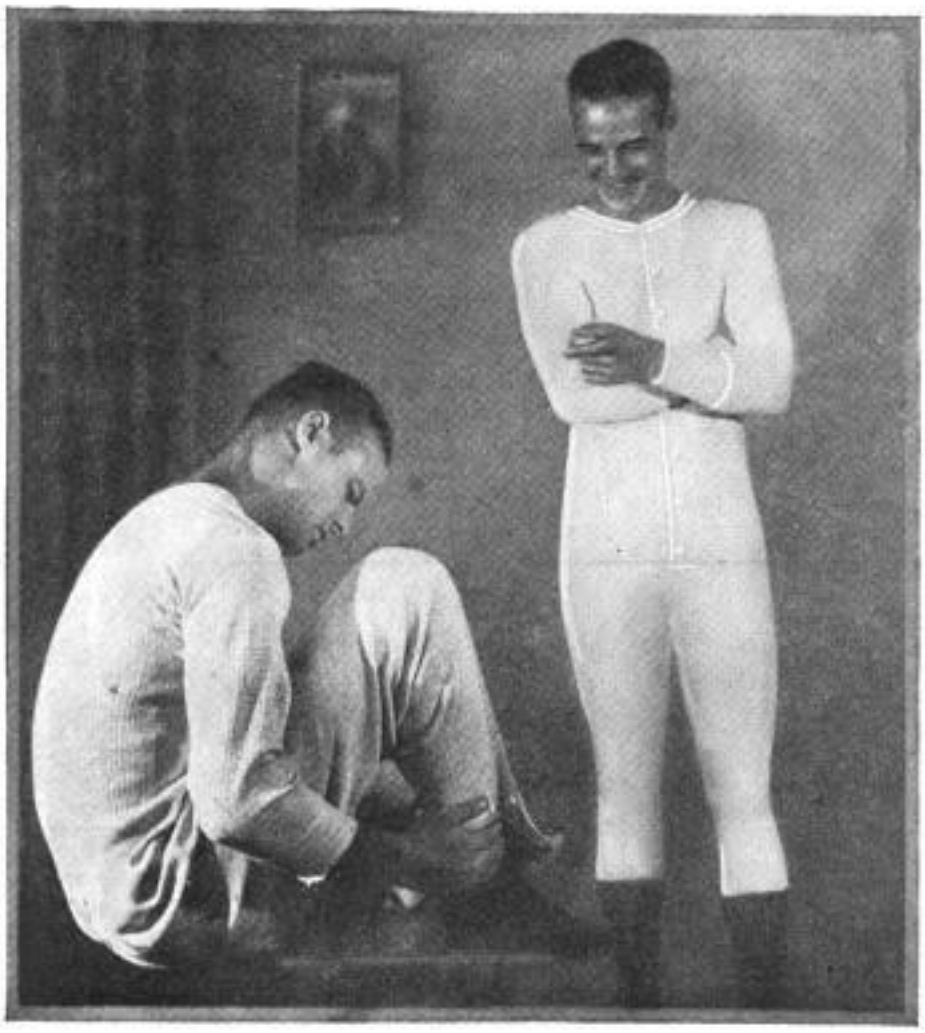
"Who's she hiding from?" says another.

They evidently do not recognize my nationality, and think English is safe. On a night when the King of Spain was to be there several scarlet-and-yellow gowns were worn by women, out of compliment to his national colors.

Gorgeous fireworks are set off on the terrace in front of the great plate-glass windows as we dine, and we turn our heads to watch showers of millions of sparks of silver and gold.

I wonder if one of the most popular and exclusive of French dressmakers ever goes back to Deauville. It was there she started, not so very many years ago, and the tale goes that her eyes were so bright and her manners so gay that all the smart young men used to leave their polo and their tennis and incidentally their infuriated womenfolk, and go and auction off mademoiselle's hats in the street in front of her shop. It was found to be hilariously amusing, and the advertising value was great.

(Continued on Page 50)



"Where did you get *that* outfit?

You can keep warm without looking like a deep-sea diver!"



Stretch it way out, let go! Back it springs into its original shape, after months of wear—if it's Carter's!

Does *your* underwear lose its elasticity?

Does it bag at the seat, sag at knee and elbow, and have to be lapped over at ankle and wrist? If it does, it's *wrong*—in cut, material or fit.

Every year more men are buying Carter's Knit Underwear. They like it because they can simply put it on and forget it. Its special elastic knit yields with every movement of the body, but always springs back to its original shape. Months and months of wear and washing cannot rob Carter's of this elasticity.



Its special knitting makes Carter's unusually elastic. It gives with a boy's every movement, but always springs back into shape.

Men appreciate the comfort and long wear of Carter's without, perhaps, noting the details. Here are some of them: every seam is finished to lie flat, and specially budded at the ends to prevent rips. Buttons (the women note this!) are double-stitched on to stay. Every yard of material is knitted, then thoroughly washed, then tailored to fit the figure. This prevents the stealthy shrinkage which you may have noticed in sleeves and legs of garments of other makes.

Carter's Knit Underwear is made in all styles and weights of fabric, to fit all styles and weights of men.

The leading stores in every city sell it.

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY

Home Office: Needham Heights (Boston District); Mills also at Framingham and Springfield, Mass.



Carter's KNIT Underwear

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR ALL THE FAMILY



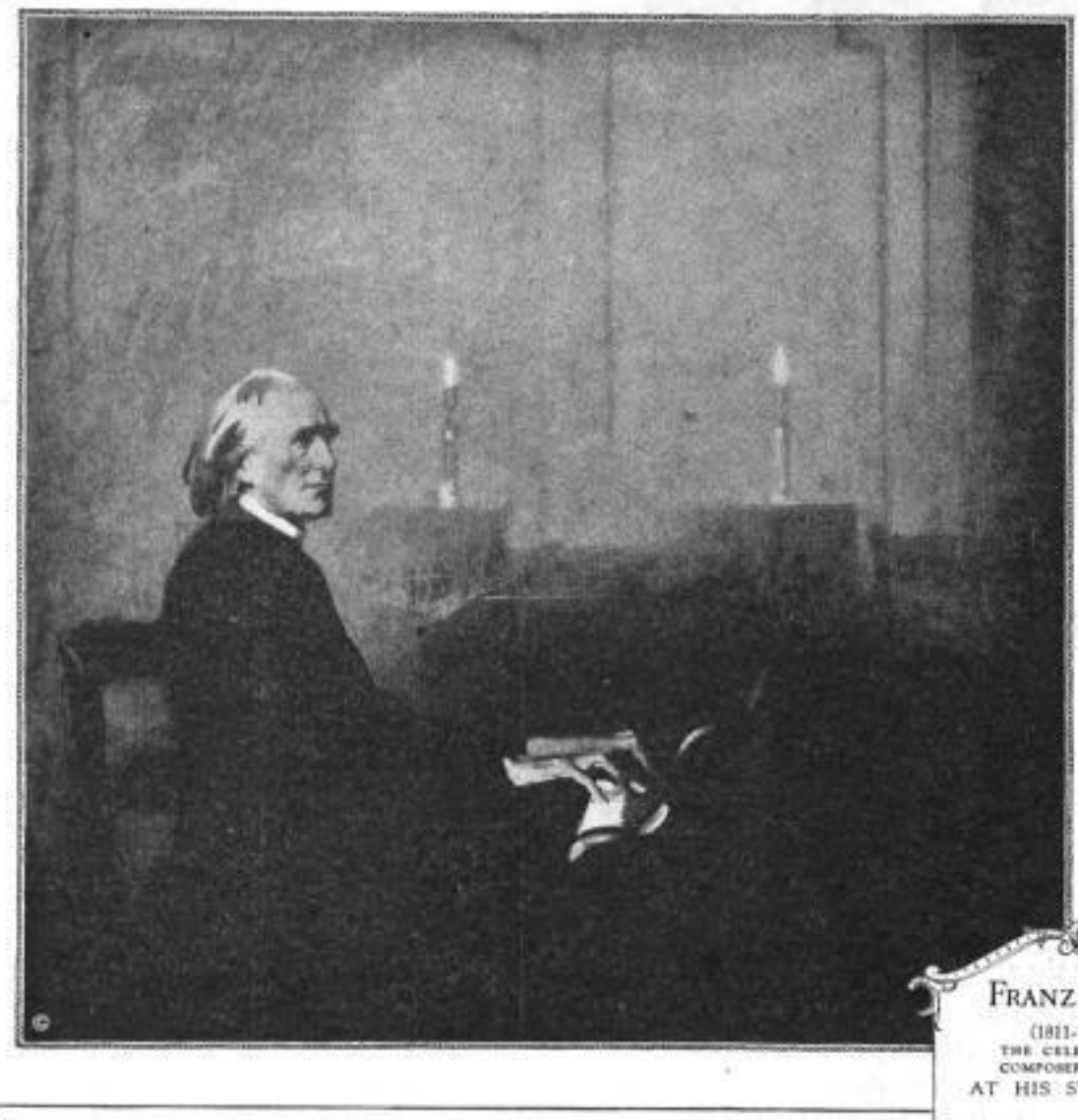
COPYRIGHT BY H. ROL, PARIS

The Handkerchief of Vivid Silk as it Was Worn Round the Neck This Year at Deauville

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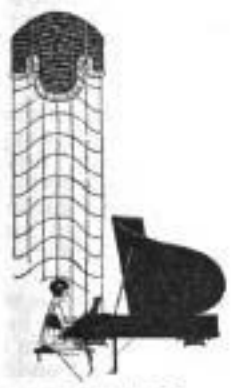
STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals



FRANZ LISZT
(1811-1886)
THE CELEBRATED
COMPOSER-PIANIST
AT HIS STEINWAY

The dream that can come true



USED PIANOS
ACCEPTED IN PARTIAL
EXCHANGE

Sometimes people postpone the purchase of a Steinway because they do not realize that their old piano will be accepted as partial payment. The nearest Steinway dealer will gladly examine your piano and fix a price upon it to apply on a new Steinway.

Sometimes one hears a man or a woman say, "It is the dream of my life to own a Steinway, but I am afraid it is beyond my means." It is usual in life that the finest things are the most costly, and it is not unnatural for people to think that the Steinway is more costly than it is.

It is well known that the Steinway has been the chosen piano of the masters, from Liszt and Rubinstein to Paderewski, Rachmaninoff and Hofmann. It is well known, too, that the materials which go into the making of a Steinway are the finest that nature can yield or man devise. And again, it is recognized that the genius which transmutes these materials into Steinway tone begins and ends with Steinway. Is it any wonder, then, that many people take for granted that to own a Steinway is beyond their means?

But there is this to remember—for more than three score years the members of the Steinway family have looked upon the making of their pianos as an art, rather than a business. It has been their inherited ideal to make the finest piano that can be made, and to give it to the world at the lowest cost possible and upon the most convenient terms possible.

And thus it is that the owning of a Steinway is easier of fulfillment than may seem. It is a dream that can come true.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you from whom you may purchase a new Steinway with a cash deposit of 10% and the balance will be extended over a period of two years.

Prices, $875 and up, plus freight

STEINWAY & SONS, *Steinway Hall, 109 E. Fourteenth St.*, New York City

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Notice: This is the second of a series of six advertisements to appear weekly in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, written by Ellis Parker Butler, world-famous humorist and author of "Pigs is Pigs," telling America about a new screen play, "East is West." Mr. Butler accepted this commission only on condition that he be permitted to say exactly what he pleased on the subject.

s Parker Butler



The meeting of Ming Toy and Billy Benson

What does "East is West" mean?

When it comes to a matter of love and hate, good and evil, West is East, and East is West. And that's true. To prove it the story takes an altogether delicious little China maid, who "don't feel China," and puts her in danger of the hideous things that can happen to a Chinese girl whose father sells her as a slave. In the picture this little Ming Toy, who later boasts she is "99% American-girl," is Constance Talmadge, and all through the picture she seemed to me just about the most charming thing I have ever seen on the screen.

The story begins in China with little Ming Toy flashing into a most un-Chinese and thoroughly American bit of temper in a shoeshop because the shoe merchant dares hint that her feet are too large for beauty. By the time she has said her say with her tongue and her paper umbrella the street before the shop looks as if China had just had a bad spell of riot and raw rebellion. This, naturally enough, attracts the attention of Billy Benson who happens to be "seeing China." Billy is an athletic young American, son of the American Minister, and as Ming Toy has about forty-seven parcels to manage, as well as sixteen little sisters and her temper, Billy sends them all home in "rickshaws" or whatever the things are called in China. That is how he meets Ming Toy and is all he sees of her just then, but we are in mysterious China and know some thrilling thing is about to happen. And it does.

I'll tell you what, next week.

Ellis Parker Butler

Joseph M. Schenck presents

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in

"EAST is WEST"

Directed by Sidney Franklin

Adapted by Frances Marion from the play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Originally produced by William Harris, Jr.

A First National Attraction

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

(Continued from Page 48)

After our dinner we go out of the big dining room and into the baccarat room. Here play famous people. If the word goes round in Paris, London, and so on, that play is high at Deauville, people flock there, and huge sums change hands. A Frenchman made seven hundred and fifty thousand francs at baccarat in three-quarters of an hour, one evening this season. The casino pays the whole of the expenses of the place, and even the fashionable Hotel Normandie, where everyone stays, is under the same management. It sometimes happens that people cannot pay their bills at the hotel, because they have gambled all their money away at the gaming tables, but the hotel management cannot ask them to go because they will get more money from somewhere and gamble again at night, and the casino will get the money in the end; and so the endless chain goes.

The croupiers are an interesting branch of humanity. They sit impassive at the tables, announcing, raking in, paying out, all done as mechanically as possible. It is not easy to become a good croupier. One must undergo a long training at a special school, then watch another croupier for a year. One must learn absolute self-control, and to take great responsibilities and make lightning decisions. Discussions often arise, and the greater the fortune at stake the surer and more instantaneous the decision must be to avoid dramatic scenes, for where greed and lust for money are rampant, as they are at a high-play gaming table, tempers are short and passions deadly.

Croupiers are even more impassive than umpires at a ball game. They depend on tips for their livelihood, and these tips are arranged on an established scale. Last year they are said to have got ten million francs during the season.

Sometimes the electric lights go out during the play, and dreadful things might ensue, but never seem to. But those panting black pauses, when everyone watches everyone else, with all one's senses alert, must be dramatic in the extreme.

There are five gaming rooms, I believe, and in one of them no woman is allowed, for the stakes are too high. There is a story of a famous Parisian comedienne disguising herself in men's clothes, and finally being admitted to this sanctum; but somehow I seem to doubt it.

It costs you one hundred francs for the season's card to the baccarat room.

Departed Glories

"I hate the casino," said a brilliant young journalist to me. "I've sat here night after night and watched them spin their webs to catch each other. Women angle for jewels and lovers; men try to sell phony stocks or try to hypnotize some supposed capitalist into dealing with them. In the evening in one corner of the great corridor you'll see someone being sick; in another there will be a sordid gambling dispute; in another a beautiful woman in the sulks. I hate the place and its jingle and glitter and tinsel falsity. Everyone is trying to do someone else, and it makes me sick!" His voice rises shrilly. He had been there for weeks and the glamour was all gone.

We began to look for it ourselves. Did we find it? We did not. Deauville, for those of really good taste, is *passée*. It used to be smart, but now *nouveaux riches*, fast people, dressmakers and sports run it. There is a sprinkling of smart and well-known people, to be sure; but the *beau monde* does not go there as it once did, or if it does it leaves its wife behind it. Witness the queenless King of Spain this year. If the Queen had been with him all the great ladies of the world of Paris would have flocked there; but you cannot have a really smart season without women of the world, and they refuse to go where the mob goes, the world over. Of course there are a few in their secluded villas, but you see them only at rare intervals; and the Duchesse de C—— goes because her husband races his famous horses; but to think that Deauville still means "smart" and "exclusive" to the French is a misapprehension. This year Karlsbad and Marienbad are fashionable; the Lido in September; Biarritz of course, and Brides, a little place where women go to reduce.

Of course everyone goes to the races in the afternoon during the *Grande Semaine*, and there you could see the democratic Alfonso strolling about in a dark blue-serge suit. He is on the staircase and a lame man wishes to descend it. The king steps aside with a smile to allow the cripple to pass. That is royalty of a different sort from that of a queen who had a couple of hundred people herded into a dark and stuffy dining room at Mont-Saint-Michel last summer so that she and her suite of twelve, or so, persons might occupy the enormous sunny dining room alone. I was amongst the herded, and I thought as I ate my dinner that there was royalty and royalty, and that the Prince of Wales would surely have thought it more royal to allow people to dine in the same room with him rather than to spoil all their dinners; and I believe Alfonso of Spain would have agreed with him.

There are many Americans at the races. One of our pretty countrywomen is having the time of her life this year flirting with a relative of the king. She is very smart at all times and attracts admiring glances. American buyers for dressmaking houses cluster round a beautifully dressed woman.

"She's just about the smartest Frenchwoman I've ever seen," says one.

"She must be the real thing in Paris."

The pretty lady hears them and turns her saucy head. "Fifty-seventh Street, New York, U. S. A.," she chirrups to the discomfited gentlemen.

Lunching in the Garden

But why go to Deauville in August to look at clothes when Paris is an orgy of them at this time of year? If you have the *entrée* you may watch charming manikins swing past you for hours at the great Place Vendome houses, and not only the possible one hundred gowns to be seen at Deauville but several thousand gowns, suits and wraps are ready to make your mouth water and your bank account sink.

You may see women in leather coats of gray or beige suède; and the great fiery silk handkerchief knotted loosely round the neck is the note. You of course see pathetic people with everything on that they have bought all season, including ermine capes and diamonds and the old standby, aigrettes. It would be so much simpler if they would just pin certified checks on their blouse fronts, instead of emptying their jewel cases completely every time they leave the house.

It is delightful to lunch in the Normandie garden on a still, hot day. It is nothing in the world but a square orchard planted with little apple trees. First they flower for you in May, then the gardeners plant climbing roses round them, and these twine serpent-like round the branches and transform a flowerless tree into one filled with bloom; then the little apples begin to ripen and redden and cluster thickly to cheer you as you look up at them from your green chair. Great striped yellow-and-white umbrellas are spread over every table, and spring from the grass like huge daisies. Pass the hotel on a wet day and see these giant umbrellas hanging their skirts dejectedly, like close-folded sulky flowers.

In the preliminary June season they inaugurated this year, hoping thus to prolong their short money-making time beyond the few August weeks, it was truly delicious to lunch in this adorable spot. At this period the people were of an infinitely more sympathetic class, as they are again in September. One saw young mothers, clad in pleated frocks of pale crêpe de chine, and wide straw hats, with darling bareheaded, bare-kneed children and nice young sunburned fathers, all having a good time together.

In vivid contrast to this was a dinner at one of the big hotels later in the season. I saw a woman in a low gown of what I took to be white cloth; but on looking closer I saw she had put her napkin across her chest, holding it firmly under her armpits, and she kept it there while she ate the different courses. At the table next to us a frugal gentleman in a dress suit had his overcoat folded neatly on the floor beside him, with his hat. He picked his teeth at the end of the repast, placing his hat far back on his head, and leaning well back in his chair. And at this hotel prices are a hundred francs a day for rooms, during the season!

Business is the ringing note of Deauville; business and horse racing, which is also business. Everyone thinks everyone else is rich, and if it gives you any satisfaction to be thought so, go and sleep in a bathtub at night and parade all day in your new clothes and you may hold your own with anybody.

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Overland

Sedan

Now Reduced to

$875

f. o. b. Toledo



Never Before Has So Much Motor Car Value Been Available At So Little Money.

Now the Lowest Price in America
For Any Sedan of Equal Quality

THE price reduction on the Overland Sedan gives you this widely popular closed car at a figure that seems almost unbelievable.

The substantial value in this fine example of the automobile builder's craft is so universally recognized that the announcement of a new low price was received with grateful pleasure by thousands who have long admired this car, wanted it, and resolutely expected to own it some day.

The Overland Sedan gives to its owner every element of fine car luxury. The famous Triplex Spring suspension enables the car to deliver smooth, easy-riding comfort on every highway. The powerful motor takes the car quietly and resistlessly on its way. The wide, richly upholstered seats, the roomy tonneau, the fine appointments mark the Overland Sedan as a distinctive car in any company.

Owners' records show that operating cost is negligible—low gasoline consumption, high tire mileage, practically no service cost.

You can admire your own Overland Sedan now. The new low price unmistakably indicates that real thrift lies in immediate ownership.

Touring Car Now Reduced To

$525

f. o. b. Toledo



WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

Canadian Factories: Willys-Overland Ltd., Toronto, Canada

New Prices

	Was	Now			Was	Now
Touring	$550	$525	:	Sedan	$895	$875
Roadster	550	525	:	Coupé	850	795

f. o. b. Toledo

"Overland, Always a Good Investment, Now the Greatest Automobile Value in America"

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Five New Ways

To whiter, cleaner, safer teeth—all late discoveries

Dental science has been seeking ways to better tooth protection.

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Very few escaped them. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Dental research found the causes, then evolved five new ways to correct them.

The chief enemy

The chief tooth enemy was found to be film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Most teeth are thus clouded more or less.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal.

Much left intact

Much of that film was left intact, to cloud the teeth and night and day threaten serious damage.

Two ways were found to fight that film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring. Able authorities proved those methods effective. They were embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent, and dentists the world over began to urge its use.

Other essentials

Other effects were found necessary, and ways were discovered to bring them. All are now embodied in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protector.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

It polishes the teeth so film less easily adheres.

Thus Pepsodent twice daily brings five effects, now proved essential, which old ways never brought. To the people of some 50 nations it is bringing a new dental era.

Prettier teeth came to millions

One result is prettier teeth. You see them everywhere — teeth you envy, maybe. But that is only a sign of cleaner, safer teeth. Film-coats, acids and deposits are effectively combated.

If you do not know this method, find it out. To you and yours it may mean life-long benefits you would not go without.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

This test will be a revelation. Its effects will surprise and delight you. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free (994)

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 398, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

THE AUDIENCE IS ALWAYS RIGHT

(Continued from Page 20)

The Black Speck stopped. A lull followed the raising of his hand. "Got any more?" he shouted.

It appeared one of the jokesters had been holding out. A heavy cackleberry hurtled through the air and narrowly missed the comedian's corked countenance.

The Speck stood silent a moment. Then he addressed the people on the main floor of the theater:

"Folks, maybe you know why I have been thus honored. I don't. Anyway, my troubles aren't interesting, I guess. I'm here for only one purpose. I'd like to entertain you. Do you want me to go on?"

There was a second's hush. The outburst of handclapping which followed was unmistakable in its encouragement. I don't remember that his act ever found more favor with any audience than it did that night.

As he came off the stage one of the boys in the wings said, "Why didn't you walk off and leave them flat?"

The Black Speck retorted, "Nobody can chase me off the stage. And why should I lose the money for one performance because of a few feeble eggs?"

In both the above instances the performer won his audience by stepping out of his character and talking directly to the audience, a procedure seldom permitted in a play. On the other hand, in a full-length play it is not only impossible for the actor to change his material but also it is unnecessary. The reason for this is because of the similarity of play audiences everywhere as compared with the great differences in vaudeville audiences even in theaters in the same city.

That may sound like a lot of apple sauce. Perhaps I can explain it by saying that from the moment the curtain rises on a full-length play the audience is subjected to the influence of a predetermined atmosphere that is absent from a heterogeneous collection of separate complete skits put together to offer a variety of entertainment. Every effort of the producer and actor is bent to sustain this single atmosphere. There is a story for the audience to follow, a story that may meander through conversational meadows and sportively climb comedy chestnut trees, but that eventually eases back to the highway leading to the final episode. In substance, then, it is the story and the mode of its telling that interest the audience.

The Trick of Comedy

The prevailing principal reactions of all future audiences in whatever city to this scene or that situation may be gauged fairly accurately after the first few performances of the play, for the obvious reason that if a given group of individuals of various social, financial and mental status responds to the atmosphere and purpose of the play it is only betting on human nature to expect similar groups of similar human beings to do likewise.

The trick of comedy is speed. A stage wait, a missed entrance, a dragged scene will destroy oftentimes the atmosphere that must be maintained in order to make the improbable and ridiculous appear plausible. From the wells of wisdom, clarified by experience, came the saying attributed to George M. Cohan at a rehearsal:

"Faster! Faster! Don't give 'em"—the audience—"a chance to think or they'll get onto us."

The next time you attend a comedy, notice how, after a comedy point, the actors start speaking before the laughter has entirely subsided; notice how, at the end of an act, the lights in the main body of the theater are never thrown on nor the footlights dimmed until that brief instant before the applause ceases completely—tricks to sustain the atmosphere and prevent the audience from thinking.

To show how completely an audience may become absorbed and interested, none of us in the musical-comedy company playing a matinée out West some years ago will forget the laughter that greeted the comedian's request that the audience leave their seats and the theater for a few moments. The stage manager had whispered to us on the stage that a fire had broken out in a frame building abutting the rear of the opera house in which we were playing to a packed-in audience.

Realizing the necessity of getting the audience out without frightening them into a panic the comedian tried every way, except telling them the truth, to persuade them to leave the theater quietly and immediately. Even when the ushers threw open all the doors the audience reluctantly rose and filed out of the theater. They still had a sneaking notion the comedian was putting something over on them.

Slight differences in the way a play is received by differing audiences are to be expected, although they are always in the nature of a surprise.

I was a member of a musical-comedy troupe some summers ago that was touring the West. Business was not so excessive as the heat, so when a manager in New Mexico guaranteed us a full house of fifteen hundred capacity for one performance our management decided to take the side trip off the main line. In this city all the stores, buildings, streets and public utilities, as well as the railroad out of town, were owned by the company that operated the coal mines and coke ovens on which and between which the town is built.

A Palpable Hit

There was, we found, a well-equipped stage at one end of a large meeting hall. The floor was level, instead of the usual sloping theater floor, because it was intended and used as a dance hall for the miners. When the curtain went up on the first act we saw rows upon rows of folding chairs set close together, occupied by the miners and their families. Having run short of chairs, at the back of the hall were several rows of seats fashioned by placing broad planks across the tops of barrels. Spoken quickly—beer kegs.

The general manager had cautioned us: "Don't give your show to them too fast. Slow up your usual tempo a trifle. We've a large percentage here, only to be expected, of Welsh and Scotch. They're not thick, by any means, but they aren't entirely familiar with American slang. Also, they do not see many shows."

Heeding his advice, during the first act we found them a delightful audience, wonderfully appreciative and heartily enthusiastic.

The feature number of the opera so far as I was concerned was a specialty duet done at the end of the second act by the soubrette and myself. It was a series of impersonations humorously depicting the manner in which a Frenchman, a Scotchman, an Englishman and an American sailor boy proposed marriage. After the soubrette cooed her acceptance in dialect we finished each impersonation with a characteristic dance.

I had been wondering all evening how the dialogue we used before going into the Highland fling would be received.

"Lassie, I hae found oot that a married mon can live far-r cheaper-r than a single ane. So I winted t' ask ye—wad ye mar-r-ry wi' me?"

To which she replied, "Weel, Bobbie, seeing as hoo I'm partic'lar fond o' ye, and kenning ye'll hae your feyther's property some day, weel, I'll be waiting at the kirk on the Sabbath."

The reference to the generally accepted idea of the Scot's inbred closeness had always been good for nice laughs.

But that night I'd hardly got the words "cheaper than a single ane" off my tongue when a full-throated yell rent the atmosphere, a roar followed by a crash and the bark of confused shouts. Glancing apprehensively, startled, over the audience, I saw men rolling about on the floor, arms and legs sticking out of the surging mass at all angles.

"Come on, sister," I whispered to the soubrette. "Let's get off before they get up here." For I'd concluded that my reference to their native frugality had offended the Scotch miners and that the cause of the struggle and the shouts of "Stop it!" "Let me up!" "Put them out!" we heard came from the efforts of the others in the audience to prevent a riot.

(Continued on Page 54)

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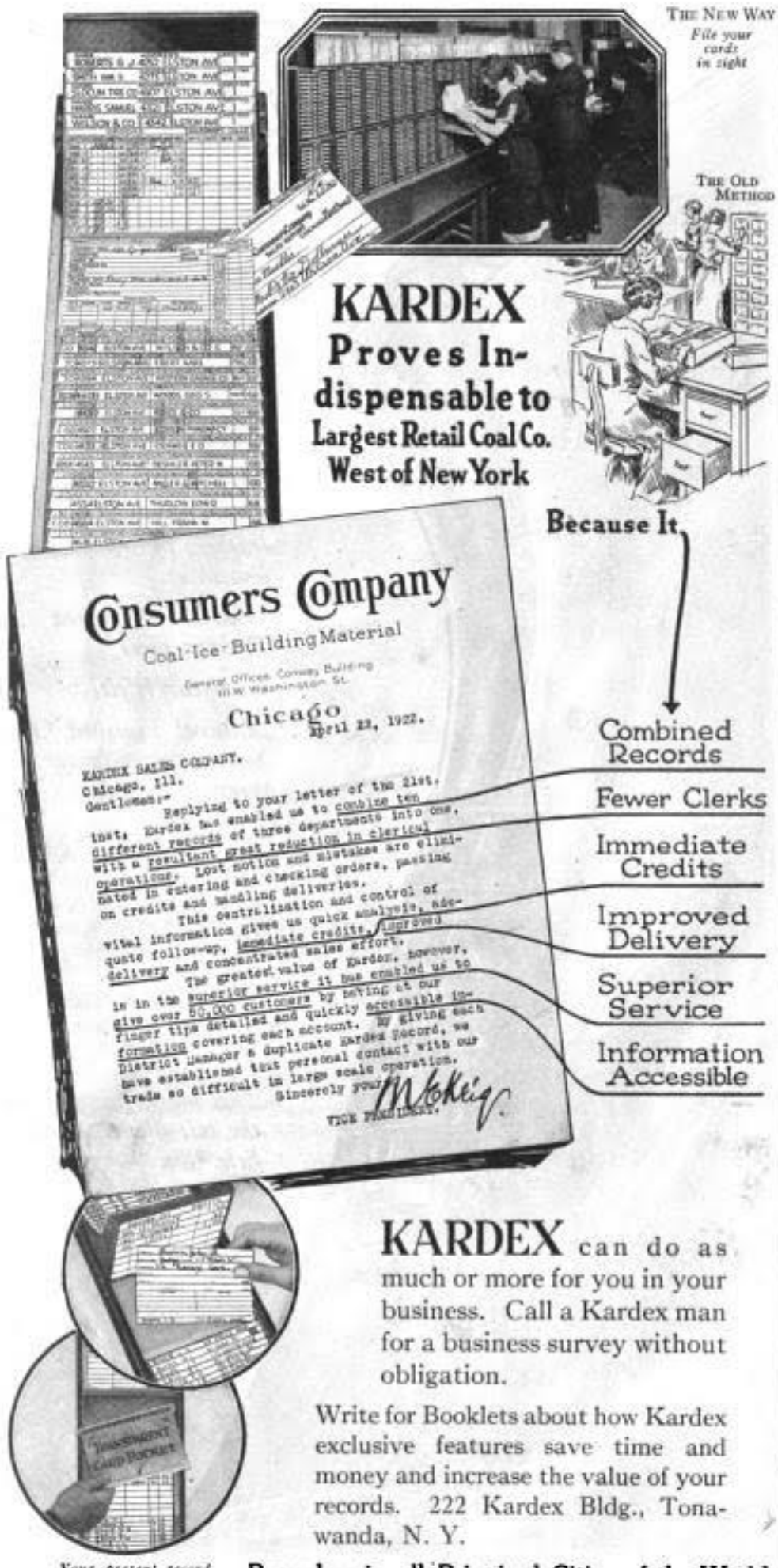
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(Continued from Page 52)

"It's all right," the soubrette assured me. "Everybody's laughing."

As indeed they were. We later learned that the whole ruckus had been caused by the unexpected and delirious joy caused in the breasts of the Welsh miners by the kidding comment on their ancient foemen, the Scotch. Knowing their traits so well, one of the Welshmen had turned to a Scot with the remark, "How do ye like that, Sandy?" and boisterously slapped him across the chest. The Scotchman, thrown off his balance, in falling had pulled the end of the plank he sat on off the top of a barrel, dumping himself and his friends on the floor.

Depending absolutely on personal contact with the childlike receptivity of audiences was the act of a psychic marvel, Phwew, the Persian Prophet, and nobody's fault but his own was the experience he suffered which many performers will recall.

His mind-reading act consisted in handing out through the audience numbered cards and envelopes. Members of the audience were requested to write on the cards their names and any questions they wished answered, put them in the accompanying envelopes and seal them. Without breaking the seals, Phwew, the Persian—originally from Peoria—would divinate the questions and dope out answers to them.

The trick, mechanically, was this: His assistants, after collecting the cards, would conceal them in the folds of their long robes on their way down the aisles to the stage, substituting blank envelopes, which they placed on a stand in full view of the audience. The genuine envelopes containing the cards gathered from the audience they took off-stage to another assistant, who, opening the envelopes and reading them, by an ingenious device telephoned the questions, names and numbers to the psychic on the stage.

The success of the mind reader—need it be said that he was confined mostly to the smaller towns and theaters?—resulted from his brazen nerve. Purely as his audacious spirit and unbridled imagination prompted, he answered every sort of intimate question, to the delight, confusion, astonishment, embarrassment and fascination of his hearers.

"Number 345—Mrs. R. R. Arrarr," he would say, hand on brown-grease-painted brow, "you are anxious concerning your husband. You wish to know—I understand exactly what you wish to know. Mrs. Arrarr, you have no cause for worry or suspicion. However, if you are prudent you will not permit your husband to engage the blond stenographer who has been recommended to him."

An Unhappy Coincidence

In passing, let it be stated that questions inquiring as to husbandly fidelity—of course asked under assumed and fictitious names—far outnumbered other questions, as many as twenty cards seeking said information being collected from even the smallest of audiences regularly. The mystic's malevolent imagination, recognizing the fact that such questions were seldom signed with the real name of the seeker of solace, reveled in the replies to them.

Mixed in with his gorgeously impromptu guesses he had a number of stock questions and answers, some of them designed to make audiences laugh, others to strengthen belief in his marvelous insight and fearlessness. For these he used the numbers from 150 to 200—numbers which were never distributed in the audience.

For 157 he invariably chose a peculiar name, one not to be found in the local telephone directory.

"Number 157—Mrs. M. Q. Burchettersin. You want to know who the father of your daughter's child is. I suggest you look for him in the Army. I see the shoulder bars of a first lieutenant."

It happened that in a Southern village where he was appearing the Army had had a cantonment. Phwew, the Persian, one night for Number 157 picked out of the air by chance the name of a locally prominent family, oddly not in the telephone directory. It further happened that the daughter of the family had secretly married and was shortly to become a mother. It likewise was true that for reasons best known to herself the girl refused to tell her family that the father of the child was a lieutenant of infantry, although the town gossips maliciously linked his name with that of the girl. As an example of Fate's perfect stage management, the mother of the girl was seated in a box the night Phwew intoned his rigmarole of Number 157.

One would travel far to find a more amazed and frightened man than was Pwhew, the Persian Prophet, when a committee of sturdy citizens abruptly seized him as he stepped out of the theater and dumbly but deftly applied a generous coat of tar before riding him out of town on a rough, unmilled rail.

Several columns back may be found the assertion that when a man takes his seat in the theater he becomes unconsciously affected by the mood of those around him. As a confirmatory example the following would appear conclusive:

A student at a university in Illinois attended a performance at a theater in Chicago. One of the hits of the bill was a boy-and-girl act, a double talking-singing-and-dancing comedy skit. The material for their jokes had been taken from the news of the day and phrased in the slang of the race track and the sporting page—in spite of which the act was not without refinement and class.

The student recognized the name of the comedian of the turn as a college-fraternity brother. After the performance he introduced himself and entertained the team, plainly showing his pride in them by his overwhelming compliments.

Act and Atmosphere

Some months later, as a fill-in, the act was booked to play three days at the seat of the university. At the opening matinée the comedian saw his fraternity brother with eight or ten other brethren, grinning in the sixth row. The rest of the audience was composed of students and townsfolk. It might have been because the natives figured that if an act was any good it didn't have to play that town, or it might have been some other reason that made the town, at that time, a morgue for clean comedy acts.

The boy and girl in the act suffered cruelly, eventually flopping with thoroughness and finality. Waiting at the stage door they found the palpably disappointed fraternity brother.

"For the love of heaven, why have you changed your act?" he complained. "The way you played it in Chicago was much better."

The team could not convince him tha the act was the same in word, gesture, dance step and costume as when he had first seen it.

It was the audience that was different, and he—willy-nilly—along with it.

Returning to what is left of our theme, it doesn't take the audience long to decide what to accept and what to reject, and to do it without thinking. Old Jack X said it when he picked himself up from the floor at the Majestic Theater, Chicago, the time —— Craving your indulgence for just one more yarn, I'd prefer to tell the whole story, a classic in its class.

A famous monologuist, now entertaining the angels, we hope, was at one period of his career a heavy drinker. Playing in Chicago, convivial friends after a matinée entertained him so fluidly that he was utterly incapacitated for his evening performance. The theater manager, learning of it, also heard that Jack X, another famous monologuist who had often played his house, was laying off in the city, at a well-known actors' hotel.

"Listen, Jack," the manager requested over the telephone, "Billy went out and got drunk. Will you go on for him tonight and save my show for me?"

"Sure," Jack replied. "What time does he go on?"

"Ten twenty-two."

"I'll be there. Positively."

The manager sighed deeply in relief. His heart lifted buoyantly. Smiles wreathed his countenance—showing the power of mind over matter and the potency of auto-suggestion. For Jack X, a skilled two-handed drinker himself, had celebrated a week's lay-off by keeping friendly bartenders actively engaged in their profession all afternoon.

Timing himself to a nicety Jack walked in on the stage at the precise moment the curtain fell on the act he was to follow. He seldom used make-up, depending rather on a strong spotlight to reveal the expressions

(Continued on Page 56)

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(Continued from Page 54)

of his long, lean, humorously cadaverous face.

"What entrance music do you want?" asked the harassed stage manager, his mouth to the speaking tube leading to the orchestra pit.

"Yankee Doodle," solemnly rumbled Jack in his deep voice.

"Yankee Doodle—in G," whispered the leader to his fellow inhabitants in the German Village a second later.

The music blared forth, Jack stepped out on the stage.

Now it was a curious and common phenomenon before the transportation of liquor became inadvisable, that a man could carry a load that apparently interfered nowise seriously with his activities so long as he remained off the stage. Shocking, therefore, to one thus laden, was the knowledge forced on him when, stepping out from the shadow of the wings, he received full in the face the glare of hundreds of incandescents in the footlights and the white penetrating rays of the spotlight. In short, one never knew how sober he was until the footlights hit him in the eye.

Jack walked only about four feet from the proscenium arch before the glare of the lights and the warmth of the theater caused his head to reel and his knees to wabble.

He quickly stretched out his long arm and steadied himself against the arch.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced gravely, "I am here tonight to take the place of a man who is intoxicated. I shall do my best to entertain you under the distressful circumstances. But before convulsing you with merriment I want to ask the spotlight operator a favor. Hey!" he called to the electrician far up in the gallery. "For the love of Pete, take that spot off me and keep it off."

For twenty-five minutes Jack told the audience funny stories, holding himself up with one arm on the proscenium arch. And for twenty-five minutes the audience laughed heartily.

At the end of half an hour the stage manager, long since aware of Jack's condition, whispered to him, "You've done enough, Jack; come off."

Jack shook his head. He didn't dare let go the arch. Still he kept the audience entertained.

After another five minutes the stage manager solved the problem by reaching out and knocking the supporting arm from the arch. That made Jack's exit easy. He simply fell off.

He picked himself up, to find the theater manager glaring balefully at him. "What the heck do you mean, going out on my stage stewed?" he thundered.

Jack brushed himself off. "What are you talking about? I gave 'em a show, didn't I? I made 'em laugh, didn't I? They liked it, didn't they? Then what are you kicking about?"

Do I hear an inquiring whisper concerning the art of it all? Some of us, wandering in the wilderness, believe that a commercial success is an artistic success; that a play is artistically successful when, and only when, it is financially successful.

We have it on the word of no less an authority than the Encyclopædia Britannica that the "function of all art" is "to give pleasure." Webster's idea of art he expressed as "systematic application of knowledge or skill in effecting a desired result." Also, skill in "the expression of human emotions."

The fact is called to your attention that tastes and styles in plays change as well as in hats and gowns. Witness the vogue of the Cinderella theme in musical comedy as exemplified in Irene, Sally and others; also the succession of comedies dealing with young married couples. I have a collection of successful comedies written and produced at the beginning of the nineteenth century. There is not a situation existing in any comedy of today that is not paralleled in those earlier dramas. Where a certain modern farce concerns the efforts of a woman to secure the safe return of a monogrammed chemise, one in my collection of comedies deals with the unfortunate lady whose bonnet fell from an upper box in the theater she was in—unbeknown to her husband—with a man her husband did not know. The same devices, trimmed with temporarily fashionable phrases, obtain in both farces. Numerous similar examples might be quoted. The point is this: If the same comedy devices and situations that delighted theatergoers in 1800 serve over one hundred years later to send their descendants into gales of laughter, said devices and situations must be intrinsically, fundamentally comic.

If fundamentally correct, if skill be used in systematically applying them to effect the desired result of giving pleasure to the audience, they would appear to qualify as art. To the extent that a play gives pleasure will it be commercially successful. The wider its appeal the greater is its financial return. Its art may be crude, but if seats for it are unobtainable four weeks in advance, who can deny it possesses that art whose function it is to give pleasure?

The meretricious and shoddy, the imitations and substitutions, the extremes of coarseness and æstheticism in all forms of artistic endeavor have upon occasion achieved passing popularity. But the public, in terms of centuries, has always returned its loyalty to the fundamentally correct—and decent.

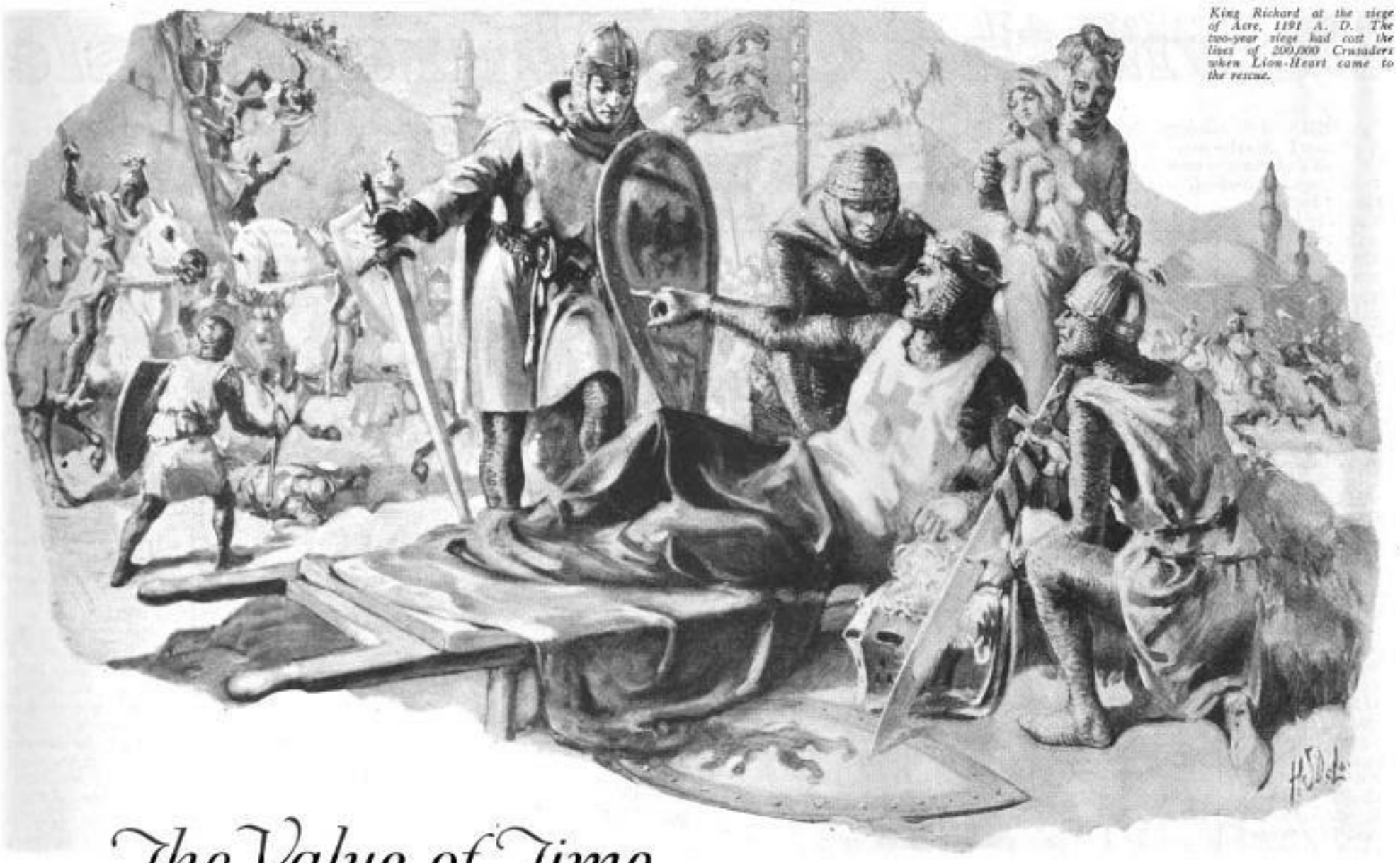
We haven't developed many new basic laws beyond the few that Moses promulgated. Though couched in far superior phrase, there isn't an idea in the foregoing rush of words, my wife reading over my shoulder informs me, that Aristotle didn't emit several thousand years ago. He, she tells me, insisted upon a certain admixture of the æsthetic in his drama. Perhaps the discouraging quest for this quality in modern comedies incites our critics to belligerent belittling of them.

But ask the managers, spending their time studying failures as well as successes in an effort to guess correctly the future wishes of the theatergoing public. They have the costs of all their failures to prove that the audience is always right. And they will answer every adverse criticism in the words of Jack X: "They like it, don't they? Then what are you kicking about?"



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Down the Old Church Aisle

By LAWRENCE PERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

REMEMBER Si Silloway, the wild left-hander? Maybe not. Years move so swift and changes come in baseball like the seats on a Ferris wheel. English McCune, our scout, dug him out of the sagebrush for the Grays at a critical moment. Andy Rappold, the star southpaw, had broken his arm in an automobile accident, and we were in as close a battle for the pennant—Grays, Trojans and Plaid Sox contending—as the league had seen in years.



"What's This?" Bawls the Ump. "Beat It, Lady!" "You Mind Your Business!" She Shrills

Si had everything a lefty should have, except control. He had been so wild in the bushes that batters wouldn't face him. But strangely enough, after we had worked him ragged in practice for a month, he went on the mound and pitched two flawless, unhitable games. They were turned in handy, those games, for all our pitchers except Reb Mosby had dipped into an August slump and the Grays were hanging up in the particular set 'long about then only by the skin of our teeth.

So, all in all, Silloway's performances came like the life preservers that are thrown overboard when the rowboat upsets at a picnic.

Looking back to that time, I am free to say Silloway might have developed into the grandest left-hander the game has ever known had things been permitted to work themselves out in a natural and logical way. But they were not so permitted and the vote of thanks for this can be handed on a cracked plate principally to old Wolverton, our owner, and to the Janes that we was carrying along with us at the time.

It was next to our last Western swing, and the custom had been to let such of the Grays who were married take their wives along—if they wanted to. Not all did, chiefly because they saw enough of them when they were at home. But, as it happened, the whole harem was along this time—four of 'em.

As women went, they were about the average. In fact, the only thing I may rightly say I had against them was the way they ribbed the players of the Grays who wasn't married. Of course if you took it from their angle you could understand their game. Here they each had a man hog-tied, and it went against their grain to see a crowd of fine-looking, gay young fellows not wearing the log chain. To hear them talk you would think a bachelor was sort of a cross between a yellow dog and a simp. But one thing I noticed was that if it came to a choice between their meal tickets and one of the unweds for a gabfest in a corner, or a dance at a hotel, or a Sunday trolley ride, the good old pack horse had about as much of a look-in as a Bowery bum at a Madison Square Garden prize fight.

Of course, they fastened onto Si Silloway like currants onto a bun. He was such a dear, unspoiled, innocent boy; so good-looking, and wore his clothes so well. Somewhere there was the right girl waiting and pining her life away for this lantern-jawed Romeo. You know the bunk. Silloway didn't, of course. He was bashful and scared of women, but none the less he swallowed the line, bait, hook and sinker, like a catfish that has spent two days in a marble swimming pool.

I didn't interfere. In fact I wasn't sure that the pie they were feeding him wasn't responsible for his pitching control in the way of making him chesty and filling him so full of the idea that he was the Mark Antony of the big league that he hadn't any room for stewing over where he was going to throw the ball. You can gamble I wasn't breaking any hunches or hunting for the jinx. Let well enough alone has always been my motto.

The day Si turned in his third win, this time against the Buccaneers, was a Sunday. Monday was an open date. The future was bright. We had cleaned up two series and was again out in front by three games.

We were all having a merry dinner that night, when in the middle I was called by the clerk, who said there was a delegation to see me. I went out and found myself up against the board of trade of a little burg in Ohio they called Halikon. But they spelled it Halcyon. Ever hear of it? If not it won't keep you out of anything. I had never heard of it myself until then.

Well, it appeared that old Wolverton had been born there, and the fact that he had cleared out as early as he could hop a through freight hadn't reduced the gratitude felt toward the old geezer for honoring the place with his initial appearance. They had a real ball club down there now, and since Monday was Old Home Day and the club of their distinguished fellow townsman, once removed, had an open date, couldn't he and his big leaguers drop in and perform in the stellar event?

They had a letter from Wolverton, and the reasons he gave why he couldn't light upon his native village, and the nice things he said in kissing himself out, would have made these European diplomats look like first-week pupils in a secretarial school.

But, Wolverton added, he had no objection to the club going down there without him, if the manager was satisfied. Now I wasn't satisfied. All the worst things that ever happened to the Grays, including accidents and insubordination, had occurred on these barn-storming trips. If I'd followed my hunch I'd have put the crusher on that proposition as soon as it showed. But Wolverton is a queer old coot. Anything he can save up to add fuel to a grouch he saves. Then when his sciatica is hurting him, or the old woman has bawled him out and he is nicely gloomed up, he rakes all the stuff he has held back for a month or more, hones himself up to a meat-ax edge and sends for me.

I saw no sense in letting myself in for the charge that I had held his birthplace in contempt, while at the same time there was the chance that the break might work some good to the boys who were tensed up over as close a fight for the pennant as the league had seen in many a year. So, all in all, feeling like a million dollars anyway, I called in John Coster, our club secretary, and we agreed to stop off on our way to the Plaid Sox domain.

The town of Halikon certainly received us fine next morning. They had automobiles at the station, and a band of five pieces that played Hail to the Chief, each man for himself. However, aside from the fact that the cornet player had a harelip and the slide trombone man's arm was too short to reach to the end of the shove, it was a pretty good little band so far as making noise was concerned.

All the citizens were out, the men diked up like plumbers and the women all in white. It was a pretty little place, and you'd have thought that of all the players Si Silloway would have been the bird to bludgeon out in this village and fall for the small-town atmosphere a thousand ways, seeing that until within a few weeks he had known nothing not even so sizable.

But no. He was the city guy from his nose to the back of his hat. Where the rest was merely content to look around and enjoy the peace and soak in the beauty, he was there with his hee-haw and the bright quip, giving the idea he was one of those gazoots who if you showed him a cornfield and told him it was a lemon orchard he wouldn't know the difference. We all stood for it, of course, because in those days we were standing for anything that our port-sided genius wanted to pull, anxious to keep him snoring along in his pitching trance, or whatever it was that ailed him.

The village officials was gathered in a little park surrounded by the principal houses of the place, with a statue to Our Brave Firemen in the middle. The big Roger in the bunch was the mayor, a pie-faced, side-whiskered guy named Roland Q. Smiley. Squire Smiley, they called him. He owned the local department store, the trolley line and a big flour mill. He stepped to the front with a hard-oiled plug hat in his hand as we hopped out of the cars, waited while the band blew the stars out of the national anthem and then pulled a William Jennings Bryan that could be heard in the next county.

That put it up to me. I took one glance at the boys lined up in a semicircle and then made the longest public speech of my life.

"Halikon," says I, "we are here! Go to it!"

I might have said more and not have it go half so big.

Right back of the mayor stood three dames in white, with blue sashes and bouquets, that I figured had been set apart from the rest of the Janes as exhibits along the line of what the village could do in the way of prime old hopefuls. It didn't require five minutes to learn, though, that no one had set them apart. They had set themselves apart—at the head. They were Smiley's sisters, and where Smiley ran the town and everything in it, they ran him.

There they stood stiff and straight as grenadiers. Myrtle was the oldest. She ran to thirty-two, I estimated. She had thin lips and a jaw like a nutcracker. Then came Muriel, round and fat and thirty, with one of those little pressed-in, I-only-speak-once mouths; and finally Matilda. There was things about the first two named

(Continued on Page 63)

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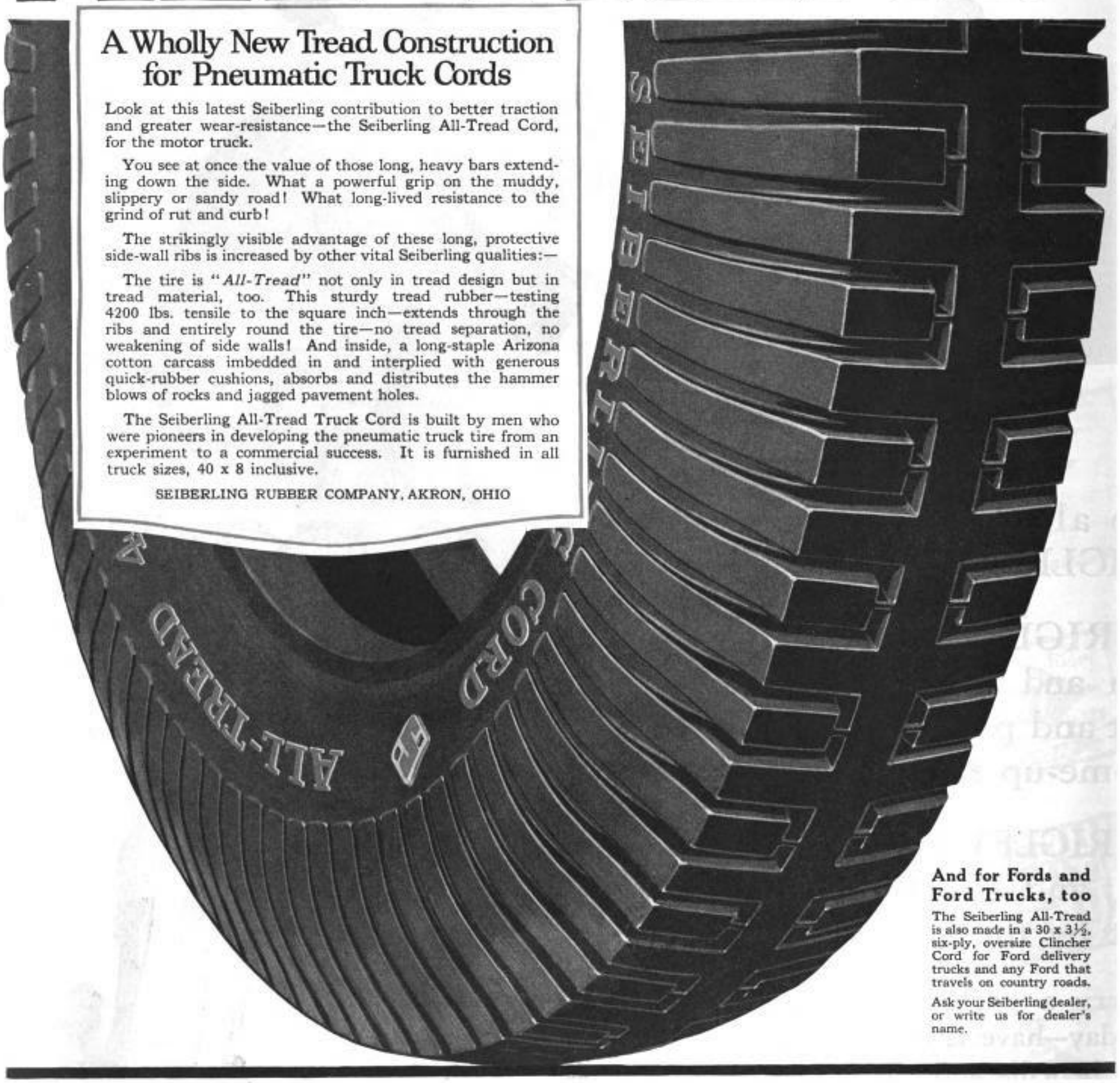
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SEIBERLING CORDS

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(Continued from Page 58)

that would make the average man feel scared but hopeful; that is, you could see they had at the bottom some human qualities that a man might get by with. But Matilda! Matilda was slim-figured, not tall; the kind that broadcasts nervous energy. She had little steel-blue eyes, hard as the back of your watch, and a thin face streaked with seven or eight lines that gave the plain up-and-up on that Lucy in spite of the smile she was pulling. I don't claim to be an expert on women, but I could see her with my feet.

It was easy for me to study the three graces, because they wasn't looking in my direction at all, even when I made my spiel. No, they had made Si the minute he had got out of the automobile, and you could see, what with his song-and-dance clothes, his brown derby hat and light-topped shoes, they had picked him out as the last word from the bright lights.

Silloway got it, and he chested up like a pigeon. That trio of back-country aristocrats was his own people, the sort he could understand. If Miss Astorbilt and Vanderhorn and the rest of the social buds had gleamed him on Fifth Avenue the way these dames were doing it would have pleased him, but wouldn't have meant nothing out the ordinary. But with these high-snootin' Jezebels showing their interest, Si was living the biggest triumph of his career, not excepting his recent pitching.

When the hand shaking began they pronged him and he was theirs. There was no hotel in the place, and leading citizens had divided up the club among them. I fell to Smiley along with our captain, Baldy Trott and his wife and Si Silloway. Silloway, as I learned, had been assigned elsewhere, but the three Jezebels had changed that little arrangement without turning a hair.

Within fifteen minutes it would have been hard to convince me I wasn't a movie actor playing a part in a farm drama. Here we was, digging into a lunch in a dining room filled with chromos of pa and ma and great-grandpa and the rest, all in heavy gold frames, with carpet on the floor and the squire up at the head of the table, waving his knife over a side of beef that looked like the best part of a steer.

Me and the Trotts sat up near the head, and the Smiley girls, as they called themselves, was sprinkled about Si Silloway. And was he the white-haired boy? Let me say it!

"Mr. Silloway," simpered Myrtle, the nutcracker dame, "do you know you impress me as something more than a great baseball player. But then I suppose you are one of those college-bred players we read of."

I choked over a mouthful of peas on that one, but Silloway let it go for a strike.

"They ain't no reason," he says, "why a ball player can't be a gempmun."

"Of course not," chimes in Muriel in her snippy, tight-mouthed voice. "What do you say, brother?"

Now brother hadn't had a chance to say anything up to that time, aside from praying when we sat down to the meal, and he made haste to bat before he was sent from the plate.

"I only wish," he said, "some of these ball players were gentlemen enough to take these girls off my hands."

Then he leans back with a haw-haw, while he gets battle glances from the Janes in question. Smiley was a bachelor, and as all his sisters had an interest in the various family business affairs, he didn't have as much influence over them as he might have had.

Si clears his throat.

"A man," he says, "wouldn't have to be no gempmun to do that." And the way he bats his eyes at the Janes made his meaning clear even if his words was a little doubtful.

The squire pops the sort of look at Si that the man on the gallows pulls when he hears the clatter of horse's hoofs and thinks a reprieve is coming from the governor. Then his face fell. You could see as plain as though he said it that of a sudden he had realized Silloway couldn't marry the three of them.

"You see, Mr. Smiley," horns in Mrs. Trott, "we all think Mr. Silloway would make the most adorable husband—I mean we women who are with the club—and I think Si agrees with us now."

"Sure!" says Si, reaching down to pick up a baked potato he had skidded onto the floor. "I never thought much about no wife until I got into the big leagues; but the ladies of this ball club has shown how the biggest hitters and the best pitchers in the league are all married; and they showed me how their husbands is the most prominent members of the Grays, and how much money ——"

Glancing at Matilda, I see a gleam coming into her blue eyes and a sort of lost expression on her energetic face. For a woman geared for high-power talk, as she certainly was, she had had hardly anything to say all meal. That was serious and I had known it all along; but in just what way I hadn't been able to dope.

Now it was clear to me that the reason Si had broke off short in what he was saying, looking as though he had swallowed an egg sidewise, and the reason for the sappy expression on Matilda's face was that she had located the toe of her slipper upon one of Si's No. 11's. You wouldn't have thought it of Halikon; but there it was all right.

All ignorant, Sisters Myrtle and Muriel was gassing along, pulling the simper stuff and having the time of their lives, while Matilda, apparently busy with nothing but tucking away her meal, was getting away with murder.

I was scared. The hand of Fate spread over that dining room like a tent over a circus. Silloway, all by himself, was a doubtful proposition from any angle. Spite the games he had pitched, I wasn't altogether sold on his future. But married! That bird! Why, it was like turning a St. Vitus dance patient loose with a bottle of nerve exhilarator.

"Si," says I, acting on a quick hunch, "you know you are going to pitch this afternoon against the Halikons. So I want you to go somewhere alone right after lunch and lie down till I come to get you."

"Sure," Si's voice was throaty and hollow, his eyes set into his plate. "I'll look pretty good in there against these farmers, I guess."

"You be sure you do," I says. "Squire Smiley will give you a bedroom to yourself, and I want you quiet. Fact is I'm going to lock you in and keep the key until I want you."

"Fine!" says Si.

But it wasn't so fine with the fillies. The looks they gave me would have faded anyone who hasn't been facing down umps and ball players most of his life. Matilda's lamps had gone kind of green, with a little fire glaze over them. Honest, as I thought of Si with her claws fastened onto him I got scared for him as well as for the ball club.

After lunch we got Si up to a bedroom and locked him in just as the squire horns in, busting to show us his stable, his greenhouses and all the rest of the estate. He had some nice trotting horses, and I was so interested that I never thought of Silloway until it was time to go to the ball grounds.

Going up to his room to get him, the door was open and the Jasper wasn't to be seen. Thinking back, I recalled Matilda hadn't followed us on the tour of the grounds after we left the greenhouses. Putting two and two together, I doped out that the pair had gone to the ball park ahead of time. But when we got to the field, which was an open lot with a fair diamond, no Silloway did I see—and no Matilda.

A little investigation produced the fact that Si and Matilda had been noted in one of the Smiley buggies cutting through the village toward the open spaces.

Then and there I kissed good-by to my left-hander and all the fond hopes he had raised. The ball game amounted to nothing at all. We win 14 to 1, after we had knocked their pitchers out of the box and lent them a battery to finish the circus.

John Coster, the secretary, had arranged for a through train to stop and pick us up at eight, and it was just at supper time that Si and Matilda breezed back to the ancestral mansion. Baldy Trott and I was standing in the front yard at the time, cursing all left-handers, Si in particular, and panning women in a way that would have had Baldy Trott in dutch for the rest of the year had his wife heard us.

"Chief," says Si, hopping out of the rig and cutting across the lawn, "I've got something hot to tell you."

"You don't have to tell me nothing, you big four-flusher," says I. "You've gone and crimped yourself for life."

"Oh, no!" he replied. "Matilda and I are going to be married, that's all. I'm the proudest boy in seven counties."

The Jane came up at the minute. Now I was desperate, and game to take any sort of a chance that showed, even a wild one like trying to talk a lost hope of twenty-nine out of her first real chance in life. So, ignoring Silloway, I smiled crooked at Matilda and makes a little bow.

"Missy," says I, "can you and me have a little talk in the garden over there?"

My purpose was to palaver her, the way you would a woman, you understand, and make her see reason.

"We can," she says.



And it Was Just at Supper Time That Si and Matilda Breezed Back to the Ancestral Mansion. Baldy Trott and I Was Standing in the Front Yard at the Time, Cursing All Left-Handers



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She was one of those crisp-speaking, decisive ladies. We was taking our walk almost before I knew it.

"Look here," I opens, with kind of a you-know laugh, "what sort of a stall are you pulling on that crazy pitcher of mine?"

"If you'll speak English," she snaps, "I may be able to answer you intelligently."

"Well then, in plain English," says I, as courteous as a man could act, "what is this marriage stuff? Is it a joke? If so I'll laugh."

"It is far from a joke. We are engaged. I shouldn't advise you to laugh, either."

"Lady," says I, "seeing it this way, I couldn't laugh. You're making a great mistake. He'd drive you crazy, and you'd make him crazier than he is, in two weeks. Let me put you wise—we got him out of a lunatic asylum in Illinois."

"It won't help you any to lie," says she. "Asylum! Fiddlesticks! I'm not quite a child."

She had dropped her right guard so careless here that I couldn't help left-hooking her to the chin.

"No," I chuckles, "you ain't quite a child—not quite."

Blam! Have you ever turned on what you took to be the cold shower and been doused by a steam spray? Even if you have, you won't be able to appreciate what I got from that Jezebel who had been so quiet and cagy all through the lunch. She was a mob scene all by herself. Talk? She'd have made a phonograph salesroom sound like a deaf-and-dumb asylum, and the line of blistering abuse she had at her tongue's end would have shriveled a mud turtle.

As for me, I don't know much about the Janes; but I've picked up one or two useful facts about them in the course of my life. The most important one is this: Don't shoot back at them. Let 'em rave and snort and rare and tear, but say nothing. That's a game they can't beat. Just let them lead, and then as it were rap your knuckles on the table. It's by you, see? Let them keep on leading; you sit tight. You'll learn what she thinks of you. Sure! But you'd know that anyway. Then they supply in their minds the things they think you'd say if you were more active in the game, and they're so much more vigorous and so much more catty than what you'd really think, that you win by a mile.

Well, by the time I had silenced Matilda down to a wheeze she had brought the whole house to the scene—brother, sisters, the Trotts and servants.

"What's this? What's this?" roars the squire.

"Nothing," I says, "except Miss Matilda has been rehearsing the wedding ceremony. She and Silloway are going to the halter."

"Thank the Lord!" bellows the squire, and then sobers his face quick. "I mean this is wonderful."

"Both remarks stand," I says. Then, not wanting to be a bum sport, I laughs. "It's all right, Si; it's you, not me."

At the moment I lamped the two other Jezebels. If ever a cat fight was brewing it was then. But the squire steps in and shoos them off, while Mary Trott, gurgling and squealing as a woman would, falls upon Matilda's neck and weeps tears of joy.

Well, shucks! There was no use being a crab. I give Si three days' vacation and tell him to join the club the last day we play the Plaid Sox. They join as per orders on the fourth morning. I could see at once that Si was changed, but couldn't figure just how. He had his hee-haw with him, and his line of buckwheat humor; but it was what you might call restrained; and it wasn't continuous, either. It came by fits and starts. At other times he would sit—or stand—blinking, giving quick jerks, as though he was ducking something imaginary. Again he'd be as immovable as a sphinx.

I hoped that perhaps, after all, Si had called the turn on a fast one; that this marriage might have been the best thing he could have pulled. She had got him quieted part down; perhaps she would go the whole hog on him.

She herself was serene enough at the hotel. Love's sweet dream was occupying her mind, so that everything was as smooth as an ironing board. The team took three straight from the Plaid Sox, Mosby, Sneedon and Johnson pitching in order, and as we hit the train for the Gophers I began thinking about the plump salary the club would pay Silloway next season. That shows how good I was feeling. Silloway's quiet spells was getting more and more pronounced, and so far as Matilda was concerned I doped it out that she had been rescued from being an old maid so late along in life, and was so grateful and happy and contented, that it would take her a year and maybe more to get her habits on.

Also, with Si coming to heel like a bird dog every time she batted an eye, I figured she'd be satisfied with her triumph. That was where I was wrong. Matilda was one of those ambitious hens. The whole ball club wasn't too big a proposition for her to tackle. I won't say she had the deliberate intention of making trouble—probably not. She just did it naturally as she breathed. It was a gift. That woman could have gone into an old lady's home and had a riot call sent from there to the police within half an hour.

Ordinarily the Grays, traveling in a Pullman sleeper, was the most placid and pleasant and orderly outfit in the world. Occasionally there would be a little rough-house or a practical joke or something; but that was all in the game, and for the most part you would see the boys playing a soft-limit poker, pinochle, reading or pushing checkers, the women, when they was with us, knitting or gossiping.

But we hadn't been under way two hours when ructions began to happen in our car. First of all, that she-devil had got at Mary Trott, Rose Mosby and Lucy Boyle and told them it was a shame the way Rats Finnegan took their husbands' money at poker and then gave it to his wife to spend on her back—clothes and stockings and furs that ought to have been theirs. Rats was a wicked player at that, but it took a buzzard like Matilda Silloway—acting, I suppose, on harmlessly meant information given her by Si—to put the bad angle onto a perfectly O.K. situation and change a bunch of peaceful women into a pack of hell cats.

It came just as I was sunk in a gun-play novel and the ball players was soaking in as friendly an evening as you could ask for. First, there was conversation, loud and animated, wafting out of the ladies' drawing-room. That was all right. It was a little keen-pitched, but not too unusual. It got louder, and then suddenly there came sounds like would be made by a flock of cats that had chased a mouse into an electric fan.

There was only one answer to that noise—riot, bloodshed, murder. I rushed to the door, which was closed, the team behind me.

"Get in there, Reb," I says to Mosby, "and see what it's about."

Now, Reb was a sergeant of infantry in France, but he declined.

"You're the manager," he said.

There was nothing to it after that. I had to go. Pushing open the door, I landed inside just in time to prevent the room from being filled with pins, *frou-frou* and hunks of hair. There stood the redhaired Finnegan girl, back into a corner, just ready to advance, while the other three frails were giving her a combing that would have scalped her if she hadn't been even better on the tongue than they were.

It was the first time I ever landed into anything like that, and to make it worse the car jolted, slamming the door shut.

"Ladies! Ladies! Lad ——"

They were off again, and drowned me out. I beat my hands downward the way a baseman does when the field ump makes a poor decision, which turns them onto me. But that was what I wanted. Waiting until they ran down, I walloped them over with the threat I'd fine their hubs a year's pay if I heard another yip. While they were absorbing this I threw open the door and called in the poor guys that had agreed to live with them for life.

It looked for a minute as if the excitement was all over. But it wasn't. It was a double-header, that fracas. For the wives told their husbands that never again could they play cards for money, and in a minute there was three as nifty rows on as ever disgraced a public conveyance.

And there, as I came out of the drawing-room, was Si and his wife, reading the newspapers calm as though they were on the front porch at Halikon, Sunday morning. Can you beat it?

The card games went on after a while, but did the married men sit in? Not so that I noticed, and I'm a pretty keen observer.

Anyhow, with that settled and me boring into my Wild West book, Matilda gets

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$1,000 in Prizes

"Save the surface and you save all" – Paint & Varnish

for the

Best Stories and Pictures of Notable American Landmarks



THERE is hardly a community in America but has its buildings or landmarks which have been handed down by previous generations. For example, we have the National Capitol, Washington's Home at Mt. Vernon, Independence Hall, and many others. Every town or village has its buildings or landmarks that have been left by those who, through care in building and thrift in painting, have preserved for their children and their children's children that which was dear to them. It may be a country church or an early settler's home; the building in which some industry, now large, had its beginning; or the house in which some famous person lived.

Whether a treasured building of merely local fame or an historic structure that has become a national shrine, it has a valued place in this contest.

For the best stories and pictures of such landmarks or shrines, we will give $1000 in prizes, as follows:

1st Prize . . .	$250	4 Prizes of .	$25 each
2nd Prize . . .	$100	30 Prizes of .	$10 each
3rd Prize . . .	$ 50	40 Prizes of .	$ 5 each

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

STORIES without pictures will be accepted as eligible for any prize, but where two stories are equally good, preference will be given to the one accompanied by a picture. The picture may be in the form of a photograph, postcard, painting, pen or pencil sketch. Those submitting stories and pictures do so with the understanding that these shall become the property of the Save the Surface Campaign, and that the names of persons submitting them may be used with the story and picture for publication or other use as may be determined by the Save the Surface Campaign. The judges of the contest are Professor Herbert W. Hess, head of the Merchandising Department, J. Russell Doubman and Franklin R. Cawl, Assistant Professors of Advertising at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, in co-operation with their advertising classes. The decision of the judges will be final. The names of the prize winners will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16, 1923.

Read carefully the conditions of the contest:

1. Write an absolutely true story, in English, on one side of the paper only, not exceeding 200 words, of some particular building or landmark or shrine in the United States or Canada that has been preserved for posterity by paint and varnish—or ruined by lack of paint and varnish. (Note: The subjects in the Calendar illustrated at left may not be used.)
2. Preference will be given to stories accompanied by pictures as described by the stories.
3. Name and address must be plainly written at the top of the story and on the back of each picture submitted. More than one picture may be submitted with a story, and any number of stories may be submitted by the same author.
4. Stories and pictures will not be returned nor acknowledged, except through the announcement of the winners in an advertisement to appear in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16, 1923.
5. The contest closes February 1, 1923. No stories will be considered as eligible unless they are received on or prior to that date.
6. Mail stories and pictures in one package to Prize Committee, Save the Surface Campaign, Box 50, The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

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(Continued from Page 64)

Mary Trott to one side and says something about the silliness of bow-legged women wearing short skirts, at the same time casting a cat glance at Mrs. Reb Mosby's Honus Wagners. Mary smiles and says "Yes," or "That's so," or something harmless, just to get rid of the pest without argument. But within ten minutes the Mosby woman has got an earful that Mary has been casting asparagus on her limbs.

Result, another sizzle-bang. I throws the book down and gets into the affray just as both Mary Trott and Mrs. Reb are hitting on all six cylinders. I direct the two husbands in the work of prying them apart, and after a time get something like peace in the car. The two dames are off each other all right; but they are quiet, and that looked like a million dollars to me just then.

You would have thought that was enough, wouldn't you? I did. I located my book under a seat up the aisle where I'd thrown it, and set down with the idea there had been so much trouble nothing more could happen—that night at least. This is the same as saying that I didn't have the imagination to come within a thousand miles of the range of that Lucy's possibilities.

Our car wasn't big enough for her, so what must she do but roam. Finally, she lands in a place two cars ahead where there is a Jane with a baby that attracts Matilda's interest. She sits down in the opposite seat and begins to chin, and finally it works out that the dame is worried because all she has is an upper berth. Now I'll admit that a woman in an upper berth with a baby is about in the same fix, you may say, as a one-legged tight-rope walker. But, after all, it wasn't Matilda's funeral. No, but she made it the funeral of the whole ball club.

Back she comes into our car, stewing and fuming, the woman with the kid following up in the rear.

Before I can say a word—and I could have said plenty—she hooks onto Tom Larendon, our left fielder, saying she had changed Tom's berth to an upper two cars ahead, and that this woman and kid was going to have his lower in our car.

"Now you don't want any woman to suffer, Tommy," she says. "I know you don't. You're the one man, besides Si"—Si had an upper already—"that I would pick out of this club as having a kind and chivalrous heart. In fact I knew I wouldn't even have to suggest it to you."

She knew more than Tommy did, so far as that goes; but Tommy was good-natured, and scared to death of Matilda, anyway, so before I could poke him he says he'd be tickled to shift.

Now I don't know much about babies. They all look pretty much alike to me, and even if I was one once myself I've got no use for them at all. Anyhow, this kid had a sort of a cantankerous look. A mean disposition stuck out like the nose on its face. In short, a cake of dynamite would have looked better to me than that brat. But since the rest was taking it all as a fine joke, the women guggling at the babe and sticking their fingers into its stomach, I said nothing.

Just the same, when I turned in I got some of the trainer's absorbent cotton and stuffed it into my ears. But holy Mike! What I came to need was not cotton but burlap bags. For no sooner had the lights been turned out than that brat took a dislike to the place it was in, or the world in general, and began to complain. He—or she; I'm gambling it was a she—started low like a siren, increasing by degrees until if the kid had been anywhere as big as the sound she was making Babe Ruth wouldn't have come up to her kneese

Ordinarily there was always a lot of complaint over Baldy Trott's snores, but now they lingered in the memory of these ball players like sweet and restful music. For high-pitched, long-distance yowling, gargling, screaming and caterwauling that infant would have taken all three prizes at any baby show ever held. It never stopped, except for a hiccup now and then. And just when the outcry got a little wavery and throaty, and you was hoping the brat was dying, out would come a buzz-saw screech that made everything that had gone before seem mild.

Then, of course, all the women had to get up and butt in with advice—knowing nothing at all about babies, of course—arguing and getting mad at each other, while the men stewed in their bunks and tossed out suggestions how the kid ought to be put to death that ranged from strangling to throwing it off a bridge.

All the sleep the Grays got was what they had stowed away before that baby got steam onto its grouch. In the morning they were simply ball players who have been awake all night with nothing to show for it—and you can't produce anything worse; while the women—well, the least to be said, they wasn't exactly approachable. Si's wife certainly wasn't, and she, remember, was the one responsible for the whole show.

The mother and her little Big Bertha got off at some station where a breakfast car was bumped on. We straggled into the meal like a bunch of ghosts, and I'll say to the credit of the club that not more than half a dozen quarrels started before it was over.

Si and his wife performed in one of the mix-ups—that is, if you can call it a quarrel where one does all the talking. Then, as bad luck would have it, the train, which was due at eight o'clock A.M., gets stalled by a freight wreck; and to kill time Matilda, who had livened up after breakfast, suggests palm reading. She did the stunt, she said, at all the big church fairs in the county.

Mary Trott stuck out her hand first. Zowie! Can you imagine what Matilda threw into that dame until she jerked her hand away and rushed out of the car? Then Rats Finnegan like a nut turns up his palm. Matilda says first crack out of the box that it's plain he is unhappy married, but not to despair. Out Finnegan, in charge of his wife. She tells Brick Gaffney, one of our catchers, that in past life he did something for which he ought to be now in jail. Brick acted as though she had guessed right.

Well, do you get the net result of this little trip? Trouble! By the time we went out to play the Gophers that afternoon what had been a ball club was just a traveling circus.

The Gophers was down in the second division and I had looked to carry away the whole series. Reb Mosby is in, and the first thing he does is to cross signals on Hop Bruner, because Hop had chimed in louder than the others in the comedy stuff about his wife's bowlegs. Hop retires with a split finger and Gaffney goes in.

The game progresses with some harmless errors by the Grays, until the fifth, us holding a two-run lead, score three to one. Then, with one down, Reb throws a dinky grounder into right field and Feiganspan of the Gophers sprints to second on what ought to have been a certain out. Reb walks Sneeze Cpzekk—so called because of his last name. Sneeze and Fieganspan next pulls off a double steal on Gaffney that would have made you weep. I rubbed my eyes, wondering whether I was seeing straight.

"If this is my ball club," says I to Hop Bruner, who sat swearing over his busted finger, "then I'm a fish."

The next two outs came just because the Gopher batters insisted upon getting out, so far as I could figure. But there was more. In the eighth, with two down and a man on first and another on third, Slattery, of the home club, bounces a grounder to Rats Finnegan at second. And Rats, instead of throwing to first for an easy out, booms the ball home to head off the man running from third.

He is safe by an eyelash. Then as the whole infield, gone plumb cuckoo, gathers around to argue with the ump, the runners on first and second walk to second and third on a double steal.

Before we get through that frame the Gophers have tied us up. In our half of the ninth, two out, Larry Boyle singles. Tom Larendon doubles and Larry falls down as he rounds third and dives back to the bag. The next instant, as everyone on the Grays' bench yammers and paws the air, Larendon sets sail for third on a short passed ball, sees Boyle camped on the bag as he gets near, starts to run back and is caught between bases.

Mosby runs out to meet Larendon in the diamond, comments upon the brand of ivory in his head and the two exchange wallops before they are pulled apart. The ump fires them both out of the game.

By this time I thought I had better make it a real good day, so I calls Si Silloway in from the bull pen and set him on the mound in Reb's place. I hadn't used him since his marriage, figuring to give him time to get good and settled as a married man and then let him work regular.

Si comes in with his grin, throws up a few balls and faces Whitey Curtis of the Gophers. He winds up natural enough. Then, believe it or not, he unhooks a ball that hits the clock in the front gable of the grand stand. The mate to that wild pitch simply ain't.

But nothing could faze me now. I just sit in a trance as his next ball hit the ground halfway to the batter. I let him stay in. I don't know why. I needed that ball game. It was my condition, I guess.

Anyhow, Si stays in, fills the bases and then gives the fourth free ticket that won the game.

In the clubhouse I let the team alone. What was the use of talking? But when they had dressed I grabbed Si as he was walking out of the grounds with his wife. I wasn't mad; I was just stern.

"You two," I says. "You two beat it for Halikon now, immediate!"

Si gives me one glance.

"Do you mean for good, chief?"

I hesitated. There was always something pathetic about that bird in spite of his noisy ways.

"When you've got control you can come back," I says. "Until then I don't want to see or hear of you. I'll keep you on the pay roll the rest of the season because of the contract. Now beat it, both of you!"

Matilda, whose eyes had got like ten-cent pieces, walked up to me, and I could see she was meditating a wallop. If she had I'd have histed her one, so help me Mike, woman or no woman. I guess she sized it up that way.

"I'll teach him control!" she says, snapping her lips like a bass. "Come on, Silas!"

With her gone, the club, after a time, came together again. Everything was as jake as though nothing had happened. The women kissed and made up, the card games resumed and the club began to win again. But I misdoubted it was almost too late.

Anyhow, the situation was enough to give the fans heart failure. The way it lined up was that the Trojans and the Plaid Sox were first and second respectively, with one more game scheduled between them; while the Grays were third, with three games remaining to be played against the Puritans.

According to the standing, if the Trojans could beat the Plaids in the one game left for them to play, they would go to the top. But with the Plaid Sox taking that game, the Grays, by winning three straight from the Puritans, would tie up the race, the Grays and Plaids standing even Stephen.

We could hope, but not big, because even though the Grays were clouting the ball like balloon busters, our pitching staff was shot. It was thanks chiefly to Reb Mosby, who had borne most of the brunt in the past two weeks, that we were where we were.

Anyway, on a Sunday in October—it was October second—the Plaid Sox took the Trojans, two to nothing. That put them out of the way. The same day Mosby shuts out the Puritans, and Johnson, with a lame arm, holds them to three hits the next game and we win. The third we take after three of our pitchers have gone bad up to the fifth, Mosby finishing the game without allowing a hit, while batting rallies in the seventh and ninth carried us to the fore.

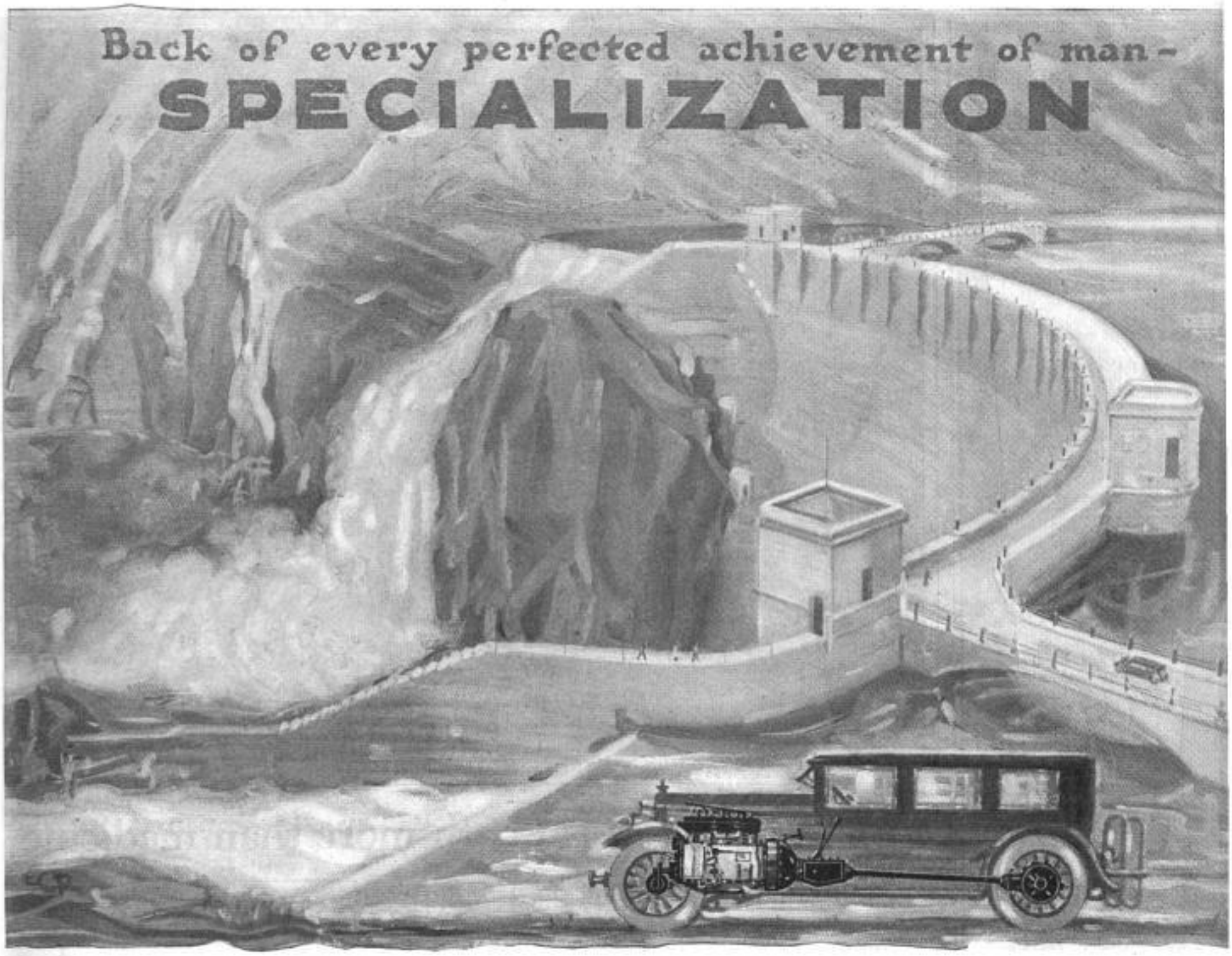
The championship season closed the day we won that game, and it was up to the board of directors of the league to decide whether the race should end in a deadlock or whether we and the Sox should play off the rubber. They ordered the game played, and it went to the Grays' park on the toss-up.

So engaged had I been in all the above details that plans for winning the battle had laid pretty much in the background. But now, with everything set, I had time to look over the situation. It was bad. And the newspaper squills, who usually know the other side of nothing about baseball, didn't hand us much of a look-in. That didn't put any acid on public interest in the shindy, though. In fact, the whole country was on its toes, and writers from every city on the circuit was in town to report the battle.

It was at morning practice on the day of the game that I sat with sick eyes looking at the efforts of my pitchers to make me think they were good. They were brave, nervy boys and their spirit was fine; but they didn't kid me for a minute. Not a batter came back from the plate who didn't shake his head and say that everything

(Continued on Page 69)

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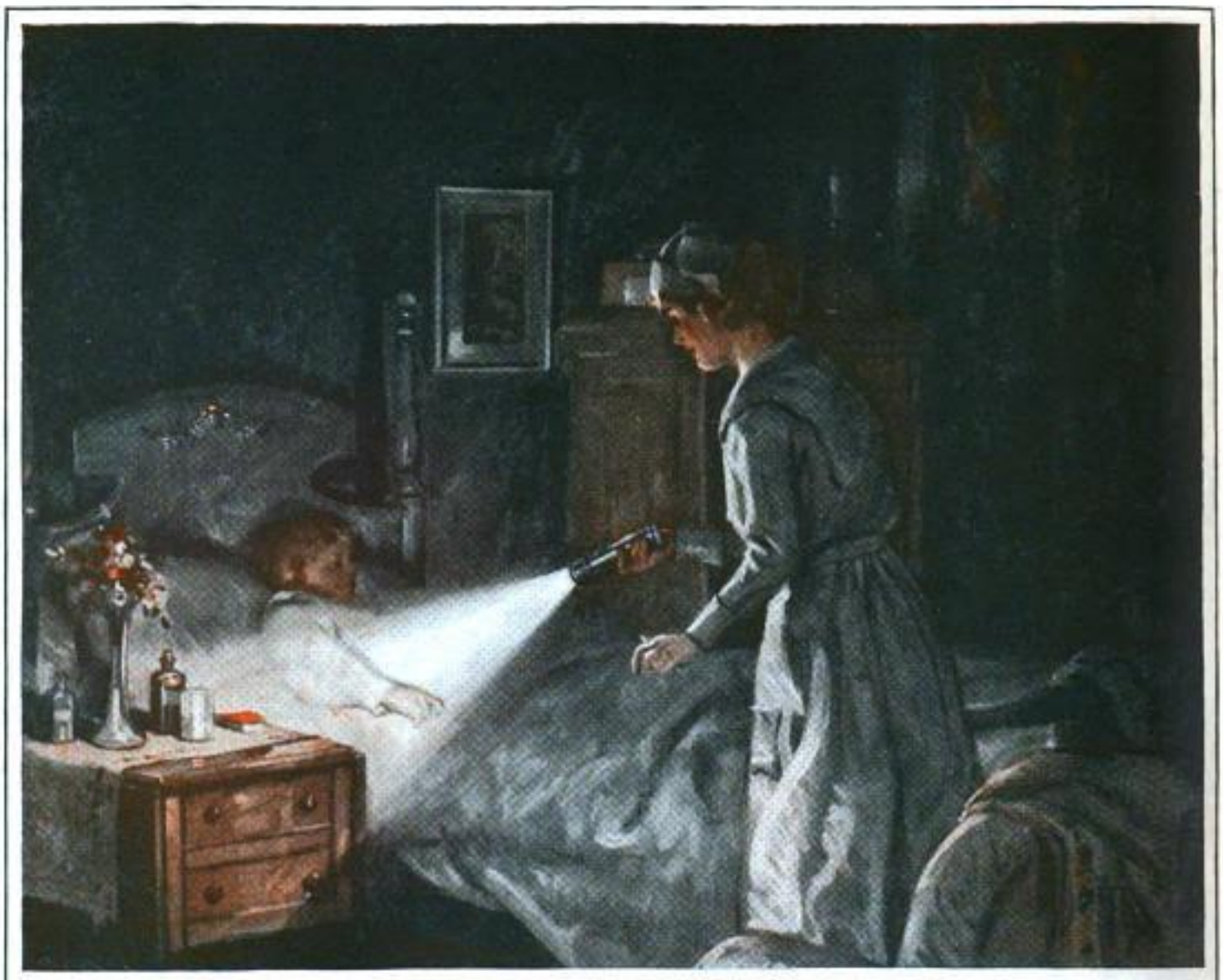
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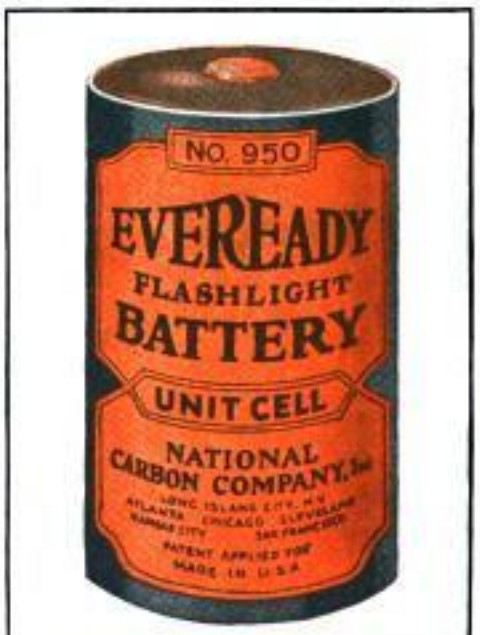
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(Continued from Page 66)

being tossed to him was either a cripple or wide of the plate.

Every indication showed that this particular ball game was ten miles up the crick in a canoe and no paddles, when who should blow into the park but the very last thing I was looking for—Si Silloway, in tow of his wife. I didn't know Si at first. He was rigged like a church usher and as meek as a canal mule.

"McGann," Matilda says with a jerk of the head, "here's your pitcher. I've taught him control; don't you think I haven't."

"If you haven't," says I, "you've taught him something."

That's all I did say. This was no time for idle chatter. Anyhow, a hunch the size of a quart pail was inside of me.

"Si," I says, "run into the clubhouse, put on your suit."

He is back in a jiffy, just rarin' to go too.

"Wait a minute," says the dame as he goes toward the box. "Mr. McGann"—she was polite as a pail of milk; polite, but businesslike—"Mr. McGann, I should like a seat in the grand stand directly behind the catcher so that I can see that my husband is doing as he should."

"Good!" I smiles. "The seat shall be yours." And it was, right smack behind the plate in the middle of the press box.

"I don't want this wire in front of me," she says. "I can't see well; it bothers my eyes."

"You might be hit," I objects.

"No matter."

Well, it was her head, after all. I had the ground keeper cut a frame for her face in the netting, doping it out that she expected to hypnotize her man, and I wouldn't swear yet that wasn't what she thought she was at.

Sensational events followed. Si went out on the mound and proceeded to mow our murderers down man after man as you would swing a scythe through hay. There he works, his lips moving every time he lets go as though he was praying, and all the time Matilda's steel lamps boring into him like gimlets. It was uncanny. There wasn't no one in the world could have convinced me she hadn't that poor lefty beaten down to a point where he was absolutely under her power, where his fear of her was greater than the things that had made him have bum control.

As for me, it would have been easy for me to stand on my head and sing. The way Silloway was pitching was something you don't often see. It was grand. His smoke made an Erie engine look like an atomizer, and if there was anything that nut couldn't do with the ball I never heard of it.

"Stop, Si!" I calls out at length. "You work today. That is," I adds, "if your wife can produce you like you have worked this morning."

"I'll produce him!" she snaps. "Never fear! I should like an armchair in this box."

"You can have a throne if you want it," says I, and so she could have.

Then I went downtown to garner in some of the tall odds the wise guys were offering on the Plaid Sox.

There wasn't a soul in the park that afternoon except me and Baldy Trott, our captain, Si Silloway and Matilda who knew who I was going to nominate for the mound against the Plaids.

Six of the Grays' pitchers were tossing the ball, Silloway among them, while the Plaids were doing batting practice. As showing how soon a man will be forgotten I would say that two of the local newspaper squills called me to the press box to ask who he was. I told them to wait and see.

My boys were in fine mood, absolutely nerved up, and when Hop Bruner slipped me the word that Si was making the ball play dead, turn summersets and behave ridiculous, I didn't have a care left—except to see that Matilda Silloway was comfortable and happy in her big chair right in the middle of the press box. You may believe she excited curiosity among the squills. But there was something about her that suggested they had better let her alone.

In the midst of a sudden silence like when you turn off a steam siren the announcer steps out with his megaphone:

"Ladies and gempmun, bat-rees for today's game! Plaid Sox, Rariden pitcher and Grant catcher!"

Here was where that fox Deyo, the Plaids' manager, was aiming to cross me. I had counted on Smoky Martin, and so had everyone else. Rariden was a left-hander, and when he was good there was none better.

"Grays, Silloway pitcher and ——"

The rest wasn't heard, for the sound that crowd made was like the exhaust of a roundhouse full of engines.

Silloway! No one had to tell me the panning I was getting, from the ten-dollar boxes to the fifty-cent seats. Silloway! The busher! The crazy left-hander that had been picked up in the West and had blown forty ways in a month! No, there was no doubt I'd have polled a unanimous vote of that throng for the office of keeper of the city morgue. Silloway!



I Gets Into the Affray Just as Mary Trott and Mrs. Reb are Hitting on All Six Cylinders

We had tossed for the last inning and I win. Silloway, tall and lanky and loose-jointed, ambles out to the mound after a final talk with me and Bruner. Turning away, I shoots a look at the press box. There is Matilda, stabbing her eyes through the hole in the netting; not a wink, not a flicker.

Si tosses a few and then winds up. Straight and true comes the apple in a misty white line with a blur on the end that meant a hop. The batter piles into it regardless, but it goes over his bat handle. The inning ends with three straight strike-outs.

For a minute there was silence, everyone dazed. They didn't believe it. Then, sudden, the stands got up on their hind legs and gave Si a hand such as I never heard a pitcher get; and Si, almost to the dugout, takes off his hat and waves it. That showed how he was feeling.

Rats Finnegan up. He nicks Rariden for a single on the first ball pitched. Larry Boyle sacrifices him to second on a bunt and Larendon singles him home. It was lights for Rariden. Bill Deyo comes out of the dugout and waves to the bull pen. Martin walks across the field to the box while the crowd yells insane.

Inning after inning goes, and that single run of ours gets to looking as big as a marble house would look in Painted Post. The Grays hit Martin hard enough at times, but everything goes straight to the fielders or up in the air. As for Silloway, I don't know how to tell the brand of baseball he was pitching. If there is a word that goes beyond "superfine," that's the word I want. And all the time, leaning forward, with her hatchet face stuck up against that hole in the net, sat Matilda Silloway, still as a statue and grim as a battle ax.

Mesmerism! I suppose you've doped it that way. Well, I had myself. Ordinary argument wouldn't have convinced me of nothing different. No, it took Judge Connolly, who was umpiring on second, to do that. The Plaids had just gone out in the first half of the eighth, short to first, a strike-out and a foul fly to Bruner, and were taking the field, when the judge quicksteps in to the plate and beckons to me.

"Tom," he says, "what have you got in the box there?"

"Why, a pitcher!" says I. "Hadn't you noticed?"

"I noticed all right," he says; "but listen! All through the game I've been watching that bird, wondering what was biting him. He's done nothing but talk to himself as he pitched, and last inning I snuck up close as I could behind him to get his line. And do you know what he's doing?"

"I'm listening," I says.

"Well, he's abusing that dame you've stuck into the press box there."

"The helya say!"

"That's right! As sure as I live, every ball he chucks he's aiming at her bean. You should oughta hear him, Tom! He'll let go a fast one and say 'This one will smash in that sharp-pointed snoot of your'n, you she devil.' Then he unwinds an outbreak, saying 'You wire-jointed harrigan, this one will stop your mouth for a thousand years!' Honest I ——"

"Judge," I says solemnly, "that woman is his wife. I thought she was mesmering him into control."

With that Connolly throws back his head and lets out a howl.

"Mesmering!" The judge slaps his legs. "Priest! Why, her head is on a line with the plate! Your nut is having the time of his life calling her every name he can think of and kidding himself he is tossing at her bean."

"Judge"—Connolly is my best friend—"keep coony about this, will you?"

But Connolly is too full of emotion to reply. He shakes his hand and runs to the infield just as Martin picks up the ball.

You'll grant it was one on that man-eater. Here she was, thinking she was keeping Si in control through scaring him, as she scared him into doing whatever she wanted, while he was doing nothing but throwing everything he had at her ugly onion and calling her names.

If she had fainted or dropped dead I wouldn't have given a plugged nickel for this ball game, but she wasn't the fainting or dying kind. In fact anything liver than that dame simply wasn't. Everyone in the park was due to know it before the game ended. It came after we had gone out in order in our half of the eighth and the Sox came in for their last dip.

Lannigan, a talky guy with a strong line of kidding, went out on third and began to rip into Si as soon as he took the box. Silloway never minded that much, being proud to attract attention even from a coacher; but it did take his mind off the mark he had been shooting at all through the game. So with Rip Shenk at bat he distributes a ball that Bruner couldn't have reached had his arms been ten feet long.

Lannigan makes another remark and Si comes back, then lets one go that didn't come as near the plate as I was. I saw what was happening and I signals Trott to hold up the game on any excuse. But Baldy is giving Si a line of encouragement and doesn't make me. Meanwhile the whole pack of Plaids was yipping, and Si was batting back at them like a loon. Shenk takes a dive to the ground to get out of the way of the third ball and the next goes over Bruner's head to the stand.

As Shenk takes it on the hoof to first I glances toward the press box. Matilda isn't there. But she was there a minute previous. As I starts from the dugout I see the flutter of a skirt at the gate leading onto the field and the next minute the Jezebel is headed up to the plate like a revenue boat after a bootleg sloop. She was all for business, full head of steam and geared for action.

"Silas," she screams as she arrives back of Ike Cadmus, the plate umpire, "I want you to come right in here!"

Si smiles sickly, moves about ten feet and then stands still.

"What's this?" bawls the ump. "Beat it, lady!"

"You mind your business!" she shrills. That sounded familiar to Ike. He was married and began to suspect just what he was up against.

"Who are you?" he growls as we pile out of the dugout, together with the Plaids to take ring-side seats at the bout—that is, except me. What I wanted was to pry the fire-tongued Jezebel loose from this situation.

"Who am I? I'm that man's wife," pointing to Si, "and if he doesn't come in here in an instant I'll go out and get him. I'll teach him to throw wild balls!"

"You clear out!" roars Ike, remembering this woman, anyway, wasn't his wife and there was no skin off his nose in talking how he pleased.

"I shan't!"

Si was coming in now, but the harrigan had turned her attention to the ump.

"Don't you dare to order me, you fat clown!"

Ike had a thought.

"That will cost your husband a hundred dollars!" he yells.

(Continued on Page 72)

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ROLLINS
Armor Plate
HOSIERY

UNMISTAKABLY A PART

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Announcing

National Distribution through 15,000 Retail Stores in 45 States

ROLLINS Armor Plate

FROM the day our hosiery manufacturing business was founded, years ago, we have built on policies that offer definite advantages to retailers and wearers.

We have used the soundest and most economical of all means of distribution—that of selling direct from our mills to retail stores, with no extra price or discount between manufacturer and consumer.

We have made our trade-mark stand for the highest possible value in hosiery and cover a complete line for men, women and children.

We have built quietly and painstakingly on these policies.

ROLLINS ARMOR PLATE HOSIERY today is sold by 15,000 retail stores in 45 states and worn by millions of people.

With growth, the name Rollins, that of the founders and also of the present owners and managers of the business, has become a logical part of our corporate name. Our attainment of national distribution, with a consequent change in the name of our company, is a message of value to retail stores and wearers of hosiery everywhere, and hence our national public announcement of the accomplishment.

Their style, wear and price make ROLLINS ARMOR PLATE HOSIERY merchandise that is unexcelled in the industry—in silk, mercerized, cotton and wool, for men, women and children.

Sold to retail stores as a complete line and in any special numbers in the wide variety.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS
(FORMERLY DES MOINES HOSIERY MILLS)
DES MOINES, IOWA

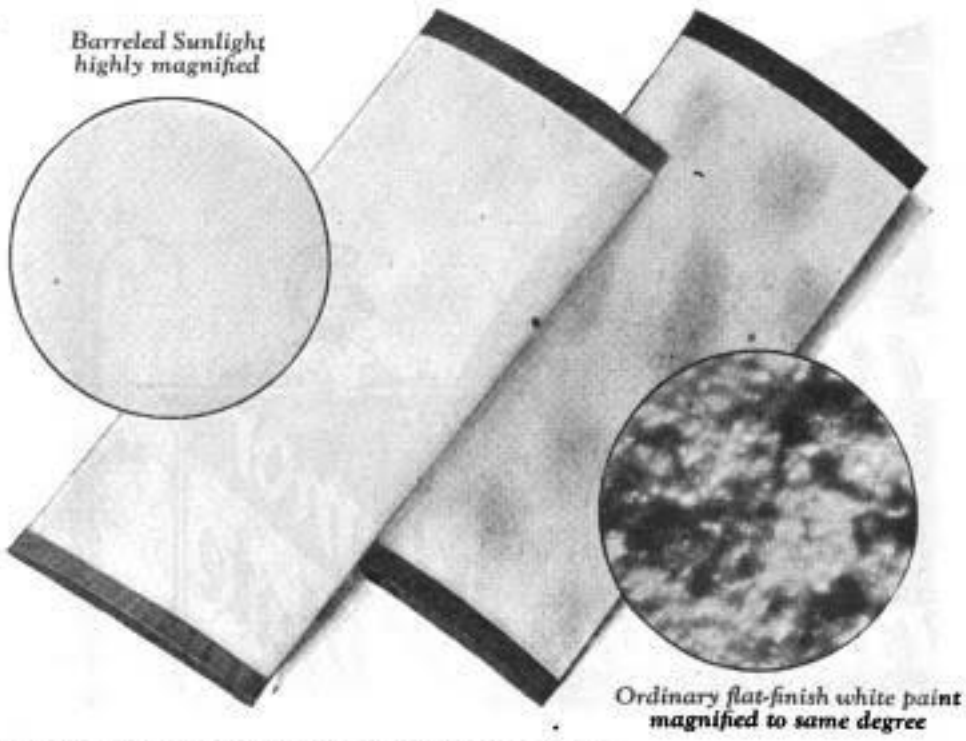
Factories: *Des Moines and Boone, Iowa*

Warehouses: *Chicago, 902 Medinah Bldg.; Denver, 1759 Lawrence St.*

Sales Offices:
St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Cleveland, Detroit

OF BEING WELL DRESSED

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The board on the left was painted with Barreled Sunlight—the one on the right with ordinary flat-finish white paint. When this photograph was taken *both had received the same amount of handling*. The difference between the two paints when seen through the microscope shows clearly why Barreled Sunlight actually resists dirt.

It resists dirt—

this lustrous interior white paint

White interiors freshly painted—they may look well, no matter what type of paint you've used. But how will they look six months or a year later?

The test-boards illustrated above give you the answer.

It is because the surface of ordinary flat-finish paint is full of tiny pores that it soils so readily.

Barreled Sunlight produces a smooth, lustrous surface which is actually *dirt-resisting*. There is no place in its surface where the tiny dust and dirt particles can collect. It can always be washed as white and clean as tile.

Made by the exclusive Rice Process, which removes the yellowing tendency from the oil, Barreled Sunlight is actually guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions. It costs less than enamel, covers better and is easier to apply.

Read in the panel at the left the many interiors where Barreled Sunlight can be used. Leading dealers carry Barreled Sunlight. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

"Save the surface and you save all"

Stores, shops, schools, hotels and apartment houses—industrial plants throughout the country—find Barreled Sunlight indispensable in keeping interiors white and spotless.

In the home Barreled Sunlight is ideal for woodwork and for the walls of kitchen, bathroom, laundry, etc.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Factory and Main Offices
8 DUDLEY STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.
New York—350 Madison Avenue
Chicago—659 Washington Blvd.
San Francisco—38 O'Farrell Street
And 50 other distributing points in the U. S. A.



THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

Sold in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels

(Continued from Page 69)

"You miserable nincompoop!"

"That will cost the Silloway tribe another hundred!"

"Dog-gone!" howls Si. "She don't care how she spends my money!"

"You pot-bellied protoplasm!" yells Matilda, digging for her real stuff.

At that, Ike, past all reason, plasters a fine onto Si that J. D. Rockefeller couldn't have paid. Also he pulls out his watch and gives Matilda and the rest of us one minute in which to lose ourselves, while the crowd flaps and squeals.

It was then Matilda takes off the muffler and I see at once that anything I had ever heard her do before was mere practice. She was whipping it out like a machine gun, Cadmus was on the point of giving the game to the Plaids and the police was coming onto the scene, when I grabs her by the arm.

"Lady," says I solemnly, like the villain in the theater, "do you know it's ten years in jail for breaking up a big-league ball game?"

Si's face lights up.

"Is that so? Say, Matilda, don't let 'em scare you! Go on and break it up!"

She gives him a look. Then she remembers what the ruckus is all about. Her arm shoots out and she grabs her crazy Jasper.

"You come with me!"

"Aw, have a heart!" Si pulls back. "I've got a ball game to win!"

"You'll win no ball game! You had your chance! I'm ashamed of you! Come or you'll be sorry, right here and now."

"Go on, Si," says I, seeing a wicked glint in the umpire's eyes. I certainly didn't want this game forfeited with a one-run lead, and I knew Silloway was a mile high.

Si hesitates, and then is pulled off the field like a schoolboy, while the crowd fights for air. Off they go and off goes my ball game. At least so I thought. But it didn't.

As it turned out, Reb Mosby had one good inning left in him. He came to the mound and retired the Plaids, bringing home the bacon, after they had men on second and third and with two outs.

So good I was feeling, after the crowd had quit celebrating and the players were dressed, that I even grins as Matilda and Si comes up to me when I was leaving the grounds. She was as perky as a three-year-old after winning the Kentucky Derby.

"McGann," she says, before I could offer, "I simply want to tell you this is the last rowdy ball game my husband will ever play. I had pride in showing you I could make him pitch, and I did until that crack-brained ball player took his attention from his business."

"You did," I says. "I hand Si and you all the credit for today."

"All right. Now he's going back to Halikon. I've forced my brother to divide the estate. Silas hereafter will be a gentleman. He is going to run the mill. He has joined the church already, and next Sunday he begins his Bible class."

"I see," says I, not caring a hang, since I wouldn't have had that pair on my ball club no matter if they won every game. Then I grins. "What makes you think Si can control a flour mill? He can't heave flour barrels at your head."

"What do you mean?" she snaps.

"Nothing," I says.

"Come on, Silas," she bites; and with a lingering look at me Si Silloway walks out of his baseball career.

You may be interested to know about the World's Series that year. We lose. But during the last game our left-hander, Andy Rappold, who had broken his arm, turns up good as ever—which was something.

What's that? Have I ever gone back to Halikon? Say, have you yet heard of the Crown Prince going back to Verdun?

The Poets' Corner

A Book of Verses

THE book is such a joyous thing, I think
that it was made
In some high-raftered, happy room where
little sunbeams played;
I think that breezes blew about, and flowers
in a vase
Glanced up, with winsome blossom smiles,
into the poet's face.

The book holds not a thought of pain or bitterness or dread;
The verses are as light as foam; they seem to skip ahead
From page to page, half laughingly, as tiny children play,
And yet they take the reader to a land of far-away.

A very pleasant land it is, where every worker sings,
Where sea gulls skim along the shore on broad extended wings,
Where forests are a drowsy green and fields a golden brown,
Where white church spires reach up to God from every peaceful town.

The book is not a masterpiece—its life may not be long;
It is a breath of mignonette, a gentle sigh, a song;
The theme of it is not sublime, yet somehow it imparts
A bit of gladness that will grow in many weary hearts.

I wonder if the poet knows how much his songs have meant
Because they tell of simple things, of good cheer and content,
Because they bring the light of dreams to lonely souls, and sad.
I hope he knows—and, oh, I hope the knowledge makes him glad!

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Remember!

BUT yesterday on this same earth with me;
I could have seen you when I wanted to,
But did not trouble. Now Eternity
To the Uncharted Land has tided you;
Clouds, and the spindrift stars, Time's outer sea,
Flood in between, and Time has not a crew
Or bark to launch me on such voyage. Say,
Does Memory not spread returning sail
To this, my earth. Then trust to her today
Some word, a laugh, and I will hear the hail
From you in port where I wait, cast away.

—*Calvin Johnston.*

Homesick

I'VE held my job for seven years; I've watched my wages mount;
I've thought about a suburb and a wife and bank account;
I've lived by clocks and gone along the reasonable way—
But something that I thought forgot got hold of me today.

The autumn tang was in the air, and, miles removed from town,
The seas, I knew, were churning white, the leaves were turning brown;
And, though it came across the world, the call came crystal-clear:
"O Man-that-used-to-be-a-boy, we're waiting for you here!

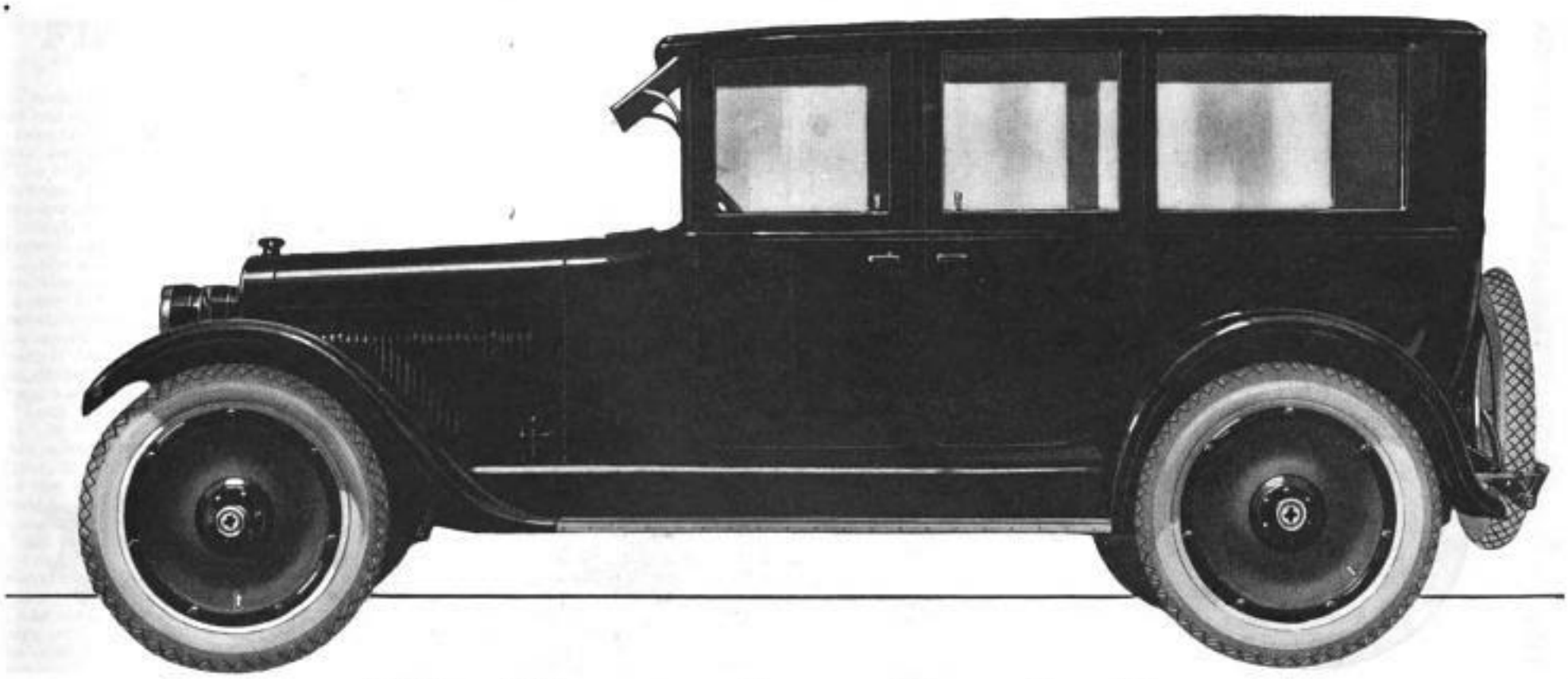
"We are the ships you sailed upon, the trails you used to tramp,
The stranger folk that paused a night beside your vagrant camp;
We are the wander songs you sang, the dreams that once came true:
We're just across the sky line and we haven't changed—have you?"

I tried to close my ears; the call went thrilling through my head.
It rocked my desk all afternoon; it hums beside my bed.
I give myself the right advice; it's safest far to stay—
But, vowing that I'll never budge, I know I'll fare away!

"There is no place like home," say you, who never had to roam;
We answer: "Certainly, but then our home's a shifting home"—
"The rolling stone can't gather moss," you warn: but, bless your soul,
It doesn't want to gather moss when once it's learned to roll!

—*Reginald Wright Kauffman.*

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The Tremendous Popularity of These Vibrationless Closed Cars

Probably never before has a line of closed cars attracted such wide and favorable attention.

To begin with, the Rickenbacker enclosed models are unusually comfortable, charming and luxurious.

Then, the prices are very attractive—considerably under other models of similar type and capacity.

But, more important than these inviting features, is the great fundamental fact that the Rickenbacker has no period of vibration.

That's the basic reason for this great car's success.

To the best of our knowledge, no other car ever built has been entirely free from vibration at all speeds. The Rickenbacker is.

All cars have a few periods at which they have no vibration.

Some cars have many periods at which they are totally minus vibration.

But this car at no period or at any speed ever has the slightest trace of vibration.

The tandem flywheel is the reason.

This new engineering principle, introduced initially, we believe, by Rickenbacker, is destined to revamp and revolutionize the modern automobile.

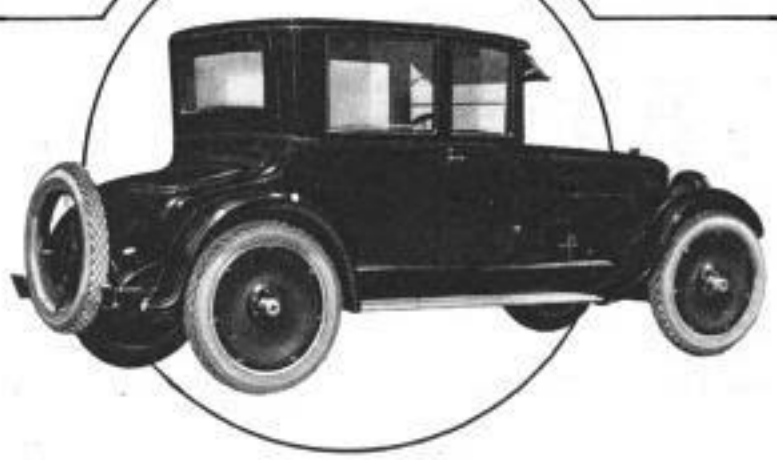
Examine these beautiful new models. You'll see the last word in very attractive closed cars, at very attractive prices.

$1485 for the Touring Phaeton $1885 for the Coupé $1985 for the Sedan F. O. B. Detroit

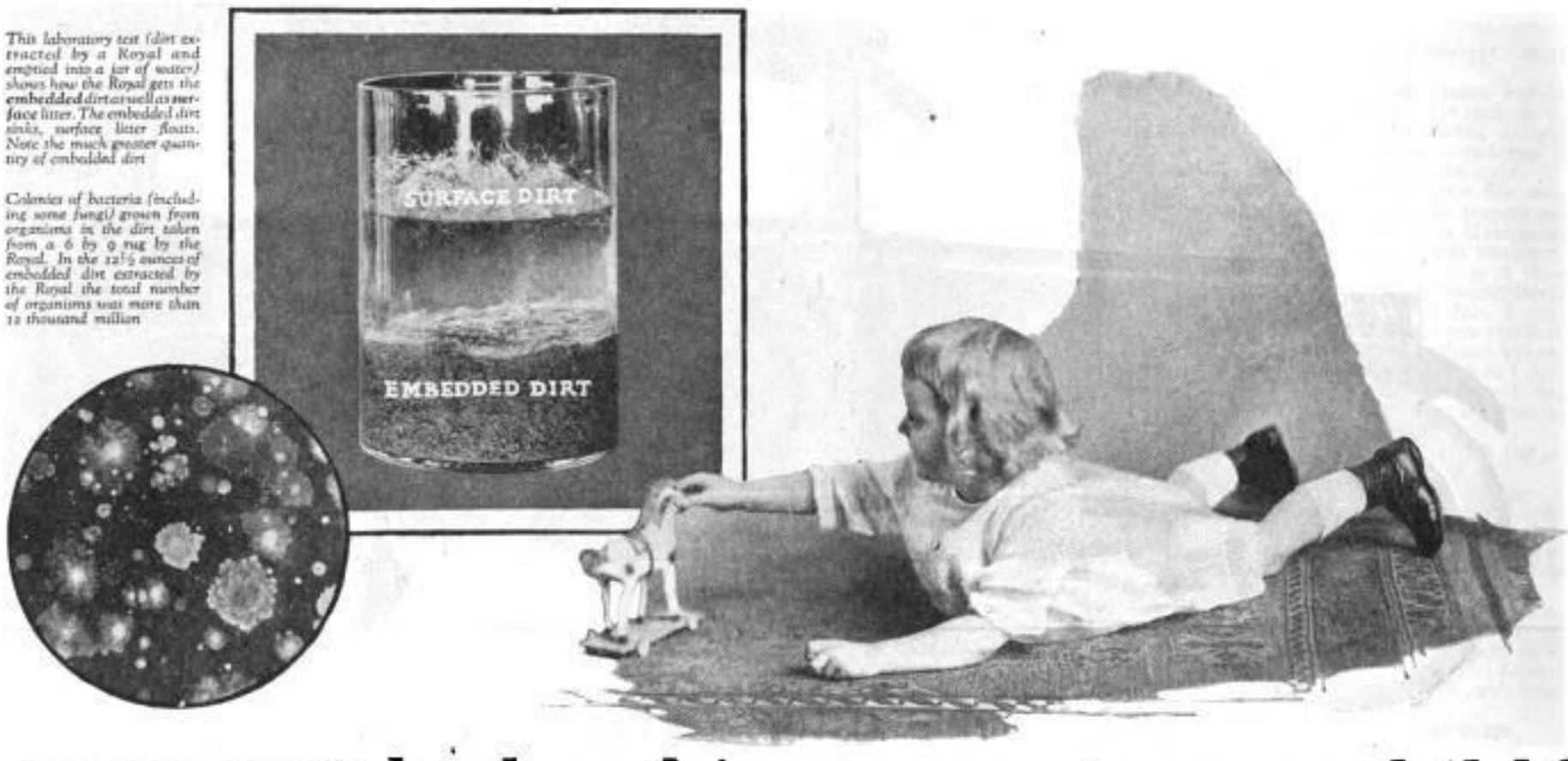
The Rickenbacker Motor Company
Detroit Michigan

Rickenbacker

A • CAR • WORTHY • OF • ITS • NAME



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This laboratory test (dirt extracted by a Royal and emptied into a jar of water) shows how the Royal gets the ***embedded*** *dirt as well as* ***surface*** *litter. The embedded dirt sinks, surface litter floats. Note the much greater quantity of embedded dirt*

Colonies of bacteria (including some fungi) grown from organisms in the dirt taken from a 6 by 9 rug by the Royal. In the 12½ ounces of embedded dirt extracted by the Royal the total number of organisms was more than 12 thousand million

Do your rugs harbor this menace to your child?

—*embedded dirt which holds millions of disease-producing bacteria*

"It should be realized by parents that the floor is a favorite haunt of disease germs," says Dr. David Forsyth in his book, "Children in Health and Disease."

"And that unavoidable draughts sweeping in beneath the door are well calculated to raise miniature dust storms in the lower strata of air that the child takes into his lungs.

"For these reasons it is very important that a clean rug or other covering should be spread on the floor to protect the infant."

"Clean" rugs that endanger children

But when is a rug clean? Is it safe for your children when merely its *surface* is clean? Consider this:

In the Medical Research Laboratories of Chicago a sample of *embedded* dirt was recently analyzed by Dr. Benjamin Gruskin, Director of the Laboratories and pathologist for Mt. Sinai Hospital, Chicago.

The dirt was extracted by a Royal Electric Cleaner from a rug that had been thoroughly beaten and swept and was *apparently* clean.

Yet in every gram, or 1/30 of an ounce of dirt, were found 35,000,000 *living organisms*. In the total amount of dirt (12½ ounces taken from a 6 by 9 Wilton rug) were well over 12 thousand million bacteria.

Among them were three dangerous types of germs, which, Dr. Gruskin reported, are greatly responsible for many intestinal disturbances and diarrhea in children—the cause of by far the greatest number of infant deaths.

Are YOUR children safe?

Are your rugs merely *surface* cleaned—is there in their depths, hidden, this dangerous embedded dirt which footfalls and draughts stir into the air for your children to breathe?

You would not think of eating a piece of bread that had lain upon the floor. But do you allow your children to play upon rugs or carpets which harbor this germ-laden dirt—to breathe the dust which footfalls and thumps stir up, to get it into their mouths?

Remember, that the worst dirt is *in* your rugs, not *on* them. That the most dangerous dirt, because it is hidden and remains for weeks, is the *embedded* dirt in your rugs.

How you can remove this embedded dirt

There is only one way to remove this dangerous embedded dirt in your home, and that is *with powerful air suction scientifically applied.*

The Royal Electric Cleaner reaches deep down into the depths of your rugs and gets out the embedded dirt. First, because it produces a powerful suction. Second, because this suction is scientifically applied directly to the rug surface along the entire length of the 14-inch nozzle. The patented Royal adjustment screw does this. Thus the Royal does the work more easily, more quickly and more thoroughly than any known cleaning method.

Thus, even from rugs that have been thoroughly beaten and swept by ordinary cleaning methods, the Royal will extract large quantities of embedded dirt—the unsanitary, germ-bearing dirt that menaces your health and that of your children. Ask the Royal Man to explain this. He will show you how the Royal gets dirt that other cleaners cannot remove.

Cannot harm rugs

Yet, powerful as it is, the Royal is absolutely harmless, because it cleans by air alone. You can clean even your Orientals daily without the slightest danger of injuring them.

And the Royal is so light (it weighs but 11 pounds), and cleans so fast that it will never tire you. The convenient trigger-switch on the handle saves stooping, and the wide nozzle goes easily into corners and under furniture.

So simply and sturdily is the Royal built that it will last a lifetime with ordinary care. And with such mechanical precision is it designed that it is practically trouble-proof.

Let the Royal Man show you

No doubt your rugs appear spotlessly clean. But let a Royal Man go over one with a Royal Electric Cleaner. You will be astonished at the quantity of dangerous, embedded dirt that has lain hidden in its depths.

Arrange with the local Royal dealer today to have a rug cleaned in your home—no obligation at all. If you don't know who he is, write us and we'll put you in touch with him.

DEALERS: The valuable Royal Franchise may be had in certain cities and towns. Write for information.

RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES: There are numerous desirable opportunities for men of ability in capacity of Royal Men. Inquire of your local Royal dealer.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

ROYAL Electric Cleaner

Cleans By Air Alone!



The Royal Man

He is an expert in housecleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning. He is courteous and considerate; you need never hesitate to ask him for a demonstration in your home



© 1922, The P. A. Geier Co., Cleveland, O.

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FIFI MEETS THE WISE GUY

(Continued from Page 19)

and took up the dish of quartered apples that had served for food in the dining scene, to take them to the dressing room. They would be good for the next show.

The little acrobat moved out of the first entrance. Charlie glanced indifferently toward her, dodging stage hands who came on briskly to strike the set for the act that followed. He had seen her watching the act. She was one of the Bounding Charltons, the turn that closed the show. He had seen her that morning on stage at rehearsal, noting how wiry and dark she was, with small pointed features, like a little squirrel; her eyes large, with black pupils that dotted her thin face like blots of ink, giving a singular opaqueness to their gaze.

"Look out there, Joe, for that wall mirror!" he called. "Be careful!"

He always had to tell 'em about that mirror, or they might without looking unlace the flats comprising the walls of his recent home, and let it fall. He was always careful never to break a mirror.

"All right, Charlie, I'm watching," Joe returned, wiping his hand on the back of his overalls. "Say, you an' that act is layin' on my heart. I don't think of nothin' else all day long but the ol' Wise Guy. Why, I sleeps with it nights under my pillow. That's all I gotta do, just keep thinkin' of your act!"

Charlie grinned. Kidders, them stage hands were; good fellows, though, if you handled them right. And crazy about the act!

"That is a splendid act!" It was the little acrobat. "It's one of the cleverest acts I ever saw—and a novelty!"

"Ya-ah?"

He grinned. He was used to that. All the acts raved about it. He didn't blame them. It was a good act.

"You surely put it over. It's awfully funny, that business where you start trembling. And such excellent writing. It's great!"

Her voice was low, with a habit of climbing in tone when she was excited, like a singer running the scale. She seemed excited now. Her eyes were upon him. He had a sudden feeling that she was trying to bore into his mind. He wiped his forehead carefully, so as not to smudge the handkerchief with grease paint. It was hot after that drill.

"Who wrote it?"

"I did."

"Oh." She smiled. "How did you do it? Where did you get all those funny lines?" Her voice ended in a soprano chirp.

"Oh, I dunno—you git up a little hoke, an' then a bunch o' patter—'s easy when you know how."

"It must be—when you know how!" the acrobat repeated. She gave a little laugh, like the sudden gurgle of water poured from a jug. He noticed that she kept on smiling, her eyes on him. "The idea is certainly immense."

He made to go on. Mayme was coming toward them, snooping. Mayme always did if he gassed with a dame. She was welcome now. He was tired of all that gab. He hated her type of woman. A lean nothing, like a drink of water.

"I was telling your partner what a wonderful act you have," smiled the little acrobat to Mayme. "It's simply delicious."

"I says the day he was writin' it it was gonna be a wow," Mayme returned condescendingly. "Course we allus play nothin' but the big time," she lied; "our agent just booked us in the bushes for a few weeks."

"It's splendid. The idea is so funny!"

"Ain't it a darb?" agreed Mayme. "Honest, Charlie's a perfect sketch! We was walkin' along State Street in Chi where we'd come from visitin' mamma, an' he stops right in front of the Palmer House an' pipes: 'Mayme, here's a wham for a idea! Get this!' An' honest, when he pulls it I bellers so loud a bull turns an' lamps me, thinkin' I was barmy in the pan! This three-a-day stuff's funny to us, though."

"We just came off the Pan, where you get five and six shows some places," replied the acrobat. "I'm thankful, though, to be working. They say things are frightful in New York."

"We never have no trouble. The office is fightin' for our act. They been beggin' us to play the Palace, but Charlie says, play for half what we're gettin' here? No, sir, he won't cut for nobody. The way they try all the time to git us performers over a barrel is somethin' fierce."

"It's a clever act. You aren't going to lose me from now on. I'm going to catch it every show."

Charlie started on disgustedly. He moved out of the way of a set piece they were letting down from the flies. Strains of harmony pounded against the street drop, on the other side of which perspiring members of the Empire Four rendered vocal cravings for residence in Dixie Land. Across a green velvet carpet which the stage hands were laying a girl in short glittering skirts and headdress of ostrich plumes moved, carrying the rest of her wardrobe to place in order on a table for her various changes of costume. A gold chair was plopped upon a grand piano that stood ready to be shoved out for the act that followed.

"My, ain't that Fifi a lovely girl!" Mayme cried with enthusiasm as she entered the dressing room a moment later. "I feel terrible sorry for them acrobats. The men in the act are Hungarians, all brothers, except the understander, and he's a Turk. She useta do a single, mostly ring work, an' forward an' backward handwalk up a ladder, billin' her act Fifi Evelyn, till she doubled with her husband as the Two Evelyns.

"She's terrible refined, an' crazy about my skin," she continued, removing four large beads of cosmetic from her upper lashes and laying them in the cosmetic pan. "It reminds her of a baby's, it's so smooth and expressionless; but I tell her I don't use nothin' on it except a little cold cream, Marvelline skin food, oatmeal and lemon and chin strap and eye pads with astringent lotion night an' mornin', and not a pinch of make-up for street, save liquid white an' a little rouge to keep away that pale look. Her husband's quit, and she says he keeps writin' her to leave the act, but she don't want to 'cause it means takin' care of his big house. He must be wealthy, 'cause she says he allus hires plenty of maids."

"Aw, cut the gab about that dame!" Charlie rattled the pages of the Clipper irritably as he turned a page. "She gives me the croup!"

"She don't me. She's a lovely girl! Just because she's an acrobat is no sign she ain't as nice as song-and-dance acts. Mamma allus says be charitable to them beneath us, for you never can tell from the outside what they got buried in their jeans. I'd be ashamed of myself if I were you, talking like that about Fifi. She said she took a fancy to us the minute she seen us!"

Evidently she had. During the week she and Mayme were inseparable. He noticed, however, that it was Mayme who did the talking. The little acrobat seemed reticent, waxing loquacious only about the act. And every performance found her, as she had promised, watching it from the wings. Charlie grew irritated. But they would separate at the end of the week. That was one of the lucky things about vaudeville—you didn't need to mingle long with people you didn't like. They were booked for Omaha, the little acrobat for Sioux City. It would certainly be good riddance.

"May I come in?" It was Fifi Evelyn. She opened the dressing-room door vivaciously in response to Mayme's call, her slim figure in a short, trim black suit, a yellow bonnet trimmed with black cherries sitting coquettishly on her bobbed hair.

"Just wanted to tell you the news!" she cried. "We're going to Omaha too!"

"Oh, Fifi!"

"The circuit is getting up a road show for six more weeks, beginning Monday, taking nothing but feature acts from the various bills to send through the principal towns, and you are headlining, and we close the show. Our agent just wired."

"Oh, we're going to be together six more weeks—ain't that swell!"

"Yes," smiled Fifi. "I don't want to miss that act."

Charlie took up a hairbrush irritably, brushing his toupee. He could feel her eyes upon his back.

"Gees, that's good." He forced a grin. "I ain't had no word."

"You'll hear today," returned Fifi. "We'll have to go into Omaha without any billing."

"My land, I see in Variety that Savoy & Brennan didn't get all their money when



Do you have to pretend that you are well?

IN work or at play—do you have to pretend a vigor that isn't yours?

Are you drifting slowly, through daily neglect, into the borderland between health and disease?

Failing strength and energy mean just this: *something* is hindering the body from performing its two vital functions. Either it is failing to build up properly the living cells which compose it, or it is not throwing off the poisons that gather in the system.

Only in recent years has it been found that the chief cause of the trouble is a *lack of certain elements in our food.*

Hidden in its microscopic cells—
the very elements our bodies crave

The fresh, living cells of Fleischmann's Yeast contain a natural food, with the very elements which help the body perform these two vital functions.

Like any other plant or vegetable, yeast produces the best results when fresh and "green." Fleischmann's Yeast is the highest grade living yeast—always fresh. It is not a medicine, it is a natural food. Eaten regularly day after day it helps to "tone" up the whole system and assures regular daily elimination.

Physicians and hospitals throughout the country are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast. Men and women everywhere are finding it the key to such buoyant health and vitality as they have never known.

Eat two or three cakes a day. If you prefer get six cakes at a time. They will keep in a cool, dry place for two or three days. Begin at once to know what real health means. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 622, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

builds health naturally and permanently



Eat it plain—or spread on crackers—or mixed with water or milk

Send today for the absorbing free booklet telling what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you. Use this coupon.

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 622
701 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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BULLETIN from the front: "At the zero hour, when the steam was turned on, the Bad Heating Imps launched a vicious attack. Banging, hissing and sputtering, they blocked the radiators with cold air. In spite of a roaring fire in the boiler, the house was cold. At the Heating Contractor's command, Watchmen were rushed to the front. They replaced the leaky, inefficient air valves on the radiators. Immediately the Imps were routed. Radiators became hot, silent and efficient. All is quiet now on this front!"

Test the Watchman on your worst radiator!

GET a No. 1 Hoffman Valve, Watchman of the Coal Pile, from your Heating Contractor, or send $2.15 to our Waterbury office for one sample valve. Put this valve on your worst radiator. When you're convinced that it has made that radiator hot, silent and coal-saving, have your Heating Contractor put No. 1 Valves on all your radiators. Then you'll never be troubled by the Bad Heating Imps again. You'll have hot, silent, economical heat; and the Hoffman Valves will pay for themselves in the coal they save.

Are the Imps attacking your house?—Call the Watchman!

FIVE *full years of satisfactory service from Hoffman Valves is guaranteed you in writing.*
"MORE HEAT FROM LESS COAL"

is a booklet that tells all about Hoffman Valves and how they increase your comfort and lower your coal bills. Write for it today.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., Inc.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

they played their last stand. Ain't it terrible the way they act to us performers?" said Mayme. "My goodness, I wisht we was in New York to see the Avon Comedy Four at the Palace agin. If they ain't a wow every place they play!"

"They're not a bit funnier than The Wise Guy," said Fifi. "Mr. Rook, how did you think up all those things?"

There she was again.

"Oh, you just think up a little hoke, an' a bunch of wise cracks—'s easy."

"It sounds simple." Fifi laughed. "I do wish you'd write me an act too."

"Oh, sure, I will," he returned, "when I git a little time. I—I'm busy on one now, one about movin' pichures, an' of course ——"

"Pichures—oh, that reminds me!" cried Mayme. "I seen in the Clipper Nazimova's goin' to be in Omaha in the saddest film. My, ain't them Russians gloomy! They got death allus in their minds. Well, I remember Kodowsky with the Dippy Doll Show sayin' to me when I remarks how I could just die when singin': 'Why don't you?' An' yet they're great on dancin' too—allus talking about Russian steppes."

Fifi rose.

"I must skip. I want to be ready to watch your act. 'By."

"'By, Fifi."

She hurried out. Charlie cursed savagely to himself, reaching for another cigarette. He was sick of that dame and her eternal questions, talking eternally about the act. He had had an insane desire to put his hands about her throat and choke her till she had to shut up. And now—six more weeks!

He felt depressed, too, with a queer chill at the pit of his stomach—like indigestion. He'd felt that way for days, ever since that acrobat had appeared, always talking, and watching the act, her black eyes glistening, like a hawk's, or a vulture's, waiting and watching for its prey.

Prey! He stared into the mirror. He had a hunch that trouble was coming to the act—through this woman! He had put his shoes on the make-up shelf at Louisville, and on the bill the week before had been an act that used peacock feathers!

He lit another cigarette, puffing nervously up at the whitewashed wall, moiling it in his mind. And now—six weeks. It was as though Fate was keeping them together. Fate!

He laughed, deriding his fear. Bad Luck could never swoop on him with its hideous wings. No, he was lucky, safe. All he'd got to do was quit worrying about that dame.

"My, ain't Fifi terrible refined! She comes from a fine family too," said Mayme, pinning a cotton band about her forehead and dipping into the cold cream.

Charlie took up his stick of grease paint, rubbing it over his face. They were getting ready for another frolic.

"Evelyn ain't her real name; it's only stage. She's kinda clost about herself, I've noticed, but all refined people are. They was a guy useta call on mamma, honest, he was so refined he never spoke but two words during the whole evening: 'Fine day' an' 'What'll you have?' Her mother was a school-teacher, comin' from California."

"California?" Charlie turned in his chair; his mouth hung. "Who did?"

"Well, my heavens, don't snap at me like that! Fifi, of course. Mercy, who I been talkin' about all the time anyway?"

California—the state where Mary Thorpe ——

"Whereabouts in California?" He waited nervously.

"Lemme think—she did say, I guess. Frisco—no, it wasn't—she says it was only a little place with a funny name, an' a 'z' in it, or a 'l,' or something. It was two syllables, I remember, and sounded kinda sad. My goodness, you mix me all up so!"

He leaned forward tensely. "Was it—Ben Lomond?" he rasped.

"Ya-ah, that was it."

The color drained from his face; he sat staring at Mayme, his jaw sagging.

"Sure?"

"Ya-ah, that was it—Ben Lomond. I knew I'd heard it somewhere. It was her told me. My, she's a lovely girl!"

Ben Lomond—the place where Mary Thorpe had lived.

"She liked California fine if it wasn't for the climate. Give her a little snow, she says—not what you mean. Fifi's far too refined to be referring to coke; what she means is change in weather. She was out there for her health."

California—Ben Lomond—and out there for her health, like Mary Thorpe!

He got up and went out. The Bounding Charltons were on, and Fifi Evelyn, thin, dark sprite in her white satin, a streak of sparkling glitter across her forehead, perched saucily on the shoulders of the tallest Charlton, then pulled herself up suddenly into the trapeze above her head, and swung dizzily into the flies.

Charlie heard the ripple of applause, like hail on a tin roof. He turned away, grinning at this fear that had seized upon him. Even if Mary Thorpe were not dead she could not have regained sufficient strength to do the stunts this woman did in the act. No, Fifi Evelyn wasn't Mary Thorpe!

He moved restlessly toward the switchboard at the right first entrance, his mind envisioning the penalty for this thing he had done. He remembered that Variety had published an actor's forum, giving information on the theft of lines. Variety was powerful in vaudeville. They said they would take up the case of anyone who had been defrauded, and would make the offender pay.

Even if Mary Thorpe had not copyrighted the act she would be able to prove performances by programs, and thus establish her prior claim.

They would have played, by the end of the six weeks, ninety-four weeks. Ninety-four weeks at forty dollars a week, the royalty Wally said Mary Thorpe had asked, would be—he took an envelope from his pocket and figured it out—thirty-seven hundred and sixty dollars. It was nearly the total amount he had paid on his house.

But they wouldn't catch him. What was eating him? And yet—Ben Lomond! Still, Mayme may have been wrong.

He moved toward an opening formed by the side drops used by the Charlton act. Fifi would soon be off. He'd get to talking with her and see if he could find out.

Another hail of applause, and then the heavy plop of the curtain. The Bounding Charltons came through the wings panting. Fifi's lithe body was wet with perspiration.

"Isn't it warm!" she exclaimed, wrapping her cape around her as Charlie moved forward. "I'm simply baked."

"Hot work," he grinned. "Guess it's cooler out West, out on the Coast—or—California."

"It is, especially at night. Played out there?"

"Not lately I ain't. You?"

"That's where I came from. I went out there, though, for my health."

"Ya-ah? Whereabouts?" His voice sounded casual, unconcerned, but his muscles tensed, waiting for her reply.

"Las Palmas."

Las Palmas! Infinite relief surged over him. Mayme had been wrong after all. He felt swift exultation. But what if Fifi had lied? He stood grinning. There was an odd gleam in her eyes, he was sure; a faint flicker of her short upper lip above her even, white teeth.

"Gees, you don't look like nothin's the matter with you," he said.

(Continued on Page 78)



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AN AMHO PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 76)

"Not now. There used to be." She laughed. "Well, three weeks are gone out of the six, aren't they? My husband keeps writing me to come home. I'll hate to leave you and Mayme and the act, though. It's so clever. Aren't you going to write me one? You said you would."

"Ya-ah. Sure, soon's I git a little time." Her husband? "What's your better half doin' since he's left the business?"

"He's a detective."

His smile seemed frozen on his face. Detective? One of those slinking rats always snooping on a guy, emissary of Bad Luck, eternally hovering, trying to catch him pull a bone, and then they had him, with that hideous steel thing and those words: "Come with me." What if, after all these years ——

"Well, I must skip. 'By." The little acrobat darted off.

He reached the dressing-room door, closing it behind him, shivering.

"That dame's husband's a dick!" he said in a barely heard whisper. Voices carry easily through dressing-room walls.

Mayme turned, aghast. "A dick? She never told me!" she gasped.

"I ast her," he shot out. He moved nervously about the room, nagged by a thousand fears. "I tell you she knows something, d'y hear? Somethin' about the act!"

"The act? How could she?"

"I been tryin' not to think it, but—she's Mary Thorpe herself—or else she's the sister!"

"Sister?" Mayme's blue eyes distended, the lines of her fat face drooped. "But she was with a dramatic act!"

"Lot of people double; that ain't nothin'. I tell you there's somethin' funny—she's got a look on her like she's wise—only she don't say nothin'! If she is Mary Thorpe, why don't she come out an' demand her property—come right out an' say 'I want my property!' An' then I'd know!" His voice rose hysterically. "Instead she's talkin' all the time, pumpin' me, smilin', like a cat playin' with a mouse—tryin' to git my goat! She's got it, I tell you—she's got it!"

He sank into a chair. The act hadn't been going well lately either. He'd been going up in his lines, at hideous moments when everything had seemed to stop in his brain, and Mayme was going on, trying to throw him his cue. He felt sickening fear, then drowningly he had grasped the line and had gone on. The audience hadn't noticed. They seldom did so long as you kept on going. That afternoon he had forgotten the stepladder bit that brought the biggest howl of the act, all the time conscious only of Fifi Evelyn standing in the wings looking at him. And she was eternally asking him to write her an act, forcing him to tell of other acts he had written; questioning him all the time.

She was trying to break him—trap him! She knew he had never written anything. And her husband—a dick!

What was eating him? Mary Thorpe was dead. But what if Fifi Evelyn was her spirit, come to revenge the girl whom he had defrauded, driving her probably to her death?

He laughed raucously, grinning uneasily at his face in the mirror, with its puttylike mask of grease paint lying in streaks. He had forgotten to blend it in.

He was foolish, he was, getting up a thing like that about that dame. Her spirit! Gees, he was getting barmy, food for the squirrel. And yet—who was Fifi Evelyn?

He sat bathed in cold fear. And now three more weeks of that icy chill in his chest, and Fifi Evelyn watching, watching—waiting for him—to confess!

He snatched at a piece of paper on the shelf, and got out a pencil with twitching fingers. He'd wire Sim Allen to book them on the Australian tour that Sim had once offered them. That was it—Australia—out of the country—safe.

The days dragged by, each a century long. Another week, a nightmare. The Interstate Colossal Road Show was playing its last triumphal week but one, when he noticed that for the first time Fifi Evelyn seemed avoiding them. What was the matter?

"Fifi's gone without saying good-by," Mayme announced. "She gave her notice a week ahead of time; going back to her husband. I hope to goodness when she's gone you'll pick up and act like you'd oughter, 'stead of snappin' my head off for everythin'!"

Freed from that woman. Charlie breathed a sigh of vast relief. It was Saturday night. They were leaving in the morning for Minneapolis, their final stand, from which they would leave for New York, and, the following morning, for Australia.

"I'll certainly be glad to get rid of her too," continued Mayme venomously. "That day you tells me about her bein' the sister, I thought nothin' of it, but honest, she acted so funny before she went that I'm getting suspicious. She never come near me all this last week."

"What was the matter?" He stared at her, his fears returning in renewed force.

"I dunno. Mamma allus says first appearances gathers no moss an' has no turning, an' well I believe her when I think how I was deceived by that woman! Course she wasn't refined or anything, an' goodness knows nobody kin expect nothin' of no acrobat. Still, I don't know what got into her. She was sittin' here talkin' one day last week, when somebody called and I went out, an' when I come back an' starts packin' agin she shuts up like a clam from bein' in the middle of tellin' how she loved morgues an' public libraries, an' then after a while she goes out."

"Didn't she say anything?"

"No; only before she went out she ast was we sure goin' to Minneapolis the week after we leave here, an' I says yes. She's been funny ever since."

"Did she say where she was goin'?"

"No; she was allus kinda clost mouth. I tell you I feel kind of nervous."

Charlie bent over, locking their trunks. "C'mon, let's get out of here!" he snapped. Mayme got on her hat hurriedly, and they made their way toward the stage door.

Charlie and Mayme hailed a street car and rode up Hennepin to the Palace Theater, Minneapolis, to see if there was any mail. He stood about while Mayme hung up her stage clothes in the muslin curtain she had draped over the hooks, then went out onto the stage. He'd take a smoke outside before looking up the stage carpenter to see if he'd got his scenery plot he'd mailed him. Then he'd get out his music to rehearse it with the orchestra leader.

He leaned against the doorway; and then, the cigarette falling from his open mouth, he stared in horror upon the figure approaching down the narrow alleyway that led to the stage door.

Her face set, black eyes fixed upon him with a look of indignation, was Fifi Evelyn. She was coming toward him with the quick stride of one whose limbs are supple. There was someone with her, a tall man, walking a little behind. He seemed vaguely familiar, as though Charlie had seen him before. Then something gripped Charlie like a hand about his throat as he noted a bulge in the man's hip pocket. Fifi's husband—the dick!

His limbs grew suddenly limp. Escape so near. A few days, and then safe on the boat, out of the country—and now ——

Cold sweat stood out on his forehead. He wiped it off with trembling hands, enveloped in a hideous nausea. She knew—had known all along; his hunch had been right. To lose the act, after all their triumphs—agencies once more—tramping year after year. That dread phantom with its disastrous wings—arrest.

He must call out a greeting, carry it off righteously, defiantly, ignore this sensation of irrevocableness stealing upon him.

"Workin' here, Fifi?" he called out.

His voice was husky, weak. He cleared his throat noisily.

"You thief!" Fifi cried. She was standing before him. "You give me back my property!"

"Take it easy, Mary," put in the man beside her. He moved nearer, laying his hand on her arm, then stood, sphinxlike, waiting.

Mary! He had been right, after all. Mary Thorpe! And all these weeks she had stood there—watching her own act.

He heard a sudden cry behind him. His head shot round. Mayme, her blue eyes popping out of her head, her mouth open, sagging, showing all the lines, looking guilty!

He felt a savage anger at her, giving it all away like that. He wanted to seize her, force her back violently into the hallway. He rubbed a clammy hand against his trousers, grinning at Fifi.

Then he caught drowningly at an inspiration. Of course—royalty—that was what they did. He would offer that—better anything than lose the act, their gold mine. He had figured it—ninety-six weeks at forty dollars. It would mean their house—but better anything than lose the act. Yes, he would defy them, take the bull by the horns, beat them. They couldn't prosecute a man who didn't refuse to pay. Yes, that was the way out. Bad Luck? No, it wouldn't get him yet!

He hunched his shoulders confidently, grinning at Fifi Evelyn.

"Say, listen, Mary, why the squawk?" he began easily. "I ain't tryin' to git outa nothin'. Say, you got me wrong. I ain't stealin' no act. Sure I know it's yourn. I was just waitin' for you to slip us the info. When I tells you I wrote it I was only pullin' a Jim Madison, that's all. I knew all along you was Mary Thorpe, but I lost your address, an' I never gits it in my bean till you tells Mayme about livin' in Ben Lomond—an' then I was waitin' for you to come out with your moniker, slip us the dope so's I could give you the kale, that's all. I was just waitin' for you to peep!"

He stood looking at her with an expression of injured innocence. And he noted with satisfaction that her eyes grew wide, as though she were taken aback.

"When I seen ol' Wally Harrington in the act and he begs me to take it, I says, 'All right, as a favor to you, Wally, I'll play her,' so he hands me the script an' says: 'All you gotta do, Charlie, is send forty bucks each week to Mary Thorpe, Ben Lomond, California.' An' here you are gettin' hot under the collar, squawkin', when all I was waitin' for was you to give us a peep!"

Fifi Evelyn laid her hand on her hip.

"It certainly is a clever act," she said. She gave a little laugh, like the gurgle of water from a jug. "I always was crazy about writing, but I never could write anything bigger than a letter, no matter how hard I tried; all I had, I guess, was the wish. I thought you acted funny, too, but I figured it was only because you didn't like me. But I've never been in Ben Lomond. And I'm not Mary Thorpe."

Fifi Evelyn gripped her hands tightly at her side, the smile stricken from her face.

"Mary Thorpe'll be mighty glad to hear about her act. There was quite a piece in Variety last month that I guess you didn't see. It was about her trying to earn her living flat on her back. She's writing a column now for the Frisco papers from the hospital where the town had to send her two years ago, because her sister in the business died about that time. It told about Wally Harrington, too, and how the act's failure nearly broke her up. Yes, I guess she'll be glad to get her act and the money you owe her for all these weeks. I never dreamed you'd stolen the act."

Charlie's jaw hung.

"No. You see when I got back home and told my husband what I saw in Mayme's trunks he said he'd come right over. I was going to get my property and let you go on Mayme's account, but not now—not after Mary Thorpe. There it is, George, pinned on her waist."

She raised her hand, pointing at Mayme. "I saw the number, and it's got my initials on it—'M. R.' Mary Rosencranz. You see, I'm his wife. We came to get you for stealing my watch."

"You—your watch?" Charlie stammered.

"What'll it be, George?" asked Fifi Evelyn.

"Grand larceny I got a warrant for," said George. "That watch'll appraise for one seventy-five bucks easy."

"Good. George said he'd better bring a warrant in case anything happened. Well, it did. For a good long time, Mr. Rook, you'll have nothing much to take except your meals, and when you come out get another job, for the man who'll do the dirty thing you did can't find one in the show business."

The tall man moved beside him. Mayme gave a little gasping sound, like the squawk of a bird. It irritated him. He wished she'd shut up.

"Go on, George," said Fifi Evelyn.

Charlie turned in wild panic, trying to run; but a hand clutched his shoulder. His breath squeezed from his throat in a slow, whining exhalation.

Back in the hallway of the theater an electric fan whirred, like the sound of swift wings. He heard a click, and a clamp of handcuffs held his wrists. And then those fearful words came, sharply: "Come with me."

And Charlie went.

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KING COD

(Continued from Page 7)

The thoroughfares are mazes of crooked lanes, edged in with fences of wattle or of spruce poles, over which hang well-scrubbed hooked rugs, family washings and brown nets.

Buoys, lobster pots, kellock anchors and all manner of strange gear, for every tiniest bit of which a name exists, lie scattered everywhere. The fences are maintained to keep vagrant goats and sheep—the sheep marked with red paint to identify them as So-and-So's property—from ravaging the meager gardens. These animals wear yokes; so, too, the hens. A yoke on a hen is something of a novelty. At first I couldn't understand why the domestic fowl had sticks lashed horizontally under their wings. But the explanation—"Green stuff be's so wonnerful 'ard to raise 'ere, sir"—soon made all clear.

None of the houses boast shutters, for sunshine is always welcome. All carry ladders on their roofs, because outport fire departments are like snakes in Ireland—there aren't any.

"If a 'ouse gets on fire, sir," an ancient told me, "dem most allus burns up, anyhow, 'fore us gets dere, an' dat save we de trouble. Sometimes in winter de surf bate in, rate to de 'ouses, an' us got to board up de winders to save 'em. An' one time us 'ad a livin' starm blowed so 'ard, sir, us ahl 'ad to stay in our 'ouse to kipp un from bein' blowed away, sir; an' dat's as true as de light!"

It's a pity some painter doesn't take a summer off and go to Newfoundland. He wouldn't be in the country five minutes without wanting to set up his easel and get to work. Here he'd see a lighthouse stayed with wire cables to keep it from being blown out to sea; there a group of big-booted, canvas-jacketed men barking a sail—which is to say, boiling it with spruce in a huge kettle. Again, a woman bringing in a back load of firewood; another fetching water in two buckets with an old English neck yoke; a ruined whale factory; a fox farm with furtive, cod-fed silvers, each worth a lot of money; a jaunty constable talking with a shovel-hatted Church of England clergyman; two old men toiling up a lane with a hand barrow laden with rocks; a woman making soap from "de hile off de livers, sir, an' de loy of ashes"—these and a hundred other bits would fascinate him. Perhaps he might have the good fortune to find a wedding in progress, with joy guns being fired, and fiddling and dancing under way.

Curious Place-Names

A group of fishers trying to spell out the news in the cable-dispatch book at the post office—the only newspaper—might make a capital painting. Surely a group of the tousle-headed children, playing in dories, pretending to fish and to cure the cod, would be a splendid subject. One's heart is sad at sight of these many Newfoundland children who know not the joys of real childhood. No circus, no fruit or candy, for the most of them, no school for many; why, they're little men and women rather than children! They pretend to paddle dories, drag bundles of rags in empty shoe boxes down the rocky lanes, spread out bits of fish on the rocks. Give them a big Newfoundland penny and their fortunes are made.

Beautiful children, some of these. Get them away from the fried food, tea more bitter than sin and bread that could easily be used for anchors, and give them good diet, schools, a chance in life, and what a race they'd develop! Doctor Grenfell can tell you more about this. Let's pass.

Some of these little outports and coves bear names that cry aloud to be worked into fiction. How does Deadman's Cove strike you, and Pushthrough, and Famish, and Hooping Harbor? How about Seldom-Come-By, Happy Adventure, Bareneed, Gallows Cove? The one-time French occupation still is recorded in such names as Privecœur, Langue de Cerf, Femme and Ile-aux-Morts. But Newfoundland has done some desperate deeds to French names. The Bay of Despair was once Baie d'Espoir. Who could recognize L'Anse au Diable in the modern Nancy Jawble, or L'Anse au Loup in Lansy Loo? Then there's the former Tasse de l'Argent, now Tossolo John! Amateurs of picturesque place names will enjoy Breakheart, Little Cat Arm, Hauling Point, Great Harbor Deep, Confusion Bay, Grappling Point, Winter House and Rattling Brook. Then there are Wild Bight and Sunday Cove, Leading Tickle, Great Triton, Noggin Cove, Joe Batt's Arm, Offer Wadhams, The Bat, Squib Tickle, Oarblade, Doughfig, Horse Chops, Hanging Hill, Bowline, Bay Bulls, Butterpot, Mistaken Point, Come-by-Chance, Famine, Pistolet Bay, Steering Island, Peter Snout, Jack-of-Clubs, Nameless Cove and no end of others equally thought inspiring.

When the Fleets Come In

Newfoundland is "subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand," and what it works in most is cod. By sea, by land, everywhere you find cod. The people think cod, eat cod, talk cod, breathe cod. Ministries rise and fall on cod. Practically the only subject I've ever heard the people really get mad about, in arguing, is cod. You can believe anything you want to about anything else, but you've simply got to be orthodox about cod.

The life of every outport centers in the rooms, which typically comprise a harbor, stages, salt warehouses and fish flakes either of poles or of stone, in which latter case they're called bawns. Into the harbors the fleets of codders bring their trips, with a fly at the masthead to indicate a big jag o' fish. Thither the shore fishers, bold men who stand up at their work in dories so hard tossed that half the time they're hidden from view by heavy-running seas, row their catch. On the stages or along the beaches they discharge their treasure, flinging out the fish with pitchforks in huge sliding mounds.

Over all hangs a thin fog much of the time; and through it loom ghostly sails while the putt-putt-putt of motor boats is always chattering. Here are seines hauled up on rocks, there a wreck that went ashore last winter because her crew couldn't furl the frozen sails—dumb witness to winter's



Grandmère Coming Home From Market With Her Fish-Net Bag, in St.-Pierre, Quite as if She Were Back in Normandy



When All Boston Buys

SUCCESSFUL advertising in Boston depends upon the realization that the Boston territory presents a simple but different advertising and merchandising problem. The manufacturer who realizes that Boston's population is composed of two distinct groups, clears at one leap half the obstacles to a profitable Boston campaign.

Study the Boston newspapers. You will find in them a reflection of these two groups. You will see clearly that any one of several Boston papers, similar in appearance and appeal, will satisfy one group of Boston's people and will influence its buying judgment. It also demonstrates that the Herald-Traveler, differing from these other papers in every way, exerts its influence among a different group of readers—a group that no other Boston newspaper reaches.

To reach both these groups is vital to the success of most Boston advertising campaigns. To reach the Herald-Traveler group is vital to the success of *every* worth-while product advertised in Boston.

The Herald-Traveler reaches the most important assemblage of buyers in Boston and its suburbs—a market qualified by intelligence and financial capacity to respond to the appeal of any advertiser. Herald-Traveler readers are buyers of bread as well as bonds; of necessities as well as luxuries; of merchandise as well as service. They represent the best outlets of all Boston retailers.

Remember that the Boston territory is a divided unit in this respect—two distinct types of newspapers are required to carry an advertising message to all Boston. Remember, too, that from Monday to Saturday the Herald-Traveler carries a greater volume of national advertising to its readers than any other Boston paper. The manufacturer whose advertising message is carried in the Herald-Traveler makes known his product to the most responsive consumers of merchandise in Boston and its suburbs.

* * * *





The Herald-Traveler maintains a unique Sales Service Department, invaluable to the manufacturer who advertises in Boston. Through this department the Herald-Traveler forms a merchandising partnership with its advertisers to make certain the success of every campaign. Complete information concerning it and other necessary information pertaining to successful advertising in Boston is contained in a booklet entitled "The Road to Boston." Requests for this booklet, on business stationery, will be honored promptly.

BOSTON HERALD-TRAVELER

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Look for this design on the corner of your checks

This little design bearing the words "Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks" on the upper right corner of your checks means that your banker provides you with checks that are covered by $1000.00 of insurance against loss through fraudulent alteration.

It means that you don't have to trust to ingenuity for protection, but can write your checks with pen and ink or typewriter with positive assurance that you are protected from check raisers.

These checks are "The Safest Checks in the World." Insurance makes them so. This is the only positive protection you can get for a check, just as the only positive protection against any other loss, such as fire, theft, hold-up, tornado or flood, is insurance.

Banks displaying the door and grill signs pictured in the circle are banks that will gladly accommodate you with this added protection. There are thousands of them in the United States. Look for them in your city.

Ask your banker for these checks today and get your free $1000.00 certificate of insurance protecting you from loss through fraudulent alteration. If you cannot find a banker in your locality who can supply you with these checks, write us for the name of one who will gladly accommodate you.



On bank doors

This transparent window in black, yellow and gold on your bank's door is evidence of this added protection.

On the "cage"

Alongside the teller's window in banks that give this protection you will find this aluminum hanger.

Ask Your Banker
for these Checks with free Individual $1000.00 Certificate of Insurance
—issued by the—
HARTFORD
Accident & Indemnity Company

SUPER-SAFETY
Insured
BANK-CHECKS

This $1000.00 of insurance

is issued without charge to all depositors of banks furnishing these insured checks. Ask your banker for one today.

The Bankers Supply Company

The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World

NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO

rigor. At wharves schooners in from Cape Breton or Spain are discharging coal or salt with a roar and rattle of gasoline winches. Huge piles of salt gleam in sheds. Barrels of well-ripened cod-liver oil mingle their perfume with the sweet breeze from the high barrens. Smells of molasses and tar blend in; and spruce boughs, piled up for dunnage, add their own aroma. Then, too, you can scent tubs of bait, including wrinkles—which is to say, periwinkles—and cocks an' 'ens—another kind of shellfish. Huge fellows are rolling drums of gasoline. Others are counting the fish. The baa-ing of sheep sounds strangely out of place in all this sea doing, for fish is really the only appropriate thing here.

You will look far before you find a scene more needful to be painted than, say, a crew of these lusty, hip-booted men rowing their trip in from a schooner to the beach, forking it into enormous boxes right in the surf, where others stand and wash the catch with rough-mittened hands, then throw it into waiting, two-wheeled carts backed down to the water's edge. Away rattle the carts up the beach, pulled by small stocky horses with French straw collars. Sea air rings with laughing and song as the washers roll out some chantey such as:

We'll sell our salt cod fer 'lasses an' rum,
Oh, you Rio!
An' get back 'fore Thanksgivin's come,
We're bound fer de Rio Grand!
We'll call at de Funks an' full 'er wid eggs,
Oh, you Rio!
Den de skipper'll broach one o' dem little kegs,
Fer we're bound fer de Rio Grand!
An' away, you Rio,
Ho, you Rio!
We're bound fer de Rio Grand!

This matter of rum is more than academic in such a climate.

"Putt a little rum in y'r water, sir," a hairy livyere once asserted to me, "an' ye'll never be sick. Sev'ral spoonfuls in a glass o' water, y'see. Dat is, wid a little water in y'r rum ye can step it pretty cozy. Yes, sir, take a darn o' good pure rum, an' don't bahder wid no water at ahl—dat'm what'll kape ye fine an' hearty. Ain't no better medicine, sir!"

Inasmuch as most of the outports have to drink rainwater perhaps the old man was right, at that. It may be that rum will cut the oil. I remember one place where the cook was an estimable Eskimo lady, whose idea of luxury was oil. But why dwell on what's all over and done?

"Calibogus is good fer ye, too," my livyere continued. "Dat'm spruce beer, rum an' 'lassy, mixed. An' if ye can't get rum I'll tell ye how to make un. Ye take half a gallon o' barley, a turnip an' a gallon o' 'lassy, bile 'em ahl togedder an' den bury 'em."

He didn't say how long this ambrosia was to stay buried. Personally I think about a hundred years certainly ought to be enough.

Denatured Alcohol

Many a quaint bit I garnered from this hirsute Ancient Mariner. He told me of a codder on the Banks who tried to keep a bottle of whisky all for himself by mixing a little kerosene with it. When this didn't work he added a mouse. The mouse prevailed. After that "nobody bahdered wi' he." Efficiency, eh?

They're a saving lot. Cod's tongues and heads are considered delicate eating. "Dere'm three sep'rate kinds o' meat in de 'id, sir, an' de lickin' o' de bones is wonnerful fine!" But I didn't try it, to see. They're careful of property too. Down at Gaultois is a little beacon that runs out on a track, and is hauled up by day, under cover. When this was first installed the keeper insisted on dragging it up every stormy night too. He "didn't see de force o' lavin' un out to get dirty!" However, I'm off my subject, which is strong waters.

"Dem good fer ye, sir," my mentor insisted. "But I was wonnerful low-minded one time," he added, "after I'd drinked six bottles of hile, liniment an' 'lassy, mixed; an' dat were de best o' 'lassy too. Didn't set good on me stummick, some way. An' one time I was to a dance at Salvage Bay, us mixed up liniment, hile, sirup an' Floridy water in a jug; an' dat med a drink fair beyand ahl too. But one of our fellers had too many hickies of it, an' he run an' jumped off de stage an' was drownded in de Floridy-water horrors. A quart or two at de outside, sir, dat'm enough fer any man!"

You can't land in Newfoundland without running plunk into King Cod. And this is reasonable, because three-quarters of the island's exports are fishery products, and of these products codfish forms something like 90 per cent. On innumerable flakes it gleams bone white, slowly curing to feed millions. The process is far from short or simple. From the time King Cod comes in green, until he's the familiar article of commerce, three to three and a half months elapse. Just the curing on the flakes alone takes six weeks; and every morning the fish must be spread, turned, then at night piled up again.

Every process, from heading and splitting, to packing down in the slub, then the carrying of the water horse to the flakes; every bit of gear, implement, stick or stone has its own peculiar name—words enough, and all strange to us, to make a dictionary in themselves. For instance, a yaffle is a bunch of from five to eight dried cod. Yaffling is bunching them. Two or three yaffles make a faggot, and so on, forever. It's far too exhaustive for us here.

Morning after morning the outport women and girls—even very little girls—their rough shoes clacking down the stony lanes littered with seine-cork fragments, their sunbonnets neatly tied, stream to the flakes. There they commence the long day's toil of making up the fish, of carrying it on dredge barrows, spreading and turning it, while on the stages the headers and splitters are busily at work with heading palms on hands, with sharp knives never still. Truly, in the outports woman's work is never done.

High Prices and Low Earnings

The usual burden for two women is a quintal—one hundred and twelve pounds. Two men usually carry twice that; barrow it, as they say. All day long, "de len'th o' de summer," they labor, walking with complete nonchalance over the dried fish. Bent double they work. How American backs would ache! But these hardy folk don't seem to mind it at all. At night they stack up the fish and tarpaulin the piles.

There's always a sorting, weighing and hauling away of fish to waiting schooners. The weighing is done on huge primitive scales. With us salt cod is just that and nothing more. With the Newfoundlanders there's an accurate classification. Beside the leggies, which are fish too small to split, there are large and small merchantable, large and small Madeira, large and small West Indies, and cullage, or broken fish. Drumfish are cod packed in four-quintal casks. Let this go as an outline of the business.

Household work and the rearing of big families aren't enough for the indefatigable outport women. In a land where everything is "so wonnerful dear" and there are so many mouths to feed they must take their places beside their men. The sixty or seventy cents a day they can earn on the flakes is a big item in a country where fish is always going lower, flour always soaring. Once it used to be "a quintal of fish for a barrel of flour," but those happy days are forever past. No end of families, despite the most desperate labor, are always "fallin' back"—that is to say, going more and more into debt, with their summer's catch or work mortgaged in advance to the planters and merchants—who can read and write, and who keep the accounts!

This credit system of "givin' out produce," as it's called, together with the lack of a free, compulsory, public-school system, is the one great curse of Newfoundland.

"But," as Sam Walter Foss says—"but I am not ordained to preach."

It's cod or starvation for Newfoundland. Barring a few semifertile spots and its forests the country must live by the sea or perish. There's ravishing scenery, but people can't eat scenery. One has to have something of a bank account to admire lovely misty mountains, dour cliffs fringed with leaping tongues of foam, reefs bursting white with surf, the sun rising blood-red through lavender vapors.

Large areas of the country, amid pale horizons under gray skies and driven fog, are just rocks, skinned over with a spongy tundra of moss where only partridge berries and baked-apple berries grow, where only caribou and ptarmigan thrive. The forests lie in the interior, away from the coast strip that contains most of the inhabitants. No trees can survive along the littoral, save stunted tangles of conifers that spread.

(Continued on Page 85)

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In sheerest silk or softest wool;
Back to the fireside or out over the Autumn Hills—

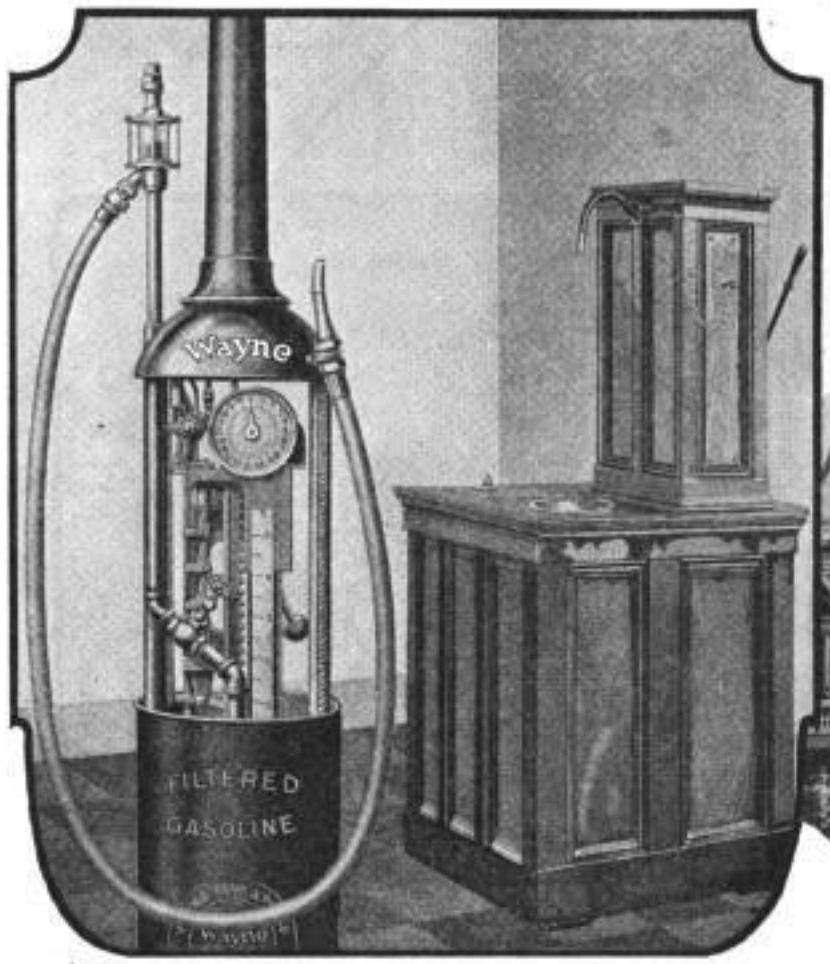
Men and women who wear "Onyx" Hosiery always have stockings suited to the moment. Besides "Onyx Pointex"—the fashionable hose with tapering heel reenforcement—there are many plain and fancy patterns for women. For men there are golf hose and sox of every material and design. "Onyx" dress sox are famous wherever evening dress is the rule. Then there are children's "Onyx"—gay little sox for chubby little legs.

"Onyx" Hosiery

Emery & Beers Company, Inc. *Wholesale Distributors* *New York*

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Wayne





Leadership for Three Decades

At the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, the first successful cog rack and pinion pump for the handling of gasoline and oil was awarded the coveted Grand Prize by the exposition judges. Though clumsy in appearance, it was dependable, and accurate to the drop.

Designed and built by the founders of the Wayne Tank & Pump Company, this original model went from the Chicago Fair into everyday use, operating faithfully for twenty-four years without an adjustment and without repairs. As serviceable as ever, it is now on exhibition in the Wayne plant along with the most advanced of present day pumps.

At retail gasoline stations, garages, and other places today, our new air-power-driven pump—the graceful, modern descendant of the old Adam of gasoline pumps—is meeting with the unqualified approval of expert judges of measuring pumps.

And just as Wayne led thirty years ago in the production of the cog rack and pinion gasoline and oil pump, so Wayne leads today in the premier character and quality of its pumps and storage tanks, and of the air compressors and water softening systems which bear its name.

Wayne Tank & Pump Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Canadian Tank & Pump Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Division Offices in: Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Warehouses in: Philadelphia and San Francisco.

An International Organization With Sales and Service Offices Everywhere

REG. U. S.
Wayne
TRADE MARK

WAYNE MAKES
Measuring Pumps
Storage Tanks
(From 20 to 20,000 gals.)
Air Compressors
Oil Burning Systems,
Furnaces and Forges
Oil Filtration Systems
AND
Wayne Rapid-Rate
Water Softening Systems
(Borrowman Patents)

HONEST MEASURE PUMPS

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(Continued from Page 82)

matlike, upon the moss. No corn or grain will ripen; there are few cattle; fruits are practically nonexistent. Only root crops mature, and even these so scantily that most of the potatoes have to be imported. Newfoundland must serve King Cod.

In many outports there isn't even earth enough for a cemetery. The coffins have to be laid on the rocks and covered with earth brought in dories from some fortunate place that can spare a little. I was told that at some outports like Cape La Hune it's quite the thing to fetch a basket of earth with you to a funeral, just as we send flowers.

"Dem does dat, too, at Placentia Bay," a codder informed me. "Folks has to go get earth to bury de dead. De graveyard'm part under water at high tide, so dem has deir funerals at low tide."

Gravestones soon sag and fall; and that's a pity, because the outport stones are sometimes rather elaborate, with gilt letters, lots of homemade poetry, and the stonecutter's name always added, by way of advertisement. A shrewd folk, despite their simplicity!

One will often see clothespoles set up by being thrust into a barrel full of rocks. None of the houses have cellars. Such cellars as there are, to keep potatoes in, have to be built on the surface. They're made of stone, like little houses; sodded over and furnished with a stove and chimney. The best grass grows on them; goats graze freely on the cellars. Everything seems topsy-turvy in these latitudes. Why, you even see livyeres making hay in dories. A doryload of hay scooting up a fiord arouses even the most jaded traveler's interest.

On a coasting steamer I met an old woman who had never seen ice cream and could hardly be induced to try it. It's primitive. Yet for all that, the people's hearts are as big as all outdoors. Such as they have, they give you freely.

One day in a tiny outport I wanted a lobster. I went to a livyere's poverty-stricken tilt. A tarred net hung over the fence of vir—fir—poles. A few cod lay on the flake. The house, of two rooms, had a rusted stove, a couple of chairs and two boxes for seats. Not even the usual scrubbed sailcloth lay on the floor. Not a picture hung against the walls; no comforts existed.

On the sway-backed table stood three dehandled mugs of switchel—much-boiled tea—a plate of coarse bread and a bowl of molasses. There was no fish and brewis, no pork and duff, not even a potato. Yet ——

"Sure, an' I'll give ye a lobbester, sir," smiled the ragged livyere, while his wife and children looked silently at me, the outlander. "An' us got a wunnerful fine garden too. Ye'd like some lettuce, mabbe?"

Newfoundland Proverbs

He showed me the garden. Pitiful garden, in a hollow of the cliff, with perhaps a dozen starved heads of lettuce. He pulled two for me, and from a shed fetched a lobster that would have created a riot on Broadway.

"Pay me fer 'em, is it?" he demanded. "Not at ahl! Go 'way wid y'r bad 'id, sir, an' don't be nonsinse! Why, us got an awful dose o' lobbester. Take 'em, sir, an' kindly welcome. I'm proud to 'ave an Amerikin take 'em!"

Much urged, he set twenty cents as a maximum fee. The half dollar I insisted on handing over left him submerged in confusion.

"'Tis too much, sir. 'Tis too wonnerful much!"

But as he had no change I had all the best of the argument. Any wonder that people like these can have the eyeteeth cheated out of them by those who so desire?

Yet now and then there's a sharp rogue among the livyeres. They're not all angels yet, by any means. I know one outport man, a budding capitalist, who bought some lean pigs, fed them on a strong salt diet, and then let them drink all they wanted just before a buyer came.

"Dem pigs, sir, dem fulled deyselfs rate up to de ears wid water. De buyer said to me, when he seen 'em: 'Ain't dem wonnerful fat pigs, dough? How you ever feed 'em up, like dat?'

"'Good corn an' mash,' I told un, an' him paid me good fer 'em, sir. Ain't dat business, now? Ain't dat wonnerful good business?"

Every nation crystallizes its wisdom in proverbs. Newfoundland has developed some apt ones. "Plow and reap, but never sow," is how the codders view their work. "An empty stage, an empty stomach," "The more fog, the more fish," "Slave in summer, sleep in winter," and "Empty craft always loom high"—all contain sound philosophy. Here are a few more, omitting dialect forms:

"A fisherman is one rogue, a merchant is many."

"The older the crab, the tougher his claws."

"The planter's eye spreads the water horse"—that is, when the boss is around there's no loafing.

"A fish in a punt is worth two in the water."

"Fish in the punt, pork in the pot."

"Spare the salt and spoil the scrod."

"When the rum's in the kag the tongue doesn't wag."

"The biggest fish was lost at the gunwale."

"If you lose your grapnel in the spring you'll find it in the fall"—on the merchant's ledger, of course!

"Moonlight dries no mittens."

"There's no splicing splinters."

"With God on the lookout it's easy to steer."

"It's by fishing, not by wishing."

"Baccy and rum make things hum."

"Nofty was forty when he lost the pork"—that is, never be sure of anything. Don't count your chickens ——

"A full cupboard warms the winter."

"The tiller stick forward and the grapnel aft." What could indicate more complete confusion?

"When the fish eat we all eat."

"The sea is made of mothers' tears."

Native Superstitions

Some odd turn of thought makes the livyeres use diminutives. "Breeze" is a gale. "Paddles" are oars; and a schooner is often a "skiff." A two-masted vessel is a "punt;" a cable is a "string," and a heavy steel hawser becomes a "wire." The wickedest kind of weather is only "dirt," while the finest is but "civil." A man sick abed is only "puckerin'" or "turned over."

And yet, when they cut loose, they can draw the long bow with the best; as when I heard a tarry outport man affirming: "Yes, sir, dere'm clifts in Europe makes ourn look like nothin'. What'm a clift like dis one, only twelve hundred feet high? I seen 'em on de Mediterranean, seventeen hundred thousand feet high!"

"That comes to about three hundred miles," I objected.

"Don't matter, sir; I seen 'em wid me own eyes, an' 'tis sow!"

You have to watch your step, in the Land of King Cod, or you'll do or say something that will certainly blight your career. You'll find more taboos per square inch in Newfoundland than in any other country I've ever visited. Luck is everywhere, and it's mostly bad. I could fill a book with Newfoundland superstitions and then have enough left for an article or two.

If you don't want to be jinked you mustn't kill a weasel, pick birch for brooms in May, rock an empty chair or sit in a room with two lamps burning. If you refuse to give a man a drink from a well you'll die. That might happen, one must admit, if the man was bigger than you! A bird or a bee in the house means death or a message of death. Be very careful not to whistle on the water or turn your boat counter-sunwise when leaving the wharf. A boiling kettle and the setting sun are things taboo to watch or talk about. After a burial the pick and shovel must be laid crosswise on the grave; also a man must be kept in the bows of a vessel during a storm to cross the waves. It's bad luck to hear a hen crow—bad for the hen, at all events, because she must immediately be killed.

If a livyere's wife wants to keep him from sailing a voyage, nothing is simpler. All she has to do is catch a black cat and put it under a kettle; then her man simply can't go. Salt in a house keeps it prosperous, but a cut onion will draw disease from far and near. There is no end of eerie places where goblins are to be shunned. Fetches, or spirits, are annoyingly familiar, especially at sea. Bread, called "comp'ny bread," in your pocket, will keep the fairies away. I've tried this one, and I knows it works too.



Allows free Circulation

Smartness Plus Perfect Comfort

The garter that gives perfect support for hosiery—that insures neat, trim ankles—yet is always comfortable—

—that's Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Web.

The width of the soft, pliable web combines with the weave to give an absolute hold without tightness. There is no tension—no binding.

Adjust Pioneer-Brightons to your idea of comfort at the start and they'll stay comfortable from first to last. Look for them in the smart blue and orange box.

PIONEER *Brighton* WIDE-WEB GARTER

Single Grip—35c. and up

Double Grip—50c. and up

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

For 45 years manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders
Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-Brighton Garters

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Your Street-car Ride

The American public takes 14,000,000,000 street-car rides a year.

Properties capitalized at $6,000,000,000 provide the facilities. To operate these properties, 10,000,000 tons of bituminous coal are consumed each year.

Keeping down fuel costs is a vital problem for the management of an electric railway. To keep down fuel costs it is necessary that the electric railway power plant obtain bituminous coal of just the right quality and use it to obtain the largest possible power return per dollar.

Large sales of Consolidation Coal to the most efficient electric railways are made possible not only by the high heat content of our fuel but by our reputation for shipping only clean coal from which all possible non-combustible material has been eliminated.

Industrial executives who are concerned about fuel economy are invited to communicate with us.

Consolidation Coal is clean Coal

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Munson Building - New York City

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.,	*Detroit, Mich.*	UNION TRUST BLDG.,	*Washington, D. C.*
137 MARKET STREET,	*Portsmouth, N. H.*	FISHER BLDG.,	*Chicago, Illinois*
CONTINENTAL BLDG.,	*Baltimore, Md.*	UNION CENTRAL BLDG.,	*Cincinnati, Ohio*
STATE MUTUAL BLDG.,	*Boston, Mass.*	FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.,	*Roanoke, Va.*
LAND TITLE BLDG.,	*Philadelphia, Pa.*	KIRBY BLDG.,	*Cleveland, Ohio*
Sales Agents	NORTH WESTERN FUEL CO., MERCHANTS NAT'L BANK BLDG.,		*St. Paul, Minn.*
	EMPIRE COAL COMPANY LTD., SHAUGHNESSY BLDG.,		*Montreal, Quebec*
	MILWAUKEE WESTERN FUEL COMPANY,		*Milwaukee, Wis.*

Speaking about diseases, though, why worry? Cures are both cheap and easy. Have you got a toothache? You can cure it in no time with pebbles taken from a new-made grave. A potato in your pocket will prevent rheumatism; while if you're afflicted with warts, just wrap some pebbles in a cotton rag, throw them away and trust to luck that somebody will pick them up. The minute he does—good-by warts! Or if you prefer, you can rub the warts with bacon rind and feed the rind to unsuspecting pussy, and presto, the warts are gone. The first snow falling in May will infallibly cure sore eyes. Lumbago is really a cinch. Just lie down on your tummy and let a woman named Mary step on your back, and it's all over in a minute.

With all these and no end of other cures entirely gratis, an outport doctor has a lot to compete with, plus, of course, unbelievable stress-o'-weather hardships. The marine adventures of a doctor in the Kingdom of Cod would fill books. One doctor told me he preferred winter, as then he could skate round the coast—sometimes as much as forty or fifty miles—to see his patients. Another, with a weak heart, once came near dying in a motor boat battling through a tempest to visit a sick man.

"Please, doctor dear, wait till us gets ye there!" his guides entreated. "Please don't die till ye sees our friend an' tells we what to do fer un—then ye can die ahl ye wants to. But till us gets ye there, please don't die!"

Having the doctor is a treat, a real social distinction among the livyeres; it confers unusual prestige. Some of the codders have strong ambitions to employ him. Sometimes several families will club together and hire one, especially if they can arrange to have the stork visit them at approximately the same time.

I remember the gravestone of one man at Balleorum: "Died of old age, 67 Years." But mostly the sea takes the menfolk. That is, if they don't happen to put too much varnish or wood alcohol into their potations, or get hold of the wrong medicine.

Medicine, you understand, is just medicine up there.

"My woman's puckerin'," I heard an old fellow complain to a storekeeper one day. "Her ain't rightly sick, but her got a droll 'id. Got any medicine fer she?"

"What kind o' medicine her need, Abram?"

"Oh, jest medicine."

"Settlin' powders, mabbe?"

"I ain't knowin' to dat. Jest medicine."

The storekeeper gave him a bottle—the first that came to hand—and away he went, his sea boots clattering over the rocks, down to his dory.

And everybody, no doubt including his woman, was quite content.

A Morsel of France

Far from content are the French codders in St.-Pierre and the Miquelons, whose story is so intimately inwoven with that of Newfoundland that C-o-d spells St.-Pierre and Miquelon too. France may be a republic; but the St.-Pierre-Miquelon people still serve King Cod.

The reason for their discontent is that La Côte, as they call Newfoundland, has all but ruined them with the Bait Act. And thereby hangs the very last chapter of the once tremendous French colonial empire in North America.

Few Americans—all too few tourists, especially—realize that almost at our very doors, only a day's steaming from Cape Breton, lies an actual bit of France. My fortnight at St.-Pierre, and all through the Miquelons, comprised days as truly French as if I'd crossed the Atlantic. For there, just off the mouth of Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, the old French life still goes on. The people speak no patois, as in Canada. No; the realest of real French is their mother tongue; and all the habits, customs, ways of France still live.

A whole book wouldn't tell you what you can see in the Miquelons. Cod, yes; cod everywhere. But that's only a very little part of what catches the eye. Let's dispose of the cod first, however. By hand line, bankers, beam trawlers, the Miquelons live on cod. Since Newfoundland passed the Bait Act the colony has dwindled. Now no more Newfoundland herring can be sold for bait. This Bait Act has also hit our American fisheries rather severely. The Lunenberg fishers, too, have suffered. One hears many stories of illicit bait buying, of seizures of schooners, heavy fines, even of pitched battles between Newfoundland and foreign fishermen. England, France and the United States keep patrol vessels on the Banks for medical help and to maintain the peace. This subject alone would make a good story. The Miquelons, these days, have to depend on capelin, squid and periwinkles; and so the fisheries have declined. Still, it's all French. And every year out from St.-Malo, St.-Brieuc, Paimpol, Plouëzec and other Channel ports come the very same types of men—big booted, whiskered, with striped jerseys and plenty of good red wine—that Pierre Loti has immortalized in his Iceland Fisherman. Oh, there's romance with a big, big R in the Miquelons.

Go to St.-Pierre on the wheezy old Pro Patria from North Sydney, and you will see strange sights. My own arrival was by a motor boat from La Côte. The men who brought me over those thirty miles of open sea said they were going for cattle; but as their outbound freight consisted of some barrels of empty bottles I had me doots. A gale came on; we just got through by the skin of our teeth, and that was wet, too; but we arrived. A little matter like getting drowned is a mere nothing, up there.

Village Life

If you visit St.-Pierre you will find a high, rocky, black island, treeless and mossy, ringed with surf and loud with sea birds; and in a nook of this island a city that might have been bodily lifted from the Norman coast. There you will behold a water front and harbor, rough-cobbled winding streets, half-timbered and plastered houses with high gables, with slate roofs, with outward-hinged and flower-filled windows, that certainly must have been whisked on Suleiman's carpet right from France.

Land at the Quai de la Roncière, and you will see ancient men sitting on the hugest of anchors, in pale and foggy sunlight, mumbling over the colony's departed grandeur; Breton boys wheeling barrowloads of salt to warehouses, where local black-eyed belles in huge sabots are toiling; crimson-sashed Basques driving oxen that haul wains with vast solid wooden wheels; great black dogs in harness, trotting with bakers' carts. If a hard round loaf or two falls into the mud, what matter? All the driver does is pick the bread up, wipe it on his blue smock and toss it into the cart again.

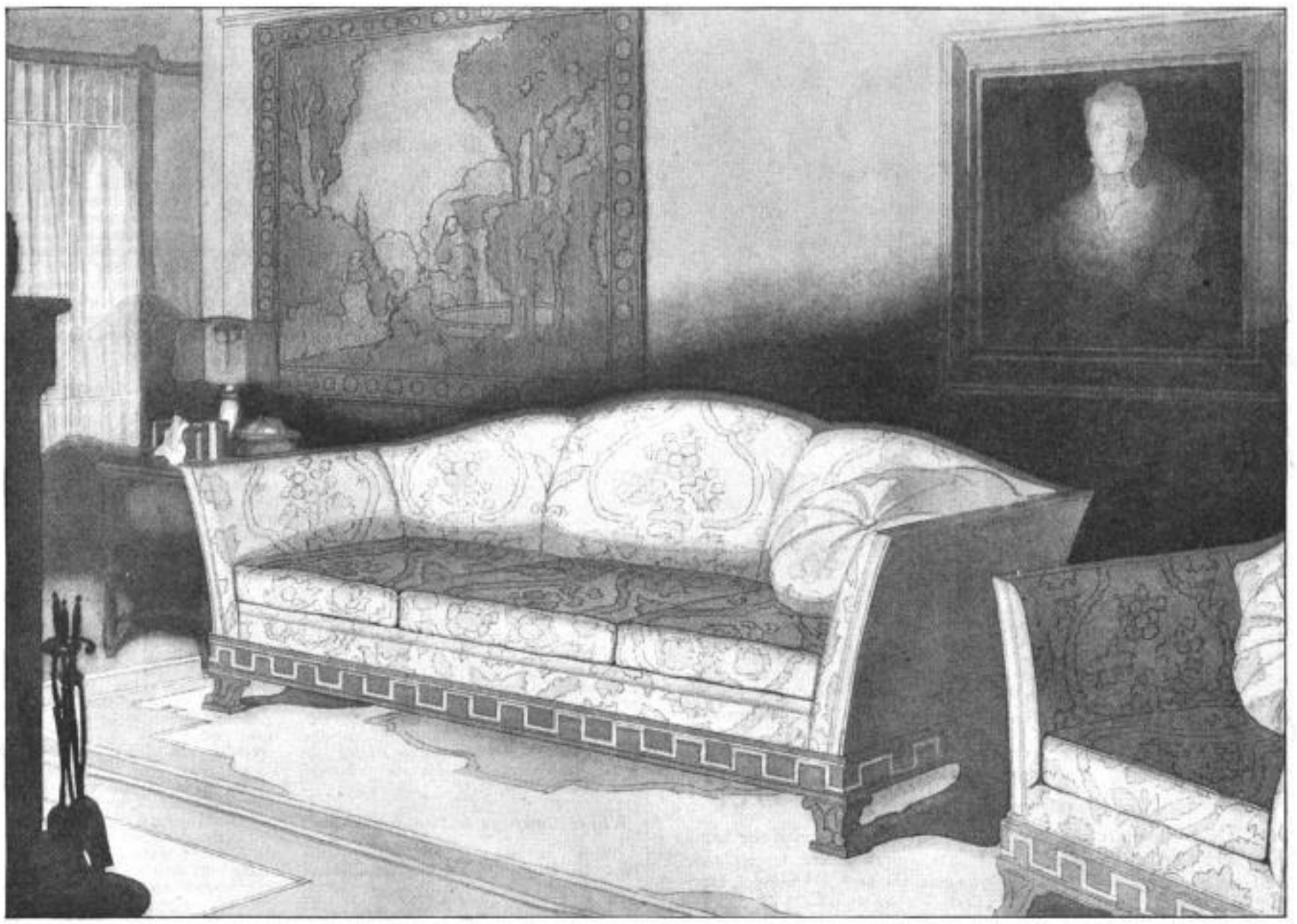
You will see gorgeous gendarmes in the exact uniforms of Paris; a government house with the tricolor bravely floating in that chill northern air—a strange exotic for those regions!—sailors and fishermen with clipped bulletheads, purple socks and rough sabots, singing, dancing, playing the accordion in cafés that look like cutthroat dives, but are really so law-abiding that they all close at eight o' the evening. Here wiseacres cluster about the cable-office bulletins that are their only newspaper; there a rusty battery of four guns points toward Newfoundland; yonder, aged grandmothers hobble on crooked canes, going to mass, with ancestral shawls about bent shoulders.

Much of St.-Pierre's life clusters about the Place de la Cathédrale, the religious processions in which street altars are still set up, the huge white church where from blackened beams hang models of ships—ex-votos of gratitude, absolutely in the best French tradition. The one big day, of course, is July fourteenth, when St.-Pierre parades, has military band concerts, rifle practice and flag waving, and captures the Bastille all over again. On one such occasion a bold gunner tried to fire one of the four cannons; but something went wrong and the gunner had to be fished out of the harbor, in pieces. It was all fishing, however; nobody took it amiss.

The war hit St.-Pierre hard. Sixty-five of her sons are listed in the cathedral among the "*Morts ou Disparus*," a fearful percentage out of a population of some five thousand. Still, the place is gay. There's something infinitely pathetic, to me, in the brave French spirit still persisting, despite ruin and death. "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders." Up on the *mornes*, or hills, back of the town, you see the ruins of a vast barrack that once held regiments of red-trousered soldiers. Now the roof has fallen in and empty windows stare out to sea; but the people still carry on. Perhaps a third of the houses are empty, crumbling; the French spirit survives. On the graves,

(Continued on Page 88)

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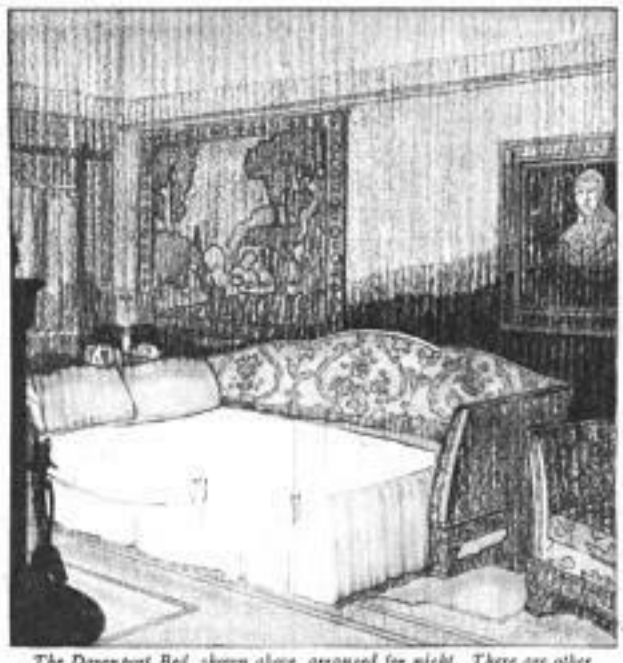
Many Refinements in Design Make the Davenport Bed a Correct and Desirable Piece of Furniture

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RECENT years have witnessed a remarkable evolution of the Davenport Bed. Today it possesses every quality of other good furniture—appearance, comfort, durability and usefulness. And there are prices to suit every purse.

The modern Davenport Beds, offered by eighty-three manufacturers through dealers everywhere, are deserving of the acceptance given them. Every authentic style of furniture can be matched in Davenport Beds for living room, bedroom, sun parlor, library, den—wherever you would place a davenport.

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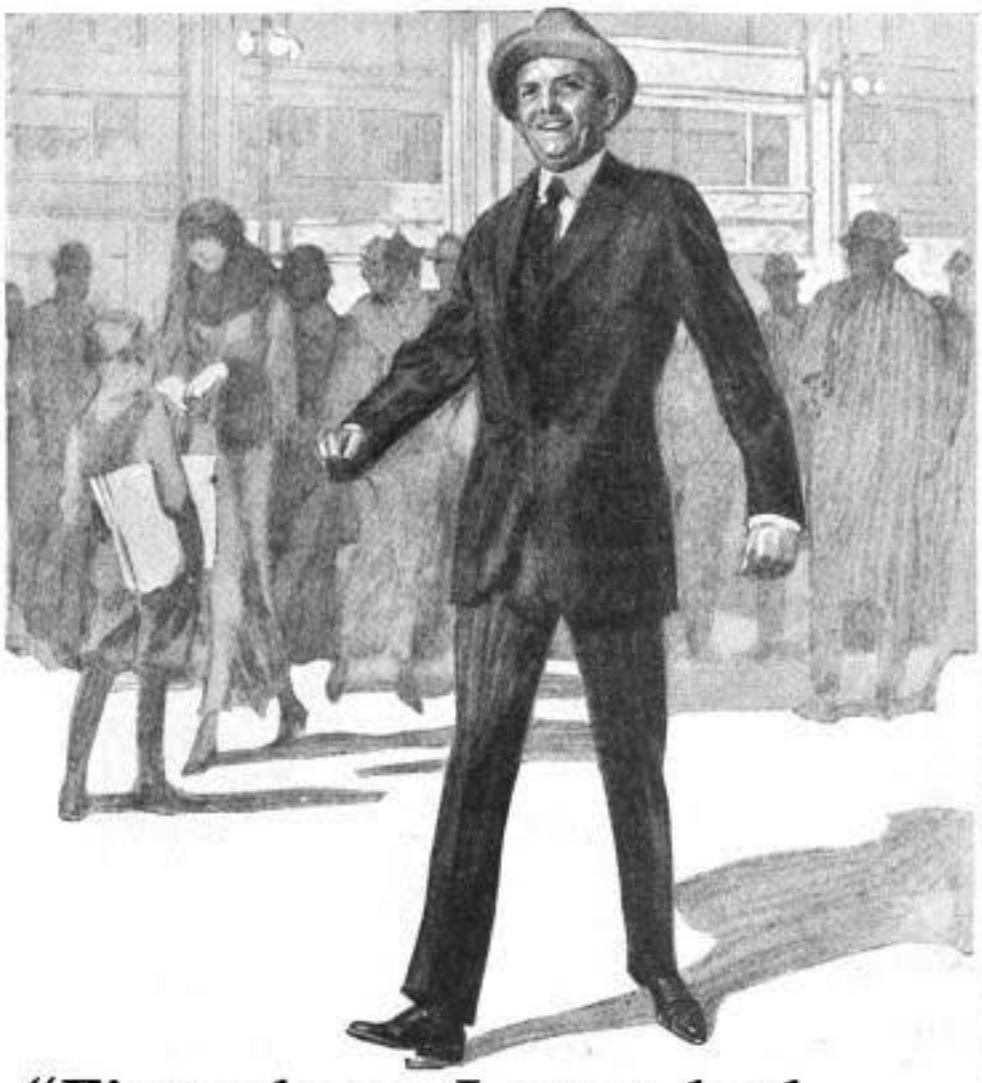
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"First shoes I ever had that really fit!"

SPOKEN by a man who is wearing his first pair of Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes:

"Comfortable? Say, it's a wonder some shoe manufacturer didn't think of this long ago. Fit? I should shout they do. Made to fit a real foot—not a wooden dummy. It's the first time I ever had a pair of shoes that really fit. Look how smart, too. Mighty good-looking and stylish."

And he isn't a bit more enthusiastic than you will be when you wear your first pair of Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes. Here's why:

Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes are fashioned to *the actual shape of the human foot*. Like a glove fits the hand, the Arnold Glove-Grip Shoe follows the lines of the foot. It fits snugly in the instep and *supports* the arch. When you lace a Glove-Grip Shoe, you *lift up* the arch instead of pushing it down. This feature is patented and is exclusive in Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes.

Glove-Grip Shoes are made for women as well as men, in styles to meet the most exacting tastes. They are as smart-looking as they are comfortable.

If your dealer does not sell Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes, we will send you the name of one who does, together with an attractive booklet of the newest styles for men and women.

ARNOLD GLOVE GRIP SHOES

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY
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ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES



Men's Oxford
The Avalon

(Continued from Page 86)

or fish flakes, but little cod is now drying. St.-Pierre still drinks its wine and sings.

Dominating the port the *Vierge de la Falaise* stands to give her blessing to all such as have business upon the great waters. Higher still, an enormous, storm-blackened *Calvaire*, or crucifix, looms against the sky line. You can laugh at St.-Pierre, and you can ponder. It's all unspeakably strange. Too bad the world has passed it by!

If you want to see life in the raw go aboard a French beam trawler for a run to the Banks. Astonishingly picturesque vessels, those, with tremendous brown nets slung up into the rigging, with names that stir the imagination—names like Stella Maris, Sacha d'Arcachon or Maroc. A hard life aboard such, messieurs. But the Bretons and Normans think nothing of it. To them it's all a lark; heaving the net, dragging it along the sea floor—thereby hauling up everything and destroying the fish-feeding ground too; at which destruction the dory fishers curse roundly, with all kinds of "*saligauds!*" and "sacred pigs!" Then, up with the net! A slash of the knife on the binding rope, and down on deck, from the mast-slung net, cascades King Cod by the thousand. A veritable cloudburst of cod! A sight you never can forget.

They live untidy lives, these trawling Frenchmen. They feast from unwashed pannikins as they sit on hatches. They hew thick slices from dirty loaves, sop up greasy stews.

But their red wine, at all events, is good. You must never drink the dregs. No; the last drops of every tin cupful must always be tossed away, preferably into the sea. Some lingering, propitiatory sacrifice to Neptune?

In the foggy Miquelons you will hear brave tales of heroism. At Grand Miquelon a vast dune extends across what was once a ship channel. Some vessels still try, in nights of fog or tempest, to sail the ancient way; so the sands are ribbed and whitened with ships' skeletons and dead men's bones.

Where Courage Is Commonplace

There's just one real farm in the Miquelons, La Ferme de la Chapelle. There, nestled down among the dunes, an ancient French house, salt grayed and gale buffeted, clings to massive foundations. The daughter of that farm holds a medal of honor from the French Government—a tricolor ribbon, with oak leaves, monsieur—for having, single-handed, saved the lives of four English sailors in a terrible December storm. That story would fill pages; but we've no time for it now. Hardy women in the Miquelons, as well as men!

Throughout the whole Kingdom of Cod heroism passes unnoted that with us would ring in print and bring Carnegie medals. "God send ahl wrecks safe!" the Newfoundlanders pray, with the silent addition of "To we!" But when there's life to save, these livyeres are incomparably heroic. Born in salt water up to their necks, as the saying is, they make little of a courageous deed.

When the Sea Slipper struck a reef off the Labrador in a tremendous October blow some years back, a Newfoundland codder named William Jackman swam off to the wreck eleven times through ravening surf and each time brought back a man. Then, with a rope around his waist, he made the trip sixteen times more!

"Dere'm a woman aburd o' dat one yet," one of the rescued told him.

"I'll get she, den," Jackman answered simply, and once more plunged into the surf.

He reached the wreck again, smashed in a cabin door with an ax, dragged the woman out and swam with her to shore. Twenty-five persons in all he brought from the wreck. It takes all of a man for such deeds.

Then there was George Harvey, who lived with his family on a rocky island east of Cape Ray. When the Dispatch struck on a ledge three miles from his tilt he launched a skiff with a crew of his twelve-year-old daughter, his seventeen-year-old son and a Newfoundland dog. High seas kept him from reaching the wreck. He threw the dog overboard. It swam to the wreck, and the sailors tossed it a line. With this line the dog swam back to the skiff. Harvey carried the line ashore, rigged a cradle and saved every life—twenty men in all. A few years later he saved twenty-five men from the wreck of the Rankin.

When the Water Witch drove ashore at Cape St. Francis, in a place aptly called The Horrid Gulch—an inferno of a chasm with rock walls two hundred feet high—a codder named Alfred Moores had himself lowered by a rope, and was hauled up time after time holding a sailor, till he had rescued thirteen. The others, including four women, were drowned only because the wreck was smashed into firewood before Moores could finish his work.

Perry's Bold Exploit

The Perry exploit is still remembered as unusual, even in that land of astonishing heroism. In 1907 the steamer Tolesby went ashore in a gale at The Drook, near St.-Shott's, under a sheer cliff of three hundred feet. The twenty-seven men aboard her made up their minds to die. A crowd came out from St.-Shott's, among them Perry.

"Gi's a coil o' rope, b'ys," said he, "an' I'll get 'em! Look alive now!"

They lowered him into the surf. He swam to the wreck, and one by one tied the sailors to the rope. Every man was saved. Perry himself was the last one to be hauled up the sheer black cliff, against which the insane surf was leaping. He'd no sooner been dragged up than the Tolesby broke in two and plunged back into the churned sea.

Reward? I think not. Deeds like Perry's are all in the day's work. At most they furnish material for a come-all-ye.

That's how I think of those who live and labor in the Land of King Cod. Newfoundland has its rich men and its cultured ones aplenty. I am not writing of these. I am writing, thinking of the livyeres, the obscure, patient, tireless ones who live and labor by the cold and fog-bound Atlantic; the poverty-bitten, humble, heroic, cheerful, truly pious and indomitable men who gamble with death for life, and who all too often lose.

Unless you know these men you cannot know the soul of the North.

To know them, not as tourists do, by a casual glance, but to see their labors and their homes, their lives of endless ingenuity, daring and fortitude; to go shipmates with them, learn their dry humor and quaint philosophy, their superstitions, dialects, outlooks on life, their creed of simple duty simply done—this is to know men!

There's vastly more to be written about Newfoundland and the Miquelons. I've hardly more than skimmed the subject. But even so, if you have formed some notion of the wonderland and heroland of the Kingdom of King Cod I am content.



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PICTURE to yourself how nice and comfortable and always clean-looking that living room would be with one of these bright, beautifully colored Bird's Neponset Rugs—

Or that bedroom, hallway, kitchen, bathroom, with other of the new Bird's Neponset patterns for Fall on the floors of them!

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McQuay-Norris *Wainwright* Pistons and Pins—gray iron pistons as light in weight as safety permits—specially designed for replacements—available in standard sizes and over-sizes—also in semi-finished form 75-thousandths over-size—pins of special hardened steel, ground to exceptional accuracy.

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Leak-Proof—an exclusive two-piece design, preventing loss of gas and compression. Gives equal pressure at all points on cylinder walls. For all piston grooves except top, which should have Supercyl. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25

In Canada, $1.50



Supercyl—Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

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JIFFY-GRIP—a one-piece ring. Non-butting joint, which can be fitted closer than ordinary step cut—velvet finish—quick seating. "Seats in a jiffy." To keep them clean and free from rust, each ring is packed in an individual glassine envelope. Price per ring—

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Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. They are packed twelve rings to the carton and rolled in waxed paper.

And Snap Rings of the highest grade



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THE DRAWBACK

(Continued from Page 13)

had mentioned, and you could hire plenty of translators back in New York. He might just as well save that split in the profits too. He didn't need these people—not a bit.

"It sounds good," he repeated regretfully. "But I wouldn't want to touch it. I don't want any fuss with the United States post office—not me!"

Laura Clifford met his eyes squarely. He had an absurd feeling that she could read his thoughts. But she evidently didn't, for she laughed good-humoredly.

"That doesn't need to worry you any," she said. "You wouldn't have to show in the thing at all. It would be up to father and me, and if things did break wrong I guess they wouldn't look very much beyond us. They haven't quite forgotten Jim Clifford up there."

Gretzel meditated, balancing the alternatives. It was true enough that the game would be far safer if he handled it through these two. Even if the post-office people caught them red-handed there'd be nothing against Sid Gretzel. On the other hand —— He thought regretfully of steamer fares and incidentals and of a divided profit. It occurred to him that he could escape that last unpleasantness easily enough. Back in New York he'd have a whip over them. They'd have to take whatever he allowed, and be glad to get it.

Clifford was talking excitedly, in Spanish. His daughter stopped him.

"Speak English, father." She flashed a smile at Gretzel. "You musn't mind our dropping into Spanish sometimes, we've got so used to it down here. Father was just saying that we mustn't urge you. He thinks he's done harm enough in his day, without leading an Ellersville boy into this sort of thing."

Gretzel rose to the faint challenge in her look.

"I generally lead myself where I want to go," he said. "We'll talk this scheme over on the steamer. How soon can you start? I'm going to take a shot at it with you."

He comforted himself against a disturbing calculation of the expenses by a reflection that Jim Clifford's girl was good to look at, and that she'd naturally feel friendly to the man whose money took her out of this. On the way down to the coast he began calling her Laura. She didn't seem to mind it.

II

"MAYBE it's a low bid, but twelve hundred dollars is real money, Clifford. So far I been putting up for you without a thing to show for it, but before I blow in a roll like this I got to have some protection."

Gretzel surveyed the office approvingly. It had been selected, with a thrift for which his vigorous suggestion was responsible, from the least desirable vacancies of a building well removed from the high-rent district and so venerable that it had not even been wired for electricity. The gaslight revealed that the same economy had governed its equipment. There were three chairs and a desk and table, described by the vender as secondhand under the liberal trade sense of the phrase. And there had been no undue extravagance, either, in outfitting Jim Clifford and his daughter. The inevitable pang with which Gretzel parted with money had been slightly soothed by his certainty that none of it had been wasted.

He had been circumspect, too, in the matter of his visits. Clifford and the girl worked late on the compilation and translation of the catalogue. It was pretty safe for the silent partner to drop in at nine or so, after the other tenants had gone and the janitor had locked up for the night. So far there was nothing whatever to connect Sidney B. Gretzel, dealer in leaf tobacco, with the inconspicuous pair who were starting a little mail-order business in the tumble-down Katzner Building. This circumstance, to be sure, had its pleasing aspects; but Gretzel's instincts rebelled at the unbusinesslike absence of any documentary proof of his claim on the profits.

If Clifford chose to double-cross him he was helpless, except that he could secure a profitless revenge by informing the police that Clifford was again within reach, a course which would at once put an end to any possibility of profit from their enterprise. He held a whip, to be sure, but he could not wield it without hitting himself in the supersensitive region of the pocket. It was time, before he advanced the cash to pay for the catalogue, to regularize his position; and, at considerable cost in meditation, he had arrived at a means of accomplishing this without rousing Clifford's suspicions or giving offense to him or his daughter.

"That's one of the drawbacks of any crooked game, Gretzel." Clifford grinned faintly. "You've got to trust other crooks. The law won't do you any good."

Gretzel shook his head impatiently.

"I been trusting you, I guess, Clifford. You're into me right now for nine hundred dollars, and I haven't even got a note, have I? I trust you, sure. But suppose you die, or suppose you have to beat it again, where do I get off? The lease here is in your name, and the bank account and the box at the post office. I couldn't touch a thing without authority from you. That's all I want."

He laid a typewritten sheet on the table. He had spent a good deal of thought on its composition. Laura, reading it over her father's shoulder, looked up with a short laugh.

"Why, this says that you're the sole owner and proprietor of the business; that father is only your manager, with no interest in or claim on the profits!"

Gretzel smiled and nodded.

"Sure, Laura, just like that! If anything would happen to your father we wouldn't want to go monkeying with the courts to give us the right to take control, would we? This way, if anybody asks a question, we're all right."

Jim Clifford studied the document silently. Gretzel saw that he was frowning, and guessed the reason easily enough. He elected to put it into words himself.

"If it was a straight business you'd be a fool to sign that, of course. I could throw you out on your neck any time I felt like it. But the way it is, how could I? Any time you got sore on me, all you'd have to do would be to phone the post office. We got to trust each other, Clifford, like you said yourself, or it's all off."

There was a brief silence. Gretzel saw the other two exchange glances. The girl spoke:

"That's true enough. But why not let me hold the authority? That would keep you out of it and protect us against ——"

"Fine, if you were over twenty-one!" Gretzel grinned amiably. "As it is, Laura, it's got to be in my name. I been over it a good many times, and either I get this much protection or I quit. Take it or leave it."

"We'll take it," she decided instantly. "Sign it, father. We've got to trust him. And, besides, we're protected. If he doesn't treat us right we can always tip them off at the post office."

"But"—Clifford's white brows arched and his voice was almost plaintive—"but, Laura, we ——"

"Oh, don't argue, father! We've got to do what he wants, haven't we? Sign it, and let's get to work. We've got three pages to copy before we quit."

Clifford studied her a moment. Then, as if convinced, he wrote his name below the typescript. Laura witnessed the signature without waiting for Gretzel to suggest it. He eyed her as he stowed the document in an inner pocket. Class, he told himself, even dressed in the cheap clothes his thrifty advances had provided. There was rather more warmth in her smile, too, than he generally found there. Satisfaction expanded and glowed in him, brought him to the edge of generosity.

"Let's celebrate," he said; "take a night off and go to a movie or something."

She shook her head, but he liked her smile better than ever.

"No. It's safer for you not to be seen with us. In a game like this there's always a chance that things will break wrong. You'd better keep absolutely out of it."

He knew that it was sound counsel—sounder than she thought it, perhaps, but he would have liked to disregard it. Ever since they had landed his suggestions of inexpensive amusement had met the same reminder. Tonight, somehow, he found a special and pleasing significance in the tone and look; they seemed to imply that she was even more alert in her regard for his safety than he was, and that she regretted the need for that caution too. He moistened his lips. One of these days, when they'd cashed in on this play, and if old Clifford was out of the way ——

It occurred to him pleasantly that there would be no trouble about that. Once he was through using Clifford an anonymous hint to the police would dispose of him. Meanwhile Gretzel could wait; he could always manufacture patience, at a price, and the price this time promised to be pretty high.

Nevertheless he chafed at the delay while the Cliffords corrected endless proofs of catalogue pages and addressed wrappers to the names on the sucker lists which Clifford bought from a dealer in such convenient merchandise—lists of guaranteed remitters, he explained to Gretzel when the latter protested at their cost.

"Better to pay a little more and not waste good printing and postage on dead ones," he said. "Every name on these lists stands for a willing spender—mostly patent-medicine buyers, of course, but a good percentage of just plain suckers who've fallen for courses in hypnotism and electric belts and such; people who believe what they see in print and give up real coin to prove it."

Gretzel grumbled but surrendered. It was slower than he had expected, and once or twice, impatience overcoming thrift, he even suggested hiring more help to address the wrappers.

"Slow and safe," counseled Clifford. "The fewer people know what we're doing the better for us. We'll get along all right, Laura and I."

There was a dispute, too, in the matter of prices. Gretzel wanted to fix them below even those of the big catalogue houses. The more inviting the bargain, he argued, the larger and quicker the response. Again, between them, they persuaded him.

"We might as well get all we can while we're at it," urged the girl. "These figures are away below what they'd have to pay at their local stores, and if we put them too low it's bound to look suspicious. We've talked it over from every angle, father and I. Suppose somebody down at the post office happens to look over a catalogue while they're going out. If we've quoted our figures too cheap the chances are they'll come up to look us over."

"Oh, all right," Gretzel yielded sulkily. "Just the same, I'd like to see some of this money I'm spending come back. Why don't you mail to the nearest countries first? You haven't even started addressing the lists for Mexico and Cuba and Central America. We'd get quick action from those places, and it'll take months to hear from Bolivia and Peru, maybe."

Laura Clifford shook her head indulgently.

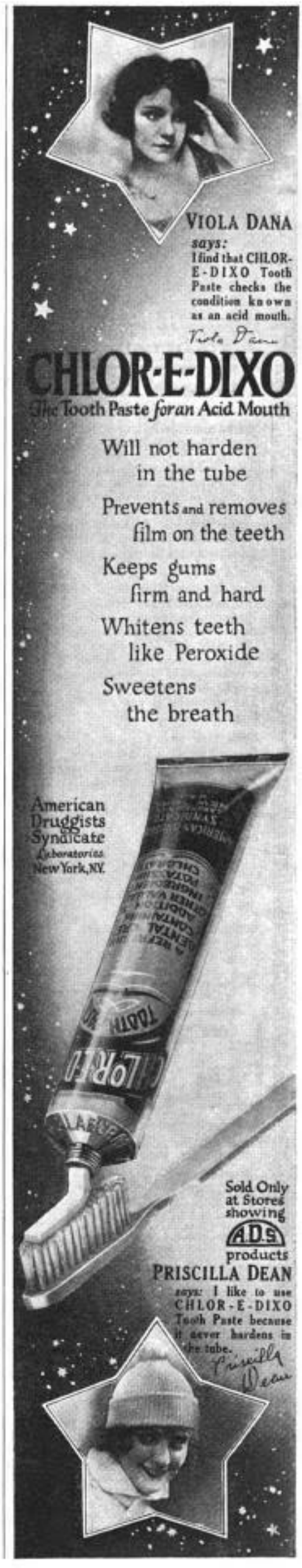
"It's a good thing you didn't try to do this alone! Don't you see that while we're waiting for returns from those far-away points we'll have plenty of time to cover the nearer places? We've got to leave them to the last, or we'll never get a chance at the others. This thing is only good for a matter of months, once we start—a year at the outside."

Gretzel's respect for her shrewdness deepened before such proofs of it, and he discovered, at the same time, a mounting dislike for Clifford, a fretting impatience for the time when he could put into execution that benevolent intention concerning his elimination. There were moments when he resented the older man's restraining presence so keenly that he was almost tempted to run the risk of getting rid of him at once.

Laura was a lot smarter, he told himself; they could handle this thing perfectly without Clifford, and, by letting the state lodge and feed him, reduce by half the outgo for personal expenses. Only the fear that Clifford's arrest would invite attention to the gloomy little office in the Katzner Building held Gretzel back.

The torment of waiting for the first of the catalogues to yield their harvest was aggravated by the pain of fresh advances for postage on the later mailings, by a distressing doubt of the scheme itself. Suppose the greasers wouldn't buy after all. Suppose those lists were phony. Suppose —— He risked coming to the office by day now and then, seeking reassurance against these imaginings.

He had almost decided to abandon the scheme altogether, when he found the two Cliffords deep in a pile of yellow return envelopes, a sheaf of drafts and money orders and frayed banknotes between them.



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The Senator

EDMONDS' Foot-Fitters give long wear without showing their age. Their style stays in.

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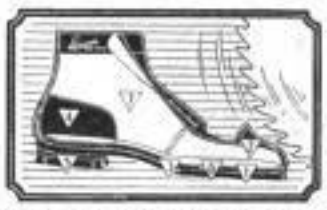
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Edmonds Shoe Company
Milwaukee, Wis.



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1. Soles of heavy full-grain oak.
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5. Longer heels to give arch support.
6. Insole retains shape, never humps.
7. A contour that supports the feet like a doctor's bandage.

Edmonds
FOOT-FITTER

They faced him, both oddly silent, as he closed the door and turned the latch.

"How—how much?" he demanded.

"Two hundred-odd, so far." Clifford's voice was tight with suppressed excitement. "We haven't opened more than half of it, at a guess."

"And it's all West Coast mail," said the girl quietly. "Just one mail, and only from Chile and Bolivia and Peru—nothing from Ecuador yet."

Gretzel reached for the pile of remittances, ran over them. He pulled a chair to the table and helped with what was left of the winnowing process. There was nearly four hundred dollars in sight when they finished.

Gretzel deftly separated the few bills from the pile and pushed the drafts and money orders across to Clifford.

"Indorse 'em," he commanded, "and then go out and cash 'em. We'll split every day."

Clifford hesitated. Gretzel saw his eyes consult the girl's. The sight of the money broke down the remnants of his self-restraint.

"Didn't you get me? I told you to go get the cash—we can't split that stuff."

"He can't cash the drafts," said the girl gently. "They'll have to go through the bank, and we carry such a small balance that we can't draw against uncollected deposits."

"Then deposit 'em," snapped Gretzel, "and cash the money orders. I'll wait right here till you get back."

Again Clifford hesitated, with a glance at his daughter. She nodded.

"That's all right, father."

Clifford leaned forward, his eyes oddly wistful.

"Look here, Gretzel, let's play this out straight. There's a good third of that money that would be profit if we shipped the goods. We can ——"

Gretzel made a laughing noise, but there was no mirth in it.

"I was waiting for something like that! You've lost your nerve, Clifford. You'd waste four hundred good bucks sending a lot of junk out to a bunch of spiggoties that'll be surprised half to death to get it. But I wouldn't—and what I say goes, see? I'm running this from now on. Get that!"

"It'd pay mighty well, played square," persisted Clifford, "and you don't know as much about graft as I do, Gretzel. It's a good game, but you don't want to forget the drawbacks."

"You do as you're told and cut out the debate," said Gretzel. "I'll do the talking after this."

"Laura and I have something to say about it, I guess." Clifford's face darkened, and Gretzel remembered suddenly that he had once been afraid of this same old man. "It's half ours, this business."

Gretzel laughed.

"Oh, all right! You can spend your half filling those orders if you feel like it. I got something better to do with mine. Go ahead and get today's cash. I want to get downtown."

Clifford glanced at the girl for a moment. Gretzel saw her nod. He leaned back in his chair while Clifford methodically indorsed the strips of colored paper. The girl had better sense than her father; he'd get along all right with her. He crossed the room to light a cigar at the gas jet, kept burning all day against the darkness of the air-shaft window. He watched Clifford's departure with a stab of satisfaction. It was the first time he'd been alone with Laura. She had begun addressing post cards, printed in imitation typescript. He looked on for a few minutes, content to wait until Clifford was well on his way. Then he began diplomatically.

"What's that for, Laura?"

She did not look up.

"Just a notice saying we've received the order and are shipping the goods. It'll keep them pacified for a while—give us that much more time."

He chuckled admiringly.

"Great head, Laura. I knew all along who doped out this stunt. The old man didn't do it; he was for playing it on the level, right from the beginning. You didn't fool me, down there in Tenango. I knew that was the first time he'd heard about this 100 per cent variation."

She lifted her shoulders, still without looking up. He watched her pen for a minute or two.

"The old man's nerve is gone, I guess. It's up to you and me to handle this, Laura. He's all through."

"It takes it out of a person, living in the tropics." She kept on steadily at the cards.

"It didn't take it out of you," he declared warmly.

"I'm young," she said. He fancied that she smiled, as if the compliment pleased her.

"I'll say so!" He chuckled. "And then some! I guess you know where you stand with me, all right. The first time I laid eyes on you down there ——"

"Don't! You made me spoil that one." She crumpled a card. "I can't work if you keep talking."

"Don't work then. It'll wait." He came around the edge of the table. "This is the first time the old boy's given us a chance to talk, girlie ——"

He dropped his hand on her shoulder. The touch seemed to release a spring, so instantly was she on her feet, facing him. Her face reassured him; she wasn't angry; there was even a very faint smile at the corners of her mouth. It made her look more like her father than he had noticed till now. He lifted his hand again and took two unwilling steps backward as her open palm struck him.

"I wouldn't do that again," she said.

He was not in the least deceived by the even, almost friendly tone. He knew, now, precisely where he stood with Laura Clifford.

"Feel that way, eh?" He stroked the bruised cheek and jowl. "All right, Laura, just as you say."

She did not answer, already at work again on the pile of cards. He smoked in silence till Clifford came back.

"Let's see the coin, Clifford."

He reached for the little sheaf of bills and counted them, compared the penciled memorandum of the day's receipts with the bank's deposit slip.

"That looks all right," he said cheerfully. "I'll be in tomorrow."

He stuffed the bills into his pocket. Clifford stared.

"Hold on, Gretzel! What about our half?"

"Your half!" Gretzel was amused. "That's good! You're working for me, and you owe me about a thousand bucks that I advanced to get you out of hock. Where d'you get that half stuff?"

Clifford's face did not change. Again Gretzel observed the misleading hint of a smile. Instinctively he stepped back.

"Don't make a worse sucker out of yourself than you are already, Clifford. I got a statement signed by both of you that the whole business belongs to me—even supposing you could afford to go to law about it. And what's more, if I don't like the way you act, all I got to do is call up police headquarters."

He threw up his arm at the menace of that quiet face. The girl cried out sharply in Spanish, and Clifford stopped in mid-stride. Gretzel lowered his arm cautiously.

"I don't know what she's handing you, Clifford, but if she's telling you to quit beefing it's a good tip. As long as you two handle this plant to suit me we'll get along fine. I'll come in once a day for the coin and every Saturday I'll slip you a little something to live on. If you try to hold out on me I'll send you up the river for that Amesbury job and you'll draw a stretch in Atlanta, if you get out, for this one. Act sensible, Clifford."

"You ——"

Clifford's voice came between set teeth. Again Laura intervened.

"Don't, father! What's the good? Don't you see that he's got us? We've got to take what he gives us."

"That's right," Gretzel nodded approvingly. "And how much I give you would depend"—he paused for emphasis—"would depend on how I like the way you say thanks."

He turned to Clifford.

"Give me the key to the post-office box. I'll go round there with you, once a day, and watch you get the mail, so you won't try to hold out on me."

Clifford seemed on the edge of revolt, but again Laura spoke to him in Spanish. He surrendered the key and Gretzel went out, almost consoled for the stinging ache in his cheek and the pleasing illusions it dispelled.

III

HE CALLED for Clifford regularly every morning for the next two weeks and went with him to the postal substation around the corner, giving him the key before they left the office and taking it back as soon as they returned. He was very

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One master button at the chest controls the situation fittingly. Indeed perfectly. This suit is knitted to fit instead of being held to a semblance of shape by a row of unnecessary buttons.

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HATCH ONE BUTTON UNION SUITS for men and boys are made in various qualities and weights of fine combed cotton and soft warm wool to suit every person and purse. A handsome illustrated catalogue describing all the lines that we make will be sent free on request.

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FULD & HATCH KNITTING COMPANY
ALBANY, NEW YORK

UNION SUIT

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If Walla Walla says so, it must be so

No law of limitations blocks justice in this case

All the way from Walla Walla comes a communication that we believe holds some interest for the general smoking public. At least, it gave us a thrill which we want to pass on if possible.

Walla Walla County
County Attorney's Office
Walla Walla, Washington

Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

If a gentleman owes a debt he pays it, or, lacking the ability to do so, he at least admits that he owes it.

For many years I have been indebted to you, and up to the present time have made no acknowledgment; counting from the time that the obligation was first incurred it has long since been outlawed, but then it has been a continuing obligation, and the statute of limitations does not run against a debt of honor.

I was past fifty when I first knew the assuaging balm of the great god Nicotine and for a year or two I floundered around among all sorts of brands of tobacco before I found the right one and settled down. Now when my friends ask for a pipeful I hand over my pouch and they say "Edgeworth?" and I grin and say "uh-huh."

As I write, a pipeful of Edgeworth is going up in smoke, and for that reason I feel a little more kindly towards my fellow man.

With best wishes, I am

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) A. J. Gillis.

As you see, it isn't so much that another smoker has found that Edgeworth just suits his taste as it is that this veteran prosecuting attorney way out in Walla Walla should postpone duties to his State, his family, and his private affairs to sit down and write us a note of appreciation.



We liked his letter and are proud of the tobacco that inspired him to write it. Almost every mail brings us grateful letters from Edgeworth smokers—uncalled for, unsolicited, and unexpected.

Perhaps it is too much for us to believe that Edgeworth smokers as a whole are generous, big-hearted fellows who never miss an opportunity to boost their fellow men. Perhaps it isn't.

At any rate, if you aren't an Edgeworth smoker, we want to put you in a position to qualify as one. We should like to send you free samples—generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Just jot your name and address down on a postal and we will send the samples immediately. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we shall appreciate your courtesy.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and also in various handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

careful to avoid any appearance of walking with Clifford on these excursions, following him at a distance of two or three paces; and, in the post office itself, standing only near enough to make sure that all the mail went into the leather bag.

He was a little disappointed to find only occasional avalanches of remittances like the first one, but he had gathered enough knowledge of the business to understand that steamer-borne mails must be expected in spurts and gushes, as the vessels arrived, rather than in the even stream of domestic posts. He regularly pocketed each day's receipts and checked up on the bank deposits, compelling Clifford to withdraw these day by day as soon as the bank had collected them. On Saturday he felt prosperous enough to indulge in something approaching liberality, and gave Clifford fifty dollars instead of the twenty-five which had been the weekly allowance thus far.

"Couldn't you even say thanks for a 100 per cent raise in your wages, Clifford?"

He rather resented the silence in which Clifford pocketed the bills. There was a look about him, since the show-down, that disturbed Gretzel a little. You couldn't tell how a fellow like that would act if you got him sore enough. It was good business to slip him a bit extra out of the winnings.

With Laura he got on better. She had evidently decided to make the best of the situation, and treated him very much as if nothing had happened to interfere with their previous footing of businesslike friendliness. He began to reconsider his opinion of her. She was a smart girl; she knew enough to stand in with the boy that cracked the whip. Perhaps after he was through with Clifford and no longer in fear of drawing attention to the business he could smooth things over with her. With Clifford safe in the pen, she wouldn't be fussy about her friends. And Clifford wouldn't dare to squeal if he was made to understand that her comfort hinged on his keeping a shut mouth. The future looked pleasing enough to Gretzel as he dressed on the Monday morning of the third week. He was humming cheerfully as he shaved, and the jangle of his telephone failed utterly to forewarn him. He knew Laura Clifford's voice at once.

"Father's gone!" she told him without preliminary. "He hasn't been here since last night—his bed isn't touched!"

Gretzel was only mildly annoyed. If Clifford had disappeared he and Laura could manage very well without him.

"Oh, he'll show up soon enough. Don't worry, girlie. He couldn't go far."

"He had the fifty you gave him on Saturday, and twenty or so left over from last week. And he's been getting queer lately—frightened, I mean. He's afraid something'll break wrong at the office."

"Wait—don't talk any more over the phone!" Gretzel cut in sharply. "Meet me at the office."

"But you don't see what it means!" Her voice rose a tone. "If he's gone we can't get our registered mail or sign for the money orders! We can't even get what's in the bank!"

"Don't say any more," said Gretzel. "Wait till I get down to the office. We'll fix it up all right, even if he don't show up. Leave it to me!"

He rang off, frowning. Of course he could prove his ownership of the business easily enough, thanks to his sagacity in forcing that statement out of Clifford, but he hated to risk connecting his name with the thing. He swallowed a cup of coffee and rode down to his own office, thinking hard. He could let the money on deposit in the bank stay where it was—it was only two or three hundred at most—and open a new account in another one in Laura's name. He would have to show the statement, to be sure, at the postal substation, but only to warrant his giving Laura authority to sign for registered mail and indorse money orders. They weren't very careful about such things at the branch stations. It could probably be handled without letting his name go down on their records at all. Anyway, it had to be done.

He took Clifford's acknowledgment from the safe and went back to find Laura. She was taking it calmly, he saw with relief. He might have counted on her to be sensible about it.

"I'm not much worried about him," she said at once. "He can take care of himself very well. But I don't see how we're going to manage things here. We can't sign checks or money orders or ——"

"I told you I'd fix that all right," he said. "It's a cold day when I get left, girlie. You forgot how I made him sign a paper that says it's my business, I guess. Comes in handy now, eh?"

He patted his pocket happily and explained his plan for the future conduct of the firm.

"Of course, with you I'd be more lib'ral, Laura, than what I was with him. We could agree all right, I guess, eh?"

She lighted the gas before she answered: "I don't think we'll have any trouble, Mr. Gretzel."

"Make it Sid," he urged. "Go on, girlie."

There was a double knock on the ancient door; a knock which, to Gretzel's ear, seemed cocksure and insolent, demanding admittance rather than asking it. And, without waiting for permission, the person beyond the door turned the handle and came in, a large, serious young man with a remarkably prominent chin and an alert, cold eye.

"I'm trying to locate the owner of this outfit," he announced.

Mr. Gretzel observed that he had closed the door behind him and that he stood with his back firmly against it. He tried to speak, but it was Laura who answered, while he was still moistening his lips.

"My father's the—the manager," she said evenly. "He's not here now, but ——"

"If your father's Jim Clifford I know where he is, all right. We've had him down at headquarters since last night."

He moved the lapel of his coat, revealing to Gretzel's agonized eye a small silvery badge.

"You mean that he's—he's arrested?"

Even in his distress Gretzel admired Laura's tone. Surprise, grief, protest—all in a sentence.

"You might call it that," said the young man cheerfully. "We asked him down to tell us about this mail-order game you've been running. The department's interested—strikes us you been cashing a good many money orders for an outfit that never ships any goods."

Gretzel sat very still, holding his breath. It occurred to him that the folded paper in his pocket might, if discovered, prove needlessly convincing. His mind cleared. He mustn't be searched, with that paper on him.

The girl's voice jarred rudely across his intent meditations.

"My father has nothing to do with it. He's just—just a sort of office boy for Mr. Gretzel, the owner—that man right there! He and I are only hired here. Mr. Gretzel comes in every day and takes away the money—all of it!"

Gretzel struggled for breath under the interested inspection of the visitor.

"It's a lie!" he squeaked. "She made it up! I ain't got a thing to do with it—only I loaned this feller Clifford some money to come up from Honduras."

"He's got a paper in his pocket that proves he's the owner!" The girl pointed. "Ask him to show you what he carries in there!"

Mr. Gretzel had thought to some purpose. He was ready for this. With an indulgent gesture he pulled the incriminating document from his coat and rose as if to carry it over to the impassive gentleman at the door. But as he passed the gas bracket he lifted the paper quickly to the jet and, as the flame curled along its edges, flicked it through the window into the air shaft.

The young man, however, did not move from the door, as Gretzel had hoped he might. He merely nodded as if in admiration.

"Snappy work," he said. "If that was all the evidence there was you win, Mr.—did you say the name was Gretzel?" He narrowed his eyes. "Not Sidney Gretzel, Leaf Tobacco, 60 Fremont?"

Gretzel, comforted by the sudden respect in the tone, nodded eagerly. The other man laughed.

"I thought I recognized you when I came in. I was going to ask you to come down and talk to the chief with me, but that won't be necessary now I know who you are. We'll let you know if we need your evidence, Mr. Gretzel."

He stood out of the way, and Gretzel, endeavoring not to hurry, skipped past him into the hall. He began to breathe without discomfort by the time he reached his office, but, everything considered, he concluded that it was about time to undertake another little business trip to—say,



The hidden treasure in your boy

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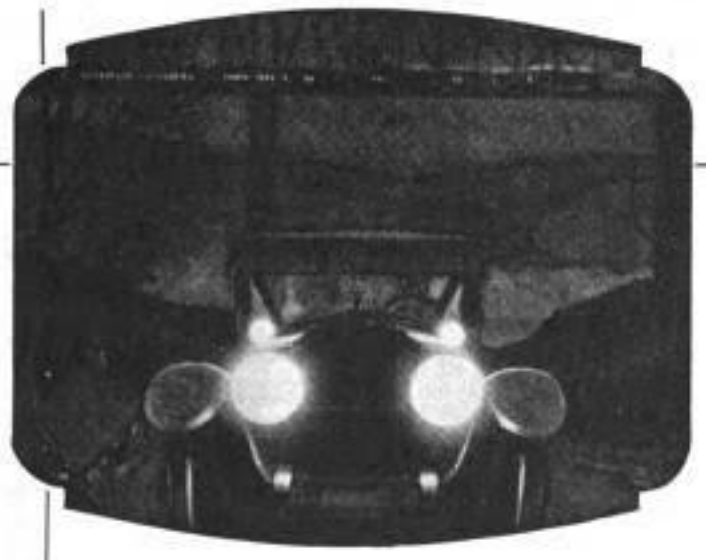
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Honduras. He caught a fruit steamer that sailed at noon, and did not begin to calculate his net loss until a steward assured him that they were well beyond the three-mile limit.

Then, of course, he regretted that he had allowed his fears to stampede him into a needless flight. He would have been perfectly safe if he had stayed. It would be his word against Clifford's, and Clifford was a known crook, while Sidney Gretzel—he remembered, with a mild satisfaction, that the mere name had been enough to make that post-office detective let him go.

He came back on the same steamer, but the newspapers, if they had even noticed the Clifford affair, had lost interest in it long before he landed; and a lingering recollection that the large young man with the formidable chin had seen him destroy that paper restrained him from making inquiries of the authorities. He told himself that he was well out of it, even at a cost of eighteen sixty net, not counting the late excursion to Honduras and back. It was six months later that he succumbed to curiosity as he passed the old Katzner Building and sought information, carelessly, of the janitor.

"Who? Clifford?" The janitor reflected. "They moved somewheres." He consulted a grimy memorandum book. "That's right—they're over on East Fifteenth now." He mentioned the number. Gretzel thanked him.

He decided to risk a little further investigation. Probably the janitor had mixed them up with somebody else. He frowned at the painted legend on the door of the third-floor loft. There was something wrong about this. He went in, still scowling. The front of the loft had been partitioned off for an office, and as Gretzel stood in the doorway Jim Clifford came in from the big room at the back. Gretzel felt his jaw sagging. Clifford greeted him cheerfully.

"Why, hello, Gretzel! Been meaning to hunt you up. They told me you'd gone back to Honduras when I went down to your office. Sit down."

"Why, ain't you in the pen?"

Gretzel found his tongue with a mighty effort. Clifford lifted his brows.

"What for? That old Amesbury business? Oh, I straightened that out long ago. That's why I was broke down there. Took just about all I had to square it. I'd be down there yet if you hadn't happened along, but that was because I couldn't raise the steamer fares. Told you that the first time I saw you. Forgotten?"

"You made me think you had to keep under cover," said Gretzel. "You maybe didn't say so, but you ——"

"Oh, yes. That was Laura's idea. She said it seemed to give you more confidence in us to think I was still under indictment, so we let you believe it. But there's nothing against me—hasn't been for seven or eight years."

Gretzel assimilated the information slowly.

"But the business? You're running it yet?"

"Why not? After you pulled out we had our own way, of course, and you know I always did want to run it on the square. It was hard sledding, to fill those orders that had come in before you quit, but we managed it by putting back all the profits till we caught up. We're doing a nice business now—very nice, Gretzel."

Gretzel's mind refused to leave its groove.

"But you were pinched," he charged. "You were in jail when—when ——"

He stopped as the remembered half smile flickered at the corners of Clifford's mouth. A faint, unwelcome light intruded on his brain.

"Oh, yes, you mean that time when you burned that paper!" Clifford spoke dryly. "No, I wasn't pinched, Gretzel. That was just—just a misunderstanding."

Again, while Gretzel groped helplessly for speech, the thin smile came and went.

"You made us play it your way, Gretzel, right from the start. You wouldn't put up a penny for an honest business, so we had to let you look at the crooked side of it. You wouldn't have trusted me for a minute if you hadn't believed I'd go to the pen any time you tipped the police, so we had to let you believe that too. You tried to hog it all by refusing to advance the money for the catalogues till I signed that paper you burned. If you hadn't squeezed that out of me we'd have run the business honestly in spite of you and split the profits with you fifty-fifty, but as long as you held that over our heads we couldn't run it on the square. You could have gone into court and taken it away from us."

His face hardened.

"You took every cent that came in those first two weeks and you meant to go right on taking it all. I'm pretty sure you meant to frame me to the police when you were ready to quit too. I ought to fine you what you're out, but I'm going to give it to you—not because you deserve it, but because I'll feel better without it. You've got eighteen sixty coming."

He wrote a check and drew up a formal receipt in full. Gretzel, meditating an appeal on sentimental grounds, decided to save his breath. Clifford was a fool to give him a cent, the way things stood. He signed the receipt and took the check dolefully. Clifford seemed to regain the frosty, ironic good humor in which the interview had begun.

"I tried to tell you that there were a lot of drawbacks to the crooked game, Gretzel. I played it long enough to know. The biggest one is the way almost anybody can shake down a crook."

There was a step behind them, and Gretzel turned quickly, forlornly hoping for a final glimpse of Laura. He stared instead at the cheerfully formidable countenance of a large young man with a remarkably prominent jaw.

Clifford's voice seemed to come from very far away:

"You've met Gretzel, haven't you, Bill? I was just telling him that the big trouble with being a crook is that anybody can shake you down."

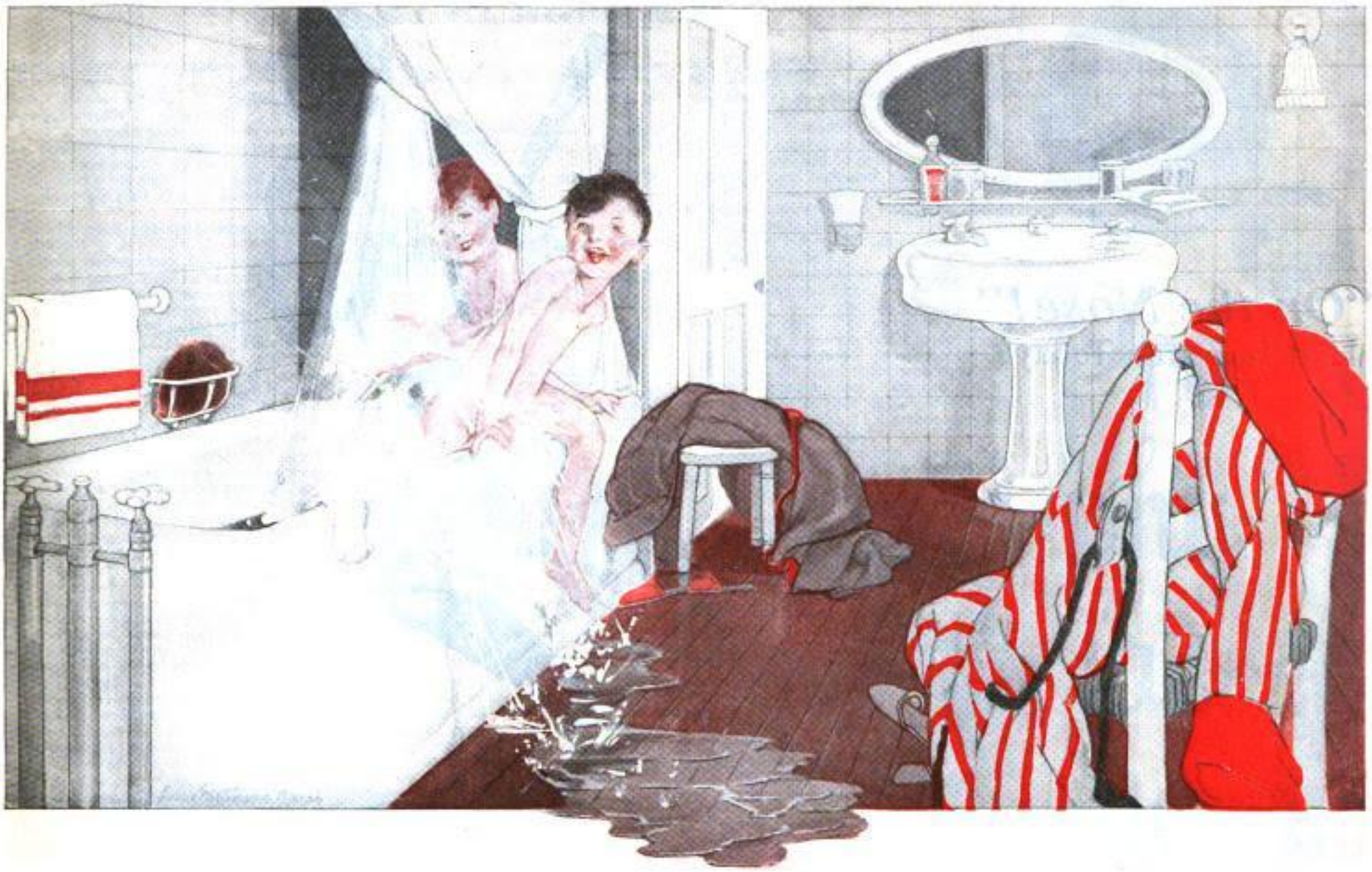
The large young man laughed comfortably.

"You don't have to tell him that," he said heartily. "He's seen it done—done by a girl and a friend of hers with a chicken-inspector badge under his coat! Haven't you, Gretzel?"



Looking East From Signal Mountain, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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Little Sun-Maids

"Between-Meal" Raisins

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THE WINNING HORSE

(Continued from Page 10)

private, either, for that matter." Whereupon he came to it again. "*Ad astra per aspera*," he told himself, and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I don't suppose there's any way I can get it fixed for you," he said, his mind reverting to his clumsy work with the slipper.

"Oh, that's all right," she said again. "I'm only too glad that it didn't throw me."

"It will make you walk lame, though, I'm afraid."

While he was speaking, the thought came to him that those around him might think that he was forcing his conversation upon her—and a girl of that sort too! Somewhere, dimly from out of his reading, came a strictly nonclassical phrase: "He picked up a girl." After a moment's reflection he made it worse: "He picked up a girl at the race track." His lip curled in self-condemnation. "I'll sit here a little while longer and then I'll go," thought he.

He didn't speak to her again. All around people were chatting, laughing, calling to one another, hurrying down into the paddock and back. To excuse himself Elbert drew out his notebook and wrote down "Mary Mag.," the latter apparently being an abbreviation of something, and after a moment's thought he added "The pity of it!" and quickly put the book back in his pocket.

By that time the silence between them had become one of those formidable affairs which seem to make more noise than speech. And so far as Mary Mag.'s were concerned, had he not been given a great lesson to follow?

"I think I had better speak to her before I go," he said to himself; and searching his mind for a topic he happened to think of that remarkable horse which would have beaten the others even if she had been obliged to hop backwards on one leg.

"I suppose that Lady Angelica won the race?" he said.

"I hardly think so," she told him, and comparing her program with the numbers that had been set up on the other side of the track she added: "No; she didn't even show." She opened her bag then and took out a vanity case. "Seems to me," she said, mumbling a little because she was powdering her nose and didn't want to get the puff into her mouth, "that just before I nearly fell Lady Angelica was trailing the field."

His first thought was undoubtedly a bit of his Aunt Cordelia. "Utterly shameless," he told himself; but never having seen a girl powder her nose before he was too interested to frown. "And yet," he thought, "there's something nice about her. Something—well—reclaimable. She must have fallen—oh, I don't know—gradually, somehow."

Which brought to his mind another of those great jewels on the hand of time.

"Not at one bound is sin attained," he hurriedly jotted down in his book, "but step by step in unsuspected ease."

As he put the book back in his pocket he caught a smile from the girl by his side—one of those smiles which seem to say, "Do you know—I rather think I like you."

Elbert arose, frowning uncertainly without, but deeply disturbed within.

"I think I'll go down again," he said, "and—and see what's going on."

"I'll save your seat," she told him.

"You'll save it a long time," thought he.

▼

ELBERT'S first idea was to start back home—but he didn't. For one thing, he was student enough to know that he was a long way yet from having mastered his subject; and for another thing, those two forbears of his who had died with their collars on probably had something to do with it. They may not have left much gold in their purses, those two, but at least there had always been plenty of grit in their craws, enough for themselves and ample to spare for those who followed after.

"No use running away," he told himself as he reached the paddock. "I don't have to see that girl again, and I ought to find out something about the betting."

It was the betting, he understood, which was the bane of racing; and in the same dim manner, inspired by some forgotten book he had probably read as a boy in the days when he had still hoped to be an engineer, he had half expected to see a long line of bookmakers standing on stools, fat jowled and begemmed, each with a blackboard behind him, a clerk by his side, and a satchel full of money strapped over his shoulder.

But was there anything of this? No matter which way Elbert turned, he couldn't see the least indication of it.

"Pardon me," he said at last to a wise-looking young man who had paused to light a cigarette, "but is there any betting going on?"

The wise-looking young man looked sadly reminiscent.

"You betcher sweet life there is," said he.

"Where are they doing it then?"

The young man nodded toward the paddock.

"Right in here," he said. "That's where they take it away from you."

Again Elbert raised himself on the tips of his toes, but all that he could see was a few thousand masculine straw hats doing a slow whirlpool act; and as for blackboards, or men on stools, or satchels full of money, there wasn't a single sign.

"How do they do it?" he asked; and bashfully, rather appealingly, he added, "You see, I've never been here before."

There is nothing which young wisdom likes more than an appeal to its senescence, and the wise-looking young man frowned with satisfied importance.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," said he. "First you have to know the bookie, see? Most anybody'll lead you to a bookie. Then you have your money ready in a sealed envelope with your name on it. And you slip him the envelope—see?—on the quiet, so the cops won't see you. Then when you want to make a bet you get the odds from the bookie, and write on a piece of paper the horse you are betting on, the odds, how much you're betting, and your name. Then you slip that to him—on the quiet, see?—the same as you did your money."

Elbert thoughtfully nodded. Out came his little notebook.

"And now, which are the bookies?" he asked. "How can you tell them when you see them?"

At the sight of the book, however, young wisdom suddenly seemed to remember the name of the metal that is sometimes said to stand for silence.

"'Scuse me," he said, "there goes the bugle," and hastily lost himself in the crowd.

"Breakg. the law," wrote Elbert. "Law bulwark life, lib., happ. Therefore what does it mean in end if we keep constant, breakg. it down? Russia. Bolshev. Anarchy."

Again the bugle blew—a sound with an unguessed power for quickening the pulse and stirring the breast of man; and once more raising himself on his toes Elbert saw the horses for the next race being led past the grand stand by a rider in a scarlet coat and buckskin breeches. There was a touch of pageantry in this that pleased Uncle Phineas' nephew, and from some of the remarks he heard around him he gathered that this next race was to be the famous Griswold Handicap, which had occupied so much space in last night's paper. "The Morpeth Brothers' sensation of the season"—"the truest-hearted gelding that ever champed a bit"—"one of the most tempestuous whirlwinds of speed that has ever been shod by a blacksmith"—they were all before him now.

Excitement is a catching thing—a sort of mental measles from which few people are immune; and as the paddock thinned, its occupants hurrying to find seats in the grand stand, Elbert caught another glimpse of the procession on the track—Thoroughbred horses that seemed to have the pride of birth within them, spirited, beautiful, lean-legged creatures with coats that gleamed as though they had been varnished, and nostrils that reminded him of the horse which pawed the earth and sniffed the battle from afar. In the saddles the jockeys were dressed in varicolored silks, a custom possibly handed down from the time when each knight rode his own brave charger and wore the colors of his lady so that later she might the more quickly see whether her lord had lived or died.

"At least I might as well see it, now that I'm here," thought Elbert.

But too many had thought the same. He was still looking for a seat, working his way up and down the aisles and yet trying to keep away from the scene of his late adventure, when all at once he found himself near the girl in white again—caught the beckoning wave of her hand.

"You see, I saved it for you," she said, moving her coat out of the seat next to her. "But I almost had to fight for it once!"

Again Elbert hesitated, but what could he do? This seat that she had almost had to fight for—was he to walk past it now with his nose in the air?

"Did you bet on it?" she eagerly asked as he sat down by her.

"Hardly," said Elbert with a wry smile.

She misconstrued him.

"I don't blame you, at the odds they quote," she said. "Of course it's always nice to have a bet on, but I'm saving all mine for the last race." It was her turn to smile then, although there was something serious in her eyes too. "Instead of a lot of trickling little bets spread all over the afternoon," she said, "I'd rather have one grand slam—all at once!"

She was like that, he told himself. Yes; and she would have fought for his seat, too, if necessary. You could see it in the shape of her chin, her mouth, the line of resolution that now and then arched her brows. And yet for all that——

Elbert left the thought unfinished. Another reflection, more in keeping with his business of the afternoon, suddenly crowded it out.

This race that was about to be run—couldn't he draw a parallel from it? Take the entries, for instance. Instead of giving them such names as Wilday May, Sarcasm, Queen Bess, Barbizon, he would call them Greed, Passion, Falsehood, Superstition—the whole confounded crew that had deviled man from time immemorial; but among them, generally unhonored and unsung, was another entry, Probity—good old Probity—that may have been dammed by Sinners, but was certainly sired by Grace.

Then there was the start. He would get a thought out of that too. Across the track, looking small in the distance, the entries for the handicap were now facing the barrier, all apparently on even terms, one horse looking as good as another. But it wasn't the start that won the race; it was the finish that counted. It was the winning post that everybody had to keep in mind.

Still staring across the track he caught a sudden movement, and simultaneously that excited stir and murmur ran over the stands. "They're off!"

Good! They were off! Greed, Passion, Falsehood and all the rest of them! But Elbert was going to back Probity to win the race.

Wait a bit! He had another idea.

What about the tipsters' sheets, the records of past performances? Couldn't he work those in too? How many races had Greed won, for instance? How many had Falsehood got to her credit? But, oh, look at Probity's past performances—the magnificent, well-nigh unbroken record of her victories!

The horses were rounding the corner by then, and it looked like anybody's race.

"See what Brickhoff did then?" cried the man in front of Elbert to his neighbor. "Tricky work, eh? I tell you, the boy's clever!"

There was a note of exultation in his voice which made Elbert look sternly down upon him for a moment.

"Tricky work will avail them nothing," he felt like saying; and rising to his feet with the others he watched the oncoming contenders rushing forward, straining every nerve and sinew, breaking their hearts to win.

Encouraging roars arose.

"Come on, Queen Bess!" "Come on, you Little Dorrit!" "Barbizon! Barbizon!"

The wave of excitement swept around Elbert and raised him, too—raised him, perhaps, higher than any of the others—him who was watching a race far greater than theirs.

"Come on, you Probity! Come on, you Probity!" he cried within himself.

For the first time, then, he glimpsed a hint of the compelling power that had drawn these forty thousand people to pay their three dollars and eighty-five cents to get up on their hind legs and shout themselves blue. They came to see a thundering, fighting group of contending forces



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rushing on to an uncertain conclusion. Well, wasn't that life itself, except that life was vastly more exciting, incomparably more important to everyone concerned?

"Life, a race—that's the thing I've to give them," he rejoiced to himself. "Something moving—something epic—something that will stir their blood, the way it's being stirred now!"

The horses thundered nearer, leaping, tearing, reaching out with their front legs for incredible distances of track, and the next moment flinging it back of them with their hind legs as though they despised it, necks and tails nearly horizontal, ears wellnigh flat against their heads. Among the leaders was a chestnut with a white star on her forehead, her jockey dressed in white silk, with blue sash and cap. It might have been the star on her forehead, or it might have been the white silk. Whatever it was, Elbert suddenly identified this horse as his imaginary Probity.

"Come on, you Bess!" "Come on, you Horologe!" "Barbizon! Barbizon!"

And again within himself Elbert cried, "Probity! Probity! Come on, you Probity!"

As though she heard his silent cry the starred chestnut, gamely reaching forward for more track and still more track, pulled herself forward until she was second—the leader a black stallion whose jockey's colors were scarlet and gold.

"The world, the flesh and the devil!" thought Elbert, springing up on his seat, and for the next few minutes he certainly became almost as crazy as those around him.

"Barbizon! Barbizon!"

Barbizon was evidently the name of the big black.

"Probity! Probity!" shouted Elbert, gently at first, but when he perceived that his voice was unheard in the general clamor he put the loud pedal on. "Probity! Probity! Come on, you Probity! Probity's going to win!"

Ten yards, five yards from the finish they were neck and neck—the chestnut and the black—and then, drawing from some unsuspected fount of power and suddenly leaping forward as though she would annihilate distance and make a fool of time, the chestnut hurled herself past the winning post a good quarter length in the lead, and Elbert's eyes shone as though he had just had his first peep through the veil.

"She may be dammed by Sinners, but she's sired by Grace," he grandly told himself as he sat down.

By the chest of him you might have thought that he owned her.

"Which horse were you calling Probity?" asked the girl by his side, turning to him with a puzzled smile.

Elbert's feeling of exaltation was still too strong to allow him to feel foolish.

"The one that won," he said, smiling because he had puzzled her. "Probity—it always wins."

The winning horses were being walked back to the judge's stand, and she looked at the number on the chestnut's saddle.

"But that isn't Probity," she told him, showing him the program. "See? That's Camille."

There was something in her voice that made him glance at her attentively, and for the first time he looked deeply into her eyes.

"Imagine you fastening a name like that on poor Camille!" she breathed.

VI

IT IS hard—or at least there are times when it's hard—to hurt innocence. Elbert had never read Dumas' masterpiece, and so Mary Mag.'s remark sank without a trace. But the way she looked at him—that was something else; and studying the subject as he knew well how to study any subject, it wasn't long before he arrived at the conclusion that although he had seen many a thousand daughters of Eve that afternoon he hadn't seen one who was more attractive than the one who sat by his side and had just looked so deeply into his eyes.

"Funny," he said, with a sense of uneasiness that wasn't so strong as it might have been, "but I hadn't noticed it before. That's probably where they get their power from—little things that really shouldn't count. Yes, and they do have power," he thoughtfully nodded to himself, his eye, abstracted, fixed now upon the jewels that adorned the hand of time. "Cleopatra—see what she did to Antony. And Charles I would probably never have been beheaded if it hadn't been for the Spanish Infanta. And then there was Charles II—see what Nell Gwyn and the rest of the scarlet women did to him—and probably changed the whole history of modern times. And Henry VIII. And Marie Antoinette. And Catharine de' Medici. Yes, sir, I can begin to see now that Uncle Phineas was right. And if there's such a power for evil in the world it ought to be taken into consideration like any other evil, and studied, and attended to."

And yet a moment later when he glanced a little more closely at the girl by his side she didn't look particularly diabolical. She was writing on her program, and so his scrutiny went unchallenged.

"Little things which really shouldn't count a bit," he repeated to himself. "The world, of course, ought to be ruled by justice, and truth, and things like that. And yet—for ages past ——"

Perhaps the pearliness of her complexion was one of those little things. Where she wasn't powdered or rouged—underneath her chin, for instance—she was soft as velvet, white as milk.

Her chin was keen; her nose—a bossy, small affair—seemed to hint at adventures and joyous romances. But her eyes didn't. Her eyes, though large and clear and the color of forget-me-nots, seemed to have lately looked upon trouble and brooded on the uncertain face of woe.

"That may be it," thought Elbert. "You begin to wonder what their history has been—and then—before you are aware of it ——"

She interrupted him, having finished marking her program.

"Were you here yesterday?" she asked.

He told her that this was his first time.

"I think that's wonderful," said she, and looked at him with a sort of envy.

"You come often?" asked Elbert.

"Too often," she sighed.

"I'm sorry," he said in a gentle voice.

She glanced at him rather sharply then, but that soon passed.

"I wonder if you would do something for me," she said at last.

"If it's anything I can ——"

"You see that bookmaker down there—next to the man in the check suit?"

"I can see a man in a check suit."

"Well, can you see the man he's talking to? The stout man with the brown band on his hat?"

Elbert placed him then.

"That's the one!" she said. "And now, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, I wish you'd go down there for me and ask him what odds he's quoting on Temptation."

"Temptation?" repeated Elbert, staring at her, hardly believing his ears.

She pointed to the name on the program: "718, Temptation; br. f., wt. 103."

"The last race," she said. "This is the horse I'm going to plunge on."

"Temptation!" muttered Elbert to himself as he made his way down the steps. "She's going to bet on Temptation to win. Funny? Funny's no name for it! And here am I ——"

He paused, looked at the crush below, and for the moment a feeling of despair passed over him—despair that things like these, so deeply rooted, so unbelievably ramified, could ever be pulled up and thrown away—a feeling, almost, that to wipe out sin would be to wipe out the human race. But it was only for a moment. Other evils had been stopped—slavery, for instance, and lotteries, and pool rooms—and everyone knew that the world was better off without them. And who had stopped them? Men like him and the line who had gone before him, always backing Probity to win the long race.

Down in the paddock he joined the milling mob and presently found himself by the side of the bookie with the brown band on his hat.

"What odds are you quoting on Temptation?" he asked.

"Thirty to one," growled the other, almost beneath his breath.

Elbert watched him for a few seconds, fat and sly, a scar across his cheek, his watchful little eyes set deeply in his head and constantly glancing this way and that as though in fear that at any moment the hand of authority might be placed upon his shoulder, and the voice of authority say "Come!"

Another idea came to Elbert, and hurriedly opening his notebook he jotted down: "Furtiveness of sin. Openness of good. Which best choice?"

(Continued on Page 100)

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Leading dermatologists tell us three men in four look years older than they are, because of improper shaving methods. A dull razor is the chief offender. By pulling at the beard, it exercises the hair roots. Roughness and eruptions result. The lines of premature age closely follow. A quick shave is essential to protect the skin. And the only way to get one is with a super-keen blade. Ordinary sharpness won't do.

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from sheep that thrive in the snow

(Continued from Page 98)

"Oh, but I'm glad I came!" he told himself with a satisfied look at the richness of the entries that had gone before; and milling his way through the mob again, he returned to the grand stand.

"Thirty to one," repeated the girl when he told her. "I thought it would be something like that. That's great."

Her face, he noticed, had suddenly become flushed beyond the rouge; and when she put her hand in her beaded bag he saw that it trembled a little.

"And now I wonder if you'll do something else for me," she almost whispered.

"If you'll tell me what it is ——"

Instead of telling him she drew five twenty-dollar bills from her bag and put them in a small envelope. This she sealed, and Elbert watching her curiously saw her write upon the envelope: "Temptation. $3000 to $100. Elsie M. Bowman."

"If you will take this down to the bookie, please," she said—"to the same one who quoted you the odds."

For the third time that afternoon Elbert hesitated. And the more he hesitated the less he liked it. "Not at one bound is sin attained, but step by step in unsuspected ease." And yet—surely there was no wrong in what he was doing. He was merely acquiring information from the enemy—the same as Nathan Hale had done—that great soul who regretted that he had but one life to give to his country. Someone had to do such things, and if it was all right for Hale ——

He took the envelope.

"And ask him, please, what are the odds on Stella M," she said.

The odds, he learned, were three to one.

"Imagine!" said Miss Bowman when he told her this. "Temptation, I think, is a lot the better horse." She stared across the track for a time, her eyes unseeing, and then suddenly turning she impulsively placed her hand on Elbert's arm.

"If you only knew how much this means to me!" she said.

Elbert was still a bit uppish from having had to carry the envelope.

"I hope you'll win," said he.

All at once there was something about her that wasn't far from being desperate.

"Temptation's got to win!" she said. "If he doesn't ——"

She made a gesture and quickly thrust her hand into her bag, as though to assure herself that something was there. There are some pantomimes more expressive than speech, and Elbert found himself growing very thoughtful.

"And suppose Temptation doesn't win, what then?" he asked himself.

He glanced down at her program to see how many other horses were in the race. There were eleven. Not much chance for a thirty-to-one shot.

"Step by step"—yes. But Elbert had no wish to be there if a tragic bound was about to be taken.

"I think I'll have to be going now," he said, half rising.

"No; please don't go," she said. "You know I shall need someone to go down and get the money. You—you're sure you gave my envelope to the man I pointed out to you?"

He saw it coming—knew that it was inevitable.

"Didn't you see me?" he asked.

"No; I lost you in the crowd."

At the end of the paddock a bugle blew.

"They're coming," she breathed.

Her voice trembled a little. Her eyes were bright as though with fever.

VII

IT SOMETIMES happens—in racing as in everything else. The talented ones receive it between the chin and the shoulders; the wise are made to look foolish; the prophets to tear their hair. Technically, of course, in the last race that day the favorite should have won; and if the favorite failed, the second choice ought to have been the first to pass the winning post. But as a matter of fact the race was won by Temptation, the most despised entry in the field, a horse so humorously regarded by the layers of odds that they offered thirty dollars to gain one, and thought no more about it.

"I'm glad you won," said Elbert when the frenzy was over and they stepped down off their seats.

She was radiant, her eyes no longer appearing to have lately looked on trouble and brooded on the uncertain face of woe. It was evident that some great weight had been lifted from her mind—some straddle-legged Old Man of the Sea had been pitched headfirst from her shoulders.

"And now if you don't mind going and getting the money," she said. "I'll go down as far as the rail with you."

It didn't strike him till later how much she was trusting him; although if you had been there to see him that day—young, earnest, spiritual—you would have trusted him quite as much.

"But will he pay me?" he asked.

"Yes; you asked him the odds and gave him the money. If he should raise any question about it just tell him I'm standing up at the rail, and I'll nod my head 'Yes.'"

So down went Elbert and in less than a minute he knew how truthfully Lady Angelica's champion had spoken earlier in the afternoon when he had said, "If you once lose a bookie in this crowd they're hard to find again."

At last he thought he had him—a fat man with a brown band around his hat, who was evidently paying off bets.

"Pardon me," said Elbert, "but have you Miss Bowman's money ready?"

"Miss Bowman? No," wheezed Porcus. "She didn't bet with me."

"But I gave you the money myself," said Elbert, "and there she is now—up at the rail."

They both looked up, and the girl at the rail vigorously nodded "Yes!"

"I guess Jake Schwartz is the man you want," wheezed Porcus. "Had a scar on his face, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Elbert, noticing for the first time that this man to whom he was talking was unmarked.

"Thought so. Me—my name's Rosen. Wait; I'll give you my card."

He drew out a wallet and gave Elbert a circular instead—How to Pick the Winners.

"Name and address is on the last page," he said. "Glad to have your business in the future."

Elbert hurried away, looking for Scar Face. The paddock thinned and was easier to search; but go where he would he couldn't find the man for whom he was looking. He glanced up at the rail, uncertain whether to go and ask Miss Bowman for fresh instructions, and the moment he looked she beckoned with an imperious wave of her hand.

"He isn't there," said Elbert as soon as he reached her.

She stepped back as though he had slapped her face.

"But I saw him," she protested, swallowing hard before she spoke. "You both looked up at me, and I nodded that it was all right."

"No," said Elbert earnestly, "that was another man."

"But I tell you I saw him!" she repeated, her brows going together, her voice rising a little. "I saw you both together just as plainly as I see you now. And I saw him pay you too."

"You couldn't very well have seen that ——" began Elbert, and then he stopped.

Yes, from the rail it must have looked exactly as though he were being paid. Porcus had produced a wallet and had given him something out of it. Before he spoke poor Elbert knew how feeble it would sound.

"He wasn't paying me," he said. "He was giving me something else—a circular. Wait; I'll show it to you." He felt in his outside coat pockets, and then in his breast pocket. "I—I must have dropped it," he confessed at last.

Obviously it didn't satisfy her. Thinking it over later Elbert told himself with a groan that if the situation had been reversed it wouldn't have satisfied him.

"I want my three thousand dollars!" she slowly told him, speaking with that distinctness which generally goes before a storm. "Thirty-one hundred dollars it is altogether, with the hundred I bet. Now do you hear me? I tell you I want my money, and I'm going to have it!"

"But I tell you he wasn't there," repeated Elbert, miserably enough.

She looked around her and drew a deep breath. "She's going to scream," he thought in a panic.

There were still plenty of people in the stands, waiting for the crowds to work their way through the exits; and in the paddock, now almost deserted, two policemen were idly swinging their clubs and looking as though they wanted employment. One scream, Elbert knew, and there

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would be a scene that he would remember as long as he lived—a scream that would write a period to his career and open a new sentence that would leave him damned in the sight of the world as long as he might stay in it.

"Don't! Don't!" he pleaded, his whole soul looking out of his eyes and pleading too. "Please don't make a noise. You must believe me! You must!"

"Believe you? When I saw you with my own eyes?"

"But you must believe me!" He told her who he was, gave her one of his cards, showed her a letter addressed to him, a receipt for books which happened to be in his pocket. "So you see," he earnestly concluded, "I couldn't—I simply couldn't take money that didn't belong to me. I couldn't—I simply couldn't stand here and lie to you!"

They were both breathing fast.

"But if you are who you say you are," she said, "then what are you doing here?"

He explained that as well as he could, though she would probably have put more faith in it if she could have seen and heard Uncle Phineas the night before.

"The worst of it is," he objected at last, "all the time we are talking here that man is getting farther away. While I was hunting for him somebody told me that most of the bookmakers settled their bets just outside the gate. Suppose I go and look for him there?"

There was deadly purpose in her voice. "I'll go with you," she said.

They went to the gate together, but they couldn't find any bookie, fat, sly and with a scar across his cheek. Once as they looked she said, "We must find him!" with the accent on the auxiliary, and again, "We've simply got to find him! You've no idea how much that money means to me!"

"Oh, we'll find him," said Elbert, and feeling that he was saying the first sensible thing that he had said for a long time he added, "A man who is marked like that, you know, is going to be hard to lose."

But they didn't find him, not even when Elbert went around describing him, nor when they went to the station and searched the crowds there.

"Do you know where he lives?" asked Elbert, when she had grown so tired that she could no longer hide it that she was walking lame.

She knew Mr. Schwartz's name, it seemed, but not his address. "Except that he lives in New York somewhere," she said. "I know that much."

"And he may be here again at the track tomorrow; don't you think?"

"He may be," she said, not far from tears, "but I know what he's going to say when I see him."

"What will he say?"

"He'll say he paid you."

"He will not!"

Touched, perhaps, by the breakdown in her spirit he drew from his pocket the letter and the receipted bill for books.

"Here," he said. "You keep these till I see you again. When have you got to have this money?"

"Tonight," she told him. "Before half past ten."

"Five hours," he thought—he who didn't know New York much better than a Mussulman. And aloud, speaking for the first time with authority, thanks to that grit in his craw which his ancestors had so bountifully provided, he went on, "Now look here. I'm going back to New York and look for him. What are you going to do?"

She gave him a look that had something frightened and something beseeching in it.

"I'm going home," she said.

"All right. Now if you'll give me your address ——"

After a moment's indecision she took a card case from her bag and listlessly handed him a stylish bit of cardboard. The name was already known to him, but the address wasn't, and the moment his eyes fell upon it they opened until they were nearly as round as little full moons.

"Sedgwood, Long Island," he read.

Time, with her hand outstretched, has a gem upon this finger too. There is no armor strong enough to ward the sword of fate.

VIII

ON HIS way back to New York, Elbert had a stroke of luck. He saw the other fat bookie, the one whom he had mistaken for the missing layer of odds.

"I beg your pardon," said Elbert, "but perhaps you remember me."

The other was evidently in an affable spirit, and if you had been there you might have guessed that he had enjoyed a prosperous day—that the lovers of horseflesh had seen many an envelope slip into his pocket, envelopes filled with money which the gay and cosmopolitan crowd might just as well have kissed farewell before they sealed the flaps.

"Remember you? Sure," said he. "Didja find Jake?"

"Not yet." And launching a forlorn hope he tried to look as unconcerned as possible and continued, "Do you happen to know where he lives?"

"I don't know where he lives, no. But I can tell you where you'll probably find him."

Elbert hardly dared to breathe.

"At Schimmer's," continued the other. "Generally eats there. Got an interest in the business, so they tell me—the lucky stiff."

"Schimmer's?" repeated Elbert. "Is that—is that in New York?"

"Sure is. Never been there?"

Elbert started to say "Hardly!" with his eyebrows up. Instead he put them down and said "No."

"You got something coming then. You know where the old Café Concourse used to be?"

No; Elbert didn't know where it was. This was, he told Porcus, his first visit to New York.

"All right," said the other, his affability growing until he looked quite moist. "Then I'll tell you the best way to get there. All you have to do is to get in the first taxi that comes along, and tell the guy to drive you to Schimmer's. He'll know."

Porcus was right. As soon as Elbert reached New York he took the first taxi in the stand and said "Schimmer's!"

The guy knew.

It was a large rambling restaurant—the ground floor of a number of buildings connected with archways through the party walls. These floors were on different levels, so that sometimes you went up a few steps and sometimes down a few steps; but wherever you went the mournful strains of a saxophone orchestra followed you, and a captain of waiters in evening dress preceded you—a captain with the shoulders of a Zbyszko and, in Elbert's case, a face like the iron countenance of General von Kluck—say, just before he had found himself late at a certain famous engagement on the Marne.

"You are expecting someone?" asked the general, stopping at a little table marked "Reserved" and making an inviting gesture with the thumb and finger of his right hand.

"Yes," hesitated Elbert. "I'm expecting Mr. Jake Schwartz."

The general stopped massaging his finger with his thumb.

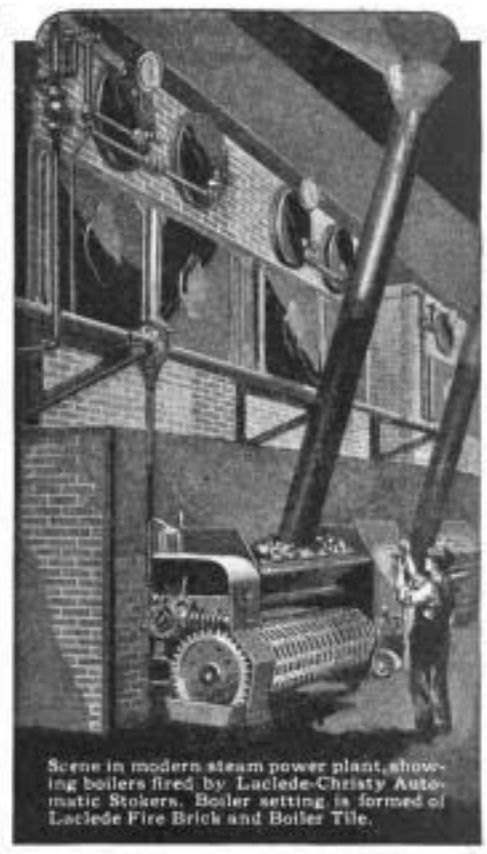
"Oh, of course, if you are a friend of Mr. Schwartz's," said he, and with the skill of a conjurer he whisked off the "Reserved" sign and drew out one of the chairs for Elbert. "He generally eats here about this time."

As long as he lives Elbert will probably never forget his visit to Schimmer's. His table was near a small space that had been cleared for dancing. "Not much room there," he thought, but he soon perceived that they didn't need much room—the way they danced at Schimmer's. It wasn't long after this when he saw his first drunken girl. They got her out quietly, with that finished manner which comes only from practice—a poor, helpless, pathetic little thing who couldn't have been much older than eighteen—and as she passed his table, supported on one side by her escort and on the other by a waiter, her glance happened to fall on Elbert for a moment, and whether or not she was maudlin in her cups, there were certainly tears in her eyes.

Elbert arose, indignation rising hot within him, but another party was coming up the steps at that moment from the floor below—one of those slow-moving groups who choose their tables with more care than some women use in choosing their husbands; and by the time he could get past them the girl was gone.

"A nice business!" he frowningly told himself as he returned to his seat of observation; and looking around him again he began to feel some more of that sand in his craw which his forbears had so liberally provided.

"Probity hasn't got many backers here," he grimly thought, and looking around him



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at the sad varieties of sin that filled the different levels—the sad dancers and drinkers—men who seemed to be finding question marks in the bottoms of their demitasses—girls who had evidently been picked for their looks and might easily have become the wives of real men and the mothers of heroes—the more he saw the more fervently he thanked God that he hadn't become an engineer, the more clearly he saw that it was men such as he who helped to keep the world straight, old dominies and young ones, many of them working for wages that would be scorned by the hod carriers—good men, great men, able men, ridiculed on the stage by almost any half-baked mummer who just had wit enough to paint his nose red, the butt of the movies, the goat of the age.

"But leave us out, and what have you got?" he proudly thought.

He didn't have to look far for his answer, but he found it more complete than he had hoped. Near the doorway, talking to General von Kluck, was Jake Schwartz—fat, sly and with a purple scar across his cheek.

IX

WHEN Uncle Phineas returned from Maine a fortnight later, breezing into his apartment one evening at half past seven, he found Elbert dressing to go out.

"Had my dinner on the train," said Uncle Phineas briskly as soon as their greetings were over. "Don't let me keep you."

Elbert returned to his hairbrushes.

"Oh, how did you make out at Sedgwood?" asked Uncle Phineas, pretending that he had only just thought of it.

"Fine, thank you," said Elbert.

"Land the job?"

"Yes. Starting in on the first of the month."

Uncle Phineas stared, not so much at the news as at the change in his nephew's manner. Gone was his diffidence, his reserve; and in place of them was the air of a man who had grown spurs like a fighting cock and had lately learned how to use them.

"You didn't give 'em metaphysics, then?" said Uncle Phineas, after he had taken this in.

"No, sir; I gave 'em racing. Things like that. Backed old Probity to win and she took me along with her."

Uncle Phineas looked puzzled, as well he might, but he had one clew. "Sounds as though you went to the track—the way I told you."

"I did."

"What did you think of it?"

"Bad influence, uncle—the betting." Elbert began choosing a necktie. "I know a man, for instance, quite prominent, who used to follow the races. Owned horses, or something like that. And when his daughter grew up she started with cards. Bridge, I think it was. Fell in with a bad lot, and once, when her folks were in Europe, she lost nearly three thousand dollars after she had promised not to play any more. Three thousand dollars, mind you; and she simply had to go out somewhere and get the money. If she hadn't ——"

"Did she get it?"

"Only by accident. But I think it cured her."

He selected a blue-silk tie with dark red spots.

"I hope you won't mind it, uncle, but I've been using your ties," he said. "Only thing you've got that fits me."

Uncle and nephew exchanged a grin.

"Going out to dinner?" asked Uncle Phineas.

"No; I'm running out to Sedgwood." He had the grace to blush a little then. "I'm calling on a very dear friend of mine—Miss Bowman."

"What Bowman's that?"

"Her name's Elsie."

"Eben Bowman's daughter?"

"Yes."

Uncle Phineas whistled. If a clairvoyant had been there she might presently have turned and told you "This stout old gentleman with the red face, he nearly said 'Fools for luck'—nearly, but not quite."

Elbert put on his coat and hat, and started for the door.

"Oh, I meant to have told you," he said. "There's a clipping on your desk."

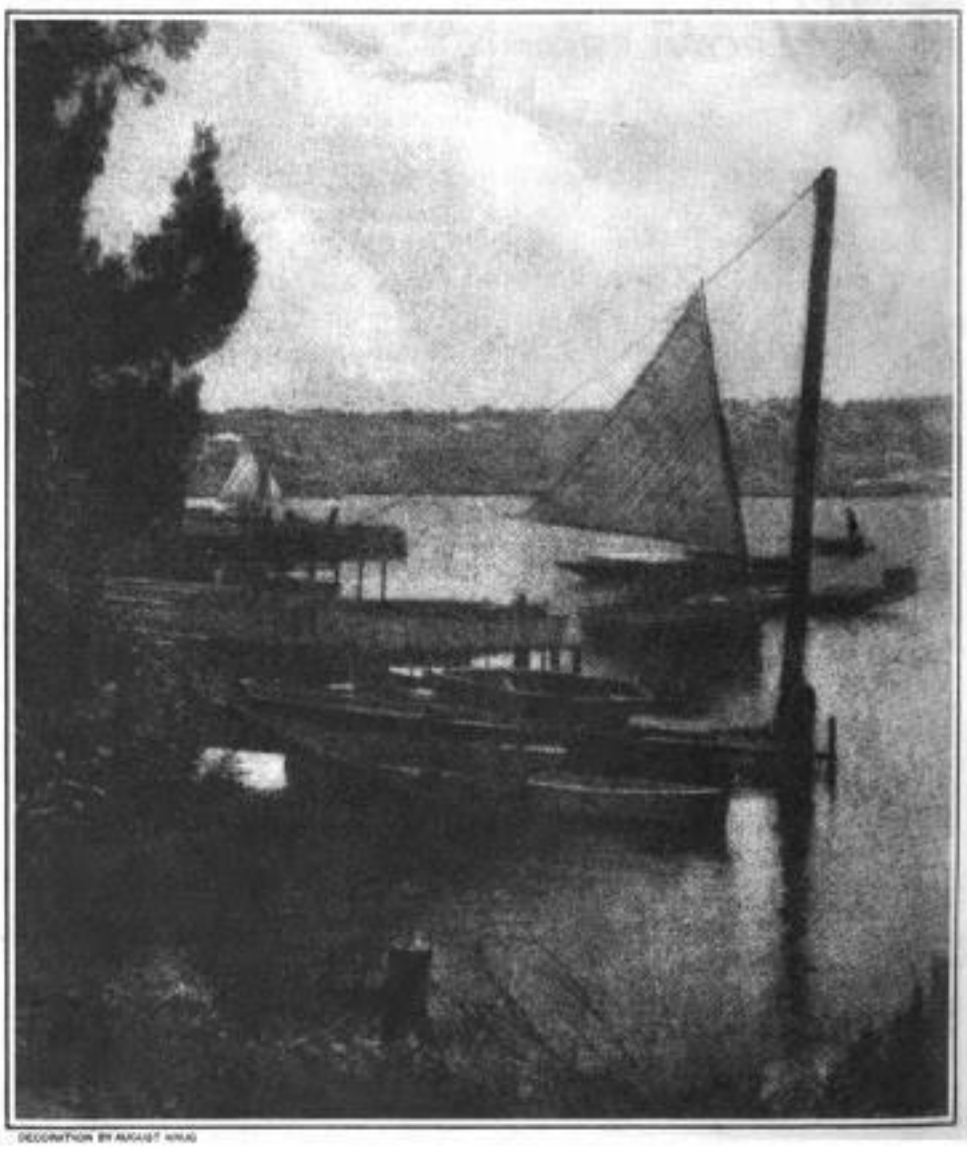
"A clipping?"

"Yes. The night after you left, as I came out of a restaurant downtown where I had been collecting some money for a friend, a man followed me out and tried to hit me with a piece of leather filled with lead. I took it away from him, and I'm afraid I must have been in a bit of a temper, for I gave him a very nasty rap with it. It's in the clipping—'Fighting Parson Scores Knockout'—something like that."

He squared his shoulders as the door closed behind him. "Fighting Parson"—there was a ring in the phrase that struck a deep chord in him.

Ad astra per aspera.

It's hard to beat those jewels on the outstretched hand of time.



DECORATION BY AUGUST HAAG

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August 1st, 1922.

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Bridgeport, Conn.

Dear Sirs:-

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We have found that these chains under actual operating conditions give us vastly more mileage than the old type.

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You know, of course, it is the fixed rule of the Yellow Cab Company to spare neither expense nor everlasting watchfulness to insure the safety and comfort of its patrons. Its rule that chauffeurs must put on chains when streets are wet is only one of many of its safeguards, not all of them so obvious.

When you consider that the Yellow Cab Company uses tire chains on its many cabs one day out of every three on an average, you can realize the increasing of the mileage of the chains means a great annual saving.

Yours very truly,

YELLOW CAB COMPANY

C W Gray
General Manager

CWG'MS



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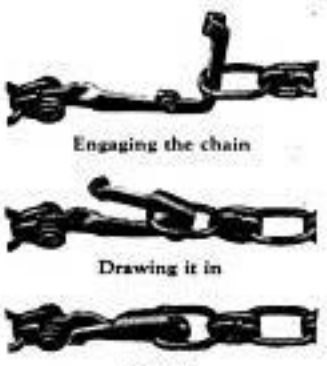
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This test on taxicabs confirms laboratory and road tests, and the experience of individual users.

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Drawing it in

Locked

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Try the easy action of the new Connecting Hook. It draws the side chains together with little effort, is securely locked with the pressure of your thumb and remains locked under all conditions, whether the chains are loose or tight.

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IRISH SPORTSMEN

(Continued from Page 17)

hostess sees that it does; so we walked over to a stately old country house about half a mile away, which had been deserted by the former owners, who had emigrated to New Zealand. It was said that this house had contained some of the finest mantelpieces in Ireland, masterpieces of the famous Adam, but we saw only the places where they had been, as the marauders had broken in and removed them bodily. Ireland is full of collectors nowadays.

And coming up from the station earlier in the day I met a man sitting by the roadside buried deep in a well-thumbed copy of Virgil, and we dropped into easy conversation, because I recognized in him, although garbed as a peasant farmer, the true type of the Irish scholar. I told him where I was going and asked him if he knew the people. "Yes," said he, "I know them well; about as well as I could know anybody."

He did not volunteer further information on this point, but as we walked along I learned that he was one of the original Sinn Feiners and in fact held high office in that order. And he spoke freely, but I can't say hopefully, about the future of Ireland. He seemed to think that Arthur Griffith was the one strong man that they would all have to look to, and speaking of present conditions he smiled sadly as he said, "We got rid of the English Black and Tans, but, faith, we have our own Black and Tans now."

He told me his name, and when I mentioned it to my hostess she said, "Oh, yes, I know John; he's a fine man. Why, when he was on the run from the Black and Tans I hid him in this house for two weeks. You know they would never think of coming here to look for him."

"But I don't understand ——" I began.

"Of course people wouldn't," interrupted my hostess; "but John was a neighbor."

A member of the famous and aristocratic Kildare Street Club in Dublin happened to be present, and he told how the powers had quartered the refugees from Belfast in the clubhouse, to the exclusion of the members; and a lady spoke of how returning home one afternoon she found a squad of unwashed ragamuffins camping in her drawing-room; they had brought their bedding and cooking utensils with them. It sounded like the methods adopted by the Russian Reds.

Perhaps this is a manifestation of a new "idealism" that is eventually going to "save" Ireland, and perhaps on the other hand it will open up gaps in the old friendly feeling that will never be bridged again. But if Ireland is anything it is eminently a country of tradition and sentiment. If you take these away it is pretty hard to imagine what results will be brought about in the final accounting.

True Hospitality

But it was at the Irish Derby, down at the historic Curragh of Kildare, that I had a most glorious day. I was fortunate enough to be taken there under the chaperonage of Mr. William O'Donohoe, a sportsman of the truest Irish type.

I discovered that one of the first things an Irish gentleman does when he is your host at the races is to introduce you to his favorite bookmaker. No man in the world takes better care of his guests at a sporting event than the high-type Irishman. He wants you to feel comfortable, above all things. So, with the kindly solicitude of a man who premises, perhaps, that you might run out of ready money in the course of the proceedings, he arranges it so that, in case of unforeseen happening, your credit will be practically unlimited—which is fair enough according to any sportsman's standard, besides being a very delicate attention that is thoroughly appreciated even if not taken advantage of.

At the Curragh of Kildare they run the horses the right way of the track, as we do in this country, and a good view can be had of the Irish classic from post to finish. Moreover, there is the intimately personal touch about it that gives both the spectacle and the day's entertainment an entirely different atmosphere from that of a visit to the courses on the other side of the Channel. Here nearly everybody knows everybody else. It would take more than a miraculous memory to be able to recall the names, let alone the faces, of the multitude to whom one is introduced. And, above all, you cannot bring yourself to believe that many of these people in everyday life have grave differences regarding those things which are agitating, not to say threatening, the very future of Ireland at the present moment. This was almost immediately before the civil war broke out.

The free state, or national, troops were on hand to preserve order and keep the course clear, but scattered plentifully through the crowd you could notice young men in the semimilitary uniforms of the republican, or irregular, troops.

To the visitor it would appear that some kind of friction would be engendered, because below the clubhouse lawn and outside the inclosure the crowd just fairly swarmed onto the track proper and it was necessary for the troops to get them back of the rail before the races could proceed.

One could not help noticing, also, the good-natured manner in which this was accomplished. I don't know that it could have been done better by any body of men in the world. I did not hear a rude word spoken or see any jostling or resort to force.

"Aw, get back, boys! Don't ye know we can't start the races until ye do?" entreated a young soldier with the burr of Tipperary on his tongue. "Now, boys, get back! Sure ye kin see just as well—in fact better—from the slope of the hill. It's for the good of the sport, boys. Now I know ye'll get back!"

An Ancient Custom

And so, responding to an appeal more potent than anything else, the crowd moved back and cleared the course in as orderly a manner as even the most critical stickler in the science of handling crowds could ask for.

I spoke to my good friend O'Donohoe about this, but he appeared to treat it as a matter of course.

"Oh, no," said he, "there isn't the slightest danger that there will be any trouble here today. A stranger would hardly credit what a pride we take in the Irish Derby. The people you see here have a limitless love for the horse. We meet like friendly neighbors who come out to enjoy a holiday, and I'm glad it's so. Our love of racing and kindred outdoor pastimes is one of our biggest anchors."

I thoroughly agree with Mr. O'Donohoe, but when you talk about the race horse and the Irishman "love" is too mild a word. It's really nothing short of adoration, and so I am proud to record it.

And then there's the pretty personal touch. You hear the clarion notes of the bugle calling the horses to the post, and the crowds edge close to the rail because they must see the big feature. Almost immediately you notice the first horse coming through the paddock gate. That's the signal for a wild outburst of applause.

You see, it's an ancient custom at the Irish Derby for the owners to lead their own horses out in the parade, and most of them do it. First comes Spike Island, ridden by George Archibald, the American jockey, who piloted him when he won the Two Thousand Guineas, and he is arrayed in the yellow and dark blue racing livery of Maj. Giles Loder, who owned the winner of the 1918 event.

Next comes Lord Kenmare's chocolate and light blue sash and cap. Here is Major Cape leading Valiant; Lord Lascelles' Mountessarat, ridden by H. Jones, the King's jockey, followed by Miss Cowhy's Highlandmore, the only candidate owned by a lady.

And so they come, making a right brilliant spectacle, because nineteen of the best Irish three-year-olds are going to start.

As Archibald passes along the rail it heartens one up a little to hear the friendly comment on this good rider, and there is many a good word for the famous American jockey who did the first missionary work on this side of the water. Notably the name of Tod Sloan was mentioned.

"He was the greatest rider we ever saw in this country," said a man who was standing close to me, "and he revolutionized racing all over the world. I never thought he was treated fairly by the English Jockey Club and you can't make me believe he ever did anything dishonest in

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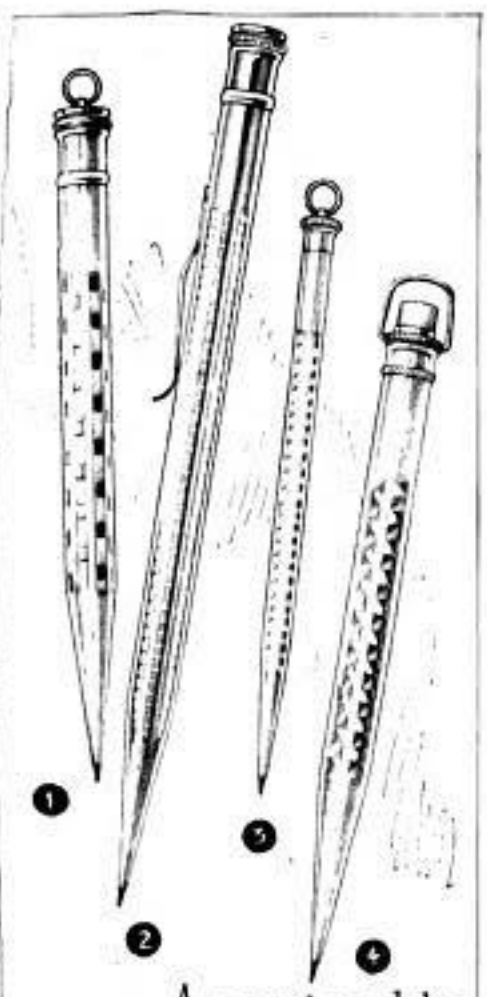
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his races, no matter what his private life may have been." All of which was good to hear.

Of the crowd, they told me that it was an off year and that only a few people were present, but you should have seen those few. They spread all over the lawn and grand stand and were packed so closely that I began to wonder what they would have done if they had had what they call a real crowd.

Of the race itself, it was as pretty a spectacle as one would like to see. The horses ran pretty well bunched until fairly straightened out for home. Then, of course, there was the usual trailing out, and at the finish Spike Island drew away, winning easily and proving himself, as I thought, to be much the best horse.

Of course there were the usual side lights to the race that one finds on almost every course in the world. For instance, you always find a man who knows what horse will win after the numbers are hung up, and he was right there at the Curragh just the same as if it had been Belmont Park or Pimlico.

He rushed up to our little group immediately after the race was over. "There!" he exclaimed exultingly. "I told you so! All the time I knew Spike Island couldn't be beat." Then he swaggered off with the air of a man who had prophecy locked in a room.

"Can he always pick them like that?" I inquired of my friend.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. O'Donohoe laughingly. "He's like a good many others; he can tell it's a funeral if he sees the hearse."

And for the first time in my somewhat variegated race-track existence I saw a parrot at the track, and he could talk. He could yell like a bookmaker; he kept on shrilling "Two to one, bar one! Two to one, bar one!" and "Even money the field!" until he had a crowd of interested spectators around him.

Florrie joined us as we laughed at the parrot, and told us about another animal with a fondness for sport.

"The funniest monkey I ever heard tell of," he began, "belonged in the County Cork. He was a big monkey—I think they said he was an orang-utan. Did yer honor ever see an orang-utan?"

Did we? That came pretty close to carrying us back to the salad days of the circus and the glorious record established for longevity by Barney and Estelle, the two celebrated monks which succeeded in defying all the scientific authorities concerning the ability of simians to withstand the rigors of our beloved climate.

"If you know anything at all about monkeys," continued the narrator, "you will know what I am telling you is true. You see, the master of the Muskerry Hounds owned this monkey and for a long time he was made free of the stable yards an' could go wherever he pleased."

The Monkey Had Enough

"Well, sir, the stud groom noticed that the horses were beginning to fall off in flesh, and sometimes when he would open the box stalls in the morning they would be standing there trembling, with the sweat rolling off them. Altogether, they were getting in a condition where they couldn't go through the day's hunt if they were paid for it. So he started to watch, and one night he noticed the monkey climbing into a horse's stall. Thin he jumped on the horse's back and galloped him around and around until he was nearly ready to drop. Now what do you suppose they done to cure him?"

"It's too hard for me," I protested. "Can't you make it an easy one, Florrie?"

"I'll tell you what they did! They had a little red coat made for him, and a little velvet cap, and then they put a soft pad saddle on one of the old reliable hunters. Thin they tied that monkey to the saddle the next time they wint out to hunt. The minute the fox broke cover an' the hounds wint away, faith, that horse knew his business an' he started off with that monkey ridin' him.

"They had a mighty long hunt that day and owing to the condition of their horses they lost the hounds entirely. As they were going along the road towards home they met a turf cutter and asked him if he had seen anything at all of the hounds.

"'Faix, I did,' says he. 'I saw them about half an hour ago. The fox wasn't more than a field ahead of them, an' you could have thrown a blanket over the whole pack.'

"'Was there anybody with them?' says the master.

"'Indeed, faix, there was,' says the turf cutter. 'There was a little bit of a man in a red coat, riding a big bay horse; and troth he was the grandest rider I ever saw. No jump was too big for him. I think he was a dwarf,' says he, 'because at a distance he didn't look any bigger than a two-year-old boy.'"

"Well, what happened after that?"

"Oh, indeed, they followed along in the direction the hounds had gone an' they got up to them just as they were running into their fox. Sure enough, there was the little monkey man mounted in the middle of the hounds, because, faix, the ould horse knew what to do but that monkey never rode a horse after that day, so he didn't."

Taking it altogether, it was a very fine day's sport and was followed by many another during my visit in Ireland. But when you want to hear good old-fashioned stories you must get down into Cork or Limerick amongst the old-time hunting crowd.

I remember driving out one pleasant afternoon to Carrigtohill, near Cork, with Mr. Rohan. We were going to pay a visit to his place, besides looking the South Uniontown hounds over. Until recently Mr. Rohan was joint master of the Muskerry Hounds.

When we reached the family mansion, after driving up through a long shaded avenue, not a soul was in sight, but on the big table in the old-fashioned hallway a hunting horn was standing.

"Faith," said the master, "I'll have to find some of the family."

Mr. Digby Puts Himself Right

So he took the horn and going to the door blew a couple of strident blasts, and while you could clap your hands young members of the family seemed to come from all parts. Then we had tea, and a little something else while Miss Peggy Rohan was making the tea, and after that we went into the big dining room and saw a sideboard just covered with racing and hunting show cups and trophies, besides looking at the paintings of old champions and listening to the stories that everybody appeared to have on tap. And you know, I found that there are no small, little, skimpy dining-room tables in an Irish sportsman's house. There is always plenty of room with an extra leaf handy, and I also discovered that no dining-room suite is complete unless there are at least a dozen and a half chairs. That's the way it goes in Ireland. It's like what the Tammany Hall politician said when on his way to Chicago to the national convention: "Ain't it wonderful, Mike? You see something wheriver you go."

You find out, amongst other things, how sacred a fox is in Ireland. You are told that away, away back during Sir John Kennedy's mastership of the Kildare Hounds, the following resolution was passed at the semiannual meeting of the club:

The members of the Kildare Hunt Club have heard with great regret that Mr. Digby's butler has shot a fox and we hope that Mr. Digby will prevent said butler from again perpetrating a similar crime, while in his employment.

And to Mr. Digby's credit be it recorded that he gallantly rose to the occasion, because at the next meeting of the club the following communication from him was read:

Mr. Digby has heard with great regret of the offense committed by his butler and begs to inform the members of the Kildare Hunt Club that he has discharged said butler.

Oh, they were a great crowd, that old hunting bunch. They tell you of the Masseys. There were twenty-one sons and one daughter in the family, and seventeen of the boys appeared mounted one day at a meet of the Limerick Hounds.

Faith, they have a story for pretty nearly everything. You cannot help noticing how rich the land is in Limerick, through the Golden Vale, as they call it. It's the place, you know, where all the famous race horses come from, and I happened to mention how wonderfully luxuriant the grazing was.

"You may well say that!" said the gentleman addressed. "Did you ever hear the story of the Kerry man who came up here once to buy a piece of land? I must tell you that down in Kerry the land is so poor that it would take an acre of it to keep a goat alive.

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"Well, sir, the Limerick man was telling the Kerry man how good the land was. 'Why,' said he, 'if you were to turn a heifer out in it in the evening you would scarcely be able to see her the next morning, the grass would grow so high during the night.' Now what do you suppose the Kerry man's reply was?"

"It's beyond me."

"'That's nothing,' retorted the Kerry man; 'if you left a heifer out at night in my country the divil a bit of her you'd iver see again!'"

Honestly, it's the nicest job I ever had in my life—just going from one place to another, talking about sport; and the best of it is, you never meet a man there that's in a hurry.

One day I thought I'd take a little ride from Templemore to Thrules, because a friend offered to lend me a horse, and just then in that country automobiles were as scarce as hen's teeth, most of the people having hidden theirs for fear they would be commandeered by the irregulars.

I had got about halfway on my journey and was going along a road hedged in heavily on both sides by hawthorn, when suddenly two young men sprang from the concealment of the bushes, both armed with service rifles and revolvers, and commanded me to halt.

You know, I did.

"Where are you going?" they demanded roughly, but before I could answer the first question they fired another one at me: "Where do you come from?"

I explained in a general way, if perhaps vaguely, that I was just traveling through the country.

"Aye, yes. What's your business?"

I replied that I didn't have any particular business. I did not want to say that I was a writer—not to those boys.

"Are you looking for something?" they demanded. "Well," said I, "I'm not looking for a fight, though if I was to find a good hunting dog I guess I could be persuaded to buy him."

At the word "guess" my captors seemed to cock their ears. "Aye, you're from America!"

"Thank God, I am."

"And you like hunting dogs?"

"I do."

"They tell me they have some fine dogs in the States. Have they got any greyhounds, I dunno?" queried the taller of the two.

I explained that we used to have some great greyhounds in America and did a lot of coursing until the Blue Laws stopped us.

The Enemies of Sport

As the boys became interested I felt myself on firmer ground, and enlarged freely on my knowledge and experiences as a leash man. I had something to say about For Freedom and other famous ones that were imported to America, and at their invitation dismounted and sat down in the hedge row for as comfortable a talk on sport generally as I ever had in my life.

After a while I forgot all about having been taken prisoner, and I am sure my custodians did likewise, because when I got ready to start again I told them I would have to be going while it was light, and they did not make the slightest objection. In fact they walked with me about half a mile down the road and showed me the right turn by which I could go down a boreen and make a short cut to the town, also furnishing me with fulsome information concerning the hotel to stop at and where I could best find a stall for my horse. We parted with mutual expressions of esteem and regard.

And from all this you will gather that uppermost in the heart of the sane, normal Irishman is the desire to keep alive healthy, wholesome sport for sport's sake.

But you begin to wonder how long he will be permitted to carry on, unless the people who have been turning the country upside down change both in viewpoint and in sentiment.

Ireland is particularly fitted for raising livestock because the whole south is an agricultural country. Its chief value lies in the fact that you can raise better-boned horses and more evenly fatted cattle with less effort than anywhere else. So the Irishman of the counties naturally takes to horse and cattle raising, and this forms rather an important item when considering his yearly budget. You can't take it away from him without having him feel a distinct loss. It is all right enough to say that we can do this and we can do that, but it is hard to make men believe it who know the possibilities of their land under the old conditions and who appreciate the important addition to their income that accrues through the yearly sale of the young horses.

Away back in 1886, when the land-league troubles were, practically the same condition had to be combated. At that time the late John Gubbins was master of the Limerick Hounds. In sustaining the pack entirely at his own expense a conservative estimate was that he spent between twelve and fifteen thousand pounds a year, and the total amount distributed during a season by members of the hunt, visitors and others, for upkeep, horses, servants and all attendant expenses, was said to be little less than half a million dollars a year. But some of the irreconcilables thought that it would be a good thing to stop the hunting, and to further their theory they began to poison the hounds by the wholesale. Naturally such action could have only one result. The master stopped hunting and moved his entourage to England.

But sometimes in Ireland they have a way of acting first and thinking of the consequences afterwards. So it was that, when the merchants and country people realized what the direct loss meant to their individual pockets, there was a terrible to-do, and all kinds of resolutions promising protection were sent to the exiled master—without avail, however, because, I believe, he never hunted a pack in Ireland again.

The Naming of Galtee More

The whole thing is really so hard to understand! The people naturally take to sport as a duck does to water. Many of them practically live for it and it is the strongest influence towards holding them together. Then all at once some faction will endeavor by disruption to tear down all its time-honored traditions. Then these are the very ones to wonder why it doesn't live and last!

I can't help thinking of a memorable visit I had over at the Knockainey Stud Farm, where Ard Patrick and Galtee More, the English Derby winners, were bred. And to the Irishman, let me tell you, this is like a visit to a sacred shrine. You see, it isn't such a big place, as we would measure farms in this country, but from its paddocks came the horses that twice won the English Derby, the St. Leger Stakes, the Eclipse Stakes, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Newmarket Stakes, the Irish Derby, and many others of lesser note. Just what you might call a regular nest of champions.

And old Michael Byrne, the ancient stud groom, is still hale and hearty. And with what pride he tells you how these great horses got their historic names! I'll have to tell it to you in his own words.

"Faith," said he, "Misther John was sitting at breakfast one morning, and a man that was passing by the road ran in and sez he, 'Misther John,' sez he, 'the ould mare out in the paddock has a colt, an' he's as big as Galtee More.'

"'All right,' sez Misther John. 'We'll call him Galtee More.'"

Galtee More, I must tell you, is one of the high peaks in the Galtee range of mountains a few miles back of the farm.

"So then," continued Michael, "the next colt that came to the ould mare, they called him Ard Patrick, after the other peak in the Galtee range. Then, as you know, both of these colts, sons of the same mare, Morganette, won the English Derby. An' faith, when Galtee More ran I wint over to England with Misther John, and after the race, when the Prince was waiting to shake hands with him, he saw me standing there, and run across and shook hands with me first. 'Ah, Mike,' sez he, 'we did it! And it's a proud day for us!'

"Oh, he was a great man, was Misther John. When we came home he doubled everybody's wages on the place, and remitted all his tenants half a year's rent. Everybody celebrated and we had bonfires going up on the mountains every night for a week."

It was this kind of day and sentiment that kept and still keeps the spark of sport alive in Ireland. It may be that it will survive all its present vicissitudes, because through all the troubles of the year the Irish sportsman has shown wonderful recuperative power. It will be probing too far into the subsequent to prophesy concerning that. We can, with the other friends of Ireland and Irishmen all over the world, hope that such will be the case.

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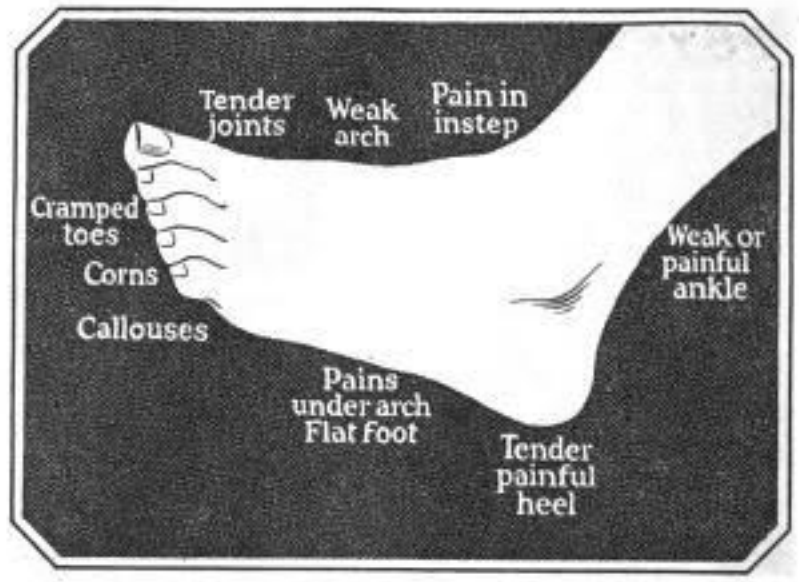
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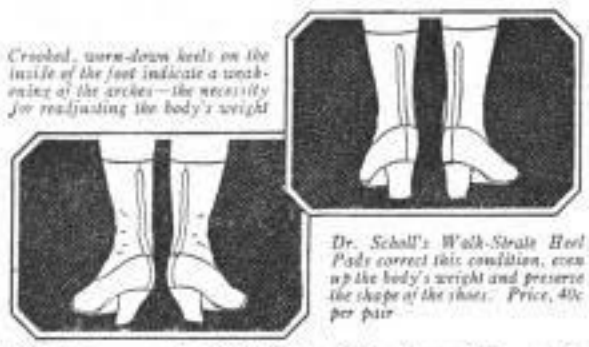
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same. Each case requires individual treatment. Obviously, only an adjustable arch support can apply to every case. This support must be easily removable from the shoe, and capable of being adjusted to each individual condition and each changing condition.

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Tender, aching corns, painful bunions, callouses on the ball of the foot or heel, overlapping or contracted toes, hot, burning, tender feet, cramped toes—all cause untold suffering and prevent millions of people from really enjoying life. And yet this suffering is absolutely needless. There is a Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy which



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will give quick and permanent relief for every foot trouble.

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PSYCHE AND CUPIDITY

(Continued from Page 15)

This brought the doctor forward with an enthusiastic: "Say, that is an interesting phase! You ought to know"—significantly—"how a doctor's bills drag on. But do I ever have to wait for mine? I should say not! And are my statements ever questioned?" Reminiscently he smiled. "Well, hardly!"

J. B. directed his attention to the statue on the mantelpiece whimsically. "No," he decided, half to himself, "it ought to be called Psyche and Cupidity." Then to his host: "I suppose the poor dears are so grateful for that last thrill, they'd mortgage the old home place to pay for it."

No longer could the note of sarcasm be ignored without a sacrifice of personal dignity; and F. Ernest Bradly was framing some competitive come-back when the ring of the telephone distracted him to his desk.

"Doctor Bradly, of the Bradly Sanatorium speaking. . . . Ah! Leaving right away? . . . Please tell her I must see her here. . . . Yes, in a few minutes." Hanging up the receiver he turned to his guest. "Sorry, old man, but I've got to turn you out now."

"Ah! Some fair lady about to have her ego inflated, eh?" Leisurely he rose and sauntered to the door. "Well, go to it, old thing! After all, we're only Jung once!"

This vaudevillain atrocity failed to penetrate the Bradly consciousness, so absorbed was the doctor in his own musings. Expertly he adjusted a log in the fireplace and regrouped a bunch of roses as he followed the other to the door. And all through the perfunctory closing amenities his brow was knitted in preoccupation.

"Now, let's see," this to himself, of course—"she's foreign; French, I think; and has a rather nice voice! Ah, I have it!" By this time the two men were shaking hands; after which Doctor Bradly said, "Listen, J. B. As you go out would you mind putting a record on the phonograph for me? That thing from Samson and Delilah, My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, you know."

"Sure thing," the other promised with a grin; "but how about My Luv is Like a Red Neu-Rosis?"

"Number 22, lower shelf to the right."

Assuredly the astringency of this should have shrunken any comic spirit; yet it was with expansive hilarity that J. B. disappeared.

Back at his desk Doctor Bradly had a few moments with the poets before Saint-Saëns' dulcet selection sounded; and he was just memorizing the lady's first name, Hélène, when she walked in.

"Ah! Miss Hillaire!" He went forward to greet her, a soothing professional manner personalized by an Old World graciousness. Then, seating her near the desk, a brief dialogue about the weather enabled him to study her.

She was a young woman around thirty, almost a head taller than the neurologist. A long tweed coat buttoned closely around her throat and the heavy-meshed, thickly dotted veil of a small toque made any estimate of her comeliness necessarily vague. Yet her voice was charming, with the timbre of a bronze bell and a French accent that added a kind of piquant edginess. It was this accent which now informed the other's appraisal with certain apprehensions—that is, the sense of security behind his treatment was possible through his knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, but would this cover the psychology of the Gallic nature? In other words, wasn't it possible that the originator of that desk motto, "Don't start anything you can't stop," had in mind the posterity of Madame de Pompadour, Lenclos and kindred disturbing influences?

"And so, doctor, I am really cured?" Miss Hillaire broke into his mental debate.

"Oh, absolutely!" A recognition of the power of suggestion supplied the conviction.

"And my melancholy spells will be no more?"

The question stimulated an intensive study of his patient. Certainly there was nothing in manner or mannerism to indicate anything but a thoroughly reliable self-control; in fact her poise suggested a coördination so much superior to most of his dismissed cases as to admit a reassured smile into his rejoinder: "After you leave I think I can guarantee there will be no relapse."

She sighed with relief. "That's comfortable; I mean comforting. And now, doctor, may I have my bill?"

"Certainly."

From an upper drawer F. Ernest Bradly handed out a statement which Miss Hillaire accepted with her head turned towards the door.

"What lovely music!" Quietly she listened. "And the name of the piece?"

"My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice. Samson and Delilah, you know."

And as her gaze shifted back to him with a murmured "Of course," his eyes held hers compellingly for a moment. Then swinging halfway in his chair the doctor fell into a sort of tragic abstraction, an expression doubtlessly identified in the Harper course as a wistful reverie.

Wholly unconscious of it, however, Miss Hillaire looked up from her bill with: "But, Doctor Bradly, isn't eight hundred dollars for three weeks rather tall—I should say, steep?"

The physician of the soul came out of his daydream with a start. "Eight hundred dollars—three weeks?" he repeated dazedly. "Ah!" A return of memory. "You mean your bill. Really, Miss Hillaire, I never bother with these tiresome statements. The bookkeeper ——"

Ignoring the gentle reproach of this the other intercepted: "But there are fifteen massages here, and I had only twelve."

"Dear lady, you must forgive me," no longer could the curse of an ostensibly breaking heart be diverted, "but I cannot talk of these things now. I am too unnerved."

"Oh"—with concern—"I am sorry. Is it that you are ill?"

"Miss Hillaire!" Shakily he rose to face her tensely. "Miss Hillaire, I cannot let you go without saying that I love you deeply, deathlessly. To me you are that ideal of loveliness and charm—heart and brain—whom every man hopes some day to meet. The flavor of your personality ——"

An outraged "Doctor Bradly!" halted him as the woman leaped to her feet; but resolutely he continued: "The first time I heard your dear voice, I knew. Then some chord of—of—of ineffable delight vibrated through all my being. Listen!" he enjoined in a hushed voice, and as Miss Hillaire automatically turned her head towards the sirupy cadences he quickly consulted the book on his desk. This permitted a glib but glorified "Then I realized it was the voice of love, which, as Shakspere says, 'makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.'" A breathy pause. "And you never guessed?"

"Certainly not!" the lady informed him acidly.

"Ah, sometimes I thought you had! Isn't it Byron who says: 'In many ways does the full heart reveal—the—the'"—here his memory system sprang a leak, but fortunately Miss Hillaire's preoccupation with her glove enabled him to connect up with the original fount of inspiration—"'reveal,'" he read, "'the presence of a love it would conceal'?"

"Byron?" A brassy note sharpened the bronze-bell voice. "It has a sound like your American poet, Mr. Frank Crane!"

"Frank Crane! Nonsense!" With the justifiable testiness of a gentleman who knows his classics he turned to the documentary evidence; but recalling himself just in time, stepped back into character. "But what does it matter? At least, had I thought you ignorant of my feelings I would not have spoken. As a servant of science, perhaps ——"

"It is not as a servant of science," ironically, "that your declarations seem in very bad taste. It is as a married man with many children."

"But ——" Dramatically he stiffened. "Does that avowal imply any active disloyalty to them? Is it possible"—an incredulous gasp—"that you have misunderstood? Have you thought because the fire you kindled here"—impressively but prudently he struck his thirty-inch expansion—"flamed into speech that I meant something equivocal, unworthy?"

His histrionic attitude—cf. Injured Innocence, Harper Course—was one calling for immediate propitiation; but Miss Hillaire stood fixed and speechless. Obviously the Continental creature, unaccustomed to the ultimate austerities of the



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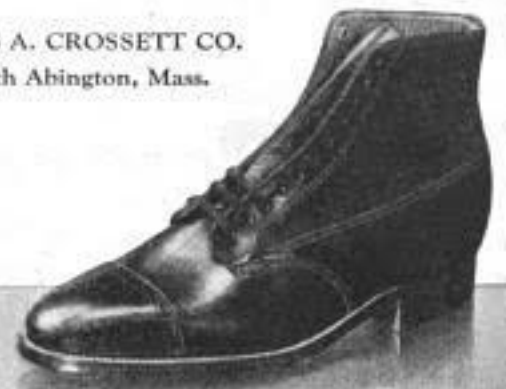
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Anglo-Saxon temperament, had thought just that. For there were both embarrassment and apology in her final: "I am sorry if I misconstructed ——"

"Then you did!" The doctor closed his eyes as if to shut in an ideal imperiled by such misconceptions. It was a long moment before he could master a forgiving gentleness. "Why, 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.' It was the unselfishness of my love that justified my speaking. A love which asks nothing, expects nothing."

"You mean ——"

"I mean,

'A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that—that—er—I claim;
To—to pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.'"

He quoted raptly, reverently.

Impulsively the lady stepped towards him. "I think I can promise you that." Patently this unexpected dénouement, so rarely sequent to such a prologue, touched her. Regret and certainly respect quivered in her voice as she extended an ungloved hand. "And now, may I say good-by?"

This the doctor clasped between both of his. Soulfully he held her eyes. "Hélène"—a gasp betokening a fierce inner conflict broke from him—"Hélène, my beloved, would you kiss me just once?"

With a hostile haste Miss Hillaire jerked away her hand and backed away. "Certainly not!"

"But," he pleaded piteously, "your eyes are so kind. Can you deny me just this?"

"I am sorry," with emphasis, "but ——"

"But it is so little!" An arc of flawless teeth closed over—ostensibly—trembling lips. "Just one tingling memory, my sweet, to help me face the empty future. Just—one—tingling—memory!"

To his emotional stress were sacrificed both Napoleonic impressiveness and professional dignity; and without these his physical insignificance dwarfed into something poignantly pathetic. Certainly none but the hardest heart could have denied a tingling memory to such a crushed, abject figure, and Miss Hillaire, after a moment's reflection, sighed a resigned "Very well."

Impetuously then, of course, the doctor rushed to her; on tiptoes, through the heavy-meshed veil, delivered a sketchy salute. It was a kiss that suffered, one might say, with anemia, belonging to that class reserved for spinster aunts whose prolonged dalliance under the mistletoe makes defaulture impossible, or at least impolitic. And yet immediately afterwards the doctor flung himself upon the divan, face in hands, a palpable commotion visible around the shoulder seams.

"Go, please!" he bade her chokingly. "And—and Mizpah."

Hesitantly Miss Hillaire made her way to the door; but paused on the threshold. "I am staying at the inn for a few days," gently, "and I'll send a check for my bill when I send for my large trunk."

The impatience of his "Yes—yes" rebuked the lady's sense of the fitness of topics; this intrusion of bills and baggage into such an emotional crisis. Yet the moment she retreated he sprang to the phone.

"I want to speak to John, please. . . . No, no! The porter. . . . John? . . . Doctor Bradly speaking. Will you hold Miss Hillaire's trunk until you see the receipted bill? . . . Yes. Thank you."

This finished, he hurried to the stationary bowl behind the screen. In deference, however, to the amenities prescribing more or less privacy for tooth and nail businesses we withhold any report of the subsequent proceedings.

It was two hours later, a little after eight, that F. Ernest Bradly returned to his office, where after a brief dalliance at his desk he started for the arched doorway. Halfway there he halted as a dazzling vision appeared—a bewilderingly beautiful woman in green and silver—a décolleté frock, chic, shimmering, rue-de-la-paixian—from which ivory arms and shoulders stood out in sculptural symmetries. In her hand she carried a large silver-embroidered bag whose jade clasp matched the long pendants in her ears. Thick, bobbed chestnut hair curled crisply about a faintly familiar face.

"Miss Hillaire!" Astonishment in her changed appearance widened to include surprise at this reappearance; then, with a comprehending smile: "Ah! You came back about that tiresome bill."

She came towards him, and the radiance from a near-by lamp lit up burning, full-lidded eyes. "No, no. I came back because I must." She was breathing spasmodically. "After I left here your words kept ringing in my ears, and suddenly I realized. I saw what I thought the gratitude of a patient for a doctor was—was an answer to your love."

During this speech bewilderment in her listener's face ceded to fright, and now as she took a step towards him he backed off agitatedly.

"You're crazy—I mean, it's nerves. Here"—looking around in panic—"I'll get you a bromide."

"Can a bromide dull that eternal cry in my ears: 'He loves me! He loves me! He loves me!'"

Her voice made an excited ascension after each period, and at the finish she took another step towards the doctor. His retreat, however, was commensurate both in speed and distance; and not until after three vocal swallows could he summon calm enough to beg: "Miss Hillaire, you must compose yourself. I'll—I'll"—inspirationally—"get you a glass of water!"

Naturally this evoked more imperious scorn than the bromide. "Water!" Scorn slurred into a rich melting tenderness. "Ah, my beloved, have you forgotten the Song of Solomon? 'Many waters cannot quench love,'" she quoted ecstatically, "'neither can the floods drown it.'"

The doctor bit his lips nervously and a harassed frown wrote across the narrow brow its evidence of growing alarm. What a fool he'd been to try a rational scientific treatment on an irrational foreigner. No telling how far she'd go! His experiences, however, with hysteria counseled temperate methods; and there was a soothing note in his reproof. "Miss Hillaire, when you left this room I flattered myself you were a well-balanced, equilibrated ——"

"Well-balanced! Bah!" The woman flung back her head with magnificent disdain. "I was an iceberg, but, ah!" The bronze-bell voice quivered. "It was your kiss that warmed me into life. Your kiss ——"

With extended arms she swept towards him, but the terrorized neurologist scooted behind the desk.

"For God's sake, control yourself!" Panting and blenched, drying the perspiration from his brow with a page unthinkingly torn from the poets, he faced his pursuer; but now she paused in baffled wonder.

"But what has come over you, my dearest? Is it that my indifference chilled your love?" A shudder went through her and she closed her eyes; yet a minute later they opened upon him with reassured tenderness. "But no! Your kiss told me of a burning passion that cannot change. I knew—I knew you had never really kissed a woman before!"

Yet she made no advances towards him, and the Napoleonic neurologist, bulwarked into comparative security behind the desk, gave himself up to strategic considerations. Once he reached for the telephone; only to abandon such maneuver immediately. A general alarm, with its probably resultant publicity, would not only deploy all his patients, both past and present, into shock troops, but would certainly shoot considerable poison gas into his home life. No, it was best to temporize with the fool, in hopes that she might be outgeneraled by diplomacy; or, presuming possible defeat here, until the porter came to turn out the lights.

Meanwhile she stood regarding him wistfully. "Ah, I understand now!" with a kind of tragic resignation. "It is your sense of honor that is trying to stiffle"—she pronounced it to rime with "piffle"—"your love. But, oh, my dear one!" A sudden energy. "Do you not remember your Pope?"

"You mean the present Pope?" The doctor consulted his watch matter-of-factly.

"Alexander Pope, beloved." Ecstatically she quoted: "'A curse on all laws but those which love has made! Love, free as air at sight of human ties, spreads his light wings, and—and'"—then triumphantly—"'and in a moment flies.' And is it not true?"—eagerly.

"Very neat," the other commended blandly. Indulgence was best until he could decide upon the proper diplomatic measures; but, startled, he jumped back as a cry of ringing elation broke from her.

"Then you do agree with me! You do see that we must let our love sweep us away. Oh!"

(Continued on Page 112)

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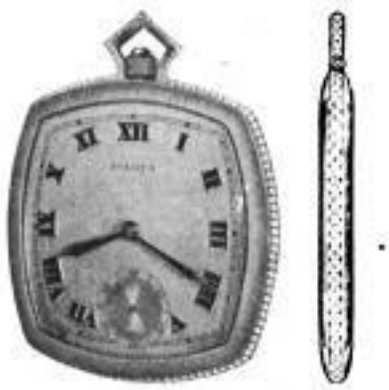
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(Continued from Page 110)

Again she stepped towards him, only to be halted by the other's shrill explosion: "You mean ——"

"I mean," gently, "as Ruth says: 'Whither thou goest I will go; . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

All his old terror reinstated itself. "It's out of the question—your remaining here!"

"Remaining here. Of course!" A withering scorn of such an idea melted into a kind of transport.

"No, we will go away together, to some little island, 'where the moonlight is like fever.' There hand in hand we will let the world go by."

F. Ernest Bradly received the island proposition with all the reactions that St. Helena doubtless evoked from Bonaparte. Once his mouth opened for speech, some flaming retort that would burn into the creature's softening brain; then deciding that these feverish fancies called for cold applications of irony he frigidly asked: "Madam, will you come back from your little island long enough to remember that I have a wife and four children?"

"A wife—four children!" A dazed look surrendered to "Ah, yes! Your wife. But I shall go to her and make her see that man-made ties must go down before a love like ours." Resolutely she wheeled. "I shall go to her at once."

She started towards the hall, but the doctor, hurdling over a stool and beating the world's record for a seven-yard dash, outdistanced her.

"Don't you dare!" He barred the door with outstretched hands.

"I must!"

"You won't!"

The air whistled through his clenched teeth as his chest lifted and fell. Standing thus, he suggested some practitioner of a new system of deep-breathing exercises rather than a graduate of the Harper Dramatic Course. Certainly the frantic squeak in his voice as the woman made a defiant advance negated all its histrionic values. "Come one step nearer, and I'll call an attendant! I refuse to ——"

"You refuse!" Regally she towered above him. "And how about me? It is I—I—I who refuse! Refuse to let you sacrifice our happiness to a mistaken sense of honor. Do you think," her eyes blazed in anger, "I will let your soul, created for life's highest adventures, be stiffled here in this deadening atmosphere, here among these soulless scientific books?" A flourish towards the shelves. "No, no! I would rather," jerkily she pulled from her bag a revolver, "kill you first!"

"H-h-help!" he gasped weakly.

Now, according to rumor, there are six hundred thousand fibers in every muscle of the biceps; but suddenly each of these went back on him. Weakly he swayed, then by a gusty effort he flung himself upon the homicidal maniac. The surprise of the attack enabled him to grip the wrist above the weapon, but quickly she shifted it to her left hand, which immediately flew ceilingward, far above his head.

Yet, through a frantic tiptoed reach he got hold of the dangling bag. The cords grew tauter and tauter, and at last her arm lowered. One leap and his fingers closed around the gun. In a panting struggle they rocked. Now and then his grip slipped under the pressure of her superior strength, but desperation empowered him to a renewed hold. But suddenly she wheeled, her back against the narrow chest, all his movements blocked by the weight and pressure of her body. Slowly but inexorably her long white arm pushed out; he felt his clutch unlocking. Then followed a moment which corroborates all the testimony of the drowning about their snappy mental processes. For in ten seconds the terrorized neurologist not only saw himself dated up for a rendezvous with death, as the poet says, but he had time to speculate about the sentence of the murderess, the bitter comments of the press on such an atrocity—a benefactor to humanity cut down in his prime. Also a throb of pity for the widowed Rowena, who, despite her jealous nature and imperfect understanding of himself, had been a fairly satisfactory mother to their children. But just then, luckily for the prospective orphans, a log in the fireplace fell with a crash. Miss Hillaire jumped, turned her head, relaxed her muscles. A quick maneuver and the revolver lay in the doctor's hands; one bound took him behind the divan.

"Oh!"

The frustrated criminal gave a smothered moan, facing him in disheveled helplessness. A broken shoulder strap hung over her heaving bosom; her hair was touseled in a wild lawlessness; and but one pendant dangled from her ear; the other gleamed on the carpet. Yet F. Ernest Bradly's appearance presented an equal disorder. His hair, too, matted clammily over his eyes; gone was the decorous boutonnière; and his number 14 collar had wilted into a stringy rag.

"Listen!" his voice jerked out through spasmodic gasps. "If you will go to your hotel and wait for me ——"

"You mean," with dilated eyes, "you will come to me, my lover!"

"I mean I will come and talk things over with you quietly!"

Hungrily, hopefully she searched his face; then a sigh of inexpressible pathos sent a shudder through her. "No, you will never come. Your noble nature will make you crush me from your heart." Slowly her eyes filled with tears, and sinking into a chair she broke into hard, gulping sobs. "But, oh, what is to become of me! The future! The bleakness, the blackness of it!"

Burying her face in the angle of an elbow supported by the chair arm she gave herself up to grief. An uncontrolled paroxysmic grief that should have elicited pity from the hardest heart; yet Doctor Bradly's response was a sigh of relief, for the situation, he felt, was now in his hands. In other words, tears, woman's only weapon, according to the poets, could be handled so less riskily than the cold steel variety.

Reassured by the thought he deposited the revolver on the table behind him as he murmured, "Really, you know, you've got to pull yourself together."

She looked up then, and her misted eyes caught sight of the pistol.

"No, I can't face it! It would be better to end it all now."

Up she sprang and started for the table. But with one motion he naturally recaptured the thing first.

"Give me that gun!" Erect, heroic, she confronted him, like some dauntless Joan of Arc.

But the doctor, not to be outdone, threw a Napoleonic imperiousness into his "Not in a million years."

Gradually the woman's shoulders sagged and as she dropped weakly to the divan a quivering anguish flashed across her face. "Oh! But I cannot bear it!" Fresh tears flooded her eyes. "The years and years ahead of me. Never to feel your arms around me! Never to see the gleam of your white teeth as you smile into my eyes. Never to ——"

A sudden gulp choked her into silence. Then another outburst of tears, which the doctor regarded with compassionate indulgence. Poor creature! It was natural, of course, but none the less tragic that the affections of the starved nature had fastened upon him. "There! There!" He bent and ventured a kindly pat upon her bowed shoulders. "You mustn't take on so. Time will bring forgetfulness."

The heresy of this prophecy brought her to her feet. "Forget you!"—with unutterable scorn.

"Yes, Miss Hillaire. You are a young and charming woman." He paused and her eyes caught his; eyes, luminous, compelling, blackly outlined by the tear-wet lashes. "By Jove!"—with sudden conviction—"you are a beautiful woman. Some day there will come into your life a man free to love you."

There was in this prediction almost a faint envy for that problematical unencumbered gentleman, but it drew from the woman only a sardonic laugh. "And do you think, having loved a god—I could love a mere man?"

The doctor smiled a deprecatory "Oh, nonsense! I ——" But Miss Hillaire, her brows constricted tragically, intercepted: "No. Your noble character, your beautiful soul with its passion for music and poetry, your—magnetic personality ——"

She halted and the doctor cleared his throat, eying her with a new respect. Not only a beautiful woman but one capable of fine discriminations and appreciations. Gad, if only Rowena recognized his values like this!

"And oh, your flashing white smile!" Miss Hillaire turned her head, in the throes of some new stress. It was fully a minute before she could finish. "No, you have spoiled all other men for me."

"Well," comfortingly, "even if they do not fire your imagination as I have done,

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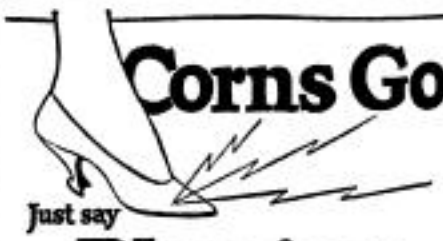
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there may be one who can at least look out after your future."

Again the neurologist laid the gun down, then selected a fresh rose for his lapel as she murmured, "No, that cannot be. I must stiffle the flame you have kindled here."

"Stifle, Miss Hillaire."

"Stifle, then." She accepted the correction automatically; then her shoulders collaborated in a resigned shrug. "It is as your Coleridge says: 'To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part, makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.'" A hesitant pause, during which she scanned the other's face with imploring humility. "But before I go, would you—would you kiss me just once?"

"Certainly not!" Automatically the doctor stepped back.

"With one kiss draw 'my whole soul through my lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.'"

The quotation came in a half whisper as she stood, head tilted back, her eyes invitational gleams under arched, petitioning brows, her lips parted, humid like scarlet threads across her face. It is safe to say that the only man capable of permanently resisting such an appeal would have been a case of complete paralysis.

Certainly the doctor began showing signs of defective control; then his higher nature triumphed in a perfunctory "I am sorry, but ——"

"But it is so little. Just one tickling—tingling memory to help me face the empty future."

"Very well." After all, he owed the poor thing something. "If you promise to go then."

"I promise, my beloved."

The next moment she had gathered him into a clinging embrace, then bending, kissed him.

Now if the doctor was correct in imputing to neurasthenics lives cheated of sentimental enrichments—and their accessory training in osculation—Miss Hillaire's technical skill and highly specialized expertness showed a natural talent for kissing that amounted to genius. When Shakspere wrote "Parting is such sweet sorrow," indubitably he had in mind just such a kiss. This was F. Ernest Bradly's first thought, but unfortunately immediately afterward his blood pressure went up thirty millimeters, and further intellectualization became impossible.

"Oh, my king!" He felt the tender touch of her hands upon his face, a touch which erased finally all his inhibitions.

"Oh, I do love you! You wonderful woman. Kiss me again!"

Miss Hillaire demonstrated an obliging nature; then after a cataleptic interlude she drew away to murmur, "And to say good-by after this!"

"Good-by? Never!" Desperately he reclasped her. "We will go away together."

"You mean you will leave your wife?" Incredulity shot through with joy.

"I'd leave anything for you."

It was stated with conviction; yet all at once a tribal taboo sprang from his Puritan conscience. A responsive pucker which almost immediately cleared. After all, uxoriousness was all right in its way, but there were circumstances that justified these cases. For instance, hadn't posterity come to see Napoleon's point of view in that Josephine affair? Reassured, he reached up to kiss her, when there appeared at the door a dark figure—a man who, when he took in the tableau, rushed into the room.

"What does this mean?" And at his enraged shout the two broke apart.

"Jim!" The woman clutched her throat.

"J. B.!" The doctor swayed weakly against a chair back.

"So this is a sample of your scientific love-making, you dirty cad!" With a cold withering contempt he looked the doctor up and down, then turned to the woman, who stood in motionless terror, twisting the cords of her bag. At sight of her disheveled hair and broken shoulder strap a maniacal gleam narrowed his eyes. He turned to the neurologist. "Well, do you know what I'm going to do to you?" A twitching smile, as the revolver on the table caught his glance. "I'm going"—one stride and it was in his hands—"to kill you in cold blood."

Up flew the doctor's hands. "For God's sake, J. B., let me explain! This woman here ——"

But his alibi was lost in the lady's piercing cry. "Jim!" She fell to her knees and caught hold of the other's ill-fitting coat. "I swear ——"

With a brutal push, however, he flung her off and started for the neurologist, just as that gentleman, ashen and trembling, sagged over the back of the divan.

Miss Hillaire sprang to him, and when, after a few wrist-slapping measures, he opened his eyes, she smiled down reassuringly. "Don't let my husband frighten you like this, doctor. Fortunately, the gun is as empty as your patients' futures."

Dazedly he blinked at her. It took two long minutes for the realities to work through his benumbed consciousness. "Your husband?" He tottered to his feet and faced her with a return of dignity. "But didn't you register here as Miss Hillaire?"

J. B., his weapon discarded, stood looking on with the old familiar grin, which gave birth to a chuckle as his wife answered, "Certainly. That is my name. You see, I am an actress—sometimes."

"Then you mean ——"

"That our big scene was what you say—a frame-up?" She took a comb from her bag, and ran it lightly through her hair with graceful unconcern. "Exactly."

F. Ernest Bradly stiffened. An impotent fury seemed to pour all his blood into a softening brain; to thud in veinous pulses all over his body. Oh, the intolerable ignominy of it! A reflex impulse moved him towards the discarded weapon; then a memory of its empty chambers diverted all his baffled wrath into: "This is an outrage! I ——"

"Nonsense, Brad." J. B.'s laugh cut short the threat. "Helen was just trying to expand your ego."

This sally joined the two conspirators in a burst of uncontrollable laughter. It was the husband who sobered first.

"Honey," he grinned across at the lady, "just as soon as you stiffle your contagious mirth you'd better come on out and meet your empty future—and the Blakes, who are waiting in the car."

"I'll be ready in a moment." She motioned him away with another spurt of amusement. "You run out and play with the phonograph."

Still grinning, J. B. sauntered to the door, but here he paused for a parting quip. "It's as our American poet used to say, Brad, 'You can fool some of the people——' You know the rest." And off he went.

Along with the doctor, Miss Hillaire assumed a stately dignity. With a business-like gravity she drew from her bag a paper. "Will you kindly receipt this bill?"

"But ——"

"Or does"—she looked significantly into his eyes—"your wife attend to these tiresome statements?"

He gasped weakly. "Blackmail! Gad! He'd ——"

"Well?" Her sinister interrogation prodded him into action.

"Very well." He took the bill, receipted it with a fountain pen and handed it back savagely. "And now, you get out of here at once!"

"Presently." Her bronze-bell voice was soothingly bland as she once more dug into the embroidered bag. "But first, I'm sure you won't mind if I brush my teeth."

Toothbrush in hand, she started for the stationary bowl; but the doctor could stand it no longer. Like a hunted creature he bolted towards the hall, and if to the imaginative there remained with him any resemblance to Bonaparte, it must have suggested Napoleon immediately after Waterloo; especially when, just as he reached the door, the phonograph outside burst into melody. It was a close-harmony record, the melting chorus of that deservedly popular song, The End of a Perfect Day.



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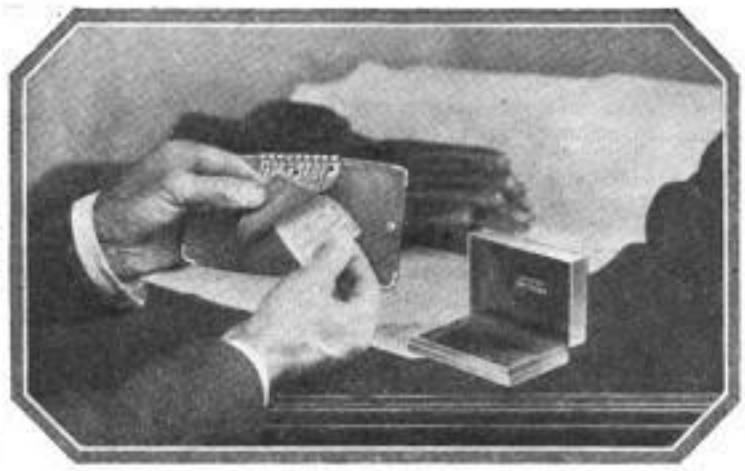
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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

Cut out that business about dumb animals. Some dogs deserve to be kicked. The Prince should have a decent income.

WHEN A GIRL IS TWENTY-EIGHT: The Prince need not stay away just because he is bald, or because he has an impediment in his speech, or because he is homely as a hedge fence. Kind hearts are more than coronets, and so forth, and a girl has a way of looking behind exteriors. His voice may sound like a buzz saw striking a rusty nail, yet he himself may be a perfectly good Prince. He should be a gentleman—at least, a gentleman in the rough—one whom it would give a girl real pleasure to reform. Clothes do not count at all—nobody judges a man by his clothes. If he has money enough for two persons to live on, that's all there is to that.

WHEN A GIRL APPROACHES THIRTY-FIVE: Any male person, not a tramp or a second-story man, is a Prince. H. H.

Lines to a Proud Maiden

HEAD high and nose atilt, with air reserved,
As though you came from some diviner sphere
And for a moment only walked these ways
And breathed the sad pollution men breathe here,

I see you coming down this city street.
A conscious grace like light about you clings.
Your body has the beauty of a flame
Against the dawn. The winds' hushed whisperings

Are gathered in the silence of your eyes
Where a far sunset burns. And oh, your hair
Is like a shadowed light. And now you pass.
My spirit quivers at your haughty air.

So lovely and so proud—but "pride," you know,
"Goeth ——" This shall my stricken heart console;
For oh, proud maiden, you'd not be so proud,
If you knew that your stocking had a hole! —*George Brandon Saul.*

From the Salome Sun

A TENDERFOOT from Iowa came along last week in an old Lizzie and Squint Eye Johnson traded him 160 acres of land for it. I hear Squint Eye said that the durn fool couldn't read and he made the deed out for 640 acres.

Our poor Old Frog is getting gray
Waiting for a Rainy Day;
If it don't hurry up and rain,
I fear he'll have a window pane.

Almost everything grows well here. Squint Eye Johnson built a barn last year and on account of the high price of lumber cut four big cottonwood posts and set them in the ground for the corners, nailing boards on to complete the barn. It rained soon after and the corner posts started to grow—and it kept Squint Eye busy all summer nailing on more boards at the bottom to keep the cows from getting out—and now he has a two-story barn and uses the top story for a henhouse. Squint Eye says one more wet year and he will have to buy an aëroplane to feed his chickens.

In dry years we sometimes have to plant onions in between the rows of potatoes and then scratch the onions to make the potatoes' eyes water enough to irrigate the rest of the garden—and the kids sure do hate to scratch the onions on moonlight nights.

The Cactus Kid says most folks are going just because they are going—and that just as many are coming back as there are going; so we can't see why they don't all stay at home and write each other postal cards and save their money to buy garden seed.

Don't up and make a holler every time you have to spend a dollar, for we're here to sell you Oil & Gas—and keep you laughing, happy as you pass; so spend your money with a smile, and maybe, some day, afterwhile, if you give the boys an even chance, we might make Salome dance—and if the dance is full of Vim, we think the Frog might learn to swim.

—*Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.*



DRAWN BY C. H. FORBELL

"Push Him Closer, Can't Ye?"

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SCIENCE and SAUERKRAUT

"HELLO, Doctor, sit down. You've caught me with the goods—I'm indulging a secret weakness for sauerkraut. We never have it at home—my wife laughs at me—but I'm just plebeian enough to like it and—"

"My dear sir, don't ever apologize for eating sauerkraut. You don't know, perhaps, that Pasteur called sauerkraut one of the most useful and healthful vegetable dishes on earth."

"No, I didn't know it. Pasteur, the French scientist?"

"None other. You know we medical men have been learning some surprising things about sauerkraut lately. I was reading just the other day an article by Metchnikoff in which he tells of a man who lived to be one hundred and three years old. He was a weaver, who had always led a sober and thrifty life, and he had only one grand passion—he adored sauerkraut, and he ate it in great quantities, oftenest raw. Metchnikoff says that from all we know of the beneficial part played by lactic ferments, it is probable that the sauerkraut had a great deal to do with his long life."

"Is that so? My taste for sauerkraut is supported by high authorities."

"By the highest. For sauerkraut is very rich in lactic acid bacilli—the same good little germs that Metchnikoff tells so much about in his famous work on 'The Prolongation of Life.' These are the germs that destroy the poisons in our systems—the fighters that attack and destroy the bad germs that cause disease."

"The Dempseys of the human body, eh?"

"Exactly. For they don't know when they're licked. They keep on fighting till they win. They are the best friends we have in the arena of life. And the strongest and most energetic of these little friends are the kind which literally teems in sauerkraut and sauerkraut juice."

"The juice that our wives and our cooks usually pour down the kitchen sink."

"Yes. As I said, I have lately been reading some very interesting reports on sauerkraut. It contains all three of the vitamines, it is rich in mineral salts and iron, also in calcium, the bone building substance. Over in Copenhagen sauerkraut and its juice are held in high favor for those ailments arising from uric acid in the system. The acid in sauerkraut neutralizes uric acid—destroys it at the source.

"The celebrated Dr. Arnold Lorand of Carlsbad, in his book, 'Health and Longevity Through Rational Diet,' tells of good results from one or two tablespoonfuls of sauerkraut at the beginning of a meal. Sauerkraut is given first place in the diet for diabetics in no less an authority than Ander's 'Practice of Medicine.' Dr. Edward Ochsner has given it some very interesting tests at the Augustana Hospital in Chicago in cases of diabetes, and another famous Chicagoan, Dr. Sadler, credits it with excellent values as a health food.

"As to food values—chicken soup is considered nourishing—and it is, yet the average is only 100 calories, while sauerkraut has 125. We think of beef soup, 120 calories, as a tolerably substantial starter to a good meal, but sauerkraut has greater heat value. Government reports go even further and show the superiority of sauerkraut in energy value over such valuable vegetables as okra, asparagus, lettuce, celery, cucumbers, string beans.

"For many years sailors have eaten sauerkraut as an anti-scorbutic—that is, a preventive of scurvy. It was Captain Cook who discovered its value in 1776, and it is still used on long cruises to keep the sailors in condition.

"You know what the celebrated Dr. Brokaw of St. Louis used to say: 'Spinach may be the broom of the stomach, but sauerkraut is the vacuum cleaner.'"

"I don't know why it is that people smile whenever sauerkraut is mentioned. The average woman seems half ashamed to serve it on the table."

"Yet nearly everybody has a secret fondness for it, and I honestly believe that if the facts about it were made known to the public sauerkraut would do more for people's health, to keep them in condition, pink cheeked, bright eyed and with keen appetite and increased capacity for other dishes on the menu card than any other one thing I know of. Ah, here's our waiter now. Bring me some sauerkraut."

Every statement made by the doctor in this conversation is substantiated by the testimony of the highest scientific authorities. If you would know more about the remarkable value of sauerkraut as a health food and as a *preventive* and *corrective*, mail this coupon for a free copy, postpaid, of "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new recipes for preparing this delicious food.

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WHEN THE SHOWDOWN COMES

(Continued from Page 23)

needs to buy new machinery or additional supplies, and if any evidence were lacking at this point it is fully supplied in the reduction of the hours and days of labor everywhere off the farm, the even greater reduction in efficiency, and the overmanning by main strength of such necessary industries as transportation and mining.

He has found out in a thousand ways that under the system of labor now in vogue a tax-free man with his bare hands can get more money for his eight-hour day in these highly organized industries than a farmer can get with both his labor and his investments and that very largely the farmer pays the taxes for both classes of citizens.

Nor is this the entire burden that is thrown upon the farmer by our industrial system. The excessive cost of transportation has made millions of dollars of fruits and vegetables, even potatoes, worthless, and they have been left on the tree or in the ground to rot while the owner borrows money with which to pay his taxes and live, if he can. At the same time, men in the trades continue to enjoy a wartime wage on an eight-hour day, so hedged about by restrictions that labor along some lines has become almost a sedentary occupation.

The perishables which are thus made worthless represent the labor and the living of thousands of hard-working families, deprived not only of their profits but of their capital because the men engaged in the transportation service have forced a wage and working conditions so far above what private enterprise can pay, except in the manufacture of luxuries, that they have rendered the service almost prohibitive except for favored commodities. Yet they have been out on strike, paralyzing the transportation system of a hundred million people to gain their point, even killing their fellow citizens who undertake to fill the vacant places in the necessary business of distributing food.

The onerous conditions under which the farmer is now working are not limited to transportation and the disproportionate cost of machinery and supplies as compared with the value of what he has to sell.

A few days ago in a farming community of the Middle West bids were opened for the erection of a new building to shelter a township consolidated school. All bids were rejected as running above the one-hundred-thousand-dollar bond issue authorized by the voters of this strictly agricultural community.

Discussing the matter with the bidders afterward the contractors explained that bricklayers were demanding a dollar and a half an hour, that three hundred bricks was a day's work, and that they were in a position to tie up any job unless their demands were met.

Bricks in Terms of Wheat

Now half of this building committee were farmers, and wheat was selling that day in the local markets at ninety cents a bushel. Even a farmer could soon figure out the fact that at these rates for labor it would cost four cents to lay a single brick and one bushel of wheat would lay only twenty-two and a half; or, if the cost of the brick itself is included, the farmer's bushel of wheat would put but twelve bricks in the schoolhouse wall—enough food to feed a full-grown man for twenty days representing only a single row of brick eight feet long.

Reason enough, this, why the board rejected all bids for building; but the questions remain: How are the children of the community to be schooled? and What will the farmers do about it? They might lay the brick with common labor or do it themselves, but in that case the other organized craftsmen would strike and tie up the job. So the question remains: What will the farmers do about it?

The bricklayer talks about a living wage, but what does it mean? It means that a bricklayer, beginning his day two hours or more after the farmer is in the field, and quitting long before the farmer begins his chores, would still get twelve dollars for his day's labor. This is the full output of an average acre of wheat, in which the farmer has put twelve to fifteen hours' labor of himself and team and has furnished both seed and binding twine, after having invested in the land and being held to pay taxes, insurance, upkeep and repairs.

Here is where extremes meet and here is where organized labor will meet its Waterloo unless it mends its methods, improves its manners, selects proper leaders and does an honest day's work for a reasonable wage. Every right-minded man believes that men who live by the labor of their bare hands need organizations of their own, and these organizations have done great good not only to the laboring man but to the country. But except in the higher ranks of skilled craftsmanship labor in large part is now being led by the same class of agitators, often aliens, that has endeavored to capture the agricultural organizations. These men are militant, gaining their ends by means that are undermining government and paving the way for their own undoing.

For the farmer has begun to see daylight through the situation and he is not so powerless as he may have seemed while capital and labor have been wrangling like two hungry dogs over a bone that really belongs to neither of them. For the public has never voluntarily paid the wages demanded by certain organized crafts and highly protected industries or willingly submitted to their coercion and oppression. In every case it has been forced and in some cases terrorized into submission.

The Right to Work

As these words are written half a dozen men, more powerful than the President of the republic, are able to dictate the terms on which a hundred million of supposedly free people can have the coal to drive their industries and heat their homes. This is government by a militant minority, which has long been rather successfully camouflaged behind the screen of the living wage and the right to strike.

The right to strike is demanded as a corollary of collective bargaining and is defended on the ground of the constitutional privilege of the individual to work when and where he pleases, or not at all, for that matter.

From these premises is hatched the whole brood of labor troubles under which enterprise, dependent upon organized labor, is slowed up to less than its proper efficiency, and advanced to more than its proper cost when it is not prohibited altogether. Besides that, the world is being told by these organizations the terms and conditions in which it may be permitted to secure the necessaries of life.

Now the individual right to work or not, as granted in the Constitution, implies only the individual right to quit; and collective bargaining, conceded by the public, implies at most only the right of collective quitting. It would be bad enough if this collective quitting should be so organized and planned by methods of conspiracy or otherwise that a wholesale walkout should paralyze an essential industry and cause widespread suffering and distress.

But the bad logic does not stop even at this point. The right to strike is held to imply that the strike must be made effective, and this means that other men, not belonging to this particular hierarchy of labor but ready to exercise their constitutional privilege of working when and where they please, must be denied this right and driven off the job, by force if necessary, carried often to the point of terrorism against the man and his family, even to the extreme of bombing and wholesale murder. As an example, witness the Herrin outrage.

In the meantime homes and roundhouses are bombed and trains are wrecked. So does the striking laborer propose to hold the job he has abandoned, even at the point of the gun; and the more suffering it entails the more likely the strike is to be effective. Indeed, a strike without either force or suffering would be foredoomed to failure.

The strike unsupported by force would lose its effectiveness nine times out of ten for the very good reason that long before the strike was called the organization had succeeded in securing for its numbers a wage considerably above the prevailing rates. Under these conditions a strike unsupported would be a simple walkout ending as a joke, because the vacant places would be filled as promptly as any other vacuum. The strike to be effective must operate in such a way as to produce, first of all, a closed industry, and then keep it closed by keeping other workmen away

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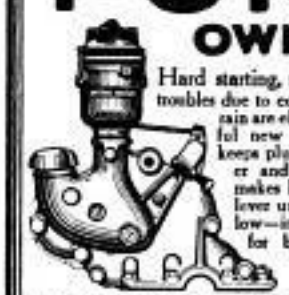
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and by forcing the public to its knees; otherwise the strike will vanish in thin air.

In brief and in plain English, organized craftsmen cannot secure their demands upon the public without using force to the extent, first of all, of depriving their fellow citizens of their constitutional right to work and, finally, of starving, freezing, paralyzing or otherwise hammering the public into submission; and in pursuing this policy there is evidently no limit this side of terrorism.

Under these conditions local, state or Federal authority is powerless, for both rioters and their organization leaders claim the right to employ any methods necessary to make the strike effective—that is, to prevent the orderly and usual conduct of our lives until their demands, which are frankly spoken of as "advantages," are met and guaranteed.

At many points the public has yielded even this contention and withdrawn the militia, the so-called armed guards, leaving everything wide open, even to halting and searching automobiles on the public highways and beating up suspected strike breakers.

And so we have arrived at a time when the labor issue is no longer a quarrel between capital and labor but a defiance of the rights of the public to the conditions of living. The strike is now aimed not against the employer so much as against the public, the proof of which is that the highest wages have been forced where the greatest public distress can be depended upon to follow a strike. In practical procedure we have come to the time when the advisability of a strike and its revenue-producing power depend upon the speed and completeness with which the public can be brought to its knees.

Supergovernment

Not only that, but the strike has developed or descended from a contest against the employer and his business to a trial of strength between the regularly constituted and responsible Government set up by a free people and an arbitrary supergovernment set up by an irresponsible but militant minority making their own rules, which they propose to enforce over the laws of the country in which they live, by the frankly announced method of boring from within.

As long as labor issues and the question of wages were merely a quarrel between the employer and the employe the public was powerless.

The public was compelled to suffer in helplessness, pay the bills, and beg the two parties to the controversy to come to some kind of understanding and give service, even on hard terms.

But now that the quarrel has extended itself beyond the bounds of business and the successful contender has set up a code of its own making and methods of government of its own devising which it purposes to invoke, the issue is no longer principally economic; it has become political, and upon that issue a popular vote can be taken.

That the labor issue has become political there is abundant evidence on every hand.

For two sessions of the General Assembly in Illinois, for example, organized labor has said that the farmers and small-town residents of the state shall not have a state constabulary for their protection, and they have so far succeeded in killing a measure necessary to the safety of the great majority of the citizens of a state that is more and more exposed to marauders as its system of perfect highways is extended between the population centers and across the open country.

Only the other day the Federation of Labor of the great state of New York in convention at Poughkeepsie is quoted as having passed a resolution demanding the abolition of the constabulary of that state, which it denominated as Governor Miller's Cossacks.

A few months ago at Herrin a massacre occurred in which some twenty American citizens or aliens were driven from lawful labor and killed when totally unarmed and on their way out of the county in which they had a perfectly lawful right to remain and work but from which they were being driven by fear. A hundred-thousand-dollar private fund is being raised by subscription among the chambers of commerce of the state to enable the attorney-general to determine whether there is such a thing as law in Illinois for a small minority organized to defy it. In that connection it is important to note that the attorney-general of the state and important witnesses are receiving anonymous letters threatening their lives if they proceed with the case against the Herrin murderers.

Terrorizing Methods

This double outrage of wholesale murder and defiance of the law is but the outcome of the determination of a small but organized group of citizens and aliens that no coal shall be mined in the state except upon terms which they themselves dictate.

Upon this point the operators and the public have surrendered, not as a matter of justice but because by force the organized miners have succeeded in shutting off the coal supply, and the operators have well pointed out that the contest had been carried far beyond a strike against the employers and had become a strike and a holdup against the public, in which, by confession, no law exists whereby the public can protect itself.

The miners based their latest demands upon the issue of the living wage, when everybody knows that so many men had been attracted to the coal fields by the high wage so long prevailing that work could be had for only about half the time. Nevertheless they insisted that the world should support the mining industry on that basis or freeze, and on that basis the public has been smoked out.

The President of the United States very properly insisted that the Government would protect every citizen within its borders in his right to work, but it has not done it and cannot do it without declaring a state of war, because in many of the communities affected the mob has been in complete possession of the situation.

Not only that, but when the President of the United States, the most powerful administrative officer of any government of the world, makes a statement of actual conditions to the Congress and to the country, and when the Supreme Court of the United States, the oldest judicial body in the world sitting upon questions involving international law, makes a decision in either case, within a day or two labor leaders come out in the daily press telling the court where its jurisdiction begins and ends and criticizing them both, passing superjudgment upon their utterances and informing the world as to how far they will be heeded.

Organizations affected and conducted in the name of labor are thus making and enforcing their own laws by irregular and terrorizing methods, and they indignantly protest against court decisions that would hold them either financially or morally responsible.

This is class legislation run mad. It is bad enough when made in Congress under



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pressure, but when made by the class concerned, sitting behind closed doors, and enforced by terrorism, it has become intolerable.

This is not anarchy, it is supergovernment. It is the insistence of a powerful militant minority upon dictating how every public matter may be decided so far as it affects directly or indirectly and ever so remotely any and every rule that it may have set up in its irresponsible capacity of legislating in the interest of itself, the minority, but prepared to enforce its decisions by methods that terrorize not only individuals but whole counties and, if necessary, paralyze the orderly processes of government and threaten the wholesale life as well as the prosperity of the country at large.

These people, the radical leaders of a militant minority, are drunk with power. In preparing to take complete possession of the essential industries of a great people, even in defiance of law and regularly constituted authority, they do not seem to realize that they have shifted the issue into a field in which all men, both in and out of their ranks, can vote, and that when it comes to a popular vote upon the question of good government not only will all farmers and all others of the oppressed citizenry oppose them but their own ranks will divide upon that question. For the rank and file of labor itself does not approve and cannot support, further than it is compelled to do it, the principle of a secret force in a free government.

That this canker is already at work in the ranks is evident from the acknowledged fact that even the miners' union, the most strongly entrenched of all the labor organizations, could not hold its membership together except by the check-off system, under which there is subtracted from the miner's pay check his entire list of dues and fines assessed under rules which he had little or no free voice in making, giving rise to the largest known fund for which no public accounting is made.

Some of the leaders are evidently growing frightened and are exerting themselves to the utmost to bring farmers' organizations into the general contest against capital. In this way they endeavor to hold the issue within the economic field, even after it has become obviously governmental and therefore political.

The question of government by regularly elected representatives or supergovernment by self-appointed and irresponsible dictators is a question on which votes may be taken and counted—upon the election of congressmen, for example.

And upon an issue of this kind there is no question about the vote of the farmer, who still constitutes a full third of our entire population, scattered geographically over the whole country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, while the radical labor vote is concentrated in a few great industrial and mining centers; and even that will be divided.

These facts are important, especially the election of congressmen, and particularly when it is recalled that all conservative business men and all who believe in thrift, which includes the great mass of laboring men themselves, will vote with the farmers upon the issue of a free government.

When this question that now plagues the country, paralyzes its business and terrorizes its citizens can well be gotten away from the guns and brickbats, bombers and sluggers, out into the open where it can be voted upon, then short shrift will be made of the attempt to coerce the regularly constituted authorities into obedience of class-made law, enforced not in the open but secretly and by violence and terror.

And that time will come as soon and as fast as candidates for Congress will conduct their campaigns upon the issues of a free government regularly established and fully maintained as against a supergovernment set up by irresponsible minorities, often aliens, telling the public wherein it must amend or set aside laws that conflict with its rules, and enforcing its decrees not under the courts but by force and in defiance of laws, courts and administrators. Upon this great issue votes can be taken and counted. The congressman-candidate is the man to break the deadlock in government. Here is the final showdown as between established government by the vote of a free people and the irresponsible supergovernment based upon advantage and administered by terror.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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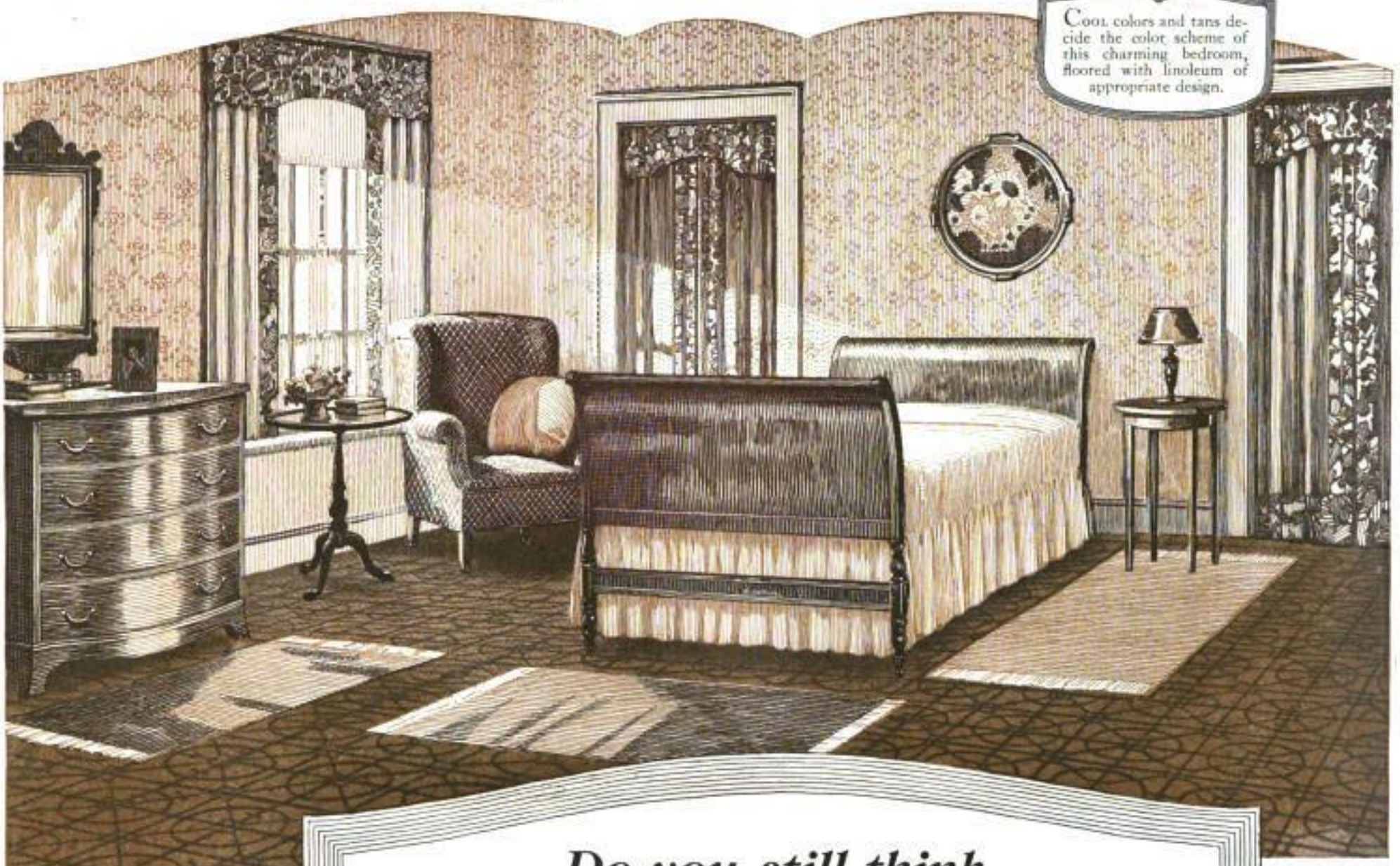
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With the rugs scattered here and there, linoleum floors are warm, comfortable. Every woman knows how easy it is to keep linoleum clean.

You can build the color scheme of any room from a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. Whether the tone is brown or tan, blue or green, rose or gray, you can make a room quite as attractive as the bedroom pictured.

A bedroom 12 x 12 feet can be floored with the Carpet Inlaid Linoleum in the illustration at a cost of about $36.00 (slightly higher in the far West). This includes cementing the linoleum down firmly over builder's deadening felt. Such a floor remains as smooth, snug, and solid as the day it was laid.

All Armstrong's Linoleum is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

935 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

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Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to the proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of handsome decoration. No charge for this service.

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You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing color plates of many pleasing and artistic designs.

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